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The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART
INDUSTRY

FOUNDED 1865



VOLUME CXXXVI

JANUARY 4, 1933, to JUNE 28, 1933



THE NATION, Inc.
20 VESEY STREET. NEW YORK

INDEX TO VOLUME CXXXVI

JANUARY 4, 1933, to JUNE 28, 1933

(Nos. 3522-3547)

The following letters are used to indicate the type of article:

A Art
Arc Architecture
C Correspondence
Ct Cartoon
D Drama
Dt Driftway
E Editorial Article
EP Editorial Paragraph
M Music
MP Moving Pictures
P Poetry
S Signed Article

Book reviews and reviewers are indexed separately in the Book Review Section.

A

Abbott, Grace
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932... 7
Abrantes, Joe, cigar worker. A. Hirsch; C. 123
Academic freedom
College of the city of New York students seek reinstatement; C. 235
Columbia university; Henderson case; C. 475
Adler, Felix
Death; EP. 515
Aeronautics
Airplanes, menace of; Dt. 556
Africa, gold discovery. See Kenya
Age d'or. W. Troy; MP. 382
Agriculture
Allotment plan. P. Y. Anderson; S. 118
Allotment plan and equalization fee. J. E. Boyle; S. 37; see also C. 123
Erosion, soil. E. A. Sherman; S. 401
Farm board scandals exposed; EP. 653
Farm mortgage bill; EP. 430
Farmer and the tariff. W. Gard; S. 146
Farmers' direct action. F. Nuhn; S. 254
Farmers' direct action, result; EP. 569
Farmers' discontent; EP. 487
Farmers' revolt and revolution; EP. 162
Farmers' revolt in many states; E. 544
Farmers' side. J. W. McLeran; C. 531
Iowa farmers' revolt; E. 544
Iowa foreclosures. C. H. Prescott; S. 198
Iowa martial law against farmers; EP. 514
Milk strike, Wisconsin; EP. 598
Nation, The, and the farmer. F. Nuhn; C, with editorial comment. 505
North Dakota foreclosures. O. S. Gunderson; C. 20
Parity plan; E. 54; EP. 77
Prices of farm products, proposal for equalizing; EP. 457
Relief bill; EP. 329
Relief bill. B. H. Hibbard; S. 366
Relief bill, objections to; E. 387
Wisconsin farmers' embargo on farm produce. C. W. Taylor; S. 559
Aiken, Conrad
Prelude; P. 411, 644
Airplanes. See Aeronautics
Alabama. See Negroes—Scottsboro case
Alameda county, California. See Unemployment—California
Alcoholic liquors. See Prohibition
Alcott, Louisa May
Criticism. E. C. Wallach; C. 42; see also C. 173
Alexander, King. See Yugoslavia
Alien corn. J. W. Krutch; D. 299
Alimony. See Divorce
Allen, Devere
Censorship, radio, of his views on capitalism; C. 320
Allotment plan. See Agriculture
Alvarez, Lorenzo
Torture by Machado agents; S. 664
American art. See Art
American civil liberties union
Survey, annual; EP. 570
American dream. J. W. Krutch; D. 327
American federation of labor
Green, William, change of attitude; EP. 50
American league for India's freedom. J. H. Holmes; C. 151
American-Japanese relations. See Japanese-American relations
American legion
Betrayal. E. Angell; S. 584
Versus America. E. Angell; S. 287

Americans
Expatriates. M. Gruening; S. 638
Individualism, failure of; EP. 29
Amfiparnaso. A. Mendel; M. 384
Anarchists
Discussion of philosophy asked. F. Wertgen; C. 504
Gold-plated. D. Richberg; S. 368; see also C. 530
In 1917. M. Nomad; C. 504; see also S. 169
Anderson, Charlie; Dt. 346
Anderson, Mary
Work as head of women's bureau. A. J. O'Connor; C. 408; see also E. 192
Anderson, Paul Y.
Agricultural relief; domestic allotment plan; S. 118
Bankers, investigation of; S. 693
Business, big, cries for help; S. 227
Business, regulation of; S. 581
Communists, views on, criticised. P. A. Levine; C. 94
Congress, defense of; S. 720
Dictatorship; S. 521
Directorates, interlocking; S. 171
Education, public, attempt to deflate; S. 59
Fascism, American, movement for; S. 9; correction. 67
Filibuster in senate; S. 116
Florida chain-store taxation decision; S. 339
Hill, Edwin C., face-about; S. 693
Hoover, passing of; S. 286
Incomes, disparity; S. 9
Inflation, Roosevelt mystery; S. 521
Mills estate abatement and refund; S. 118
see also EP. 106
Morgan, J. P. and company; S. 632
National city bank; Mitchell testimony; S. 286
Public works, control bill; S. 693
Railroad reorganization, proposed; S. 581
Railroad wages, proposal for cut; S. 693
Rate making, decision on; S. 581
Reconstruction finance corporation, failure; S. 9
Reconstruction finance corporation, loans; S. 171
Reconstruction finance corporation, scandals; S. 59
Roosevelt, Franklin Delano:
Administration; S. 339; S. 693
Administration, doubt of; S. 469
Administration; honeymoon over; S. 395
Administration, new deal; S. 286
Associates; S. 171
Cabinet. S. 469
Personality; S. 339
Powers; S. 339
Public works, administration program; S. 521; S. 581
Unemployment, administration's program; S. 469
Stock market investigation; S. 118; S. 227
Stocks and bonds; laws governing sales; S. 395
Thirty-hour week; Black bill; S. 469
Unemployment, congressional desperation; S. 59
Unemployment, La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bill passed; S. 395
Unemployment, labor demand for relief; S. 118
Unemployment, railroad bills; S. 395
Unemployment, taken up by senate; S. 227
Veterans' relief; S. 339
War debts, default; S. 59
War debts and reparations, Hoover and Roosevelt "cooperation"; S. 9
Washington notes; S. 632
World monetary and economic conference; Roosevelt conferences in Washington; S. 521
Anderson, Selwyn A.
Farmer, the; C. 123; see also. 37
Andrews, Benjamin R.
Asks for biographical material on A. G. Spencer; C. 96
Angell, Ernest
American legion versus America; S. 287
American legion's betrayal; S. 584
Animals
Fate in business depression; EP. 135
Ann Vickers. See Lewis, Sinclair
Anschluss. See Austria
Anti-semitism. See Jews
Architects
German. D. Haskell; C. 449
Architecture. See Haskell, D.

Armament limitation and disarmament
And war debts. E. D. H.; S. 88
Hitler over Europe. R. Dell; S. 497
Hitler speech; E. 602
Hitler speech. Georges; Ct. 603
Japan to demand equality; EP. 625
Nazis at Geneva. R. Dell; S. 726
United States cooperation promised; EP. 597
United States role in Europe, new; E. 573
See also Peace
Arms. See Munitions
Arms, embargo on. See Munitions
Army, United States. See United States
Art
American sources of modern art, exhibition. A. Brenner; A. 735
And American life. A. Brenner; A. 72
And big business; Radio city music hall. A. Brenner; S. 12
And life. D. Parsons; C. 173; see also C. 42
German, put in its place by Hitler; E. 519
Revolution and art. C. Y. Harrison; S. 321; see also C. 531
Associated gas and electric system. R. Finney; S. 524
Association of unemployed college alumni
Meeting called. J. P. Lash; C. 408
Association of university teachers
Formed. M. Schlauch; C. 124
Atheism. See *Militant atheist*, the
Atlantic City, New Jersey. See Beaches
Audiences. See Theater, the
Austria
Anschluss, and French finances; E. D. H.; S. 88
Fascism; will Austria go fascist? J. Gunther; S. 393
Hitlerism rising; EP. 302
See also Munitions
Automobile workers
Strike, Detroit; EP. 133
Strike, Detroit. S. Romer; S. 167
Automobiles
Use by unemployed; EP. 191
Autre, P. W. Troy; MP. 326
B
Back-to-the-land movement; E. 138
Bad manners. J. W. Krutch; D. 187
Bailey, Forrest
Death; EP. 275
Baker, Mary Frances
Protests against advertisement of *Militant Atheist*; C. 375; see also C. 124; C. 262; C. 408
Baker, Russell J.
Merchant marine; C. 504
Bakshy, Alexander
Cynara; MP. 76
Farewell to arms, a; MP. 28
Half-naked truth, the; MP. 76
Rasputin and the empress; MP. 76
Silver dollar; MP. 76
Baldwin, Roger N.
Appeals for aid for Mooney; C. 614
Balearic islands; Dt. 65
Banking inquiry. See Stocks and bonds
Bankruptcies
Law amendment proposed by Hoover; EP. 78
Banks
Bankers, rout of individuals; EP. 330
Defalcations common; EP. 569
Depositors, protection for. N. Hapgood; S. 283
Deposits, guaranty. J. E. Gott; C. 728
Deposits, guaranty, in Glass-Steagall bill; EP. 710
Evils, in United States; E. 136
Exposure and prosecution of offenders; EP. 357
Failures; EP. 357
Glass-Steagall bill, provisions; EP. 709
Law, new; E. 305
Money; Master or means? L. Dennis; S. 310
Money power, time to destroy; E. 306
Newspaper silence on violation of laws. W. Graham; C. 290; EP. 357
Ohio gang and the bankers. M. A. Hallgren; S. 437
Recovery from panic; EP. 330
Roosevelt action on. P. Y. Anderson; S. 339
Roosevelt action on; a parable; E. 390
Safety. L. Dennis; S. 280

- Socialist program. N. Thomas; S..309;
 correction, C..... 376
 State bank elimination needed; EP.... 385
Barck, C.
 Cancels subscription because of *Nation's*
 views on Jews and Germany; C..... 615
Barre, Vermont. See Vermont
Barry, David S. See Congress
Barter
 Rise of; E..... 109
 Spread. M. Ross; S..... 228
Bartlett, Louis
 Cities, tax-free; S..... 550
Bathing beaches. See Beaches
Beaches
 Atlantic City censors men's costumes;
 EP..... 655
Beals, Carleton
 Sandino, A. C.; S..... 204
Beecher family
 Biographical material sought. L. B.
 Stowe; C..... 124
Beebie, William. See White, Eliot
Beer
 Advertisements; EP..... 331
 See also Prohibition
 Before morning. J. W. Krutch; D..... 244
Behrman, S. N.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932... 7
Benton, Thomas
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932... 7
Berlin—Alexanderplatz. W. Troy; MP..... 622
Bernays, Edward L.
 Knickerbocker village; C..587; see also. 438
Bernstein, Eduard
 Death. L. Lore; S..... 14
Best sellers. J. W. Krutch; D..... 593
Bethlehem Bach choir
 Death of Doctor J. F. Wolle; EP..... 107
Big night. J. W. Krutch; D..... 131
Biggers, Earl Derr
 Death; EP..... 431
Birth control
 Pioneering days past; EP..... 106
 Puerto Rican clinics, bill for; EP..... 303
Black, Henry
 Citizens, scientific; C..... 290
Black bill. See Labor
Blaine, John J.
 Appointment to Reconstruction finance
 corporation; EP..... 681
 End of term; EP..... 245
Blanshard, Paul
 Meetings of City affairs committee; C.. 290
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Bleiberg, Isidore
 "Buy American" as applied to books; C. 347
Bluestone, Abraham
 German socialism; C..... 475
Boardman, Helen
 South goes legal; S..... 258
Boats and boat trips; Dt..... 728
Bolivia-Paraguay
 War declared by Paraguay; EP..... 570
Bonus. See Veterans
Books
 Children's; and international good-will; E. 5
 Spring books, notable..... 422
 Wanted for workers in coal regions. L.
 F. Budenz; C..... 560
 See also Censorship, literary; Literature
Bornstein, J.
 German socialists; C..... 375
Borsodi, Ralph
 Dayton, Ohio, Homestead unit; S..... 447
 Both your houses. J. W. Krutch; D..... 355
Boulder dam
 Name restored, from Hoover dam; EP. 600
Boyle, James E.
 Farmer's bootstraps, the; S..37; see also
 C..... 123
Boys, homeless. See Unemployment
 "Brain trust." See Roosevelt, F. D.—Ad-
 ministration
Brasher, Kent
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Brenner, Anita
 American sources of modern art, exhibi-
 tion; A..... 735
 Art and American life; A..... 72
 Forain, Jean Louis; A..... 267
 G. R. D. studios, show; A..... 568
 Guggenheim fellowship show; A..... 568
 Independents' show; A..... 568
 Radio city music hall; S..... 12
 Rivera, D., at work; A..... 568
 Rivera mural in Rockefeller center; A.. 595
 Roy, Pierre; A..... 453
 Tampa's reign of terror; C..... 66
Briffault, Robert
 Advice of soviets on censorship; EP... 627
British university graduate
 Young men and war; C..... 560
Brooklyn Edison company
 Dinner, "candlelight," of customers. F.
 Henson; C..... 235
 Jurisdiction over; EP..... 191
 Labor policy subject to regulation; EP. 386
 Rates; EP.....49; see also C... 174
 Rates. J. Count; S....56; see also C.. 150
Brooks, Van Wyck
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Brown, Heywood
 Defends New York *World-Telegram* in
 National city bank case; C, with edi-
 torial comment, 347; see also E..... 247
Brown, Mrs. Heywood
 Militant atheist, the; C..124; see also C,
 262; C., 375; C, 408
Brown, William
 Negro, gets new trial; EP..... 135
Buck, Pearl, heretic; E..... 546
Buckler, Helen
 Compensation laws; S..... 90
Buckwheat cakes; Dt..... 374
Budenz, Louis Francis
 Appeals for books for Mount Carmel,
 Pennsylvania; C..... 560
Burns, William A.
 On Manhattan college vote for Ann
 Vickers; C....376; see also EP.... 275
Business
 Big, cries for help. P. Y. Anderson; S. 227
 National industrial recovery act; E.... 712
 Regulation. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 581
Business depression
 Homeless, counting. J. Rorty; S..... 692
 Industrial recovery bill; EP..... 598
 Intellectuals and the depression; E..304;
 A. Nathan; C..... 504
 Intellectuals have resources left; E.... 304
 "Kent plan" for reviving employment; E. 82
 Lake county, Indiana, faces disaster. O.
 G. Villard; S..... 343
 Middle west, conditions. O. G. Villard;
 S..... 223
 Profit system and the depression. L.
 Fischer and H. Hazlitt; S..576; see
 also E..... 629
 Recovery only by political action; EP.. 162
 Relief failing; E..... 684
 Social worker and the depression. J. P.
 Guild; S..... 667
 "Turn"; has it arrived? E..... 572
 Victim writes letter. Desperate citizen;
 C.....615; see also C..... 729
Butler, Nicholas Murray
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Butler, Major General Smedley D.
 On marines in Haiti; EP..... 49
Buy-American movement
 Article by M. S. Stewart; S..... 142
 Books written by foreigners displayed.
 I. Bleiberg; C..... 347
Byington, Steven T.
 Tariffs and revenue; C..... 65

C

Cabell (James) Branch. C. Fadiman; S... 409
Cabinet, president's. See Roosevelt, F. D.
Caldwell, Erskine
 Case against book, God's little acre, dis-
 missed; EP..... 627
California, university of
 Pacifism at. S. C. Masterson, junior; C. 407
Calvert, E. Roy
 Archbishop of York, views on women
 and capital punishment; C....407; see
 also EP..... 219
Canada, French, attractions. E. N. Snow; C. 729
Capital punishment
 Archbishop of York argues for women's
 right to be hanged; EP..219; see also
 C..... 407
Capitalism
 Confiscation of private property. E.
 Gruening; S..... 116
 Controlled; E.....629; see also..... 576
 Criticism censored by radio station. D.
 Allen; C..... 320
 Profit system and the business depres-
 sion. H. Hazlitt and L. Fischer;
 S.....576; E..... 629
Catholic church. See Spain
Cavalade. W. Troy; MP..... 130
Caylor, Rose
 Comment on L. Lewisohn's article on
 Germany and the Jews; C..557; see
 also S, 493; C, 615; C..... 641
Censorship
 Art put in its place; E..... 519
 Bill; EP..... 430
 In various nations; EP..... 219
Censorship, literary
 Decision against smut hunters in case of
 God's little acre, by E. Caldwell; EP. 627
 German; EP..... 627
 Purity at the port; E..... 194
Censorship, radio
 Censorship of criticism of capitalism. D.
 Allen; C..... 320
Central America
 Costa Rica and Salvador denounce treaty
 on recognition of revolutionary govern-
 ments; EP..... 30
 Central bank and trust company of Chicago.
 See Dawes, C. G.
Chadbourne, Thomas L.
 Fascist movement, American. P. Y. An-
 derson; S..... 9
Chain gangs. See Georgia
Chain stores
 Florida taxation decision. P. Y. Ander-
 son; S..... 339
 Florida tax case decision, by United
 States supreme court; E..... 335
Chapman, Kansas, tax-free. W. Edwards; C. 642
Chevalier, Haakon M.
 Finds fault with C. Wright's review of
 his book, *The ironic temper*; Mr.
 Wright replies; C..207; see also C.. 376
Chicago
 Cartoon. C. Rose..... 520
 Teachers seek pay; EP..... 516
 World's fair, and slums. M. Marshall;
 S..... 715
Chicago Daily News
 No reflection intended in Richberg arti-
 cle; C.....503; see also..... 368
Chicago world's fair. See World's fair
Child labor
 In sweatshops; EP..... 571
 See also Garment industry
Children. See Radio
China
 Medical science, ancient; E..... 31
 Union of all classes needed. Soong
 Ching-ling (Mrs. Sun Yat-sen); S... 582
Chinese eastern railway. See Chinese-Japa-
 nese relations
Chinese-Japanese relations
 Challenge to humanity; E..... 52
 China being partitioned and absorbed;
 EP..... 626
 Chinese Eastern railway; EP..... 515
 Chinese eastern railway, negotiations be-
 tween Russia and Japan; EP....358;
 EP..... 542
 Embargo, British, on arms; EP..... 245
 Huapeiku, creation of; EP..... 486
 Japan and the league of nations; EP.. 189
 Japanese advance; EP...458; EP..... 515
 Japanese intentions in Asia; EP..... 105
 Japan's withdrawal from League of na-
 tions; Japanese explanation; EP..... 359
 League of nations not to act; EP..... 79
 League of nations' action, through com-
 mittee of nineteen; E....221; EP.... 274
 League of nations acts. R. Dell; S.... 260
 League of nations stand uncertain; EP.. 303
 Manchukuo recognition opposed by
 League of nations committee; EP.... 162
 Truce; EP..... 655
 "War" not declared; EP..... 625
Christopher Strong. W. Troy; MP..... 354
Chrysler, Walter P.
 Fascist movement, American. P. Y. An-
 derson; S..... 9
Churches
 Taxation of property. K. Jackson; C... 347
Cigar-makers
 Abrantes, J., cigar worker. A. Hirsch;
 C..... 123
Cities
 Tax-free; public profits from municipal
 power. L. Bartlett; S..... 550
Citizens' military training camps
 Argument for, camouflage; EP..... 134
Citizenship
 Tests in science for applicants. H. Black;
 C..... 290
City affairs committee
 Meetings. P. Blanshard; C..... 290
City college. See Collège of the city of New
 York
Civil liberties gaining; EP..... 570
Civil liberties union. See American civil
 liberties union
Clafin, E. F.
 Defends Roman writers; C.150; see also 22
Clark, Bennett
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Class justice; E..... 490
Coal miners, American
 Appeal for aid for strikers' families. N.
 Thomas; C..... 174
 Books wanted. L. F. Budenz; C..... 560
 Wives petition for redress, Illinois. A.
 B. Wieck; C..... 234
Cocktail hour. W. Troy; MP..... 707
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram
 Now in the hive; P..... 506
Cohn, Professor Hans
 Expulsion from Breslau university. E.
 D. H.; S..... 148
Cole, Mervin S.
 Militarism in Washington state; C..... 407
College graduates
 Unemployed. J. P. Lash; C..... 408
College of the city of New York
 Demonstrations, pacifist and others; EP. 655
 Expulsion of students for pacifist demon-
 stration; EP..... 710

- Reinstatement of suspended students sought; C..... 235
- Colleges and universities
- British college students against war. British university graduate; C..... 560
- Poll for pacifism; EP..... 571
- Presidencies; EP..... 683
- Renounce war. H. Seidman; S..... 554
- Students and graduates, ideas of, in present conditions. J. W. Krutch; S..... 697
- Students' preferences in literature, etc.; EP..... 275; see also C..... 376
- Collier, John
- Appointment as Indian commissioner; EP..... 459; see also C..... 532
- Colligan, Eugene A. See Hunter college
- Comert, Pierre. See League of nations
- Comic artist, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 539
- Commerce
- Imports, figures on, by Hoover administration; EP..... 190
- Committee on the costs of medical care
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Report; comment on; E..... 193; see also C..... 289
- Commonwealth college
- Students' strike. E. R. Price; C..... 476
- Students' strike. S. Romer, L. Koch and a Commonwealth student; C..... 19
- Communism
- Communists defended against P. Y. Anderson. P. A. Levine; C..... 94
- Georgia negro communist convicted; EP..... 162
- Marxism. S. Hook; S..... 284
- See also Deportations
- Compensation laws. See Workmen's compensation insurance
- Composers of Soviet Russia, concert. A. Mendel; M..... 216
- Conant, James Bryant
- Selection for presidency of Harvard university; EP..... 571
- Conferences, international
- Farce of. E. A. Starbuck; C..... 42
- Congress
- Adjournment delayed; EP..... 681
- Barry, D. S., removed from office of senate sergeant-at-arms; EP..... 217
- Bribery charges against senators by D. S. Barry. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 227
- Defense. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 720
- Drifting; EP..... 77
- Economy not for salaries of members; EP..... 163; see also C..... 263
- End of terms of useful public servants; EP..... 245
- Filibuster by Huey Long; EP..... 245
- Filibuster in senate. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 116
- "Lame-duck" session, last. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 171
- Roosevelt legislative record. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 723
- Conover, Charlotte Reeve
- Munitions, manufacture of; C..... 449
- Conquest. J. W. Krutch; D..... 270
- Consumers' problems. F. J. Schlink; C..... 263
- Consumers' research
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- "Continental congress"
- Brings attention to discrimination against Negroes in Washington; EP..... 599
- Conversion, financial. See Finance
- Cookery, English; Dt..... 698
- Coolidge, Calvin
- Career. O. G. Villard; S..... 55
- Death; myth persists; EP..... 51
- Cooper, William
- Lotteries; C..... 729
- Copland, Aaron
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Corning, Howard McKinley
- Mountain love; P..... 264
- Corporations
- Ban on Reconstruction finance corporation loans to corporations paying big salaries proposed; EP..... 541
- Directorates, interlocking. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 171
- Regulation; EP..... 191
- See also Power and power industry
- Cosmic rays. See Universe
- Cosmology. See Universe
- Costigan, M.
- Congressional salaries; C..... 263; see also EP..... 163
- Cotton; Dt..... 613
- Count, Jerome
- Brooklyn Edison company rates; S..... 56; see also EP..... 49; C..... 150; C..... 174
- Electric revolution, the; S..... 467
- Craton, Ann Washington
- Making a revolution; S..... 121
- Crawford, George
- Extradition after he is suspected of murder of Mrs. A. B. Ilesley is sought. H. Boardman; S..... 258
- Extradition denied by Judge Lowell; EP..... 486; E..... 517; C..... 700
- Fair trial assured. C. T. Tittman; C..... 375
- United States court of appeals reverses Judge Lowell's decision; EP..... 710
- Cricket
- Held not undesirable; EP..... 459
- Crisp, Charles R.
- Activities; EP..... 31
- Critics
- Entertainment; EP..... 191
- Remonstrance, in verse. E. F. Wyatt.. 95
- Critics, literary
- Irresponsibility. L. Trilling; C..... 319; see also..... 265
- Cross, Ephraim
- Comment on L. Lewisohn's article on Germany and the Jews; C..... 558; see also S., 493; C., 615; C..... 641
- Cuba
- Cuba libre. C. Rose; Ct..... 492
- Machado must go. H. Herring; S..... 500
- Machado prepares to go. H. Herring; S..... 725
- New deal wanted; E..... 433
- Terror. W. Naylor; C..... 348
- Torture under Machado regime. L. Alvarez; S..... 664
- Welles, Ambassador, opportunity; E..... 489
- Cummings, Homer S.
- Record; EP..... 273
- Currency
- Devalue dollar—now; E..... 276
- Devaluation; EP..... 486
- Devaluation—or drift?; E..... 518
- Gold devaluation. H. Hazlitt; S..... 495
- Inflation; How much? H. Hazlitt; S..... 606
- Inflation—or what?; E..... 108
- Inflation, Roosevelt mystery. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 521
- Monetizing silver, proposal for; EP..... 457
- Silver for war-debt payment; EP..... 513
- Stabilization; Roosevelt attitude; EP..... 709
- Curtis, Cyrus H. K.
- Death; EP..... 683
- Cuthbert, Clifton
- Equation; P..... 125
- Cynara. A. Bakshy; MP..... 76
- Cyrano de Bergerac. H. H.; D..... 48
- Czecho-slovakia. See Little entente
- D
- Daughters of the American revolution
- Views on "rebels." A. N. Meyer; C..... 95
- Dawes, Charles G.
- Loans by his Central bank and trust company of Chicago; EP..... 218
- Dayton, Ohio
- Homestead unit. R. Borsodi; S..... 447
- De Ford, Miriam Allen
- Mooney case, third act; S..... 661
- Debt, public. See United States
- Dell, Robert
- Hitler over Europe; S..... 497
- League of nations acts on China-Japan; S..... 260
- Nazis at Geneva; S..... 726
- Dennis, Charles H.
- Chicago *Daily News* in Thompson campaign; C..... 503; see also..... 368
- Dennis, Lawrence
- Banks, safety of; S..... 280
- Money; master or means?; S..... 310
- Deportations
- Dies bill for deportation of alien communists; EP..... 50
- Deposits, bank. See Banks
- Depression. See Business depression
- Design for living. J. W. Krutch; D..... 187
- Desperate citizen
- Victim of unemployment and business depression; C..... 615; see also C..... 729
- Detroit strike. See Automobile workers
- Devaluation. See Currency
- Dewey, John
- On future of radical political action; S..... 8
- Dickinson, Emily. R. H. Sessions; C..... 65
- Dickinson, John
- Appointment as assistant secretary of commerce; EP..... 487
- Dictatorship. See Roosevelt, F. D.; United States
- Dies bill. See Deportations
- Diffie, Bailey W.
- Spain, revolt in; S..... 119; see also C..... 263
- Diplomatic corps
- Appointments, Roosevelt. O. G. Villard; S..... 336
- Directorates. See Corporations
- Disarmament. See Armaments limitation and disarmament
- Divorce
- Alimony racket; E..... 278
- American and British. D. Russell; S..... 84
- Doctors. See Medical profession
- Dodd, William E.
- Appointment as ambassador to Germany; EP..... 681
- Dodds, Harold Willis
- New president of Princeton university; EP..... 683
- Dogs
- Airing system; EP..... 359
- Dollar. See Currency
- Dos Passos, John
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Drama. See G., E.; H., H.; Krutch, J. W.; Theatre, the; W., G.
- Drifters; Dt..... 531
- Drinker respirator. See Inventions
- Drugs; poison for profit. A. W. Haines; C..... 319
- E
- E., G.
- Late one evening; D..... 103
- Earhart, Amelia
- On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Eastman, Joseph B.
- Appointment to be transportation coordinator; EP..... 681
- Eaton, Cyrus S., last days. P. H. Noyes; S..... 700
- Economic conference. See World monetary and economic conference
- Economic nationalism. L. Fischer; S..... 604
- Economic structure, United States. See United States
- Economics
- Butler investigating commission appointed; EP..... 78
- Edison electric institute
- To succeed National electric light association; E..... 81
- Education
- Public, attempt to deflate. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 59
- Edwards, Wayne
- On Chapman, Kansas; C..... 642
- Eichelberger, Floyd R.
- Objects to Hoover cartoon; C..... 532; see also..... 436
- Einstein, Albert
- Propaganda. H. M. Watts; C..... 42
- Elections
- Frauds; EP..... 49
- Electric bond and share company. See Power and power industry
- Electric power. See Power and power industry
- Electricity. See Power and power industry
- Elliott, John
- Hitler takes power; S..... 337
- Elliott, Robert Burns. See Georgia
- Embargo on arms. See Munitions
- Emerson respirator. See Inventions
- Emperor Jones. A. Mendel; M..... 297
- England. See Great Britain
- English language
- Words; Dt..... 18
- Entente, little. See Little entente
- Equalization fee. See Agriculture
- Era, end of. A. Young; Ct..... 252
- Erickson, John E.
- Senator, new, from Montana; EP..... 302
- Erosion, soil. E. A. Sherman; S..... 401
- Europe
- "Bloc of democracies." E. D. H.; S..... 88
- Distress in Austria, Poland and other countries; EP..... 3
- Hitlerism, revolt against. J. Gunther; S..... 636
- Peace plan, MacDonald-Mussolini. See Peace
- War, prospect of; E..... 333
- War would not pay; E..... 361
- See also Little entente
- Evensong. J. W. Krutch; D..... 215
- Expatriates, American. M. Gruening; S..... 638
- F
- Fadiman, Clifton
- Cabell. (James) Branch; S..... 409
- Hemingway, Ernest; S..... 63
- Hergesheimer, Joseph; S..... 175; footnote by J. W. Krutch..... 291
- Lardner, Ring; S..... 315
- Fahey, John H.
- Appointment to federal home loan bank board; EP..... 681
- Far away horses. H. H.; D..... 380
- Farewell to arms, a. A. Bakshy; MP..... 28
- Farm relief. See Agriculture
- Farming. See Agriculture
- Fascism
- American, movement for. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 9; correction..... 67
- Federal government. See United States
- Fergus, S. M.
- Approves advertisement of *Militant Atheist*; C..... 375; see also C..... 124; C..... 262; C..... 408
- Fetter, Frank Whitson
- Tariff; S..... 665
- Filibuster. See Congress
- Film forum. S. Howard; C..... 95
- Film society productions. W. Troy; MP..... 298

- Films. See Moving Pictures
 Finance, articles on. See Noyes, P. H.
 Finance
 Conversion, art of. P. H. Noyes; S. 643
 Finances, United States. See United States
 Financiers
 Anarchists, gold-plated. D. Richberg; S. 368; see also C. 530
 Finney, Ruth
 Associated gas and electric system; S. 524
 Firkins, Oscar W.
 Letters requested; C. 96
 Firth, Maurice
 Kenworthy, J. M., career; C. 320; see also 79; C. 376
 Fischer, Louis
 Deportations, Russia; S. 200
 Russia looks for friends; S. 341
 Social change and the brain trust; S. 604
 Stalin and the peasant; S. 39
 Fischer, Louis, and H. Hazlitt
 Depression and the profit system; S. 576; see also E. 629
 Fishbein, Doctor Morris
 Address on costs of medical care. Two medical students; C. 207
 Flexner, Abraham
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932. 7
 Florida
 Chain-store taxation decision; E. 334
 Chain-store taxation decision. P. Y. Anderson; S. 339
 Foolscap. J. W. Krutch; D. 131
 For services rendered. J. W. Krutch; D. 511
 Forain, Jean Louis
 Show. A. Brenner; A. 267
 Foreclosures. See Mortgages
 Foreign service. See Diplomatic corps
 Forgotten man. G. Schrieber; Ct. 436; see also C. 532
 Forgotten men. W. Troy; MP. 650
 Forsaking all others. J. W. Krutch; D. 327
 Foundations (financial)
 Economics, neglect of; EP. 2
 France, Anatole
 Biography; H. M. Chevalier finds fault with C. Wright's review of his book, *The ironic temper*; Mr. Wright replies; C. 207; see also C. 376
 France
 Finances, and Austro-German anchluss. E. D. H.; S. 88
 On fifty dollars; Dt. 406
 Political overturn; EP. 135
 Practicality; Dt. 474
 Propaganda abroad; EP. 431
 Fredgren, Erik
 On Nazi explanations; C. 407
 Freedom, academic. See Academic freedom
 Freeman, Joseph
 Revolution and art; C. 531; see also... 321
 French, Fred F.
 Knickerbocker village subsidized by Reconstruction finance corporation. H. J. Rosner; S. 438; see also C. 587
 French, Paul Comly
 Children on strike; S. 611
 French Canada, attractions. E. N. Snow; C. 728
 Friederike. W. Troy; MP. 326
- G
- G., E.
 Run, little chillun!; D. 327
 G. R. D. studios, show. A. Brenner; A. 568
 Gabriel over the White House. W. Troy; MP. 482
 Gallagher, Leo
 Credit in Mooney case. E. McCoy; C. 532
 Galsworthy, John
 Biographical material requested. H. V. Marrot; C. 505
 Death; E. 163
 Gambling
 Lotteries, defense of. W. Cooper; C. 729
 Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand. See India
 Gard, Wayne
 Farmer and the tariff; S. 146
 Garment industry
 Children in Pennsylvania sweatshops strike. P. C. French; S. 611
 Gary, Indiana
 Faces disaster. O. G. Villard; S. 343
 Geneva, Switzerland
 Machine-gun murders. E. D. H.; S. 148
 Geneva conference. See Armament limitation and disarmament
 George V., king of England
 Losing his grip; EP. 304
 Georges
 Burning of the books; Ct. 547
 Hitler; Ct. 363
 Hitler speaks on armaments; Ct. 603
 Georgia
 Prison brutality; New Jersey governor refuses to send R. E. Burns back to chain gang; EP. 2
 Georgics of Vergil; Dt. 448
- Gerguson, Harry ("Prince Mike Romanov")
 To get suspended sentence; EP. 107
- Germany
 Anschluss, and French finances. E. D. H.; S. 88
 Anti-semitism. See Jews
 Architects. D. Haskell; C. 449
 Art put in its place; E. 519
 Barbarism, reversion to; E. 388
 Boycott; EP. 570
 Burning of the books. Georges; Ct. 547
 Cartoon. C. Rose; Ct. 391
 Censorship, literary; EP. 627
 Culture in exile. E. Lengyel; S. 607
 Economic and financial conditions; EP. 514; E. 658
 Freedom, increased, under Chancellor von Schleicher; EP. 3
 Hindenburg surrenders to Hitler; EP. 303
 Hitler. Georges; Ct. 363
 Hitler and England. O. G. Villard; S. 718
 Hitler and his supporters. L. Lore; S. 196
 Hitler as chancellor; E. 164
 Hitler dictatorship; EP. 219
 Hitler in power; E. 137
 Hitler in power. J. Elliott; S. 337
 Hitler myth—a forecast. O. Jaszi; S. 553
 Hitler speaks on armaments; E. 602
 Hitler speaks on armaments. Georges; Ct. 603
 Hitler speech; Ct. 603
 Hitler wins; E. 277
 Hitlerism, defended. T. J. Scherz; C. 504; see also C. 587
 Hitlerism, menace to European peace; EP. 485
 Hitlerism, revolt against, in other nations. J. Gunther; S. 636
 Hitlerite government gains; EP. 514
 Hitlerite outrages; EP. 302; EP. 429
 Hitler's folly. O. G. Villard; S. 392
 Jews. See Jews
 Kultur, new. L. Lewisohn; S. 695
 Labor, organized, in ruins; E. 545
 Lowest depths. L. Lewisohn; S. 493; see also C. 557; C. 615; C. 641
 National socialists (Nazis) at Geneva. R. Dell; S. 726
 Nazi dissension; EP. 458
 Nazi explanations. E. Fredgren; C. 407
 Nazi revolution at work. L. Lore; S. 440
 Nazis against the world; E. 360
 Prussian autonomy wiped out; EP. 163
 Radicals, persecution of; EP. 514
 Republic, killing of. J. Gunther; S. 526
 Social democracy destroyed; EP. 570
 Socialism and present state. A. Blue-stone; C. 475
 Socialists. J. Bornstein; C. 375
 Sportsmen to boycott country; EP. 570
 Terrorism; E. 332
 Transfer moratorium, demand for; EP. 682
 Treason cases. E. D. H.; S. 148
 Girls in uniform. J. W. Krutch; D. 74
 Glasgow, Ellen
 What I believe; S. 404
 Glass-Steagall bill. See Banks
 Glassford, Pelham D.
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932. 7
 Glavis, Louis R. See Interior department
 Godfrey, B.
 Anti-Japanese feeling; C. 42
 Godley, Katherine M.
 Praises publication of *Militant Atheist* advertisement; C. 375; see also C. 124; C. 262; C. 408
- Gold
 Hoarding, defense of. G. J. Hoarder; S. 319
 Payment in gold of government securities to be abandoned; EP. 542
 Repeal resolution; EP. 626
 Standard; United States off, for time being; E. 305; EP. 485
 See also Currency; Kenya
 Goldberg, Isaac
 On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C. 641; see also S. 493; C. 557; C. 615
 Gold-plated anarchists. D. Richberg; S. 368; see also C. 530
 Good woman, poor thing, a. J. W. Krutch; D. 103
 Goodbye again. G. W.; D. 74; J. W. Krutch; D. 103
 Gordon, Kenneth
 On book, 100,000,000 guinea pigs; C. 642; see also 588; C. 699
 Gott, J. Edwin
 Guaranty of bank deposits; C. 728
 Government ownership. See Ownership, government
 Graduates, college. See Colleges and universities
 Graham, Whidden
 Economics and the press; C. 290
 Great Britain
 And Hitler. O. G. Villard; S. 718
 And Japan; EP. 79; see also C. 320
 Commercial war with Japan; EP. 655
- Politics; MacDonald record. S. K. Ratcliffe; S. 13
 Green, William. See American federation of labor
 Greenberg, Sophie
 Nation Club of San Francisco, reorganization; C. 320
 Gregg, Richard B.
 British policy in India, failure; S. 372
 Gregory, Horace
 Little Caesars; P. 178
 Griscom, Stewart
 Paralysis and profits; S. 225; see also EP. 219
 Group theater
 Discontinuance; EP. 135
 Gruening, Ernest
 Capitalist confiscation; S. 116
 Gruening, Martha
 American expatriates; S. 638
 Comment on L. Lewisohn's article on Germany and the Jews; C. 558; see also S. 493; C. 557; C. 615; C. 641
 Guggenheim fellowship show. A. Brenner; A. 568
 Guild, June Purcell
 Social worker and the depression; S. 667
 Gunderson, O. S.
 Foreclosures, North Dakota; C. 20
 Gunther, John
 Austria; will it go fascist?; S. 393
 German republic, killing of; S. 526
 Revolt against Hitlerism; S. 636
- H
- H., E. D.
 Behind the cables; S. 88, 148
 H., H.
 Cyrano de Bergerac; D. 48
 Far away horses; D. 380
 Party's over, the; D. 455
 Radio city music hall; S. 48
 H. M. S. Pinafore. J. W. Krutch; D. 593
 Haines, Albert W.
 Poison for profit; C. 319
 Haiti
 Justice in; E. 462
 Marines, United States, in Haiti; General Butler's views; EP. 49
 Half-naked truth, the. A. Bakshy; MP. 76
 Hallgren, Mauritz A.
 Munition makers, the secret international; S. 86
 Ohio gang and the bankers; S. 437
 Power trust picks judge; S. 690
 Roosevelt legislative record; S. 723
 Tax scandal, steamship; S. 522
 Halsey, Stuart and company
 "Investments" advised by company; EP. 218
 Hamill, John
 Retracts charges against Hoover; EP. 51
 Hammond, John Henry, junior
 Scottsboro case trial; S. 465
 Hammond, Indiana
 Faces disaster. O. G. Villard; S. 343
 Hapgood, Norman
 Bank depositors, protection for; S. 283
 Harriman national bank
 Exposure and prosecution of officials; EP. 357
 Harison, Charles Yale
 Proletarian literature; S. 321; see also C. 531
 Harvard university
 Conant, James Bryant, selected for presidency; EP. 571
 Haskell, Douglas
 German architects; C. 449
 Houses, fabricated; Arc. 240
 Radio city; Arc. 102
 Radio city music hall; Arc. 11
 Rockefeller center; Arc. 622
 Slum uncleanance; Arc. 510
 Hauptmann von Koepenick, der. W. Troy; MP. 130
 Hayti. See Haiti
 Hazlitt, Henry
 Dollar adrift; S. 495
 Inflation; S. 606
 Marxism or Tolstoyism?; S. 68
 Technocracy; S. 112
 Hazlitt, Henry, and L. Fischer
 Depression and the profit system; S. 576; see also E. 629
 Hemingway, Ernest. C. Fadiman; S. 63
 Henderson, Donald
 Case; C. 475
 Henson, Francis A.
 Brooklyn Edison company customers' dinner; C. 235
 See also White, Eliot
 Hergesheimer, Joseph. C. Fadiman; S. 175; footnote by J. W. Krutch. 291
 Herndon, Angelo
 Conviction in Georgia as communist; EP. 162
 Herrick, Robert
 Palmer, George Herbert, death; S. 612

- Herring, Hubert
Machado and Cuba; S..... 725
Machado must go; S..... 500
- Herrmann, Eva
Hull, Cordell; Ct..... 687
Hertha's erwachen. W. Troy; MP..... 354
- Hibbard, B. H.
Farm bill; S..... 366
- Hilda Cassidy. J. W. Krutch; D..... 593
- Hill, Edwin C.
Face-about. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 693
Misuse of radio. B. G. Rosahn; C..... 560
- Hindenburg, President von. See Germany
- Hirsch, Alfred
Abrantes, J., cigar worker; C..... 123
- Hirtenberg arms shipment. See Munitions
- Hitler, Adolf. See Armament limitation and disarmament; Germany
- Hitlerism. See Austria; Germany
- Hoarder, George J.
Hoarding, defense of; S..... 318
- Hoarding. See Gold
- Holding companies. See Power and power industry—Associated gas and electric system
- Holmes, John Haynes
On American league for India's freedom; C..... 151
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Homeless. See Business depression
- Homestead unit. See Dayton, Ohio
- Hook, Sidney
Marxism; S..... 284
- Hoover, Herbert
Administration; farewell to; E..... 249
Bankruptcy law, amendment proposed; EP..... 78
Forgotten man. G. Schreiber; Ct. 436; see also C..... 532
Hamill charges retracted; EP..... 51
Passing. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 286
- Hoover dam
Name changed back to Boulder dam; EP..... 600
- Hours of labor. See Labor
- House, Colonel Edward Mandell
Open letter to. O. G. Villard; S..... 364
- Houses, fabricated. D. Haskell; Arc..... 240
- Howard, Sidney
Film forum; C..... 95
- Howard, Sidney
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Huapeiku. See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Hull, Cordell
Cartoon. E. Herrmann..... 687
"Hunger," film. W. Troy; MP..... 157
"Hunger," film. J. Rorty; C..... 21
- Hunter college
Colligan, E. A., new president; EP..... 600
- Hutchinson, Cary T. See Power and power industry
- Hutton, Edward F.
Fascist movement, American. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 9
- I
- Ickes, Secretary Harold L.
Cleans house in interior department; appoints L. R. Glavis investigator; EP. 601
- Ihre majestät die liebe. W. Troy; MP..... 214
- Isley, Mrs. Agnes Boeing. See Crawford, G. Imports. See Commerce
- Income tax
Law, changes made and needed; EP.... 626
Legal evasion; EP..... 626
Refunds; EP..... 134
Steamship company scandal. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 522
- Incomes
Disparity in United States. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 9
- Independents' show. A. Brenner; A..... 568
- India
American league for India's freedom. J. H. Holmes; C..... 151
British policy fails. R. B. Gregg; S... 372
Constitution, proposed; EP..... 331
Gandhi fast, to remove untouchability; EP..... 543
- Indian bureau
Collier, John, appointment; EP.... 459; see also C..... 532
- Individualism
Philosophy; discussion asked. F. Wertgen; C..... 504
See also United States
- Industrial conditions. See Business depression; Industry, United States
- Industrial depression. See Business depression
- Industrial recovery bill. See Business depression; Industry, United States
- Industry, United States
Roosevelt program; opposition to national recovery bill; EP..... 653
- Inflation. See Currency
- Inman, Samuel Guy
South America, war in; S..... 256
- Insull, Samuel
And O. D. Young. N. Thomas; S. 35; correction; C..... 124
Extradition refused by Greece; EP.... 30
- Insull system
Comparison with Capone operations; EP. 218
Gold-plated anarchists. D. Richberg; S..... 368; see also C..... 530
Loan recommended by M. A. Traylor; EP..... 50
Young, Owen D., loan to Insull; E.... 4
- Insurance
Supervision. B. A. Leerburger; S..... 660
- Insurance, life
Advice to "Desperate citizen" on loans. P. S.; C..... 729; see also C..... 615
Presidents of companies, salaries; EP.. 459
Scandal; EP..... 541
- Insurance, unemployment. See Unemployment
- Insurance, workmen's compensation. See Workmen's compensation insurance
- Intellectuals
Resources in business depression; E. 304; see also C..... 504
- Interior department, clean-up. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 581
Glavis, L. R., appointed investigator; E. 601
- International house. W. Troy; MP..... 707
- International match corporation
Looting; EP..... 682
- Inventions
Medical, right to, case of Drinker and Emerson respirators. S. Griscom; S..... 225; see also EP..... 219
- Investments. See Stocks and bonds
- Iowa. See Agriculture
- Irish free state
Elections; EP..... 134
- Island of lost souls, the. W. Troy; MP.... 130
- Israel, Harold
Defense by H. S. Cummings; EP..... 273
- Italy
Mussolini decrees women must not be slim; EP..... 543
- Ivan. W. Troy; MP..... 269
- J
- Jackson, Kay
Taxation of church property; C..... 347
- Jaeger, August, treason case. E. D. H.; S. 148
- Japan
And Great Britain; EP.... 79; see also C..... 320
And the League of nations; EP..... 189
Commercial war with Great Britain; EP. 655
Intentions in Asia; EP..... 105
Naval equality to be demanded; EP.... 625
Parties and political conditions; EP.... 3
- Japanese-American relations
Anti-Japanese feeling. B. Godfrey; C.. 42
- Japanese-Chinese relations. See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Jaszi, Oscar
Hitler myth—a forecast; S..... 553
- Jefferson, Thomas, Shade of
Wall street; C..... 503
- Jennings, Amy S.
Travel in soviet Russia; S..... 528
- Jennings, Leslie Nelson
This footfall of departure; P..... 450
Wall of glass, the; P..... 10
- Jews
German persecution. L. Lewisohn; S.... 493; see also C. 557; C. 615; C..... 641
Germany; escape from; experiences in Jewish persecutions..... 470
Sports barred to German Jews; EP..... 710
Subscriber cancels because of *Nation's* views. C. Barck; C..... 615
See also Music
- Jobs; Dt..... 670
- Jugoslavia
King Alexander plans reforms; EP.... 50
Political situation. E. D. H.; S..... 148
See also Little entente
- Julius, E. Haldeman
On *Militant atheist* advertisement in *The Nation*; C..... 262; see also C. 124; C..... 375; C..... 408
- Juries and jurymen. See Negroes
- Justice, class; E..... 490
- Justice, department of
Ohio gang protects bankers. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 437
- K
- Kaufman, George S., and M. Ryskind
Socratic dialogue; S..... 403
- Kazarian, John
Starvation army; S..... 396; 443; 472
"Kent plan." See Business depression
- Kenworthy, Commander John M.
Career. M. Firth; C..... 320; see also 79; C..... 376
- Kenworthy, Joseph Montague
Member of parliament. J. Marks; C. 376; see also 79; C..... 320
- Kenya
Gold, discovery, and effect on natives; EP..... 3; EP..... 134
- King Kong. W. Troy; MP..... 326
- Knickerbocker village. See French, F. F.
- Knox, Judge John C.
Views on unemployment; EP..... 107
- Koch, Lucien
Commonwealth college students' strike; C. 19
- Kreuger and Toll
Collateral substitution; EP..... 78
- Krutch, Joseph Wood
Alien corn; D..... 299
American dream; D..... 327
Bad manners; D..... 187
Before morning; D..... 244
Best sellers; D..... 593
Big night; D..... 131
Both your houses; D..... 355
Comic artist, the; D..... 539
Conquest; D..... 270
Design for living; D..... 187
Evensong; D..... 215
Foolscap; D..... 131
Footnote to article on J. Hergesheimer by C. Fadiman; S..... 291
For services rendered; D..... 511
Forsaking all others; D..... 327
Girls in uniform; D..... 74
Good woman, poor thing, a; D..... 103
Goodbye again; D..... 103
H. M. S. Pinafore; D..... 593
Hilda Cassidy; D..... 593
Little ol' boy; D..... 566
Lucrece; D..... 47
Mask and the face, the; D..... 593
Melody; D..... 244
Mikado, the; D..... 511
New York monopoly; D..... 455
9 Pine street; D..... 593
One husband or another; D..... 215
One Sunday afternoon; D..... 270
Our wife; D..... 327
Piccoli, the; D..... 158
Pigeons and people; D..... 158
Red planet, the; D..... 27
Review of theatrical season; D..... 621; D..... 649
Saturday night, a; D..... 299
Sophisticates, the; D..... 244
Strike me pink; D..... 355
Theater's financial difficulties; D..... 483
Three-cornered moon; D..... 382
Three-penny opera; D..... 511; D..... 539
Twentieth century; D..... 74
Two strange women; D..... 132
Walden revisited; S..... 506
We, the people; D..... 158
Writers, social attitude; S..... 291
Yeomen of the guard; D..... 566
Younger generation; S..... 697
- Kühle wampe. W. Troy; MP..... 382
- Kuhn, Hedwig S.
On criticism, unfair, of President Roosevelt; C..... 642
- L
- L., A. Y.
Straus, S. W., and company; C.... 449; see also EP..... 330
- La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bill. See Unemployment
- La Guardia, Fiorello H.
End of term; EP..... 245
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- L'autre. W. Troy; MP..... 326
- Labor
Public utilities' policies subject to regulation in New York state; EP..... 386
Shorter work week. W. Wise; C..... 94
Thirty-hour week; Black bill; E..... 432
Thirty-hour week; Black bill. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 469
See also Unemployment; Wages
- Labor, child. See Child labor
- Labor, department of
History, and secretaries; E.... 192; see also C..... 408
- Labor unions
Court takes over affairs of moving picture machine operators' union; EP.. 30
- Lady's profession, a. W. Troy; MP..... 421
- Lake county, Indiana
Faces disaster. O. G. Villard; S..... 343
- "Lame-duck" session. See Congress
- Language, English. See English language
- Lardner, Ring
Triangle of hate. C. Fadiman; S..... 315
- Larsson, Raymond
Brought as a sheaf; P. 97; correction.. 151
- Lash, Joseph P.
Unemployed college graduates; C..... 408
- Late one evening. E. G.; D..... 103
- Lawson, John Howard
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7

- League for independent political action
North Hempstead branch, open forum.
Mrs. H. Thomas; C..... 151
Thomas, N., and the league. H. Y.
Williams; C..... 122
- League for industrial democracy asks for
aid; C..... 729
- League of nations
Comert, P., resigns as information chief;
E. D. H.; S..... 88
See also Chinese-Japanese relations
- Lechlitner, Ruth
Birch; P..... 209
Roots; P..... 561
- Leerburger, Benedict A.
Insurance supervision; S..... 660
Mortgages, "guaranteed"; S..... 548
- Lehman, Governor Herbert H. See New
York state
- Lengyel, Emil
German culture in exile; S..... 607
- Levine, Peter A.
Defends communists against P. Y. An-
derson; C..... 94
- Lewis, Sinclair
Ann Vickers, Manhattan college vote for;
EP..... 275; see also C..... 376
- Lewisohn, Ludwig
German kultur, new; S..... 695
Germany's lowest depths; S. 493; see
also C..... 557; C..... 615; C..... 641
- Liberties, civil, gaining; EP..... 570
- Life and art. D. Parsons; C..... 173; see
also C..... 42
- Life insurance. See Insurance, life
- Life is beautiful. W. Troy; MP..... 242
- Lion hunt, staged, in Saint Louis; EP..... 135
- Lippmann, Walter
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
- Liquors, alcoholic. See Prohibition
- Literature
Proletarian. C. Y. Harrison; S. 321;
see also C..... 531
Writers, social attitude. J. W. Krutch;
S..... 291
- Little entente
Treaty signed by Yugoslavia, Rumania
and Czechoslovakia; EP..... 246
- Little giant. W. Troy; MP..... 678
- Little ol' boy. J. W. Krutch; D..... 566
- Living on nothing a day; Dt..... 149
- Long, Senator Huey Pierce
Filibuster; EP..... 77
Filibuster. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 118
Filibuster, to prevent investigation of
political charges against him; EP..... 245
Investigation of election; MP..... 217
Looking forward. W. Troy; MP..... 567
- Lore, Ludwig
Bernstein, Eduard; S..... 14
Hitler and his supporters; S..... 196
Nazi revolution; S..... 440
- Los Angeles gas and electric corporation
Rate making decision. P. Y. Anderson;
S..... 581
- Lotteries. See Gambling
- Lovejoy, Owen R.
Boys, vagrant; S..... 230
- Lowe, Robert Liddell
All foxes; P..... 349
- Lowell, Judge James A.
Decision in Crawford extradition case;
EP..... 486; E..... 517; C..... 700
United States court of appeals reverses
decision; EP..... 710
- Lowenthal, Marvin
On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C..... 641;
see also S..... 493; C..... 557; C..... 615
- Lucrece. J. W. Krutch; D..... 47
- Luther, Hans
Ambassador to United States; career;
EP..... 458
- Luxury liner. W. Troy; MP..... 214
- M**
- Nation, The*; what it needs; C..... 123
"M." W. Troy; MP..... 157; 454
- McCoy, Esther
Gallagher, L., credit in Mooney case;
C..... 532
- MacDonald, Ramsay
Prisoner. S. K. Ratcliffe; S..... 13
Visit to United States. O. G. Villard;
S..... 463
- MacDonald-Mussolini peace plan. See Peace
- Machado y Morales, President Gerardo. See
Cuba
- Machinery. See Unemployment—Technologi-
cal
- Machines. See Technocracy
- Mackaye, Benton
Muscle shoals, challenge; S..... 445
- MacLeish, Archibald
Machines and the future; S..... 140
- McLeith, Kenneth
Nazi terror, Vienna university; S..... 669
- McLeran, J. W.
Farmer's side; C..... 531
- McMurry, Robert N.
Austria, distress in; S. 15; see also EP. 3
- Manchukuo. See Chinese-Japanese relations
- Manchuria
Railroads; EP..... 543
- Manhattan college
Students' preferences; EP..... 275;
see also C..... 376
- Manners
Book, No nice girl swears; E..... 574
- Manufacturers' sales tax. See Taxation
- Marcus, Ralph
On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C..... 641;
see also S..... 493; C..... 557; C..... 615
- Marines, United States. See Haiti
- Marionettes. J. W. Krutch; D..... 158
- Marius. W. Troy; MP..... 511
- Marks, Joseph
Kenworthy, Joseph Montagu, member of
parliament; C. 376; see also 79; C. 320
- Marrot, H. V.
Asks biographical material on J. Gals-
worthy; C..... 505
- Marshall, Marshall
Chicago: Two exhibits; S..... 715
- Martin, William
To resign as result of writing on Ge-
neva machine-gun murders. E. D. H.;
S..... 148
- Marvel, Theodore
Tammany and unemployment relief; C. 262
- Marxism. S. Hook; S..... 284
- Marxism or Tolstoyism. H. Hazlitt; S. 68
- Mask and the face, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 593
- Maslow, Will
Socialist lawyers' association; C..... 408
- Maslow, Will, and E. M. White
Supreme court and utility regulation; S. 609
- Masterson, S. C., junior
Pacifism at the university of California;
C..... 407
- Matsuba, Seitaro
Wants copy of *The Nation* each week;
C..... 587
- Medical profession
Doctors and the public; E..... 193; see
also C..... 289
Fishbein, Doctor M., address on costs of
medical care. Two medical students; C. 207
Inventions, right to; case of Drinker and
Emerson respirators. S. Griscom;
S..... 225; see also EP..... 219
- Medical science
Chinese, ancient; E..... 31
- Melody. J. W. Krutch; D..... 244
- Mendel, Arthur
Amfiparnaso; M..... 384
Emperor Jones; M..... 297
Jewish influence on music decried by
German; M..... 454
Music, radical; M..... 216
Pierrot Lunaire; M..... 538
Programs, musical; M..... 74
Symphonies, selling; M..... 128
- Merchant marine. See Shipping
- Metropolitan opera house
Difficulties; E..... 222
- Meyer, Annie Nathan
Rebels; C..... 95
- Michelangelo
Photographs of frescoes excluded by cus-
toms authorities; EP..... 219
- Middle west, conditions. O. G. Villard; S. 223
- Mikado, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 511
- Militant atheist, the
Criticism. Mrs. H. Broun; C..... 124;
see also C..... 268; C..... 375; C..... 408
- Militarism
Washington state. M. S. Cole; C..... 407
See also Pacifism
- Milk strike, Wisconsin; EP..... 598
- Miller, Professor Dayton C.
Universe, theory of; EP..... 516
- Miller music company. See Woodin, W. H.
- Mills, Ogden Livingston
Abatement and refund on estate of father.
P. Y. Anderson; S. 118; see also EP. 106
- Miners, coal. See Coal miners, American
- Missions, foreign
Buck, P., assails narrow-minded mission-
aries; E..... 546
- Mississippi river steamboats; Dt..... 93
- Missouri Pacific railroad
Failure; E..... 389
- Mitchell, Charles E. See National city bank
- Mohammedans. See Moslems
- Moley, Raymond
Address on World monetary and eco-
nomic conference; EP..... 597
Mon cœur balance. W. Troy; MP..... 214
- Monetary and economic conference. See
World monetary and economic confer-
ence
- Money. See Banks; Currency; Gold
- Montaigne, Michel de. J. Zeitlin; S..... 231
- Mooney, Thomas J.
Appeal for aid. R. Baldwin; C..... 614
Appeal for aid, by artists' and writers'
committee; C..... 96
- Gallagher, L.; credit to; C..... 532
- New trial ordered; EP..... 358
- Still in jail, although acquitted on sec-
ond trial; EP..... 627
- Trial, second. M. A. deFord; S..... 661
- Moore, George
Burial. S. K. Ratcliffe; S..... 205
Death; EP..... 107
- Morgan, J. P., and company
Cartoon. C. Rose..... 631
Cartoon. A. Young..... 659
Friends in Roosevelt administration; E. 628
Glorifying; E..... 688
Income tax, legal evasion; EP..... 626
Income tax, legal evasion. P. Y. Ander-
son; S..... 693
Income taxes, unpaid, and friends in and
out of congress. P. Y. Anderson; S. 632
Inquiry must continue; E..... 656
Testimony. P. H. Noyes; S..... 671
- Morgenrot. W. Troy; MP..... 622
- Morison, S. E.
Snob racket; S..... 232
- Morse, Charles W.
Death; EP..... 79
- Mortgages
Farmers, direct action by. F. Nuhn; S. 254
"Guaranteed." B. A. Leerburger; S. 548
Home; bill; EP..... 430
Iowa foreclosure, an. C. H. Prescott; S. 198
North Dakota foreclosures. O. S. Gun-
derson; C..... 20
Problem; E..... 193
See also Agriculture
- Moskowitz, Mrs. Henry
Death; EP..... 51
- Moslems
Shocked by Britannia poster; EP..... 219
- Most, Melos
Socialism in Spain; C. 262; see also... 119
- Motion pictures. See Moving pictures
- Moving picture machine operators' union
Court takes over affairs; EP..... 30
- Moving pictures
For reviews of pictures, see names of
pictures; also Bakshy, A.; Troy, W.
Criticism of. W. Troy; MP..... 157
Film forum. S. Howard; C..... 95
Values. W. Troy; MP..... 538
- Municipalities. See Cities
- Munitions
Companies, stockholders in; EP..... 600
Embargo; E..... 52
Embargo, British, on arms to Japan and
China; EP..... 245
Embargo, British; other nations will not
join; EP..... 274
Embargo by United States, proposed; E. 5
Embargo opposed; EP..... 190
Embargoes and law; E..... 389
Hirtenberg shipment from Italy to Aus-
tria causes protest; EP..... 246
Lobby, active; E..... 489
Makers, secret international. M. A. Hall-
gren; S..... 86
Manufacture. C. R. Conover; C..... 449
War, preparing for; E..... 307
- Muscle shoals
Battle for government control won; EP. 598
Challenge of. B. Mackaye; S..... 445
Recapture for the people; EP..... 105
- Munsey, James
Oakland's "sewer-pipe city"; S..... 92
- Music**
- Jewish influence decried by German. A.
Mendel; M..... 454
Programs. A. Mendel; M..... 74
Radical. A. Mendel; M..... 216
See also Mendel, A.
- Mussolini, Benito. See Italy
- Mussolini-MacDonald peace plan. See Peace
- Muste, A. J. See White, Eliot
- N**
- Nathan, Annie
Intellectuals and the depression; C. 504;
see also E..... 304
- Nation, The*
Called anti-French by B. Fay; C. 376;
see also C..... 207
Control and management, change in; EP. 1;
S..... 34
Farmer, attitude toward. F. Nuhn; C. 505
with editorial comment..... 7
Honor roll for 1932..... 7
Militant Atheist advertising. See *Mili-
tant Atheist*
- Tulsa readers asked to meet. T. L. Wil-
son; C..... 532
- Villard, O. G., gives up active manage-
ment; will remain as publisher and
contributing editor; S..... 34; see also
EP..... 1
What it needs. M.; C..... 123
Wanted in Japan each week. S. Mat-
suba; C..... 587
- Nation* club of San Francisco
Reorganization. S. Greenberg; C..... 320

National city bank
 Mitchell, C. E., indictment; EP..... 357
 Mitchell, C. E., testimony. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 286
 Newspaper silence; EP..... 274
 Perkins, James H., and the bank. O. G. Villard; S..... 279
 Perkins, James H., quoted by New York Times; EP..... 357
 Scandal; E..... 247; see also C..... 347
 National electric light association
 Dissolution; to be succeeded by Edison electric institute; E..... 81
 National industry recovery act. See Business; Business depression; Industry, United States
 National socialists (Nazis). See Germany; Vienna university
 National transportation committee. See Railroads
 Nationalism. See United States
 Nationalism, economic. L. Fischer; S..... 604
 Naval limitation. See Armament limitation and disarmament
 Navy, United States
 "Adequate" navy advocated by Roosevelt; EP..... 331
 Big, and President Roosevelt; S..... 435
 Building of ships proposed for unemployment relief; EP..... 385; EP..... 709
 Propaganda for big navy; EP..... 385
 Naylor, William
 Cuban terror; C..... 348
 Nazis. See Germany; Vienna university
 Negative values; Dt..... 289
 Negroes
 Alabama boys' case. See Negroes—Scottsboro
 Brown, W., gets new trial; EP..... 135
 Crawford case. See Crawford, G.
 Discrimination against, in Washington; EP..... 599
 Extradition case. See Crawford, G.
 Juries, exclusion from, cited by Judge Lowell in Crawford case; EP..... 486; E..... 517; C..... 700
 Scottsboro case:
 Alabama justice; E..... 434
 Change of venue; perils continue; EP..... 303
 Defense appeals for financial aid. B. Taub; C..... 290
 Thirteenth juror, the. C. Rose; Ct..... 464
 Trial, conduct of. J. H. Hammond, junior; S..... 465
 Trial of others than Patterson postponed; EP..... 458
 Neugass, James
 Cluny museum, the; P..... 702
 Nevin, Joseph
 Socialists and progressives; C..... 20
 New school for social research
 Course in consumers' problems. F. J. Schlink; C..... 263
 New York city
 Finances, and corrupt government by Tammany Hall; E..... 713
 Seabury plan for political reform; E..... 32
 Seabury report on political conditions; EP..... 2
 Tammany hall and unemployment relief. T. Marvel; C..... 262
 New York joint legislative committee on unemployment
 Report; EP..... 247
 New York state
 Lehman, Governor, failure; E..... 461
 Must ask federal aid; EP..... 29
 Tax proposals; EP..... 162
 See also Public utilities
 New York Times
 And National city bank; EP..... 357
 New York World-telegram
 Defended by H. Broun in National city bank case; C, with editorial comment, 347; see also E..... 247
 New Yorker Staats-Zeitung
 Published editorial on National city bank scandal..... 347; see also E..... 247
 Newspapers
 And National city bank scandal; E..... 247; see also C..... 347
 Silence on violation of banking laws. W. Graham; C..... 290; EP..... 357
 Nicaragua
 Sandino, A. C., keeps his word. C. Beals; S..... 204
 Sandino makes peace; EP..... 161
 Nickerson, Winfield S.
 "White feather" clubs suggested; C..... 407
 9 Pine street. J. W. Krutch; D..... 593
 Nomad, Max
 Anarchists in 1917; C..... 504; see also 169
 Norris-McSwain bill. See Power and power industry
 North Carolina
 Whipping post, revival proposed; EP... 387
 North Carolina, university of
 Imperilled by economy; EP..... 107

North Dakota
 Foreclosures. O. S. Gunderson; C..... 20
 Noyes, Peter Helmoop
 Conversion, financial, art of; S..... 643
 Eaton, Cyrus S., last days; S..... 700
 Morgan, J. P., and company, investigation; S..... 670
 Public returns to Wall street; S..... 616
 Nuhn, Ferner
 Farmer and direct action; S..... 254
 Nation and the farmer; C, with editorial comment 505
 Nurses, hours. I. Sherman; C..... 642
 O
 Oakland, California
 "Sewer-pipe city." J. Munsey; S..... 92
 Obscenity
 Defended by believer. G. Smedley; C... 375
 Occupations; Dt..... 670
 O'Connor, Agnes J.
 Women's bureau and head, M. Anderson; C..... 408; see also E..... 192
 Oil
 Industry, chaos in. G. W. Stocking; S. 634
 Olympic games
 Jews, German; action by international committee; EP..... 710
 One husband or another. J. W. Krutch; D. 215
 One Sunday afternoon. J. W. Krutch; D.. 270
 Our betters. W. Troy; MP..... 298
 Our wife. J. W. Krutch; D..... 327
 Ownership, government
 Chapman, Kansas, tax-free. W. Edwards; C..... 642
 Cities, tax-free; public profits from municipal power. L. Bartlett; S..... 550
 Oxford union. See Pacifism
 P
 Pacifism
 British college students against war. British university graduate; C..... 560
 California, university of. S. C. Master-son, junior; C..... 407
 College; EP..... 386
 College poll; EP..... 571
 Colleges renounce war. H. Seidman; S. 554
 Oxford union action; EP..... 275
 "White feather" clubs suggested. W. S. Nickerson; C..... 407
 Palmer, George Herbert, death. R. Herrick; S..... 612
 Paraguay. See Bolivia-Paraguay
 Parity bill. See Agriculture
 Parsons, Dorothy
 Life and art; C..... 173; see also C.... 42
 Party's over, the. H. H.; D..... 455
 Patterson, Ernest Minor
 Sales tax or income tax?; S..... 61
 Pea-Picker
 Alameda county unemployment; C..... 614
 Peace
 Ballyhoo, saving world by; E..... 657
 Books, children's, and international goodwill; E..... 5
 Difficulties in way; EP..... 625
 Plan, MacDonald-Mussolini; EP..... 358; EP..... 386
 Pennsylvania
 Legislation; EP..... 683
 Perkins, Frances
 To be cabinet member. O. G. Villard; S..... 253
 Perkins, James H. See National city bank
 Peru
 Loans, defaulted; EP..... 274
 Petroleum. See Oil
 Philippine islands
 Independence. O. G. Villard; S..... 111
 Independence bill; EP..... 2
 Independence bill; cheating the Filipinos; E..... 109
 Piccoli, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 158
 Picture-snatcher. W. Troy; MP..... 650
 Pierre, Roy. A. Brenner; A..... 453
 Pierrot lunaire. A. Mendel; M..... 538
 Pigeons and people. J. W. Krutch; D.... 158
 Planetariums; E..... 714
 Plays. See names of plays; also H. H.; Krutch, J. W.; W. G.
 Pleasure cruise. W. Troy; MP..... 482
 Poems
 All foxes. R. L. Lowe..... 349
 Birch. R. Lechlitter..... 209
 Blame them. G. Taggard..... 730
 Brought as a sheaf. R. Larsson..... 97; correction 151
 By their own ignorance. M. Van Doren. 477
 Cluny museum, the. J. Neugass..... 702
 Dream. V. Moore..... 588
 Equation. C. Cuthbert..... 125
 How can man his stature know. M. Van Doren 617
 Little Caesars 178
 Mountain love. H. McK. Corning..... 264

Now in the hive. R. P. T. Coffin..... 506
 Prelude. C. Aiken..... 411; 644
 Roots. R. Lechlitter..... 561
 Sonnets. M. Van Doren..... 177; 205; 236; 322; 377; 644
 This amber sunstream. M. Van Doren. 411
 This footfall of departure. L. N. Jennings 450
 To the powers of darkness. G. Taggard. 152
 To the queen of heaven. G. Taggard... 178
 Wall of glass, the. L. N. Jennings.... 10
 Poil de carotte (Red-head, the). W. Troy; MP 650
 Poison for profit; serum. A. W. Haines; C. 319
 Porto Rico. See Puerto Rico
 Power and power industry
 Associated gas and electric system; corporation complexity. R. Finney; S... 524
 Electric bond and share company against Miami, Florida; picks C. T. Hutchinson as special master; S..... 690
 Electric revolution, the. J. Count; S... 467
 Electricity, rates; E..... 431
 Investigation needed. L. Rabinowitz; C..... 174; see also 49, 56
 Norris-McSwain bill for government control in southeast; EP..... 487
 Trust loses battle over water-power sites; EP 486
 United States supreme court and regulation. W. Maslow and E. M. White; S 609
 See also Ownership, government
 Prescott, Charlotte Hubbard
 Iowa foreclosure, an; S..... 198
 President's research committee on social trends
 Report; sees failure of American individualism; EP..... 29; E..... 53
 Press. See Newspapers
 Price, E. Rhys
 Commonwealth college, strike; C..... 476
 Princeton university
 Dodds, H. W., new president; EP.... 683
 Private Jones. W. Troy; MP..... 421
 Private property, decay; Dt..... 262
 Profit system. See Business depression
 Progressives
 And socialists. J. Nevin; C..... 20
 Prohibition
 Beer bill passes house; EP..... 330
 Beer drinking made attractive; EP.... 387
 Beer legislation to be enacted; EP..... 247
 Beer, prospects for; EP..... 1
 Repeal amendment, not likely now; EP. 246
 Repeal, congress votes for; EP..... 217
 Repeal, conventions for ratifying; EP.. 217
 Repeal, vote; EP..... 627
 Proletarian literature. C. Y. Harrison; S. 321; see also C..... 531
 Propaganda, French; EP..... 431
 Property, private
 Capitalist confiscation. E. Gruening; S. 116
 Decay of; Dt..... 262
 Prussia. See Germany
 Public debts. See United States
 Public ownership. See Ownership, government
 Public utilities
 Labor policies subject to regulation in New York state; EP..... 386
 Ratemaking, decision on. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 581
 Regulation. E. M. White; S..... 498
 "Regulation," New York state; EP.... 653
 United States supreme court and regulation. W. Maslow and E. M. White; S 609
 See also Ownership, government
 Public works
 Control bill. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 693
 Roosevelt administration program. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 521; S..... 581
 See also Unemployment
 Puerto Rico
 Birth control clinics, bill for; EP..... 303
 Q
 Quarry workers' strike, Vermont; EP..... 654
 R
 R., J. B.
 Socialism, by any other name; C..... 173
 Rabinowitz, Lena
 Electric industry; C..... 174
 Racine, Wisconsin
 Censors try to ban O. G. Villard. O. G. Villard; S..... 195
 Radicals
 Future of radical political action. J. Dewey; S..... 8
 Radio
 Censorship; words eliminated; EP..... 516
 Children's hour; programs rated; E.... 362
 Misuse by E. C. Hill. B. G. Rosahn; C 560
 Selling symphonies. A. Mendel; M.... 128
 Tubes, indestructible; EP..... 51

- Radio city. D. Haskell; Arc..... 102
Radio city music hall
Art and big business. A. Brenner; S.. 12
Blurb; EP..... 31
Description. D. Haskell; S..... 11
Program. H. H.; S..... 48
Railroads
Emergency bill; EP..... 542
National transportation committee's report; E..... 221
Reorganization; E..... 684
Reorganization, proposed. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 581
Unemployment relief bills. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 395
Wages, proposal for cut. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 693
Rasputin and the empress. A. Bakshy; MP. 76
Ratliffe, S. K.
MacDonald, Ramsay; S..... 13
Moore, G., burial; S..... 205
Rayburn bill. See Stocks and bonds
Rebels. A. N. Meyer; C..... 95
Reconstruction finance corporation
Ban on loans to corporations paying big salaries proposed; EP..... 541
Failure. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 9
Inquiry needed; EP..... 106
Loans. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 172
Scandals. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 59
Subsidizes F. F. French's Knickerbocker village. H. J. Rosner; S..... 438; see also C..... 587
Where the money has gone; EP..... 1
Recovery, business, act for. See Business
Red-head, the (Poil de carotte). W. Troy; MP..... 650
Red planet, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 27
Relief, unemployment. See Unemployment
Remonstrance, against certain critics. E. F. Wyatt; S..... 95
Reparations. See War debts and reparations
Republican party
Farewell to; E..... 249
Research committee on social trends. See President's research committee on social trends
Respirators. See Inventions
Return of Nathan Becker, the. W. Troy; MP..... 511
Reunion in Vienna. W. Troy; MP..... 567
Revolution and art. C. Y. Harrison; S..... 321; see also C..... 531
Revolution, making a. A. W. Craton; S..... 121
Rice, Elmer
Comment on L. Lewisohn's article on Germany and the Jews; C..... 557; see also S..... 493; C..... 615; C..... 641
Richberg, Donald
Gold-plated anarchists; S..... 368; see also C..... 530
Ripley, Professor William Z.
Resignation from Harvard; EP..... 190
Rivera, Diego
At work. A. Brenner; A..... 568
Detroit mural paintings, controversy over; EP..... 359
Ideas on art; E..... 685
Rockefeller center frescoes. A. Brenner; A..... 568; 595
Rockefeller center frescoes, rejection; E..... 573
Roads, dirt; Dt..... 41
Rockefeller center
Necropolis. D. Haskell; Arc..... 622
See also Rivera, D.
Roman writers defended. E. F. Clafin; C..... 150; see also..... 22
Roman catholic church. See Spain
"Romanov, Prince Mike." See Gerguson, Harry
Rome express. W. Troy; MP..... 298
Romer, Samuel
Commonwealth college students' strike; C..... 19
Detroit strike; S..... 167
Roosevelt, Anna Eleanor
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Roosevelt, President Franklin Delano
Action, vigorous; EP..... 301
Administration. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 339; S..... 693
Accomplishments. N. Thomas; S..... 399
"Brain trust" and social change. L. Fischer; S..... 604
Criticism by N. Thomas called unfair; C..... 642
Doubt of. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 469
Honeymoon over. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 395
International co-operation; EP..... 513
Legislative record. M. A. Hallgren; S..... 723
Morgan friends; E..... 628
New deal. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 286
So far; E..... 711
Appointments; EP..... 681
Assassination attempt; EP..... 218
Associates. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 171; EP..... 189
Banks, action on. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 339; E..... 390
Cabinet. O. G. Villard; S..... 83
Cabinet; E..... 251
Cabinet. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 469
Currency stabilization; views on; EP..... 709
Dictatorship; congress votes for it. O. G. Villard; S..... 308
Inaugural address; E..... 278
Leadership. O. G. Villard; S..... 491
Leadership needed; E..... 137
Leadership, pre-inauguration; EP..... 105
Navy, big. O. G. Villard; S..... 435
Navy; president for "adequate" force; EP..... 331
Personality. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 339
Powers. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 339
Sales tax, opposition to; EP..... 29
Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of gains by war, indorsement of; EP..... 77
War debts; to keep congress informed; EP..... 161
Rorty, James
Homeless, counting; S..... 692
"Hunger," film; C..... 21
Rosahn, Beatrice Greenfield
Radio misuse by E. C. Hill; C..... 560
Rose, Carl
Chicago; Ct..... 520
Cuba libre; Ct..... 492
Germany; Ct..... 391
Morgan, J. P.; Ct..... 631
Thirteenth juror, the; Ct..... 464
Rosner, Henry J.
Reconstruction finance corporation and F. F. French; S..... 438; see also C..... 587
Unemployment tax; S..... 345
Ross, Malcolm
Barter, spread of; S..... 228
Rossbitt, Otto
Exposé of arms business. E. D. H.; S..... 148
Rothschild, John
Travel; more than sightseeing; S..... 585
Travel; to go or not to go; S..... 698
Traveling light. I; S..... 473
Traveling light. II. More than sightseeing; S..... 555
Rubin, Nathan L.
Replies to T. J. Scherz on Germany; C..... 587; see also C..... 504
Rumania. See Little entente
Run, little chillun! E. G.; D..... 327
Russell, Dora
Divorce, American and British; S..... 84
Russia
Agrarian policy announced; EP..... 78
Deportations. L. Fischer; S..... 200
Five-year plan, change in; EP..... 50
Friends sought by soviets. L. Fischer; S..... 341
Program for 1933; EP..... 190
Recognition, by United States; EP..... 429
Recognition, sentiment for; EP..... 245
Sabotage cases; British attitude; EP..... 386
Sabotage cases; class justice; E..... 490
Sabotage cases, trial of British engineers; EP..... 457
Stalin and the peasant. L. Fischer; S..... 39
Travel in; directions. A. S. Jennings; S..... 528
Trotzky and revolution. B. Stolberg; S..... 169; correction..... 214
Ryskind, Morrie, and G. S. Kaufman
Socratic dialogue; S..... 403
S., P.
Reply to "Desperate citizen" on life insurance; C..... 729
Saintsbury, George
Death; EP..... 135
Sales tax. See Taxation
Sanborn, Walter L.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Sanchez Cerro, President
Assassination; EP..... 515
Sandino, August César. See Nicaragua
Saturday night, a. J. W. Krutch; D..... 299
Savings banks; Dt..... 640
Scherz, Theodore J.
Defends Hitlerism; C..... 504; see also C..... 587
Schlauch, Margaret
On Association of university teachers; C..... 124
Schlink, F. J.
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
Consumers' problems; C..... 263
Schreiber, Georges
Forgotten man; Ct..... 436; see also C..... 532
Schumacher, Arthur
Protests against *Militant Atheist* advertising in *The Nation*; C..... 408; see also C..... 124; C..... 262; C..... 375
Scott, William
Sales tax; C..... 122; see also E..... 33
Scottsboro case. See Negroes
Seabury, Samuel
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932.... 7
See also New York city
Secession in the west. O. G. Villard; S..... 166
Securities. See Stocks and bonds
Segall, Gabriel
On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C..... 641; see also S..... 493; C..... 557; C..... 615
Seidman, Harold
Colleges renounce war; S..... 554
Senate, United States. See Congress
Serum; poison for profit. A. W. Haines; C..... 319
Sessions, Ruth Huntington
Dickinson, Emily; C..... 65
Shaine, Marks S.
Socialized medicine; C..... 289; see also E..... 193
Shan-Kar, dancing; Dt..... 121
Shaw, George Bernard
American appearance; E..... 461; Dt..... 503
She done him wrong. W. Troy; MP..... 240
Sherman, E. A.
Saving our soil; S..... 401
Sherman, Ida
Nurses, hours; C..... 642
Shipping
Merchant marine. R. J. Baker; C..... 504
Travel. A. Warner; S..... 370
Siemens, Anna; treason case. E. D. H.; S..... 148
Silver. See Currency
Silver cord, the. W. Troy; MP..... 594
Silver dollar. A. Bakshy; MP..... 76
Simonson, Lee
"Saving" the theater; S..... 144
Sims, Emery
Federal worker, the; C..... 66
Slavin, Herman
On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C..... 641; see also S..... 493; C..... 557; C..... 615
Slomovitz, Philip
On L. Lewisohn and Jews; C..... 641; see also S..... 493; C..... 557; C..... 615
Slums, unclearence. D. Haskell; Arc..... 510
Smedley, George
Obscenity, belief in; C..... 375
Smedley, George
On advertisement of *Militant Atheist*; C..... 375; see also C..... 124; C..... 262
C..... 408
Smith, Harry T.
Socialists and the bonus; C..... 150
Snob racket. S. E. Morison; S..... 232
Snow; Dt..... 233
Snow, Edith Nicholas
French Canada, attractions; C..... 728
Social trends, report on. See President's research committee on social trends
Social worker and the depression. J. P. Guild; S..... 667
Socialism
By any other name. J. B. R.; C..... 173
Marxism. S. Hook; S..... 284
Spain. B. W. Diffie; S..... 119; see also C..... 262
Socialists, German. See Germany
Socialist lawyers' association
Organized. W. Maslow; C..... 408
Socialist party
And progressives. J. Nevin; C..... 20
And the bonus. H. T. Smith; C..... 150
Banking, program for. N. Thomas; S..... 309; correction, C..... 376
Socialized medicine. See Medical profession
Socratic dialogue. G. S. Kaufman and M. Ryskind; S..... 403
Soil erosion. E. A. Sherman; S..... 401
Soong, Ching-ling (Mrs. Sun Yat-sen)
Workers of China, unite; S..... 582
Sophistocrats, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 244
Sous la lune du Maroc. W. Troy; MP..... 157
South, the
Goes legal. H. Boardman; S..... 258
South America
War in. S. G. Inman; S..... 256
Soviet Russia. See Russia
Spain
Church and state conflict; EP..... 682
Democracy in the balance; EP..... 543
Discontent; EP..... 51
Education, Roman catholic church hold broken; EP..... 599
Revolt. B. W. Diffie; S..... 119; see also C..... 263
Socialism. B. W. Diffie; S..... 119; see also C..... 263
Speed, craze for; Dt..... 206
Spell of Tatra, the. W. Troy; MP..... 269
Spencer, Anna Garlin
Biographical material requested. B. R. Andrews; C..... 96
Sproull, Grace M.
On Chevalier-Wright controversy over A. France; C..... 376; see also C..... 207
Stalin, Joseph V. See Russia
Starbuck, Eric A.
Conferences, international; C..... 42
Starr, Ellen Gates
Militant atheist, advertisement in *The Nation*; C..... 262; see also C..... 124; C..... 375; C..... 408
Starvation army. J. Kazarian; S..... 396; 443; 472
State department
Secrets; bill for guarding; EP..... 430
State fair. W. Troy; MP..... 187
Steamship companies. See Income tax
Steamships. See Ships

- Steere, Jonathan W.
Credit for Indian commissioners; C.532;
see also EP..... 459
- Stewart, Maxwell S.
Buy-American movement; S..... 142
- Stimson doctrine
Indorsed by President-elect Roosevelt;
EP..... 77
- Stocking, George Ward
Oil industry, chaos in; S..... 634
- Stocks and bonds
Bankers, investigation. P. Y. Anderson;
S..... 693
Banking inquiry must continue; E..... 656
Investigation. P. Y. Anderson; S.118;
S..... 227
Investments advised by Halsey, Stuart
and company; EP..... 218
Investment bankers; EP..... 274
Investors, mulcting of; EP..... 330
Investors, protection for; EP..... 78
Law on prices, new; EP..... 654
Laws governing sales. P. Y. Anderson;
S..... 395
Public returns to Wall street. P. H.
Noyes; S..... 616
Registration of securities, bill for; EP..... 386
Sales regulation proposed in Rayburn
bill; EP..... 541
Wall street, feeling against. Shade of
Thomas Jefferson; C..... 503
See also Gold
- Story of Temple Drake, the. W. Troy; MP. 594
- Stowe, Lyman Beecher
Seeks biographical material on Beecher
family; C..... 124
- Straus, S. W., and company
Receivership; EP.....330; see also C.... 449
- Strike me pink. J. W. Krutch; D..... 355
- Strike, students'. See Commonwealth college
- Students, college. See Colleges and univer-
sities
- Students' strike. See Commonwealth college
- Sun Yat-sen, Mrs. See Soong, Ching-ling
- Supreme court, United States
And utility regulation. W. Maslow and
E. M. White; S..... 609
- Swanson, Secretary Claude A.
Wants "adequate" navy; EP..... 302
- Sweatshops. See Garment industry
- Sweepings. W. Troy; MP..... 421
- Symphonies, selling. A. Mendel; M..... 128
- Syphilis
Treatment, new; EP..... 599
- T**
- Taggard, Genevieve
Blame them; P..... 730
To the powers of darkness; P..... 152
To the queen of heaven; P..... 178
- Tammany hall. See New York city
- Tampa, Florida
Reign of terror. A. Brenner; C..... 66
- Tariff
"Compensating" tariffs; E..... 165
- Tariff, United States
And the farmer. W. Gard; S..... 146
Departure from nationalism; EP..... 429
High-tariff prosperity myth; EP..... 30
Issue, real. F. W. Fetter; S..... 665
Revenue and the tariff. S. T. Bying-
ton; C..... 65
Trading value with other nations; EP..... 133
- Taub, Belle
Scottsboro trial; C..... 290
- Taxation
Chain-store. See Chain stores
Income tax. See Income tax
Sales tax; EP..... 599
Objections; E.....33; see also C.... 122
Opposed by F. D. Roosevelt; EP..... 29
Or income tax? E. M. Patterson; S..... 61
Proposed in industrial-control and pub-
lic works program; EP..... 569
Unemployment tax. See Unemployment
- See also Churches; New York state
- Taylor, Charles W.
Wisconsin farmers' embargo on farm
produce; C..... 559
- Technocracy
Examined. H. Hazlitt; S..... 112
German poem on. C. A. Williams; C..... 348
Inquiry; EP..... 105
Machines, employment and the future.
A. MacLeish; S..... 140
Open letter to, by editors of *The Nation*
Planned economy. H. Willcox; C..... 173
- Technological unemployment. See Unemploy-
ment—Technological
- Theater, the
Audiences; Dt..... 172
Business, improvement in January; EP. 163
Financial difficulties. J. W. Krutch; D. 483
New York monopoly. J. W. Krutch; D. 455
Prices cut; E..... 110
Problems; E..... 82
- Review of season. J. W. Krutch;
D.....621; D..... 649
"Saving" the theater. L. Simonson; S. 144
War of managers and stagehands con-
tinues; EP..... 303
Warfare suspended; EP..... 459
See also G. E.; H. H.; Krutch, J. W.
- Theater union
Organized; C..... 151
- Thirty-hour week. See Labor
- Thomas, Mrs. Harrison
North Hempstead branch, League for in-
dependent political action; open forum;
C..... 151
- Thomas, Norman
And the League for independent political
action. H. Y. Williams; C..... 122
Banking, socialist program for; S.309;
correction, C..... 376
Criticism of Roosevelt administration
called unfair. H. S. Kuhn; C..... 642
Miners on strike; C..... 174
Roosevelt administration accomplish-
ments; S..... 399
Young, O. D., and S. Insull; S....35;
correction, C..... 124
- Thoreau, Henry David
Walden revisited. J. W. Krutch; S.... 506
- Three-cornered moon. J. W. Krutch; D.... 380
- Three-penny opera. J. W. Krutch; D.511;
D..... 539
- Tittman, Charles T.
Crawford case; C..... 375
- Tolstoyism or Marxism? H. Hazlitt; S.... 68
- Topaze. W. Troy; MP..... 240
- Trager, George L.
Comment on L. Lewisohn's article on
Germany and the Jews; C.....558;
see also S.493; C.557; C.615; C. 641
- Travel
Low-priced. A. Warner; S..... 313
More than sight-seeing. J. Rothschild;
S..... 585
Traveling light. J. Rothschild; S....473;
II, ... 555
To go or not to go. J. Rothschild; S. 698
See also Ships
- Traylor, Melvin A.
Recommended loan to Insull; EP..... 50
- Treat, Ida
Fifteenth of December; S..... 58
- Trilling, Lionel
Critical irresponsibility; C.319; see also. 265
- Trois mousquetaires, les. W. Troy; MP..... 567
- Trotsky and revolution. B. Stolberg; S.169;
correction 214
- Troy, William
Age d'or; MP..... 382
Autre, l'; MP..... 326
Berlin—Alexanderplatz; MP..... 622
Cavalcade; MP..... 130
Christopher Strong; MP..... 354
Cocktail hour; MP..... 707
Criticism of moving pictures; MP..... 157
Film society productions; MP..... 298
Forgotten men; MP..... 650
Friederike; MP..... 326
Gabriel over the White House; MP.... 482
Hauptmann von Koenig, der; MP.. 130
Hertha's erwachen; MP..... 354
Hunger; MP..... 157
Ihre majestät die liebe; MP..... 214
International house; MP..... 707
Island of lost souls, the; MP..... 130
Ivan; MP..... 269
King kong; MP..... 326
Kühle wampe; MP..... 382
L'autre; MP..... 326
Lady's profession, a; MP..... 421
Life is beautiful; MP..... 242
Little giant; MP..... 678
Looking forward; MP..... 567
Luxury liner; MP..... 214
"M"; MP.....157; 454
Marius; MP..... 511
Mon cœur balance; MP..... 214
Morgenrot; MP..... 622
Moving pictures, values; MP..... 538
Our betters; MP..... 298
Picture-snatcher; MP..... 650
Pleasure cruise; MP..... 482
Private Jones; MP..... 421
Red-head, the (Poil de carotte); MP.. 650
Return of Nathan Becker, the; MP.... 511
Reunion in Vienna; MP..... 567
Rome express; MP..... 298
She done him wrong; MP..... 242
Silver cord, the; MP..... 594
Sous la lune du Maroc; MP..... 157
Spell of Tatra, the; MP..... 269
State fair; MP..... 186
Story of Temple Drake, the; MP..... 594
Sweepings; MP..... 421
Topaze; MP..... 240
Trois mousquetaires, les; MP..... 567
Warrior's husband, the; MP..... 622
Woman's world; MP..... 157
Zoo in Budapest; MP..... 567
- Tubes, radio. See Radio
- Turkey
Priests jailed for sticking to "Allah";
EP..... 543
- Twentieth century. J. W. Krutch; D..... 74
- Two medical students
Fishbein, Doctor M., address on costs
of medical care; C..... 207
- Two strange women. J. W. Krutch; D..... 131
- Tyler, Dorothy
Protests against advertisement of *Mili-
tant Atheist*; C.375; see also C.124;
C.....262; C..... 408
- U**
- Ulric, Lenore
Entertainment of critics; EP..... 191
- Unemployment
Automobiles, use by unemployed; EP.. 191
Boys, vagrant. O. R. Lovejoy; S..... 230
California; Alameda county unemploy-
ment. Pea-Picker; C..... 614
College graduates, unemployed. J. P.
Lash; C..... 408
Congressional desperation. P. Y. Ander-
son; S..... 59
Congressional failure to act; EP..... 275
Direct federal relief at last; E..... 362
Homestead unit, Dayton, Ohio. R. Bor-
sodi; S..... 447
Insurance; New York bills; EP..... 331
Insurance: New York joint legislative
committee on unemployment makes no
recommendation; EP..... 247
Knox, Judge John C., views; EP..... 107
Labor demands relief from congress. P.
Y. Anderson; S..... 118
La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bill passed.
P. Y. Anderson; S..... 395
Oakland's "sewer-pipe city." J. Mun-
sey; S..... 93
Public works program needed; E..... 545
Railroad bills. P. Y. Anderson; S..... 395
Relief by building navy proposed; EP.. 385
Relief, by government, direct or indirect;
EP..... 301
Relief, for homeless boys; EP..... 302
Relief, Tammany and. T. Marvell; C. 262
Roosevelt administration program. P. Y.
Anderson; S..... 469
Starvation army. J. Kazarian; S....396;
..... 443; 472
Success, 1933. A. Young; Ct..... 575
Taken up by senate. P. Y. Anderson; S. 227
Tax. H. J. Rosner; S..... 345
Technological. L. Wolman; S..... 202
Victim writes letter. Desperate citizen;
C.....615; see also C..... 729
See also Business depression; Labor;
Technocracy
- Unions, labor. See Labor unions
- United States
Army and navy forever. O. G. Villard;
S..... 139
Debts, public; EP..... 247
Dictatorship, brings squeals. P. Y. An-
derson; S..... 521
Dictatorship, needed?; E..... 220
Economic structure, rebuilding needed;
E..... 488
End of a system; EP..... 273
Federal worker, the. E. Sims; C..... 66
Finances, conditions show improvement;
EP..... 358
Finances; economy, bill; E..... 334
Finances; economy, demand for; EP.... 301
Individualism, failure of; EP..... 29
Nationalism, departure from; EP..... 429
Navy. See Navy—United States
Role in Europe, new; E..... 573
Secession in the west. O. G. Villard;
S..... 166
- United States-Japan. See Japanese-American
relations
- United States supreme court. See Supreme
court
- Universe
Cosmic rays, differences over; E..... 54
Cosmology, changing; EP..... 516
- Universities. See Colleges and universities
- University of North Carolina. See North
Carolina, university of
- Utilities, public. See Ownership, government;
Public utilities
- V**
- Van Doren, Mark
By their own ignorance; P..... 477
How can man his stature know; P.... 617
Sonnets; P....177; 205; 236; 322; 377; 644
This amber sunstream; P..... 411
- Van Loon, Hendrik Willem
On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932... 7
- Vergil, Georgics; Dt..... 448
- Vermont quarry workers' strike; EP..... 654
- Veterans
Bonus, army, new; treatment in Wash-
ington; EP..... 600

- Bonus, socialists and. H. T. Smith; C. 150
 One veteran's story. A. M. Willits; C. 151
 Payments, restriction; EP. 681
 Relief. P. Y. Anderson; S. 339
 Relief; American legion versus America.
 E. Angell; S. 287
 Vienna university
 Nazi terror. K. McLeith; S. 669
 Villard, Oswald Garrison
 Army and navy forever; S. 139
 Conferences, Washington and London, on
 monetary and economic issues; S. 491
 Congress votes for a bill; S. 308
 Coolidge, Calvin; career; S. 55
 Diplomatic corps; appointments; S. 336
 Germany; Hitler's folly; S. 392
 Gives up active management of *The
 Nation*; remains as publisher and con-
 tributing editor; EP. 1; S. 34
 Hammond and Gary face disaster; S. 342
 Hitler and England; S. 718
 House, Colonel, open letter to; S. 364
 MacDonald, Ramsay, visit to United
 States; S. 463
 Middle west, conditions; S. 223
 Navy, big, Roosevelt and; S. 435
 Perkins, Frances; S. 253
 Perkins, James H., and the National city
 bank; S. 279
 Philippine islands; freedom; S. 111
 Racine, Wisconsin, censors try to ban
 him. S. 195
 Roosevelt, cabinet; S. 83
 Roosevelt, leadership; S. 491
 Secession in the west; S. 166
 Virgin islands of the United States
 Return to navy considered; EP. 359

W

- W., G.
 Goodbye again; D. 74
 Wages
 Automobile workers, Detroit, strike
 against reductions; EP. 133
 Railroad, proposal for cut. P. Y. An-
 derson; S. 693
 Walden. See Thoreau, Henry D.
 Wall street. See Stocks and bonds
 Wallach, Elizabeth C.
 Alcott, Louisa May, criticism of; C. 42;
 see also C. 173
 Walsh, Thomas J.
 Death; EP. 273
 War
 Neutrality not possible; EP. 597
 See also Europe; Munitions; Pacifism;
 Peace; Stimson doctrine
 War debts and reparations
 Congress to be kept informed by Roose-
 velt; EP. 161
 Default. P. Y. Anderson; S. 59
 French default; effect in Paris. I. Treat;
 S. 58
 Hoover and Roosevelt "cooperation." P.
 Y. Anderson; S. 9
 Impasse, Hoover and Roosevelt; E. 6
 United States and "scaling down." E.
 D. H.; S. 88
 See also World monetary and economic
 conference
 Warner, Arthur
 Ships and floating hotels; S. 370
 Travel for a song; S. 313
 Warrior's husband, the. W. Troy; MP. 622
 Washington (state)
 Militarism. M. S. Cole; C. 407
 Washington, District of Columbia
 Marches on, projected; EP. 487
 Washington economic conference. See World
 monetary and economic conference
 Watts, Harvey M.
 Einstein propaganda; C. 42
 We, the people. J. W. Krutch; D. 158
 Wealth. See Property, private
 Weather; Dt. 319
 Welles, Sumner. See Cuba
 Wertgen, F.
 Asks discussion of individualism; C. 504
 What I believe. E. Glasgow; S. 404
 Whipping post. See North Carolina
 Whistling in the dark. W. Troy; MP. 186
 White, E. Michael
 Public utility regulation; S. 498
 White, E. Michael, and W. Maslow
 Supreme court and utility regulation; S. 609
 White, Eliot, F. A. Henson, A. J. Muste
 and W. Beedie

- On Brooklyn Edison company; C. 150;
 see also 56
 White, Jerome C.
 Militant atheist, advertisement in *The
 Nation*; C. 262; see also C. 124;
 C. 375; C. 408
 White, Walter A.
 Crawford, G., help for; C. 700
 "White feather" clubs. See Pacifism
 Whittier, Mary; Dt. 586
 Wieck, Agnes Burns
 Coal miners' wives petition for redress;
 C. 234
 Willcox, Henry
 Technocracy; C. 173
 Williams, Charles A.
 Technocracy, German poem on; C. 348
 Williams, Howard Y.
 N. Thomas and the League for indepen-
 dent political action; C. 122
 Willits, Alice Maxson
 One veteran's story; C. 151
 Wilson, Thomas L.
 Asks Tulsa readers of *The Nation* to
 meet; C. 532
 Wisconsin. See Agriculture
 Wise, James Waterman
 On L. Lewisohn's views on Jews and
 Germany; C. 615; see also
 S. 493; C. 557; C. 641
 Wise, Willoughby
 On shorter work week; C. 94
 Wolle, Doctor J. Fred
 Death; EP. 107
 Wolman, Leo
 Machinery and unemployment; S. 202
 Woman's world. W. Troy; MP. 157
 Women
 York, archbishop of, argues for their
 right to be hanged; EP. 219; see also
 C. 407
 Women's bureau and its head. M. Ander-
 son; C. 408; see also E. 192
 Woodin, Secretary William H.
 Interested in Miller music company; EP. 304
 Words. See English language
 Workmen's compensation insurance
 Laws, mangled. H. Buckler; S. 90
 Works, public. See Public works; Unem-
 ployment
 World monetary and economic conference
 Crucial conferences. O. G. Villard; S. 491
 Economic nationalism. L. Fischer; S. 604
 French view; EP. 513
 Meeting; pessimism; E. 686
 Moley, R., address; EP. 597
 Moley, R., throws cold water on hopes;
 EP. 625
 Prospects dark; EP. 542
 Washington preliminary conferences. P.
 Y. Anderson; S. 521
 Washington preliminary conferences;
 EP. 429; E. 460; EP. 485
 World-telegram, New York. See New York
 World-telegram
 World's fair, Chicago
 "Art class"; EP. 711
 Progress of progress; E. 602
 Wright, Cuthbert
 Replies to H. M. Chevalier's strictures
 on review of *The ironic temper*, by
 Chevalier; C. 207; see also C. 376
 Wright, Frank Lloyd
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932. 7
 Writers. See Literature
 Wyatt, Edith Franklin
 Remonstrance, against certain critics; C. 95
- Y
- Yaddo, corporation of
 On *The Nation's* honor roll for 1932. 7
 Yeomen of the guard. J. W. Krutch; D. 566
 York, Archbishop of
 Argues for woman's right to be hanged;
 EP. 219; see also C. 407
 Young, Art
 End of an era; Ct. 252
 Morgan, J. P., and company; Ct. 659
 Success, 1933; Ct. 575
 Young, Owen D.
 And S. Insull. N. Thomas; S. 35;
 correction, C. 124
 Loan to Insull; E. 4
 Yugoslavia. See Jugoslavia
- Z
- Zeitlin, Jacob
 Michel de Montaigne; S. 231
 Zoo in Budapest. W. Troy; MP. 567

BOOK REVIEWS

Books are indexed under author and title,
 and in some cases under subject.

The following explanatory letters are used
 in the index:

B Book review
 AN Brief annotation
 R Reviewer

A

- A B C of technocracy, the. F. Arkright;
 AN 127
 Abolition of unemployment, the. F. D.
 Graham; B. 154
 Abortion: Legal or illegal. A. J. Rongy; B. 590
 Action of the living cell, the. F. B. Turck;
 AN 482
 Adams, Henry, biography. J. T. Adams; B. 412
 Adams, James Truslow
 Henry Adams; B. 412
 Adventure of the black girl in her search for
 God. B. Shaw; B. 264
 Adventures of ideas. A. N. Whitehead; B. 349
 Aiken, Conrad
 Great circle; B. 561
 Albert Schweitzer. J. D. Regester; B. 351
 Alexander Hamilton. J. J. Smertenko; AN. 240
 Amana that was and Amana that is. B. M.
 H. Shambaugh; B. 535
 American notebooks, the. N. Hawthorne.
 Edited by R. Stewart; B. 43
 Amid these storms: Thoughts and adventures.
 W. S. Churchill; B. 98
 Anderson, Sherwood
 Death in the woods; B. 508
 Andler, Charles
 Vie de Lucien Herr; B. 350
 Andrew Jackson: The border captain. M.
 James; B. 535
 Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson. H. L. Piozzi;
 B. 236
 Angle, Paul M., and C. Sandburg
 Mary Lincoln, wife and widow; AN. 380
 Ann Vickers. S. Lewis; B. 125
 Anonymous
 This bright summer; B. 350
 Anthony, Katherine
 Marie Antoinette; B. 210
 Ape and the child, the. W. N. and L. A.
 Kellogg; B. 730
 Arctic village. R. Marshall; B. 647
 Argentine tango. P. Guedalla; B. 380
 Aristophanes. G. Murray; B. 675
 Arkright, Frank
 A B C of technocracy, the; AN. 127
 Armstrong, Barbara Nachtrieb
 Insuring the essentials; B. 324
 Arnold, Matthew, letters to A. H. Clough.
 Edited by H. F. Lowry; B. 211
 Art of Henri Matisse, the. A. C. Barnes
 and V. de Mazia; AN. 296
 Arvin, Newton; R. 43
 Auden, W. H.
 Orators, the; B. 673
 Austen, Jane. Letters to her sister Cassan-
 dra and others. Two volumes. Col-
 lected and edited by R. W. Chapman;
 AN. 71
 Authors and the book trade. F. Swinnerton;
 AN. 72
 As the earth turns. G. H. Carroll; B. 704
 Asbury, Herbert; R. 536

B

- Bainville, Jacques
 Napoleon. H. Miles, translator; B. 154
 Banana bottom. C. McKay; AN. 564
 Bandholtz, Major general Harry Hill
 Undiplomatic diary, an. Edited by F. K.
 Kruger; B. 563
 Barabbas. S. B. Field; AN. 353
 Barbusse, Henri
 Zola. M. B. and F. C. Green, transla-
 tors; AN. 156
 Barton, William E.
 President Lincoln; B. 591
 Bauer, C. K.; R. 99, 294
 Bavink, Bernhard
 Natural sciences, the. H. S. Hatfield,
 translator; AN. 353
 Beach, Joseph Warren; R. 412
 Beals, Carleton; R. 416
 Beard, Charles A.
 Charter for the social sciences in the
 schools, a; AN. 128
 Beard, Charles A.; R. 323, 618
 Becker, Carl L.
 Heavenly city of the eighteenth-century
 philosophers, the; B. 23
 Beethoven, Ludwig von, biography; B. 563
 Beginnings of tomorrow, the. H. A. Mil-
 ler; B. 534
 Bemis, Albert Farwell, and J. Burchard 2d
 Evolving house, the: A history of the
 home; B. 675

- Benedict, Ruth; R..... 647
 Bentham's theory of fictions. C. K. Ogden; B..... 70
 Beres, David; R..... 590
 Bergson, Henri
Deux sources de la morale de la religion, les; B..... 452
 Berle, Adolf A. junior, and G. C. Means
Modern corporation and private property, the; B..... 116
 Beveridge, Sir William
Unemployment; B..... 154
 Bianchi, Martha Dickinson
Emily Dickinson face to face; AN..... 71
 Bishop, Morris
Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca, the; AN..... 564
 Black, MacKnight
Thrust at the sky; AN..... 648
 Blair, Walter, and F. J. Meine
Mike Fink, king of Mississippi keelboatmen; B..... 507
 Book of opportunities, the. R. Platt; Dt.. 670
 Boswell, James, biography. C. E. Vulliamy; B..... 377
 Bowen, Elizabeth
To the north; AN..... 481
 Boyd, Ernest; R....22; see also C....150; 646
 Boyle, Kay
First lover and other stories, the; AN..... 453
 Brackenridge, Hugh Henry, life and writings. C. M. Newlin; AN..... 46
 Braddy, Haldeen, R. Krauss, and C. R. Kase
Three Chaucer studies; AN..... 46
 Brain, L. Britton; AN..... 72
 Brandeis, Louis D.
Other people's money—and how the bankers use it; E..... 306
 Brandt, Joseph A.
Toward the new Spain; AN..... 267
 Brett, Dorothy
Lawrence and Brett: A friendship; AN..... 620
 Brewster, Dorothy; R..... 413
 Bridge of dreams, the. Being the second volume of *The lady of the boat and the final part of The tale of Genji*. Lady Murasaki. Translated by A. Waley; B..... 731
 British agent. R. H. Bruce Lockhart; B..... 237
 British system of social insurance, the. P. Cohen. Introduction by N. Chamberlain; B..... 324
 Britton, Lionel
Brain; AN..... 72
 Brody, Alter; R.....238, 350, 480, 533, 589
 Bronte, Charlotte
Legends of Angria. Compiled from the early writings of C. Brontë by F. E. Ratchford and W. C. DeVane; B..... 619
 Brown, Ray C. B.; R.....126, 563
 Bryant, Arthur
Macaulay; B..... 703
 Buell, Raymond Leslie; R.....25, 125
 Bula Matari: Stanley, conqueror of a continent. J. Wassermann. Translated by E. and C. Paul; B..... 179
 Bulpington of Blup, the. H. G. Wells; B..... 97
 Burchard, John, 2d, and A. F. Bemis
Evolving house, the: A history of the home; B..... 675
 Burke, Kenneth; R.....70, 416
 Burns, C. Deslisle
Leisure in the modern world; B..... 212
- C
- Cabell, Branch
Special delivery: A packet of replies; review by C. Fadiman; S..... 409
 Cabeza de Vaca, biography; AN..... 564
 Caldwell, Erskine
God's little acre; B.....265; see also C..... 319
 Calverton, V. F.; R.....378
 Cambridge ancient history, the. Volume IX: *The Roman republic, 133-44 B. C.* Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock, and M. P. Charlesworth; AN..... 239
 Cambridge mediaeval history, the. Volume VII: *Decline of empire and papacy; AN.....* 128
 Can America stay at home? F. H. Simonds; B..... 25
 Carlyle, L. Cazamian; AN..... 25
 Carpenter's tool chest, the. T. Hibben; AN..... 481
 Carossa, Hans
Doctor Gion. A. N. Scott, translator; AN..... 707
 Carroll, Gladys Hasty
As the earth turns; B..... 704
 Cartels, concerns, and trusts. R. Liefmann; B..... 618
 Carter, Frederick
D. H. Lawrence and the body mystical; AN..... 566
 Cauldron boils, the. E. Lengyel; B..... 45
 Causes of evolution, the. J. B. S. Haldane; B..... 617
 Cazamian, Louis
Carlyle; AN..... 25
- Chadwick, H. Munro and N. Kershaw Chadwick
Growth of literature, the. Volume I: The ancient literatures of Europe; AN..... 157
 Chaliapin, Feodor
Man and mask: Forty years in the life of a singer. P. Megroz, translator; B..... 126
 Chamberlain, John; R.....185, 238
 Changing culture of an Indian tribe, the. M. Mead; AN..... 72
 Charter for the social sciences in the schools, a. C. A. Beard; AN..... 128
 Chaucer, Geoffrey
Troilus and Cressida: A love poem in five books. Englished by G. P. Krapp; B..... 44
 Chaucer, Geoffrey; three studies. R. Krauss, H. Braddy, and C. R. Kase; AN..... 46
 Chevalier, Haakon M.
Finds fault with C. Wright's review of his biography of A. France, The ironic temper; C.....207; see also C..... 376
 Christy, Arthur
Orient in American transcendentalism, the: A study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott; AN..... 156
 Churchill, Winston S.
Amid these storms: Thoughts and adventures; B..... 98
 Civilizing ourselves: Intellectual maturity in the modern world. E. D. Martin; AN..... 296
 Clare, John: A life. J. W. and Anne Tibble; B..... 45
 Clark, Evans
How to budget health; B..... 480
 Clark, L. Pierce
Lincoln: A psycho-biography; B..... 591
 Clark, Sydney A.
France on fifty dollars; Dt..... 406
 Clay, Cassius M.
Regulation of public utilities; AN..... 593
 Cleveland, Grover, biography. A. Nevins; B..... 238
 Cohen, Felix S.
Ethical systems and legal ideas; B..... 644
 Cohen, Morris R.
Law and the social order; B..... 644
 Cohen, Percy
British system of social insurance, the. Introduction by N. Chamberlain; B..... 324
 Cold comfort farm. S. Gibbons; AN..... 707
 Cole, G. D. H.
Guide through world chaos, a; B..... 24
 Collier, John
Full circle; B..... 732
 Collins, Norman
Facts of fiction, the; B..... 646
 Coloured dome, the. F. Stuart; B..... 179
 Colum, Mary M.; R.....183
 Coming struggle for power, the. J. Strachey; B..... 264
 Company K. W. March; B..... 238
 Complete poems of John Skelton, the. Edited by P. Henderson; B..... 153
 Confessions of the power trust. C. D. Thompson; AN..... 240
 Congressional follies, the; AN..... 156
 Convers, G. C.; R.....294, 647
 Cook, Harold Lewis
Spell against death. Poems; AN..... 592
 Coon, Carleton S.
Flesh of the wild ox; AN..... 26
 Cournos, John; R.....732
 Cozzens, James Gould
Last Adam, the; AN..... 156
 Crane, Hart
Collected poems. Edited with an introduction by W. Frank; B..... 508
 Crime for profit. A symposium on mercenary crime. Edited by E. D. MacDougall; AN..... 101
 Crook, Wilfrid Harris; R.....154
 Cummings, E. E.
Eimi; B..... 413
 Cuthbert, Clifton
Thunder without rain; B..... 672
- D
- D. H. Lawrence and the body mystical. F. Carter; AN..... 566
 Dahlberg, Edward; R.....265; see also C..... 319
 Davies, Rhys
Red hills, the; AN..... 267
 Death and profits: A study of the War policies commission. S. Waldman; B..... 212
 Death in the woods. S. Anderson; B..... 508
 Decade of illusion, the. M. Sachs; AN..... 239
 Delafeld, E. M.
Provincial lady in London, the; AN..... 266
 De la Mare, Walter
Fleeting, the, and other poems; AN..... 648
 De Mazia, Violette, and A. C. Barnes
Art of Henri Matisse, the; AN..... 296
 Democracy in crisis. H. J. Laski; B..... 411
 Dennis, Lawrence; R.....264
 Detzer, Dorothy; R....266; see also C..... 347
- Deutsch, Babette
Mask of Silenus: A novel about Socrates; AN..... 481
 Deutsch, Babette; R.....210
 Deux sources de la morale et de la religion, les. H. Bergson; B..... 452
 Diamond lens, the. Fitz-James O'Brien; B..... 100
 Dickinson, Emily, face to face. M. D. Bianchi; AN..... 71
 Disappearing city, the. F. L. Wright; B..... 99
 Doctor Gion. H. Carossa. Translated by A. N. Scott; AN..... 707
 Douglas, Norman
Looking back; B..... 588
 Douglas, Paul H.
Standards of unemployment insurance; B..... 324
 Douglas, Paul H.; R.....702
 Drifter; R.....406, 670
- E
- Earth's processional. D. Morton; AN..... 353
 Eckstein, Gustav
Kettle; AN..... 734
 Ecliptic, the. J. G. Macleod; B..... 673
 Eddington, Sir Arthur
Expanding universe, the; B..... 322
 Eddy, Mary Baker, biography. E. S. Bates and J. V. Dittmore; B..... 351
 Education of Shakespeare, the. G. A. Plimpton; AN..... 509
 Edward Weston; AN..... 509
 Eichenauer, Richard
Musik und rasse, review by A. Mendel..... 454
 Eimi. E. E. Cummings; B..... 413
 Ellen Terry's memoirs; B..... 23
 Ellis, Havelock
Psychology of sex; AN..... 295
 Views and reviews; B..... 43
 Eloesser, Arthur
Modern German literature. C. A. Phillips, translator. Introduction by L. Lewi-sohn; AN..... 353
 Emigrant's guide to California, the. J. E. Ware; AN..... 678
 Emigrant's guide to Oregon and California, the. L. W. Hastings; AN..... 678
 Emily Dickinson face to face. M. D. Bianchi; AN..... 71
 Entwicklungsgesetze des Kapitalismus. A. Müller-Armack; B..... 323
 Erskine, John
Tristan and Isolde: Restoring Palamede; AN..... 214
 Ethical systems and legal ideas. F. S. Cohen; B..... 644
 Etruscan places. D. H. Lawrence; AN..... 128
 Eva Gay. E. Scott; B..... 415
 Evans, John Henry
Joseph Smith. An American prophet; B..... 562
 Evolving house, the: A history of the home. A. F. Bemis and J. Burchard, 2d; B..... 675
 Expanding universe, the. Sir A. Eddington; B..... 322
- F
- Facts of fiction, the. N. Collins; B..... 646
 Fadiman, Clifton; R.....409
 Fair rate of return in public utility regulation, the. N. L. Smith; AN..... 593
 Fall of the German empire: 1914-1918. Selected and edited by R. H. Lutz; B..... 210
 Fall of the Inca empire. P. A. Means; AN..... 26
 Fallada, Hans
Little man, what now?; B..... 703
 Farrell, James T.
Gas-house McGinty; AN..... 482
 Faulkner, William
Green bough, a; AN..... 565
 Fausset, Hugh l'Anson
Lost leader, the. A study of Wordsworth; B..... 450
 Ferber, Edna
They brought their women; AN..... 734
 Field, Sara Bard
Barabbas; AN..... 353
 First lover and other stories, the. K. Boyle; AN..... 453
 Fischer, Louis; R.....237, 534, 674, 706
 Fleeting, the, and other poems. W. de la Mare; AN..... 648
 Fleg, Edmond
Land of promise, the. L. W. Wise, translator. Introduction by L. Lewi-sohn; B..... 419
 Flesh of the wild ox. C. S. Coon; AN..... 26
 Flight of the swan: a memory of Anna Pavlova. A. Olivéroff; AN..... 26
 Flynn, John T.; R.....291, 731
 Fox, William, biography. U. Sinclair; B..... 291
 France, Anatole, biography. The ironic temper; H. M. Chevalier finds fault with C. Wright's review; Mr. Wright replies; C.....207; see also C..... 376
 France on fifty dollars. S. A. Clark; Dt.. 406
 French revolution and Napoleon, the. L. Gershoy; B..... 154

- Friess, Horace L., and H. W. Schneider
Religion in various cultures; B..... 100
Full circle. J. Collier; B..... 732

G

- Gandhi versus the empire. H. T. Muzum-
dar; B..... 562
Gale, Zona
Papa la Fleur; AN..... 537
Garnett, David
Pocahontas, or the nonpareil of Virginia;
B..... 265
Garrets and pretenders. A history of bo-
hemianism in America. A. Parry; B. 418
Garvin, J. L.
Life of Joseph Chamberlain, 1836-1885,
the; B..... 153
Gas-house McGinty. J. T. Farrell; AN.... 482
George Washington: Die Geschichte einer
Staatsgründung. W. Reinhardt; AN. 296
German phoenix, the: The story of the re-
public; B..... 125
Germany puts the clock back. E. A. Mowrer;
AN..... 295
Gershoy, Leo
French revolution and Napoleon, the; B. 154
Gibbon, Lewis Grassie
Sunset song; AN..... 678
Gibbons, Stella
Cold comfort farm; AN..... 707
Ginzburg, Benjamin; R..... 452, 564
Glintenkamp, H.
Wanderer in woodcuts, a; AN..... 46
Glover, T. R.
Horace: A return to allegiance; B..... 236
God's little acre. E. Caldwell; B..... 265;
see also C..... 319
Goldenweiser, Alexander
History, psychology, and culture; B.... 379
Gooch, G. P.; R..... 210
Gorman, Herbert
Scottish queen, the; AN..... 295
Graham, Frank D.
Abolition of unemployment, the; B.... 154
Graham, Stephen
Ivan the terrible; B..... 536
Grattan, C. Hartley; R..... 181, 323
Great circle. C. Aiken; B..... 561
Great Victorians, the. Essays edited by H.
J. and H. Massingham; B..... 98
Greek night. P. Sanborn; AN..... 510
Green bough, a. W. Faulkner; AN..... 565
Gregg, Richard B.; R..... 562
Gregory, Horace
No retreat; B..... 378
Gregory, Horace; R..... 45, 100, 588, 646, 673
Griffith, Gwilym C.
Mazzini: Prophet of modern Europe; B. 211
Grover Cleveland: A study in courage. A.
Nevins; B..... 238
Growth of literature, the. Volume I: The
ancient literatures of Europe. H. M.
Chadwick and N. K. Chadwick; AN. 157
Gruen, William; R..... 322
Gruening, Ernest; R..... 533
Gruening, Martha; R..... 351
Guedalla, Philip
Argentine tango; B..... 380
Guerlac, Othon; R..... 350
Guérard, Albert; R..... 154
Guide through world chaos, a. G. D. H.
Cole; B..... 24

H

- H., H.; R..... 324
Hacker, Louis M.; R..... 236
Haiti under American control. A. C. Mills-
paugh; AN..... 326
Haldane, J. B. S.
Causes of evolution, the; B..... 617
Science and human life; B..... 617
Hallgren, Mauritz A.; R..... 45
Halper, Albert
Union square; B..... 478
Hamilton, Alexander, biography. J. J. Smer-
tenko; AN..... 240
Hamilton, J. G. de Roulhac; R..... 535
Hardy perennial. H. Hull; AN..... 509
Harvey, Edwin D.
Mind of China, the; AN..... 592
Hastings, Lansford W.
Emigrant's guide to Oregon and Cali-
fornia, the; AN..... 678
Hawthorne, Nathaniel
American notebooks, the. Edited by R.
Stewart; B..... 43
Hazlitt, Henry; R..... 125, 209, 264, 411, 477, 644
Heavenly city of the eighteenth-century phi-
losophers, the. C. L. Becker; B.... 23
Hedin, Sven
Jehol. City of emperors; AN..... 326
Hellman, Geoffrey; R..... 481
Henry Adams. J. T. Adams; B..... 412
Herr, Lucien, biography. C. Andler; B.... 350
Herriot, Edouard
Vie de Beethoven, la; B..... 563

- Hersch, Virginia
Storm beach; AN..... 648
Herskovits, Melville J.; R..... 379, 732
Hibben, Thomas
Carpenter's tool chest, the; AN..... 481
Hicks, Granville; R..... 415, 703
Hill, Frank Ernest
What is American?; B..... 590
Hill, Frank Ernest; R..... 44
History and destiny of the Jews. J. Kastein.
Translated by H. Paterson; B..... 620
History of Russia, a. V. O. Kluchevsky.
Translated by C. J. Hogarth; AN... 214
History of the Russian revolution, the. Vol-
umes II and III. L. Trotsky... 169;
correction..... 214
History, psychology, and culture. A. Golden-
weiser; B..... 379
Hitler. E. Lengyel; B..... 45
Hocking, William Ernest
Spirit of world politics, the; AN..... 46
Hook, Sidney
Towards the understanding of Karl
Marx; B..... 414
Hook, Sidney; R..... 705, 733
Horace: A return to allegiance. T. R.
Glover; B..... 236
Hoskins, R. G.
Tides of life, the; AN..... 566
House, Edward Mandell, and Woodrow Wil-
son: Strangest friendship in history,
the. G. S. Viereck; B..... 323
House of exile, the. N. Waln; B..... 645
Housing America. By the editors of *For-
tune*; B..... 99
Housman, A. E.
Name and nature of poetry, the; E.... 685
How many children had Lady Macbeth? An
essay in the theory and practice of
Shakespeare criticism. L. C. Knights;
AN..... 509
How to budget health. E. Clark; B..... 480
Huberman, Leo
We, the people; B..... 378
Hull, Helen
Hardy perennial; AN..... 509
Human aspects of unemployment and relief.
J. M. Williams; B..... 324
Human being. C. Morley; AN..... 71
Hume, Cyril
My sister my bride; AN..... 296
Huxley, Aldous
Texts and pretexts; AN..... 239

I

- Impressions of South America. A. Siegfried;
B..... 647
In God's land. M. A. Nexö. Translated by
T. Seltzer; AN..... 734
In place of profit. H. F. Ward; B..... 534
Individualism: An American way of life. H.
M. Kallen; B..... 480
Individualism, two books on; B..... 480
Industrial discipline, the. R. G. Tugwell;
B..... 702
Inevitable war. Lieutenant colonel Richard
Stockton, sixth; B. 266; see also C... 347
Insuring the essentials. B. N. Armstrong;
B..... 324
Intimate memories. Background. M. D.
Luhau; B..... 450
Investor pays, the. M. Lowenthal; B.... 731
Ironic temper, the (biography of A. France),
by H. M. Chevalier; he objects to re-
view by C. Wright; Mr. Wright re-
plies; C..... 207; see also C..... 376
Ivan the terrible. S. Graham; B..... 536

J

- Jackson, Andrew, biography. M. James; B. 535
James, H. R.
Mary Wollstonecraft; B..... 183
James, Marquis
Andrew Jackson: The border captain; B. 535
James, Norah C.
Jealousy; AN..... 267
Nurse Adriane; AN..... 678
James Boswell. C. E. Vulliamy; B..... 377
Jane Austen's letters to her sister Cassandra
and others. Two volumes. Collected
and edited by R. W. Chapman; AN... 71
Jealousy. N. C. James; AN..... 267
Jehol. City of emperors. S. Hedin; AN.. 326
Jerman, Sylvia Paul
Prelude to departure; AN..... 706
Joad, C. E. M.
Under the fifth rib: A belligerent auto-
biography; B..... 618
Joad, C. E. M., and A. Lunn
Is Christianity true? A discussion be-
tween C. E. M. Joad and A. Lunn; B. 618
John Clare: A life. J. W. and A. Tibble; B. 45
John Masfield. G. Thomas; AN..... 214
John Ruskin. D. Larg; B..... 703
Johnson, Overton, and W. H. Winter
Route across the Rocky mountains; AN. 678

- Johnson, Samuel, anecdotes. H. L. Piozzi;
B..... 236
José Clemente Orozco. Introduction by A.
Reed; AN..... 101
Joseph Smith: An American prophet. J. H.
Evans; B..... 562
Journal of the Santa Fé expedition under
Colonel Doniphan. J. S. Robinson;
AN..... 678

K

- Kallen, Horace M.
Individualism: An American way of life;
B..... 480
Kallet, Arthur, and F. J. Schlink
100,000,000 guinea pigs; B. 588; C. 642;
letter by Kallet and Schlink..... 699
Kang, Younghill; R..... 645
Kase, C. Robert, R. Krauss, and H. Braddy
Three Chaucer studies; AN..... 46
Kastein, Josef
History and destiny of the Jews. H.
Paterson; B..... 620
Kellogg, W. N. and L. A.
Ape and the child, the; B..... 730
Kettle. G. Eckstein; AN..... 734
Kingfish, the: A biography of Huey P. Long.
W. Smith; B..... 507
Kirchwey, George W.; R..... 451
Kluchevsky, V. O.
History of Russia, a; AN..... 214
Knight, G. Wilson
Shakespearean tempest, the; B..... 182
Komroff, Manuel
New York tempest, a; AN..... 101
Krauss, Russell, H. Braddy, and C. R. Kase
Three Chaucer studies; AN..... 46
Krutch, Joseph Wood; R. 43, 97, 152, 236,
349, 377, 450, 561, 617, 672, 730

L

- Lady who lost, a. A. B. Parsons; AN.... 46
Lancaster, G. B.
Pageant; B..... 181
Land and labor in China. R. H. Tawney; B. 352
Land of promise, the. E. Fleg. Translated
by L. W. Wise. Introduction by L.
Lewisohn; B..... 419
Langworthy, Franklin
Scenery of the plains, mountains and
mines; AN..... 678
Larg, David
John Ruskin; B..... 703
Laski, Harold J.
Democracy in crisis; B..... 411
Last Adam, the. J. G. Cozzens; AN..... 156
Last poems. D. H. Lawrence. Introduction
by R. Aldington; AN..... 380
Laughter in hell. J. Tully; AN..... 482
Law and the social order. M. R. Cohen; B. 644
Lawrence, D. H.
Etruscan places; AN..... 128
Last poems. Introduction by R. Alding-
ton; AN..... 380
Lovely lady, the; B..... 324
We need one another; AN..... 620
Lawrence, David Herbert, monograph on;
AN..... 566
Lawrence and Brett: A friendship. D.
Brett; AN..... 620
Legends of Angria. Compiled from the early
writings of C. Brontë by F. E. Ratch-
ford and W. C. DeVane; B..... 619
Leisure in the modern world. C. D. Burns;
B..... 212
Lengyel, Emil
Cauldron boils, the; B..... 45
Hitler; B..... 45
Lenin, V. I.
Toward the seizure of power; B..... 420
Lenrow, Elbert; R..... 292
Leonard, William Ellery; R..... 677
Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh
Clough, the. Edited by H. F. Lowry;
B..... 211
Levy, H. L.
Universe of science, the; B..... 704
Lewis, C. Day
Magnetic mountain, the; B..... 673
Lewis, Lloyd
Sherman: Fighting prophet; B..... 127
Lewis, Sinclair
Ann Vickers; B..... 125
Lewisohn, Ludwig
This people; B..... 415
Liefmann, Robert
Cartels, concerns, and trusts; B..... 618
Life and writings of Hugh Henry Bracken-
ridge, the. C. M. Newlin; AN..... 46
Life in Lesu. H. Powdermaker; B..... 732
Life of Joseph Chamberlain, 1836-1885, the.
J. L. Garvin; B..... 153
Life of Richard Wagner, the. Volume I:
1813-1848. E. Newman; B..... 292
Lincoln: A psycho-biography. L. P. Clark;
B..... 591
Lincoln, Abraham, two books on; B..... 591

- Lincoln, Mary, biography. C. Sandburg and P. M. Angle; AN..... 380
- Lippmann, Walter, W. O. Scroggs and C. Merz
United States in world affairs in 1932, the; B..... 479
- Literary friendships in the age of Wordsworth. Selected and edited by R. C. Bald; B..... 450
- Little man, what now? H. Fallada; B..... 703
- Livingston, Arthur; R..... 211
- Lobonov-Rostovsky, Prince A.
Russia and Asia; AN..... 380
- Lockhart, R. H. Bruce
British agent; B..... 237
- Long, Huey P., biography; B..... 507
- Looking back. N. Douglas; B..... 588
- Looking forward. F. D. Roosevelt; B..... 533
- Los Angeles: A history with side-shows. M. Mayo; B..... 536; correction of price.. 621
- Lost empires of the Itzaes and Mayas, the. T. A. Willard; AN..... 565
- Lost leader, the. A study of Wordsworth. Hugh I. A. Fausset; B..... 450
- Lovely lady, the. D. H. Lawrence; B..... 324
- Lowenthal, Marvin
World passed by, a; B..... 451
- Lowenthal, Marvin; R..... 419, 620
- Lowenthal, Max
Investor pays, the; B..... 731
- Low's Russian sketchbook. Drawings by Low. Text by K. Martin; B..... 706
- Ludovici, A. M.
Secret of laughter, the; B..... 293
- Ludwig, Emil
Talks with Mussolini. E. and C. Paul, translators; B..... 178
- Luhan, Mabel Dodge
Intimate memories. Background; B..... 450
- Lunn, Arnold, and C. E. M. Joad
Is Christianity true? A discussion between C. E. M. Joad and A. Lunn; B. 618
- M
- Macaulay, A. Bryan; B..... 703
- McHugh, Vincent
Sing before breakfast; B..... 672
- McKay, Claude
Banana bottom; AN..... 564
- Mackay, John A.
Other Spanish Christ, the: A study in the spiritual history of Spain and Spanish America; B..... 293
- Macleod, Joseph Gordon
Ecliptic, the; B..... 673
- Magnetic mountain, the. C. Day Lewis; B. 673
- Mainwaring, Daniel
One against the earth; AN..... 325
- Man and mask: Forty years in the life of a singer. F. Chaliapin. Translated by P. Mégros; B..... 126
- Man as psychology sees him. E. S. Robinson; AN..... 380
- March, William
Company K; B..... 238
- Marchwitza, Hans
Storm over the Ruhr; B..... 703
- Marie Antoinette. K. Anthony; B..... 210
- Marie Antoinette: The portrait of an average woman. S. Zweig; B..... 478
- Marshall, Robert
Arctic village; B..... 647
- Martin, Everett Dean
Civilizing ourselves: Intellectual maturity in the modern world; AN..... 296
- Mary Baker Eddy: The truth and the tradition. E. S. Bates and J. V. Dittmore; B..... 351
- Mary, queen of Scots, biography. H. Gorman; AN..... 295
- Mary Lincoln, wife and widow. Part I, by C. Sandburg. Part II: Letters, documents and appendix, by P. M. Angle; AN..... 380
- Mary Wollstonecraft. H. R. James; B..... 183
- Masefield, John
Recent prose; AN..... 214
- Masefield, John. G. Thomas; AN..... 214
- Mask of Silenus: A novel about Socrates. B. Deutsch; AN..... 481
- Masterpieces of the Russian drama. Edited with an introduction by G. R. Noyes; AN..... 509
- Mathews, John Joseph
Wah'kon-tah; B..... 155
- Matisse, Henri, art of. A. C. Barnes and V. de Mazia; AN..... 296
- Mayo, Morrow
Los Angeles: A history with side-shows; B..... 536; correction of price..... 621
- Mazzini: Prophet of modern Europe. G. C. Griffith; B..... 211
- Mead, Margaret
Changing culture of an Indian tribe, the; AN..... 72
- Means, Gardiner C., and A. A. Berle, junior
Modern corporation and private property, the; B..... 116
- Means, Philip Ainsworth
Fall of the Inca empire; AN..... 26
- Meine, Franklin J., and W. Blair
Mike Fink, king of Mississippi keelboatmen; B..... 507
- Memoirs of the Count de Tilly. Introduction by H. Ellis; B..... 646
- Memories of a misspent youth (1872-1896). G. Richards; AN..... 453
- Men of good will. J. Romans; B..... 672
- Mencius on the mind: Experiments in multiple definition; B..... 416
- Mencken, Henry L.; R..... 507
- Mercier, Louis-Sebastien
Waiting city, the: Paris, 1782-1788. H. Simpson, translator; AN..... 621
- Merz, Charles, W. Lippmann and W. O. Scroggs
United States in world affairs in 1932, the; B..... 479
- Mexico before Cortez. J. E. Thompson; AN. 621
- Mike Fink, king of Mississippi keelboatmen. W. Blair and F. J. Meine; B..... 507
- Miller, Herbert A.
Beginning of tomorrow, the; B..... 534
- Mills, Arthur C.
Haiti under American control; AN..... 326
- Milton, John; Oliver's secretary. John Milton in an era of revolt. D. N. Raymond; AN..... 26
- Milton, John, works of. Volumes VII and X; AN..... 482
- Mind of China, the. E. D. Harvey; AN..... 592
- Mirror of fools, the. A. Neumann. Translated by T. and P. Blewitt; AN..... 156
- Miss Lonelyhearts. N. West; B..... 672
- Moats, Alice-Leone
No nice girl swears; E..... 574
- Modern corporation and private property, the. A. A. Berle, junior, and G. C. Means; B..... 116
- Modern German literature. A. Eloesser. Translated by C. A. Philips. Introduction by L. Lewiso; AN..... 353
- Modern theme, the. J. Ortega y Gasset; B. 209
- Moral judgment of the child, the. J. Piaget. Translated by M. Gabain; B..... 294
- Moral man and immoral society. R. Niebuhr; B..... 185
- Morgan, Thomas Hunt
Scientific basis of evolution, the; B..... 564
- Morley, Christopher
Human being; AN..... 71
- Morton, David
Earth's processional; AN..... 353
- Mowrer, Edgar Ansell
Germany puts the clock back; AN..... 295
- Müller-Armack, Alfred
Entwicklungsgesetze des kapitalismus; B. 323
- Murasaki, Lady
Bridge of dreams, the. Being the second volume of The lady of the boat and the final part of The tale of Genji. A. Waley, translator; B..... 731
- Murchison, Claudius; R..... 24
- Murray, Gilbert
Aristophanes; B..... 676
- Musik und rasse. R. Eichenauer. Review by A. Mendel..... 454
- Mussolini, talks with. E. Ludwig. Translated by E. and C. Paul; B..... 178
- Must we starve? S. Nearing; AN..... 353
- Muzumdar, Haridas T.
Gandhi versus the empire; B..... 562
- My sister my bride. C. Hume; AN..... 296
- N
- Name and nature of poetry, the. A. E. Housman; E..... 685
- Napoleon, two books on; B..... 154
- Napoleon. J. Bainville. Translated by H. Miles; B..... 154
- Narratives of the trans-Mississippi frontier. Edited by C. L. Cannon; AN..... 678
- Nathan, Robert
One more spring; AN..... 325
- Natural sciences, the. B. Bavink. Translated by H. S. Hatfield; AN..... 353
- Nature by night. A. R. Thompson; AN..... 267
- Nearing, Scott
Must we starve?; AN..... 353
- Nelson, Victor E.
Prison days and nights; B..... 451
- Neumann, Alfred
Mirror of fools, the. T. and P. Blewitt, translators; AN..... 156
- Never ask the end. I. Paterson; AN..... 127
- Nevins, Allan
Grover Cleveland: A study in courage; B..... 238
- New commandment, the. P. Romanof; B..... 589
- New Russia, the. Edited by J. Davis; AN..... 592
- New York tempest, a. M. Komroff; AN..... 101
- Newlin, Claude M.
Life and writings of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, the; AN..... 46
- Newman, Ernest
Life of Richard Wagner, the. Volume I: 1813-1848; B..... 292
- Nexö, Martin Andersen
In God's land. T. Seltzer, translator; AN..... 734
- Niebuhr, Reinhold
Moral man and immoral society; B..... 185
- No nice girl swears. A.-L. Moats; E..... 574
- No reeat. H. Gregory; B..... 378
- Not to eat, not for love. G. Weller; B..... 672
- Nuhn, Ferner; R..... 324, 590
- Nurse Adriane. N. C. James; AN..... 678
- O
- O'Brien, Fitz-James
Diamond lens, the; B..... 100
- Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca, the. M. Bishop; AN..... 564
- Ogden, C. K.
Bentham's theory of fictions; B..... 70
- Oliver's secretary. John Milton in an era of revolt. D. N. Raymond; AN..... 26
- Olivéroff, André
Flight of the swan: A memory of Anna Pavlova; AN..... 26
- On ancient Central Asian tracks. Sir A. Stein, K.C.; B..... 704
- One against the earth. D. Mainwaring; AN. 325
- 100,000,000 guinea pigs. A. Kallet and F. J. Schlink; B. 588; see also C. 642; letter by Kallet and Schlink.... 699
- One more spring. R. Nathan; AN..... 325
- One, none and a hundred thousand. L. Pirandello; AN..... 734
- Orators, the. W. H. Wuden; B..... 673
- Orient in American transcendentalism, the: A study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. A. Christy; AN..... 156
- Orozco, José Clemente. Introduction by A. Reed; AN..... 101
- Ortega y Gasset, José
Modern theme, the; B..... 209
- Other people's money—and how the bankers use it. L. D. Brandeis; E..... 306
- Other Spanish Christ, the: A study in the spiritual history of Spain and South America. J. A. Mackay; B..... 293
- Out of my life and thought. A. Schweitzer; B..... 351
- Out of the past of Greece and Rome. M. I. Rostovtzeff; AN..... 128
- Outside Eden. J. C. Squire; AN..... 537
- P
- Pageant. G. B. Lancaster; B..... 181
- Papa la Fleur. Z. Gale; AN..... 537
- Parry, Albert
Garrets and pretenders. A history of bohemianism in America; B..... 418
- Parsons, Alice Beal
Lady who lost, a; AN..... 46
- Pascarella family, the. F. Werfel; B..... 431
- Past and present of the Pike's peak gold regions, the. H. Villard; AN..... 678
- Paterson, Isabel
Never ask the end; AN..... 127
- Paul Bunyan. A folk-comedy in three acts. R. L. Stokes; AN..... 71
- Pavlova, Anna
Flight of the swan: A memory of Anna Pavlova. A. Olivéroff; AN..... 26
- Pearl, the. Bowdoin edition. Edited by S. P. Chase and members of his Chaucer course; B..... 677
- Pearl, the. Rendered into modern verse with introduction by S. P. Chase; B..... 677
- Pearl, Raymond; R. 588; see also C. 642; letter by Kallet and Schlink.... 699
- Philosophy of solitude, a. J. C. Powys; B..... 480
- Piaget, Jean
Moral judgment of the child, the. M. Gavin, translator; B..... 294
- Pinchon, Edecumb
Viva Villa! Author assisted by O. B. Stade; B..... 416
- Piozzi, Hester Lynch
Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson; B..... 236
- Pirandello, Luigi
One, none and a hundred thousand; AN. 734
- Planck, Max
Where is science going? Prologue by A. Einstein. Translated by J. Murphy; B..... 152
- Platt, Rutherford
Book of opportunities, the; Dt..... 670
- Pocahontas, or the nonpareil of Virginia. D. Garnett; B..... 265
- Poems. S. Spender; B..... 673
- Pollard, Joseph Percival
Road to repeal, the; AN..... 26
- Posse-Brázdová, Amelie
Sardinian sideshow; AN..... 239
- Pourtales, Guy de
Richard Wagner: The story of an artist; AN..... 46

- Powdermaker, Hortense
Life in Lesu; B..... 732
- Powell, Talcott
Tattered banners; AN..... 325
- Powys, John Cowper
Philosophy of solitude, a; B..... 480
- Powys, T. F.
Two thieves, the; AN..... 239
- Psycho-analysis today. Edited by S. Lorand; AN..... 621
- Psychology of sex. H. Ellis; AN..... 295
- Prelude to departure. S. P. Jerman; AN..... 706
- President Lincoln. W. E. Barton; B..... 591
- Prison days and nights. V. E. Nelson; B..... 451
- Provincial lady in London, the. E. M. Delafeld; AN..... 266
- Public utilities, two books on; AN..... 593
- R
- Ramillies and the union with Scotland. Volume II of England under Queen Anne. G. M. Trevelyan; AN..... 326
- Raper, Arthur
Tragedy of lynching, the; B..... 561
- Rascoe, Burton
Titans of literature; B..... 22; see also C..... 150
- Ratcliffe, S. K.; R..... 98, 153, 618, 703
- Rawlings, Marjorie Kinnan
South moon under; AN..... 678
- Raymond, Dora Neill
Oliver's secretary. John Milton in an era of revolt; AN..... 26
- Recovery through revolution. Edited by S. D. Schmalhausen; B..... 733
- Red hills, the. R. Davies; AN..... 267
- Red virtue: Human relationships in the new Russia. E. Winter; B..... 676
- Regester, John Dickinson
Albert Schweitzer; B..... 351
- Regulation of public utilities. C. M. Clay; AN..... 593
- Reinhardt, Walther
George Washington: Die geschichte einer Staatengründung; AN..... 296
- Religion in various cultures. H. L. Friess and H. W. Schneider; B..... 100
- Richard, I. A.
Mencius on the mind: Experiments in multiple definition; B..... 416
- Richard Wagner: The story of an artist. G. de Pourtales; AN..... 46
- Richards, Grant
Memories of a misspent youth (1872-1896); AN..... 453
- Rise of the city: 1878-1888, the. A. M. Schlesinger; B..... 236
- Road to repeal, the. J. P. Pollard; AN..... 26
- Robinson, Edward S.
Man as psychology sees him; AN..... 380
- Robinson, Jacob S.
Journal of the Santa Fé expedition under Colonel Doniphan; AN..... 678
- Robinson, L. E.; R..... 581
- Romains, Jules
Men of good will; B..... 672
- Romanoff, Panteleimon
New commandment, the; B..... 589
- Rongy, A. J.
Abortion: Legal or illegal; B..... 590
- Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
Looking forward; B..... 533
- Roselli, Bruno
Vigo; AN..... 648
- Ross, Mary; R..... 480
- Rostovtzeff, Michael I.
Out of the past of Greece and Rome; AN..... 128
- Route across the Rocky mountains. O. Johnson and W. H. Winter; AN..... 678
- Ruskin, John, biography; B..... 703
- Russia and Asia. Prince A. Lobanov-Rostovsky; AN..... 380
- S
- Sachs, Maurice
Decade of illusion, the; AN..... 239
- Sad Indian. T. Williamson; AN..... 71
- Saint Augustine. R. West; B..... 703
- Salvemini, Gaetano; R..... 178
- Sanborn, Pitts
Greek night; AN..... 510
- Sandburg, Carl, and P. M. Angle
Mary Lincoln, wife and widow; AN..... 380
- Sardinian sideshow. A. Posse-Brázdová; AN..... 239
- Scenery of the plains, mountains and mines. F. Langworthy; AN..... 678
- Schapiro, J. Salwyn; R..... 23
- Schlesinger, Arthur Meier
Rise of the city: 1878-1898, the; B..... 236
- Schlink, F. J., and A. Kallet
1000,000,000 guinea pigs; B..... 588; C..... 642; letter by Kallet and Schlink, C..... 699
- Schneider, Herbert W., and H. L. Friess
Religion in various cultures; B..... 100
- Schneider, Isidor; R..... 153, 179, 352, 451, 478, 536, 704
- Schwimmer, Rosika; R..... 563
- Schweitzer, Albert
Out of my life and thought; B..... 351
- Schweitzer, Albert, two books on; B..... 351
- Science and human life. J. B. S. Haldane; B..... 617
- Science and the changing world. Edited by Mary Adams; B..... 705
- Scientific basis of evolution, the. T. H. Morgan; B..... 564
- Scott, Evelyn
Eva Gay; B..... 415
- Scottish queen, the. H. Gorman; AN..... 295
- Scout and ranger: Being the personal adventures of James Pike of the Texas rangers in 1859-60; AN..... 678
- Scroggs, William O., W. Lippmann and C. Merz
United States in world affairs in 1932, the; B..... 479
- Seagle, William R.; R..... 212
- Second common reader, the. V. Woolf; B..... 25
- Secret of laughter, the. A. M. Ludovici; B..... 293
- Seldes, Gilbert
Years of the locust, the (America, 1929-1932); B..... 180
- Shakespeare, William, two books on; AN..... 509
- Shakespearean tempest, the. G. W. Knight; B..... 182
- Shambaugh, Bertha M. H.
Amana that was and Amana that is; B..... 535
- Shapiro, Julian L.
Water wheel, the; B..... 379
- Sharp, Thomas
Town and countryside: Some aspects of urban and rural development; B..... 294
- Sharp, William Graves
War memoirs. Edited by W. Dawson; AN..... 267
- Shaw, Bernard
Adventure of the black girl in her search for God; B..... 264
- Shaw, Charles Gray
Surge and thunder, the: Trends of civilization and culture; AN..... 325
- Sherman: Fighting prophet. L. Lewis; B..... 127
- Shorey, Paul; R..... 676
- Shorter Oxford English dictionary; B..... 477
- Siegfried, André
Impressions of South America; B..... 647
- Simonds, Frank H.
Can America stay at home?; B..... 25
- Sinclair, Upton
Upton Sinclair presents William Fox; B..... 291
- Singer, I. J.
Sing before breakfast. V. McHugh; B..... 672
- Sinner, the. M. Samuel, translator; B..... 533
- Sinner, the. I. J. Singer. Translated by M. Samuel; B..... 533
- Skelton, John
Complete poems of, the. Edited by P. Henderson; B..... 153
- Small boy in the sixties, a. G. Sturt; B..... 236
- Small talk at Wreyland. C. Torr; B..... 236
- Smertenko, Johan J.
Alexander Hamilton; AN..... 240
- Smith, Joseph, biography; B..... 562
- Smith, Nelson L.
Fair rate of return in public utility regulation, the; AN..... 593
- Smith, Webster
Kingfish, the: A biography of Huey P. Long; B..... 507
- Special delivery: A packet of replies. B. Cabell; review by C. Fadiman; S..... 409
- Spell against death. Poems by H. L. Cook; AN..... 592
- Spender, Stephen
Poems; B..... 673
- Spirit of world politics, the. W. E. Hocking; AN..... 46
- Squire, J. C.
Outside Eden; AN..... 537
- Standards of unemployment insurance. P. H. Douglas; B..... 324
- Stanley, Henry M., biography. J. Wassermann. Translated by E. and C. Paul; B..... 179
- Steigman, B. N.
Unconquerable Tristan. The story of Richard Wagner; AN..... 325
- Stein, Sir Aurel, K. C.
On ancient Central Asian tracks; B..... 704
- Stockton, Lieutenant colonel Richard, sixth
Inevitable war; B..... 266; see also C..... 347
- Stokes, Richard L.
Paul Bunyan: A folk-comedy in three acts; AN..... 71
- Stolberg, Benjamin; R..... 169; correction. 214, 414
- Storm beach. V. Hersch; AN..... 648
- Storm over the Ruhr. H. Marchwitz; B..... 703
- South moon under. M. K. Rawlings; AN..... 678
- Strachey, John
Coming struggle for power, the; B..... 264
- Strangest friendship in history, the. Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House. G. S. Viereck; B..... 323
- Stuart, Francis
Coloured dome, the; B..... 179
- Stuart, Marie, biography. H. Gorman; AN..... 295
- Sturt, George
Small boy in the sixties, a; B..... 236
- Sunset song. L. G. Gibbon; AN..... 678
- Surge and thunder, the: Trends of civilization and culture. C. G. Shaw; AN..... 325
- Swinerton, Frank
Authors and the book trade; AN..... 72
- Sykes, Gerald; B..... 25, 179, 351
- T
- Talks with Mussolini. E. Ludwig. Translated by E. and C. Paul; B..... 178
- Tattered banners. T. Powell; AN..... 325
- Tawney, R. H.
Land and labor in China; B..... 351
- Terry, Ellen
Memoirs; B..... 23
- Texts and pretexts. A. Huxley; AN..... 239
- They brought their women. E. Ferber; AN..... 734
- This bright summer. Anonymous; B..... 350
- This people. L. Lewisohn; B..... 415
- Thomas, Gilbert
John Masfield; AN..... 214
- Thompson, Arthur R.
Nature by night; AN..... 267
- Thompson, Carl D.
Confessions of the power trust; AN..... 240
- Thompson, J. Eric
Mexico before Cortez; AN..... 621
- Three Chaucer studies. R. Krauss, H. Braddy, and C. R. Kase; AN..... 46
- Thunder without rain. C. Cuthbert; B..... 672
- Thrust at the sky. MacK. Black; AN..... 648
- Tibble, J. W. and Anne
John Clare: A life; B..... 45
- Tides of life, the. R. G. Hoskins; AN..... 566
- Tilly, Count de
Memoirs. Introduction by H. Ellis; B..... 646
- Titans of literature. B. Rascoe; B..... 22; see also C..... 150
- To the north. E. Bowen; AN..... 481
- Tolstoy, Countess Alexandra
Tragedy of Tolstoy, the; B..... 413
- Torr, Cecil
Small talk at Wreyland; B..... 236
- Toward the new Spain. J. A. Brandt; AN..... 267
- Toward the seizure of power. V. I. Lenin; B..... 420
- Towards the understanding of Karl Marx. S. Hook; B..... 414
- Town and countryside: Some aspects of urban and rural development. T. Sharp; B..... 294
- Tragedy of lynching, the. A. Raper; B..... 561
- Tragedy of Tolstoy, the. Countess Alexandra Tolstoy; B..... 413
- Trevelyan, George Macaulay
Ramillies and the union with Scotland. Volume II of England under Queen Anne; AN..... 326
- Trilling, Lionel; R..... 70, 98, 211, 293, 619
- Tristan and Isolde: Restoring Palamede. J. Erskine; AN..... 214
- Troilus and Cressida: A love poem in five books. G. Chaucer. Englished by G. P. Krapp; B..... 44
- Trotzky, Leon
History of the Russian revolution, the. 769; correction..... 214
- Troy, William; R..... 413, 508, 672
- Tugwell, Rexford G.
Industrial discipline, the; B..... 702
- Tully, Jim
Laughter in hell; AN..... 482
- Turck, Fenton B.
Action of the living cell, the; AN..... 482
- Two thieves, the. T. F. Powys; AN..... 239
- U
- Unconquerable Tristan. The story of Richard Wagner. B. M. Steigman; AN..... 325
- Under the fifth rib: A belligerent autobiography. C. E. M. Joad; B..... 618
- Undiplomatic diary, a. Major general H. H. Bandholtz. Edited by F. K. Kruger; B..... 563
- Unemployment. Sir William Beveridge; B..... 154
- Unemployment insurance, four books on; B..... 324
- Union square. A. Halper; B..... 478
- United States in world affairs in 1932, the. W. Lippmann, W. O. Scroggs and C. Merz; B..... 479
- Universe of science, the. H. L. Levy; B..... 705
- Upton Sinclair presents William Fox; B..... 291
- Utilities, public, two books on; AN..... 593
- V
- Van Doren, Dorothy; R..... 23, 415, 704
- Van Doren, Mark; R..... 182, 265, 450, 507, 731
- Victorian sunset, the. E. Wingfield-Stratford; AN..... 26
- Views and reviews. H. Ellis; B..... 43
- Vigo. B. Roselli; AN..... 648

- Vigo, Francis, biography; AN..... 648
 Vie de Beethoven, la. E. Herriot; B..... 563
 Vie de Lucien Herr. C. Andler; B..... 350
 Viereck, George Sylvester
 Strangest friendship in history, the.
 Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House;
 B..... 323
 Villa, Pancho, biography. E. Pinchon. As-
 sisted by O. B. Stade; B..... 416
 Villard, Henry
 Past and present of the Pike's peak gold
 regions, the AN..... 678
 Villard, Oswald Garrison
 German phoenix, the: The story of the
 republic; B..... 125
 Villard, Oswald Garrison; R..... 212, 378, 535
 Viva Villa! E. Pinchon. Assisted by O. B.
 Stade; B..... 416
 Vivas, Eliseo; R..... 293, 380
 Vulliamy, C. E.
 James Boswell; B..... 377

W

- Wagner, Richard: The story of an artist.
 G. de Pourtales; AN..... 46
 Wagner, Richard, biography. E. Newman;
 B..... 292
 Wagner, Richard, biography. B. M. Steig-
 man; AN..... 325
 Wah'kon-tah. J. J. Mathews; B..... 155
 Waiting city, the: Paris, 1782-1788. L.-S.
 Mercier. Translated by H. Simpson;
 AN..... 621
 Waldman, Seymour
 Death and profits: A study of the War
 policies commission; B..... 212
 Waln, Nora
 House of exile, the; B..... 645
 Walton, Eda Lou; R..... 155, 378, 508
 Wanderer in woodcuts, a. H. Glintenkamp;
 AN..... 46
 War memoirs of William Graves Sharp, the.
 Edited by W. Dawson; AN..... 267
 Ward, Harry F.
 In place of profit; B..... 534
 Warner, Arthur; R..... 180, 418, 562
 Wassermann, Jacob
 Bula Matari: Stanley, conqueror of a
 continent. E. and C. Paul, translators;
 B..... 179
 Water wheel, the. J. L. Shapiro; B..... 379
 We need one another. D. H. Lawrence; AN. 620
 We, the people. L. Huberman; B..... 378
 Weller, George
 Not to eat, not for love; B..... 672
 Wells, H. G.
 Bulphington of Blup, the; B..... 97
 Werfel, Franz
 Pascarella family, the; B..... 481
 Werner, M. R.; R..... 127
 West, Nathanael
 Miss Lonelyhearts; B..... 672
 West, Rebecca
 Saint Augustine; B..... 703
 Weston, Edward; AN..... 509
 What is American? F. E. Hill; B..... 590
 Where is science going? M. Planck. Pro-
 logue by A. Einstein. Translated by
 J. Murphy; B..... 152
 White, Kenneth; R..... 379
 White, Walter; R..... 561
 Whitehead, Alfred North
 Adventures of ideas; B..... 349
 Willard, Theodore A.
 Lost empires of the Itzaes and Mayas,
 the; AN..... 565
 Williams, James Mickel
 Human aspects of unemployment and re-
 lief; B..... 324
 Williamson, Thames
 Sad indian; AN..... 71
 Wilson, Woodrow, and E. M. House: Strang-
 est friendship in history, the. G. S.
 Viereck; B..... 328

- Wilson, Woodrow, biography; B..... 378
 Wingfield-Stratford, Esme
 Victorian sunset, the; AN..... 26
 Winkler, John K.
 Woodrow Wilson. The man who lives
 on; B..... 378
 Winter, Ella
 Red virtue: Human relationships in the
 new Russia; B..... 676
 Winter, William H., and O. Johnson
 Route across the Rocky mountains; AN. 678
 Wollstonecraft, Mary, biography. H. R.
 James; B..... 183
 Woodrow Wilson. The man who lives on.
 J. K. Winkler; B..... 378
 Woolf, Virginia
 Second common reader, the; B..... 25
 Wordsworth, William, two books on; B..... 450
 Works of John Milton, the. Volumes VII
 and X; AN..... 482
 World drama. Edited by B. H. Clark; AN. 509
 World passed by, a. M. Lowenthal; B..... 451
 Wright, Cuthbert; R.. see C.... 207; C..... 376
 Wright, Frank Lloyd
 Disappearing city, the; B..... 99

Y

- Years of the locust, the (America, 1929-
 1932). G. Seldes; B..... 180
 Young, Catherine; R..... 478
 Young woman of 1914. A. Zweig; B..... 70

Z

- Zola. H. Barbusse. Translated by M. B.
 and F. C. Green; AN..... 156
 Zweig, Arnold
 Young woman of 1914; B..... 70
 Zweig, Stefan
 Marie Antoinette: The portrait of an
 average woman; B..... 478

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1933

No. 3522

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	1
EDITORIALS:	
The Loss of Owen D. Young	4
Munitions and Peace	5
Company Manners	5
The Debt Impasse	6
THE NATION'S HONOR ROLL FOR 1932	7
THE FUTURE OF RADICAL POLITICAL ACTION. By John Dewey	8
SHOEBUTTONS FOR HUCKLEBERRIES. By Paul Y. Anderson	9
THE WALL OF GLASS. By Leslie Nelson Jennings	10
ROXY'S ADVANTAGE OVER GOD:	
Radio City Music Hall. By Douglas Haskell	11
Art and Big Business. By Anita Brenner	12
RAMSAY MACDONALD, PRISONER. By S. K. Ratcliffe	13
EDUARD BERNSTEIN. By Ludwig Lore	14
WHEN MEN EAT DOGS. By Robert N. McMurry	15
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	18
CORRESPONDENCE	19
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	21
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:	
Literary Journalism. By Ernest Boyd	22
The Age of Reason. By J. Salwyn Schapiro	23
Portrait of a Lady. By Dorothy Van Doren	23
The Capitalistic Labyrinth. By Claudius Murchison	24
Sanctions for Peace. By Raymond Leslie Buell	25
Ex-Modernist. By Gerald Sykes	25
Shorter Notices	25
Drama: Pi in the Sky. By Joseph Wood Krutch	27
Films: Hemingway in Hollywood. By Alexander Bakshy	28

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

WITH THE PRESENT ISSUE of *The Nation* the editorial control and management are vested in a board of four editors—Ernest Gruening, Henry Hazlitt, Freda Kirchwey, and Joseph Wood Krutch. Oswald Garrison Villard remains as publisher and contributing editor. His pen will not be less devoted to the service of *The Nation*, with which he has now been associated for thirty-five years. The spirit and purpose of *The Nation* will remain unaltered.

TO HARPER'S MAGAZINE our compliments. It has "scooped" the daily press with an article by John T. Flynn entitled "Inside the R. F. C.," and has set forth such startling facts that the article has already been read into the *Congressional Record*. We urge everyone to read this amazing chapter in our national rake's progress, which makes the waste of money by the Federal Farm Board seem like kindergarten stuff. As for Mr. Hoover, what reputation for strict veracity he may have left suffers greatly. The statements from Mr. Hoover listed by Mr. Flynn, together with what actually took place, would have branded anyone else as guilty of mendacity, but of course it would be unpatriotic to insinuate such a thing in regard to our Chief Executive. Still, when he stated in April last that the \$125,000,000 lent to banks at that time had gone to banks and trust companies in forty-five States, and failed to add that half the money had

been lent to "just three big banks," he was certainly conveying a deliberately false impression. And this is only one part of the picture. Charlie Dawes, it seems, was offered \$90,000,000, only \$5,000,000 less than his bank's *total deposits*. Atlee Pomerene, the Democrat who succeeded Charles Dawes as head of the R. F. C., gave \$12,272,000 to the Cleveland bank of which he is a director, while the Detroit bank of which Roy D. Chapin, now Secretary of Commerce, was a director got \$12,983,000. The Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company, whose president, E. C. Jameson, gave Bishop Cannon \$68,000 in 1928 to carry Virginia for Hoover, was well recompensed by a \$2,000,000 loan. And yet there are people who get excited over Tammany graft! Out of \$264,000,000 lent to the railroads by the R. F. C., no less than \$156,000,000 went to those belonging to three groups—the Morgan, Van Sweringen, and Pennsylvania groups. It all cries to high heaven for scourging.

WET LEADERS in the Senate now promise to give us legal beer before March 4. The Collier bill, these leaders say, will be accepted by the Senate substantially in the form in which it passed the House. There will be no riders attached to make the measure more acceptable to President Hoover. It was at first reported that the bill would be amended to provide for a general sales tax in addition to a tax on beer, the wet strategists believing that Mr. Hoover would swallow the legalization of beer if that was necessary to get his sales tax through Congress. More objective observers are less hopeful of a beer victory in the Senate. They seem to be on fairly firm ground in declaring that relatively fewer dries in the Senate have been won over to the anti-prohibition cause than in the House. A number of Senators have said that they will support the beer bill only after Congress has adopted a repeal resolution. Since the outlook for repeal at this session of Congress is not particularly bright it would appear that legal beer may be defeated in the Senate. Incidentally, we are curious to know by what manner of reasoning the House came to the conclusion that the 3.2 per cent beer permitted under the Collier bill should be excluded from sale in States which still have prohibition laws. This seems to us a tacit admission that beer of this alcoholic content is in fact intoxicating and that therefore the Collier bill must be unconstitutional. Because of the haste with which it is trying to solve the liquor problem Congress is bound to make mistakes of this kind. The wets should remember that the prohibitionists are ready to take advantage of any political or legal error, however slight, that they may make in their efforts to abolish the Eighteenth Amendment.

THE SENATE AND HOUSE conferees have agreed on an improved Philippine independence bill, but one which is still far from what it ought to be. The probation period before independence was fixed at ten years instead of the twelve voted by the Senate and the eight by the House. This period does not, however, satisfy the agricultural members of Congress who have been so eager for Philippine

independence because of their fear of Philippine competition. The bill now provides before independence a five-year period of preparation and then a second five-year period, to be marked by tariff "step-ups" and export taxes which, it is explained, would make it possible for the Filipinos to obtain the money to pay off the bonds held by America. Imports of sugar into this country were raised in conference from 615,000 to 850,000 tons a year, while instead of 150,000 tons of cocoanut oil, 200,000 may come in until the Islands are free. Instead of complete exclusion of Filipinos from the United States, there is to be an annual quota of fifty—how very generous! Immigration into Hawaii is to be regulated by the Department of the Interior "on the basis of the industrial needs of that territory." The proposed plebiscite on the question of independence at the end of ten years was stricken out. The worst feature of all, that the United States shall continue to own in perpetuity all naval and military stations now held by it, remains in the bill. So, too, does the instruction to the government to negotiate for the neutralization of the Islands. In other words, we are to demand their neutralization while reserving to ourselves the right to maintain army and navy garrisons in the Islands! As we write, the indications are that President Hoover may yet veto the bill.

PRESIDENT BUTLER of Columbia University in his annual report made a caustic reference to the failure of the big foundations to underwrite projects designed to mitigate the world's economic difficulties, and lamented the fact that most of the great funds which have been left "for the service of the public" are being dissipated over many fields instead of being "concentrated in large amounts on one, two, or three of the commanding problems" of the day. The next day, as if in statistical support of Dr. Butler's protest, the Twentieth Century Fund's study of the flow of foundation grants was published, showing that only 1.5 per cent of the \$54,600,000 given away in 1931 went into the field of economics—either for research or for economic action. As the Fund's director pointed out, "it might be expected, at a time when the capitalist world is facing the most dangerous economic crisis in all history, that organized philanthropy would make a special effort to help explore or eradicate the causes of these social difficulties, as philanthropy already has attacked and helped mitigate the causes of hookworm disease and yellow fever." The explanation of this amazing neglect of the whole field of our economic life is probably to be found in the average foundation's fear of controversy. Set up by millionaires to expend fortunes amassed in great industries, the foundations have been looked upon with some suspicion, and the closer they have ventured to fields in which social and economic interests are involved the more doubts they have created. The time has come, however, when the finest service they could perform and the greatest step they could take to win public confidence would be to devote some of their millions to the study of the almost fatal defects in the economic system which, in its more robust youth, made these great foundations possible.

SAMUEL SEABURY, in another report to the Hofstadter Legislative Committee, which has been investigating conditions in New York City, has struck another tremendous blow at Tammany Hall. Rarely have we seen a more effective

indictment both as to its contents and the admirable and remarkably convincing style in which it is phrased. Primarily it is a detailed review and analysis of the testimony in regard to former Mayor Walker, including his financial relations with Betty Compton. Miss Compton, as everybody long ago knew, was the "unnamed person" of the inquiry who was not namable until she voyaged abroad with the ex-Mayor. As for the ex-Mayor, Mr. Seabury correctly declares that his "so-called defense constituted a record of equivocation, evasion, and contradiction, based on contentions not susceptible of either verification or disproof by either oral or written testimony. The Mayor demonstrated himself to be unworthy of belief where his official conduct was called in question." Mr. Seabury with great courage also attacked the local political leaders, declaring that the welcome extended to Walker on his return from Europe was in his judgment "a disgusting spectacle" revealing "a sort of moral treason to the city." This is most refreshing language, and it is, of course, absolutely unanswerable. It appeared just when the leader of Tammany Hall, John F. Curry, and others of his stamp in the party were reaching out to take over the Democratic State organization. Finally, Mr. Seabury demanded the removal of the Borough President of the Bronx, Henry Bruckner, his Commissioner of Public Works, William J. Flynn, and also the Commissioner of Weights and Measures, whom Mr. Seabury found wanting in "the little mental ability" required by his job. This puts Mayor McKee into a pleasant hole, and it is safe to say that this "reformer" will do precisely nothing.

GOVERNOR MOORE of New Jersey is entitled to the hearty thanks of everyone who believes in justice and decency in the treatment of offenders against society for refusing to send Robert Elliott Burns back to a Georgia chain gang. From this hell Burns escaped twice, after having been sentenced to serve from six to ten years for the theft of \$4.80! He has since shown his desire to go straight and has lived up to his intention. To have sent him back after the publicity his case has received would have been to send him to certain torture if not death—probably the latter. Of course the Governor of Georgia pretended to be outraged by what his Prison Commission terms Governor Moore's "violation of the Constitution of the United States." He conveniently forgot his own refusal to permit New York to extradite a released convict desired for trial in a perjury case, and he even dragged in the case of the Lindbergh baby in order to vent his spleen upon Governor Moore. He also forgot that Governors Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith of New York, Allen of Kansas, and Groesbeck of Michigan have similarly refused to return men to Georgia. We are glad to note that former Congressman W. D. Upshaw of Georgia has heartily commended Governor Moore for his action. Indeed, no man ought to be delivered to Georgia as long as it persists in its inhuman and barbarous chain-gang system. The Georgia Prison Commission defends that system. We reply that it belongs to the Middle Ages. If only Governor Russell and his commissioners might visit the prisons of Germany and Russia they could see for themselves how many decades, not to say centuries, behind modern methods is their treatment of prisoners. But men of this type refuse to open their minds to new ideas and believe in dealing with prisoners with sadistic ferocity.

CHANCELLOR VON SCHLEICHER continues to win public approval for himself in Germany by wise measures doing away with the restrictions imposed by his predecessor, Von Papen, upon the liberties of the press and of individuals. He has abolished the summary courts set up to try political offenders when the fighting between the Communists and the Hitlerites was at its height, and he has released several thousand political prisoners. Among those freed, we are glad to report, is Carl Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne*, whose severe sentence was imposed upon him because he allowed a contributor to tell the truth about the Reichswehr's relations with the Russian army authorities in aviation matters. General von Schleicher has also rescinded the Von Papen decree which gave the government the right to alter at will the social-insurance laws which mean so much to multitudes. Naturally these measures have gratified the labor unions, while the whole nation is relieved at the Chancellor's announcement that there is to be no tinkering with the constitution. Finally, Von Schleicher has done away with the death penalty for political homicides. It is interesting to note that since this military Chancellor has taken office talk of a growing monarchist movement has subsided. His policy is the wiser because all Germany so ardently craves domestic peace and quiet. Incidentally, the latest reports show a distinctly better feeling in business circles. If there are still nearly six million unemployed, there is growing confidence that the worst period of collapse and misery has passed and that Germany will now begin to show signs of industrial recovery.

THERE IS MORE THUNDER than lightning in Kenzo Adachi's announcement that he has at last succeeded in forming a fascist political party in Japan. It is a relatively simple matter to organize a new party in that country. Since the first political parties—the Jiyuto, Kaishinto, and Teiseito—were formed about fifty years ago, many such organizations have come and gone. Of the two major parties which are active at present, one, the Minseito, was founded as recently as June 1, 1927. The other, the Seiyukai, is thirty-two years old, but even this party has undergone many changes in policy and purpose, the name being retained almost entirely for the sake of convenience. Secondly, Kenzo Adachi, who is a political opportunist, is merely riding the crest of the fascist wave which is now at full tide in Japan. Finally, Adachi proposes to abolish the Cabinet, and presumably also the Diet, substituting for them a "state council of national affairs." This council would be responsible only to the throne. He would also nationalize a few industries. The Privy Council, the Imperial Household, and the Supreme Command (composed of the army and navy chieftains) today constitute the real government of Japan. While the Cabinet does enjoy a small measure of power, its elimination would hardly be noticed so far as the actual business of governing the country is concerned. The political reforms advocated by Adachi would mean little more than a change of personnel in the seats of power. His projected economic reforms fall far short of meeting the fundamental economic problems of the country. Many members of the Seiyukai Party, and even a few in the more democratic Minseito, have publicly advocated reforms which, when compared with Adachi's program, are really revolutionary in scope.

THE DREADFUL PICTURE of life in a starved Austrian village which we print elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation* unfortunately has its counterpart all over Europe. Conditions in Poland are also unbelievably bad. This we have on the authority of the former Prime Minister of Poland, Witos, whose statement has recently been published in a Warsaw newspaper. He declares that the Polish village now resembles only a cemetery where one sees silent, grim, odd-looking figures going about "like shadows of the dead." The peasants are without shoes or underwear, and are literally in rags. Undernourishment in the villages gets worse from day to day; there is hardly any salt to be had; and a match is a precious thing—the people have gone back to making fire with flint. At night the villages are entirely in darkness. Sickness is increasing rapidly, especially tuberculosis. Witos declares that the peasants have ceased to read, that there is no book to be seen anywhere, that a newspaper is a rarity in villages whose inhabitants used to subscribe to between ten and twenty different papers. The schools are being deserted, and many villagers live entirely by theft and open robbery because there is nothing else that they can do. The price of land is one-fourth of what it was and everybody wishes to sell. German newspapers confirm this picture not in the least overdrawn, and declare that the situation is even worse in the Polish Ukraine and in Polish White Russia. The horrible thing about it is that there is not the slightest prospect of any early improvement, and no one to give aid. How long can humanity endure under these conditions?

We shall have to hurt their feelings and wound their susceptibilities, and in some cases violate their most cherished sacred traditions, but we must face these difficulties unless we are to allow to lie undeveloped wealth that may provide prosperity for the country, in which every community can share.

THESE ARE THE WORDS of the chief commissioner for native affairs in Kenya, East Africa—a new version of Lewis Carroll's "I weep for you, I deeply sympathize," which the Walrus spoke with streaming eyes. The commissioner, of course, goes one step further: "It will be to the discredit of the country if a single native is a penny worse off for the discovery of gold in his own country." Gold—that is what it is all about. This precious metal having been discovered in the Kakamega region of Lake Victoria, which has belonged for all time to the natives, the Kenya Legislature, conscious of the responsibilities involved in the white man's burden, passed a law permitting the expulsion of the natives from gold-bearing lands when given other lands and "compensated as white men should be." Not that they are to have any share in the gold that is dug out of their land. Heavens, no! What would poor, ignorant, uncivilized savages want with it? It is reserved exclusively for the benefit of the superior race. Meanwhile, according to the dispatches, "clashes between the gold prospectors and the natives are increasing with the arrival of shiploads of white immigrants from South Africa." What a beautiful picture, what a perfect picture of the processes of civilization! What are "most cherished sacred traditions" and native "susceptibilities" worth when they stand in the way of a white man who wants to get rich quick? The answer is before us once more, in Kenya.

The Loss of Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG has dealt himself and his reputation a serious blow indeed by his testimony in the suit brought against the General Electric Company to compel it to return the collateral given to it by Samuel Insull to cover a loan of \$2,000,000 made to him when no bank in Chicago or New York would grant him an additional dollar. It is not only that, as we pointed out last week, Mr. Young made this loan of his stockholders' money to Mr. Insull after he was deeply in the latter's debt through the receipt of a \$175,000 interest in Insull Utility Investments at an insider's price far below that at which the public could buy. He himself admitted that he never inquired into the exact financial condition of either the Insull Company or Mr. Insull himself. It was sufficient for Mr. Young that "one of our best customers" wanted the loan. Indeed, Mr. Young admitted that he was in terror of Mr. Insull. Not only was he afraid that the General Electric Company would lose Insull's business if he failed to oblige him; he admitted that he did not dare to ask Insull what he wanted the money for; that while he held his stock in Insull Investments he did not dare to sell it for a profit or a loss lest he incur "Mr. Insull's displeasure"! If this is evidence that Mr. Young was a free agent and duly vigilant in protecting the interests of his stockholders, we do not understand the meaning of words.

More than that, Mr. Young approved the set-up of Insull Utility Investments when it was submitted to him by Mr. Insull in advance of its organization, and he still defends it. The trouble, it appears, was not with the set-up—even with its heavy load of \$60,000,000 of debenture bonds—if the maturities were far enough off and the operating companies provided enough interest to keep this capstone of the Insull pyramid going. A big if! As it was, the market was so unkind as to shrink after the break of October, 1929, and the Insull assets began to shrink as well. As Mr. Young put it, "at that period, as you know, everybody from the President of the United States down thought the crisis would soon be over." But the crisis refused to budge in the face of orders from King Canute Hoover and King Canute Insull, and all the rest of the King Canutes of our industrial autocracy. None the less, Mr. Young never dreamed of asking Mr. Insull how things were going when, *twenty-six months* later, he gave him the \$2,000,000 loan. Mr. Young plainly lived in a different world. He did not know that things were tumbling. He had not heard that the Chase National Bank had refused to give Insull a \$6,000,000 loan. When asked if he did not know that Mr. Insull was "financially irresponsible when he offered you his personal indorsement on the notes for \$2,000,000," Mr. Young replied that he "relied" on the collateral Mr. Insull offered and that he was not aware that Mr. Insull was "broke." Anyhow he left such details to Mr. Swope, the president of the General Electric.

But this is even less striking than a carefully prepared statement which Mr. Young presented to the reporters as he left the witness stand after his first examination. In this document, after explaining how it was that the Insull-Young set-up of Insull Utility Investments collapsed, he summarized

his view of Samuel Insull thus: "The most you can say about that old man is that he had too much confidence in this country and his own companies." "*The most you can say*"! Why, at the moment Mr. Young handed out those words Mr. Insull was a fugitive from justice in Greece, refusing to return, as any guiltless man would, to prove his innocence in court. When he wrote that kindly sentiment Mr. Young was perfectly aware that "that old man" was under indictment for embezzlement; that Insull had taken sound investments which secured the debenture bonds of Insull Utility Investments and pledged them to the banks for loans of \$45,000,000. It seems to us that there is a good deal more to say about "that old man" than what Mr. Young volunteered.

Now we are well aware that the practices which we have here set forth are common in the management of big business in the United States. It has been an everyday affair for our supermen to hold each other up and to blackjack one another. Perhaps to a large majority of the men in Wall Street Mr. Young's act will seem justified by the established practice. They will declare that it was up to Mr. Young to save his largest customer, that it was just too bad that the customer failed. They are doubtless asserting that if all had gone well and Insull had come out on top, Mr. Young would have been complimented for being smart enough to turn the General Electric Company into a banking firm, thus rescuing his largest customer and tying him to the company more closely than ever. They surely feel that it was extremely hard luck that Owen Young gambled and gambled wrong. But when we admit that this is common practice in Wall Street we merely explain why it is that we are shocked by Mr. Young's admissions—admissions made without the slightest apparent contrition or regret.

For we had thought of Mr. Young as being above this sort of thing—until the revelations of the last few years, including his connection with the management of the Radio Corporation and the recent voluntary dissolution of that combination, which the government was prosecuting for violation of the anti-trust law. We had long supposed that Mr. Young was cast in a different mold from the ordinary conscienceless Wall Street promoter and big-business manager. He has given many evidences of great public spirit; his name was attached to the plan which many people thought was the final and definitive settlement of the reparations difficulty. He has been mentioned for the Presidency of the United States, for Secretary of State; he has been a patron of letters and of universities. Now we find that when it came to a crisis he again did not stand up to the trust imposed upon him; he gambled to help out a man to whom he was under a deep personal obligation that had nothing whatever to do with the Owen D. Young who is Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company.

Yet we shall continue to hear of the inability of our business leaders to understand the growing antagonism to them and to their system. We have headed this article *The Loss of Owen D. Young*, because we cannot conceive that, after these recent episodes in his career, he will be considered available for further public service.

Munitions and Peace

THE Associated Press has reported that Mr. Hoover is planning to ask Congress for authority to "declare embargoes on shipments of arms to countries in which hostilities exist or are threatened." The President's message, it was indicated, will refer especially to the war in the Gran Chaco between Bolivia and Paraguay as the occasion for making this request. However, it was understood that Mr. Hoover would seek authority broad enough to cover actual or threatened hostilities in all countries. Thus it could be applied to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria as well as to civil and international warfare in Central or South America. An executive order of a similar nature issued by Calvin Coolidge a number of years ago, which has been both used and abused by the State Department, was designed simply to apply to revolutionary activities in Latin America and China. The Manchurian story might have been different if Mr. Hoover had had the authority now proposed and had exercised it in the latter part of 1931 when the Japanese began their conquest of the Three Eastern Provinces. At least Secretary Stimson's efforts to reestablish peace in the Far East would have been immeasurably reinforced. It is true that Japan could have continued to receive munitions and other war materials from Europe, but the independent action of the United States would have had its influence on public opinion everywhere, and there would thus have been some hope of persuading France and England to follow the American lead.

A year ago the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom endeavored to induce Congress to adopt a resolution prohibiting the exportation of munitions to countries at war. Hearings on the resolution were blocked through the influence of the State Department, and the matter was dropped by Congress, but not by the Women's International League. It was privately explained by Administration officials that France and England were unwilling to cooperate with the United States in declaring a munitions boycott, and other reasons were advanced to justify the State Department's position. Since then all these objections have been swept aside, and both the State Department and Mr. Hoover apparently have been converted to the belief that an arms embargo is a necessary instrument of peace. Doubtless the Hoover Administration was impressed by the paradoxical position in which it found itself in relation to the war in the Gran Chaco. For months Washington has been making every effort to end the hostilities between Bolivia and Paraguay. At the same time American firms have been shipping large quantities of munitions to the belligerents. Could anything be more absurd? If the State Department is at all sincere in wanting to stop the war, it will also try to stop the munitions shipments which are helping to make that war possible.

We hope that nothing will prevent Mr. Hoover from taking the action forecast in the press. The authorization sought is essential as a first step toward governmental control of the traffic in arms. It would go far by itself toward strengthening our peace policy. In this connection it must be remembered, however, that an arms embargo would inevitably encounter several difficulties. Only the other day

it was revealed in the Argentine Congress that Argentina had in 1923 and again in 1926 negotiated secret loans amounting to \$40,000,000 for the purchase of armaments in this country. Furthermore, great secrecy surrounds all shipments of munitions from the United States. It is virtually impossible to obtain accurate or adequate statistics from either official or private sources concerning such transactions. Any order laying down an embargo on arms would have to take these factors into consideration. It would have to be devised as to prevent the bootlegging of arms or the exportation of munitions disguised as fertilizers or machinery parts. We could prepare in advance to meet these problems by joining with other Powers in a treaty to regulate the international traffic in arms, and by nationalizing our own munition industry. The peace societies have for years been urging that every country "take over as a state monopoly the manufacture and control of arms and munitions as a step to complete and final international disarmament." That is the goal toward which we must work if we would abolish one of the most active incentives to war. It is idle to talk of peace and peace machinery so long as private armament manufacturers are in a position to make huge profits out of war. But in the meantime it is imperative that Congress take whatever action may be necessary to prohibit the exportation of the materials of war to countries engaging or threatening to engage in hostilities.

Company Manners

UNDER the imprint of the International Bureau of Education at Geneva there comes to hand a 250-page report on "Children's Books and International Goodwill," financed by Americans and based upon a five-year inquiry in more than forty countries among librarians, parents, teachers, children, and societies for child welfare. Such a mountain of tabulation might have given birth to a really important inventory of world literature for children if, like so many gestures toward peace from Geneva, it had not been evasive. Tendentia literature is omitted; children are to know each other, but only in the atmosphere of international company manners, like diplomats on the eve of war. Granting all that can be said in its favor, this list is idyllic and nationalist, and therefore ineffective.

As long ago as 1846 it was written of the industrial age:

Instead of old wants, satisfied by the products of native industry, new wants appear, wants which can only be satisfied by the products of distant lands and unfamiliar climes. The old local and national self-sufficiency and isolation are replaced by a system of universal intercourse and all-round interdependence of nations. We see this in intellectual production, no less than in material. The intellectual products of each nation are now the products of all. National exclusiveness and particularism are fast becoming impossible. Out of the national and local literatures, a world literature arises.

Pinocchio, Robinson Crusoe, Ulysses have powers of survival through wars, and perhaps through revolutions, too. The Geneva report grants them honorable place. What we object to on behalf of children everywhere is the preservation in this report of the notion that nice lists of books can help

to re-create a comfortable bourgeois world or do more than obscure the future. "Around the world in children's books" was the slogan for Children's Book Week in 1931, and an admirable battle cry it was in a year when publishers were overstocked with both quaint and good-enough stories about every quarter of the globe. Single-handed, more than one juvenile editor had unearthed large portions of the bibliography published in Geneva. But now that the whole field for exploitation is made visible, and a rich field it is, something quite different seems important. Let all these books be translated into Dutch and Japanese, into Latvian, Italian, and English, and still there is no hard core to the list, no source of international good-will. "Heidi" prevents no wars; the folktales are told to children who do not get the gist of their own times—that an industrial society crunches the bones of the gentle heroes of hills and valleys; that wise men are silenced by the roar of the radio; and cash money, not seven-league boots, avails for world tours.

"What books give a true picture of child life in your country, and which are most popular with children?" The answers to these questions have been tabulated and set down in Geneva, but they are relatively unimportant. It would be more interesting to know what classes of children are literate, what they read at school, what books cost, how many children have access to libraries, what subjects are taboo in children's books.

Librarians will find this list good reading though not definitive even within its academic range. They will miss "Seven Brothers" from the Finnish list and be amused at the French inclusion of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." One looks in vain for the little picture book of "Graphic Statistics," by the head of the People's Museum in Vienna, used in the Austrian schools, and easily one of the most important books to include in any really international list because it makes social statistics interesting and dynamic. Why Ilin's book for Russian children on the Five-Year Plan was omitted (especially since it is available in English), though his excellent books on time and the alphabet are included, is not clear. Why Paul Bunyan was left off the United States list and Katharine Adams's sentimental tale of some children who visited their grandmother in a Swedish castle put on will puzzle many readers. What "The Runaway Sardine" or two books by and about Roosevelt will do to cement international good-will is hard to see. We even wonder whether the Petershams' beautifully printed picture book "The Christ Child" is cement for a crumbling world. An international world has to be built from the ground up. There is no peace by any other road; and celebration of the meekness, the mildness, of old ideals of peace is deception of the young.

Faster, faster must the young learn, not so much to glimpse in print the sunrise on Mt. Blanc and the works of the Hida craftsman, but to look at the architecture of their own towns, to see realistically the squalor around them, to perceive the misery of the farmers as well as the beauty of the fields. Young people need more than mere pacifism; they need all the help that we can give them to perceive the nature of the struggle which must be fought before gas masks are put aside in Manchuria and actual plans for peace, in place of resolutions on chemical warfare and shrewd bargains in arms quotas, emanate from the conference rooms of Geneva.

The Debt Impasse

THE deadlock to which President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt came after their exchange of telegrams on war-debt procedure is not entirely the fault of either individual. If we confine our view to the immediate situation, the President is to be praised at least for recognizing the importance of keeping negotiations open and losing a little time as possible. He is to be praised for consulting Mr. Roosevelt and inviting his cooperation. He is surely not to be praised for the manner in which he did it. It was an embarrassing blunder for him to announce publicly that he was seeking Mr. Roosevelt's cooperation on certain terms, before he had troubled to learn privately on just what terms Mr. Roosevelt would cooperate. His first telegram to the Governor was another example of the President's tactlessness. It lectured Mr. Roosevelt on what was necessary in the circumstances, told him precisely what Mr. Hoover intended to do, and then invited him to cooperate on that basis. It is hardly to be wondered at that the President-elect refused to fall in with this program. He not only disagreed with the President on the method of procedure, but pointed out how unsatisfactory for himself responsibility without authority would be.

Before March 4 Mr. Roosevelt could not have any representative with official standing unless Mr. Hoover appointed him, but that representative, when appointed, would be officially responsible to Mr. Hoover and not to Mr. Roosevelt. There is no way of surmounting this dilemma, and to this extent the failure of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover to find a satisfactory basis for cooperation must be laid to the impractical workings of our Constitution rather than to either of the two individuals involved. The incident serves to emphasize dramatically the need for the Norris amendment now happily on its way to ratification.

When, however, we look beyond the immediate situation, it is clear that both men bear a large share of responsibility for the present impasse. Since the moratorium—the boldest and most admirable act of his Administration—Mr. Hoover's attitude on the war debts has been timorous, dilatory, and evasive. Not until actual default by seven nations did he directly venture to suggest to Congress that he would negotiate for a revision of the debts, and even now he makes reservations in advance that would severely limit the scope of discussions and perhaps render them abortive.

Mr. Roosevelt, on his side, has hardly covered himself with glory. True, he has suggested that Mr. Hoover should proceed with the selection of his representatives "to conduct the preliminary exploration," and he has indicated that he will conduct negotiations with our debtors through regular diplomatic channels and special representatives rather than through public speeches for home consumption and the glaring publicity of a conference. This method seems to us far preferable to Mr. Hoover's. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Roosevelt retains his almost pathologic fear of committing himself, and on an issue vital to economic recovery the world remains in the dark. How different the situation would be if he said boldly that he recognized the necessity of revising the debts, and that the first act of his Administration would be to resume negotiations to that end!

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1932

WE print below a list of American men and women who during the past year have performed some outstanding public service, have made important contributions to art or literature, or have otherwise added in some distinguished manner to the interest and gaiety of life.

Public Service

THE COMMITTEE ON THE COSTS OF MEDICAL CARE, for its thorough, realistic, and careful five-year study of the economic aspects of medical care, and for its majority report, which offers the most fundamental and practical recommendations yet formulated for bringing adequate medical service to the people at a price they can pay.

JUDGE SAMUEL SEABURY, for his masterly investigation of the government of New York City, which led to the resignation of Mayor James J. Walker.

PAUL BLANSHARD, of the City Affairs Committee of New York, for effective work in exposing the economic roots of civic corruption, and for collaborating with Norman Thomas in writing "What's the Matter with New York."

GRACE ABBOTT, chief of the Children's Bureau of the federal Department of Labor, who has valiantly fought to safeguard the welfare of children in the United States through the months and years of the depression.

BRIGADIER GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD, for his competent and sympathetic handling of the bonus army during its encampment in Washington; and for his persistent courage in defending the character of the bonus army and in denying that the use of troops was necessary on July 28.

BENNETT CLARK of Missouri, for his fearless and outspoken statements in favor of reduction of tariffs while seeking votes as a candidate for the United States Senate.

FIGIELLO LA GUARDIA, for distinguished service in the Congress of the United States and especially for his leadership in defeating the sales tax and in organizing the liberal minority group in the House.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, for his intelligent and outspoken opinions with regard to prohibition, our international relations, and the cowardice of men in public life; also for his vigorous criticisms of the party to which he still belongs.

ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, who managed even in the heat of her husband's successful campaign for the Presidency to carry on her own valuable public and private activities and to maintain an admirable freedom of speech.

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, for thirty years of distinguished service on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and for the simplicity and dignity with which at ninety-one years of age he relinquished the duties of that high office.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER, for the wisdom of the plan he has drawn for the Institute for Advanced Study and his success in securing Dr. Albert Einstein as its first professor.

AMELIA EARHART, for her solo flight across the Atlantic, her continued achievements in the field of aviation, and her extraordinary modesty in the face of the attendant publicity.

F. J. SCHLINK and CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, for their almost single-handed fight to protect the consumer against sharp practices and distortions of facts on the part of manufacturers and advertisers.

Journalism

WALTER LIPPMANN, for his thoughtful and brilliantly lucid articles in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which have enlarged the perspective of thousands of newspaper readers on our national and international problems.

WALTER L. SANBORN, of the *North Penn Reporter* of Lansdale, Pennsylvania, for notable patriotic service in bringing about the conviction of an assistant district attorney, a county detective, and a township police chief for administering the third degree to a man arrested on suspicion of committing a crime.

Books and Plays

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, for "An Autobiography," a record of courage and an illuminating self-study of an important American architect and his work.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, for "1919," a novel revealing an unsurpassed range of awareness of contemporary American life, uniting an implicit passion for social justice with the portrayal of living and convincing characters.

VAN WYCK BROOKS, for "The Life of Emerson," a biography reflecting the spirit of the Sage of Concord more successfully than any previous one, and for his admirable "Sketches in Criticism."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, for making geography the fascinating science it should be.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, for "Success Story," a thoughtful and powerful drama which deals with a contemporary problem.

SIDNEY HOWARD and S. N. BEHRMAN, for writing, respectively, "The Late Christopher Bean" and "Biography," two plays which continue two of the best traditions of comedy.

Art and Music

THOMAS BENTON, for his murals, "The Arts of Life in America," designed and executed for the reading-room of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City. They constitute the most successful current achievement in mural decoration that is genuinely American in feeling and subject matter.

AARON COPLAND and the CORPORATION OF YADDO, for the Yaddo Festival, one of the first American musical festivals devoted to the interests and problems of young American composers.

REX BRASHER, of Kent, Connecticut, who has this year completed the monumental task—occupying forty-three years of his life—of sketching and painting all the birds of North America, totaling more than 1,200 species, and has just published the last of twelve volumes containing more than 3,000 plates.

The Future of Radical Political Action

By JOHN DEWEY

THE last election did not settle the future of political parties in the United States. It rather demonstrated the discontent of at least seven million voters with existing alignments. The general trend was definitely in behalf of policies which would use the agencies of government for the social control of industry and finance. It was far from an expression of confidence that the Democratic Party is capable of bringing about such control. For all who, like the present writer, believe that it is thoroughly incapable of doing the needed work, the article of Norman Thomas in *The Nation* of December 14 on The Future of the Socialist Party raises the question of what instrumentality will be the efficient agent for radical political change. Mr. Thomas holds that the Socialist Party alone has the philosophy which meets the political needs. Such a position certainly simplifies the situation. But it also narrows it. In view of the size of the Socialist vote, and of the extent to which it was in part an expression of confidence in Mr. Thomas personally, and in another part a protest vote from non-Socialist liberals, it narrows the problem perhaps unduly.

It is natural that Mr. Thomas should feel that the Socialist Party is the only way out. He has been twice the candidate of his party for the Presidency. There are divergences within the party, such as were manifest in the Milwaukee convention. It is not surprising that he should take the opportunity to set forth his solidarity with the section which officially controls the party; and that he should wish, even at the risk of ungraciousness to the non-Socialists who supported him and of indulging in recriminations, to clear his skirts of any leaning toward those who do not accept the *ipsissima verba* of official Socialist doctrine. But for the millions of the politically discontented who are outside the Socialist Party, the exigencies of the internal strategy of that party cannot go far to settle the larger question of the future of unified political action aiming at social control.

In discussing the matter I feel free to approach it from the angle of the League for Independent Political Action. I do not do so because of Mr. Thomas's unfortunate references to that organization. The league is not a party and has no ambition to become a party. Its function is to promote education and organization looking toward the organization of the desired new alignment. Since it aims to act as a connecting link, and as far as may be as a clearing-house, for groups and individuals who are seeking similar ends, it may stand at least as a symbol for one type of approach to the problem. We agree that a philosophy is needed as a basis for an effective political movement. We have never prejudged the question as to just how far that philosophy agrees or disagrees with that which Mr. Thomas says is the only possible philosophy. I shall not now try to pass on that question. I shall rather set forth our philosophy positively, leaving it to the reader, Socialist or non-Socialist, to judge our degree of divergence and agreement.

The first point in our political philosophy may be stated in connection with the charge brought by Mr. Thomas that the league holds "an intellectualized version of a watered-

down socialism." For the statement shows a radical misconception of what our stand is. It is quite true that many of our planks are socialistic and agree with the more immediate demands of the Socialist platform. It is true that we recognize the educational work done by the party and by Mr. Thomas and are grateful to them. But the league's agreements are not imitative. It has not first borrowed and then diluted. We believe that actual social conditions and needs suffice to determine the direction political action should take, and we believe that this is the philosophy which underlies the democratic faith of the American people. The belief is the mark of a positive philosophy, not of the absence of one. If charges against the League for Independent Political Action signify that our program is, in an ultimate sense, partial and tentative, experimental and not rigid, we do more than accept them as a compliment. We claim them as indications of our philosophy. We are confronted with a situation in which certain long-span economic forces are operative and which are sufficiently definite to provide a basis for a constructive political program. But we know that this situation bristles with unknowns and we cannot assume that all issues are settled in advance.

In saying this I am not charging the Socialists with being dogmatic or doctrinaire. I notice that Mr. Thomas in his statement calls for government ownership of the "principal" means of production and distribution. As far as the Socialist Party accepts the distinction between "principal" and other means, it inclines in the direction of what in the case of the League for Independent Political Action is dismissed as "watered-down socialism." For how can "principal" ones be settled upon, save on the basis of actual conditions and tendencies? And while collective ownership of all natural resources is called for, there is evidence that the Socialist Party recognizes a gradation in importance and in urgency, and would concentrate first of all upon coal and the water power from which electric power is derived. So far, then, as the Socialist Party is not doctrinaire, there are no differences which are not subject to discussion and conferences—and not so much with the L. I. P. A. itself as, through it, with the other groups which are concerned with bringing about a new type of politics in this country.

We are thus led to the second main point in the philosophy of the L. I. P. A. This is the belief that politics is a struggle for possession and use of power to settle specific issues that grow out of the country's needs and problems. There is very little difference of opinion among radical groups as to what these issues at present are; there is more difference, though not to an amount insuperable for unity, as to how they should be dealt with. Since it believes that politics is a struggle for power to achieve results, the philosophy of the league stands for that strength which can be had only by unity. It believes in working for agreement, not for emphasizing and magnifying the differences that stand in the way of union. I do not charge the Socialist Party with standing for sectarianism and division. I do say that we desire a union of forces to which Socialists can and should contribute.

Because we desire a union of forces instead of that isolation and division which have so weakened liberal and radical forces in the past, we are strongly opposed to all slurs and sneers at the farmers, engineers, teachers, social workers, small merchants, clergy, newspaper people, and white-collar workers who constitute the despised middle class. Since they also constitute a great part of the American nation, and since they are influential and are sensitive to the injustices and inequalities of the present economic order, we do not indulge in the fantasy that effective power can be gained by taking pains to alienate them, by assuming, for example, that they are animated by anti-social class motives. This attitude does not signify that we think their present political views are, upon the whole, sufficiently enlightened to afford the basis of a political program, but that we do believe that they are readily capable of education under competent leadership.

It is nothing less than misrepresentation based on ignorance to assert that this effort to reach the elements just spoken of is connected with disregard of the interests of the manual workers, to say nothing about those who go into the field of motives to search out unworthy ones, similar, for example, to those which members of the Communist Party constantly attribute to the Socialist Party. It has been a constant aim of the L. I. P. A. to find labor groups which believe in independent political action, to bring them together, and to carry

on education among those labor groups which have not yet seen the light. We are opposed to the defeatist policy which assumes that there can be no effective radical political action in this country until the majority of the population have sunk into the "proletariat." We are not yet convinced that the Socialist Party has taken this latter position even though individual Socialists have done so.

Because we are an organization working to secure unity of action where division now exists, we are necessarily exploring the field. We cannot prejudge the amount of unity that can be achieved. For this reason, we are proposing to have a conference of all progressive and radical groups in 1933 to consider this very question. Naturally we shall be disappointed if Socialist leaders slam the door in advance on all hope of cooperation.

Since Mr. Thomas in his "As I See It" states that the essential is to achieve the substance rather than the name, we hope he may be willing, "without prejudice" as to any ulterior commitment, to recommend to the party of which he is the honored head that it enter upon the exploration discussions which are the necessary preliminary to the united action which alone will achieve desired results. But in any and every case the L. I. P. A. invites the cooperation to this end of all individuals and all groups who are of like mind about the need for political action to bring about radical changes in our present economic and financial system.

ShoebUTTONS for Huckleberries

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 24

AT first blush Roosevelt's "refusal to cooperate" with Hoover on the debt problem appeared to be the act, not of an old potato, but of a small one. However, additional information puts quite a different face on the matter. About "cooperation," as about so many things, Mr. Hoover seems to have peculiar ideas. His plan for dealing with the dilemma of debts and defaults is to appoint a commission which would study debts, disarmament, and world economic conditions jointly, and then conduct negotiations with other governments. Mr. Roosevelt, on the contrary, believes that these questions should be considered separately and handled through the regular diplomatic channels. Although neither has taken me into his confidence, I have solid reasons for believing that Mr. Hoover invited Mr. Roosevelt to "cooperate" by abandoning his own plan and accepting Mr. Hoover's. When the Governor politely declined, such impartial observers as Mark Sullivan made the dreadful discovery that he was "refusing to cooperate." It would do them and Mr. Hoover no harm to spend a few minutes with a standard dictionary. Without attempting to judge the merits of the rival plans (although Hoover's has much to recommend it), it is well to consider certain facts. The first is that Roosevelt probably suspects Hoover of trying to trap him—and that his suspicions probably are correct. The second is that if any settlement of the debt problem is reached, it will be reached by Roosevelt's Administration, and that for Hoover to initiate any policy which he knows will not be pursued by his successor would be an act either of sabotage

or invincible egotism. The third is that while doubtless it would be desirable to have the preliminary work start at once, there will still be time to handle the matter between the inauguration of Roosevelt and the date when the next payments fall due. Someone should remind Mr. Hoover that he is about to go out of office. On the subject of the debts themselves, except where Britain is involved, I remain a Ku Kluxer to the bone. Much of the money which France borrowed from us she lent in turn to her allies of the Little Entente, who used it to purchase armaments from French manufacturers. Has any Frenchman suggested the cancellation of those debts? The Poles and Rumanians and Jugoslavs will be eating shoebUTTONS for huckleberries before France forgives them a dime. If any forgiveness is to be practiced by our government, there are several million mortgage-laden American farmers who will want to know about it.

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WHILE we are examining whose capacity to pay what, it may be helpful to glance at the latest statistics of income which have just been issued by the federal Treasury. Fewer than 1.2 per cent of the population had incomes in 1931 sufficient to require the payment of federal income taxes. Their taxable net income totaled about \$13,000,000,000, ■■ against \$25,000,000,000 in 1929. The number of taxable returns was 25 per cent less in 1931 than in 1930, and the total reported net income was 23.17 per cent less. Income-tax payments for 1931 will total about \$240,000,000, as compared with the juicy billion paid in 1929. So it will be ■■■■

that your Uncle Shylock isn't so flush himself. However, those who have been deriding Huey Long's complaint about the concentration of wealth might pause to note that one one-thousandth of all those making returns had more than one-twentieth of the reported net income, that there are seventy-five Americans in these days of famine who still had net incomes of more than \$1,000,000 each last year, and that the fortunate four at the very top averaged more than \$9,500,000 each. (Don't ask me—I don't know the names.) It is true that after a hard-hearted and rapacious government had finished taxing them, there remained only an average of \$8,123,178 for each. Four persons with nearly ten millions a year, and more than ten million persons tramping the streets—these are the fruits of "rugged individualism"! I should not care to be one of those four any more than I should care to be one of the ten million.

NEVERTHELESS, I dare say these four are very well satisfied with themselves. The self-assurance of American millionaires is something for future historians and psychiatrists to ponder. For example, a number of them met in New York three weeks ago and solemnly decided to launch what may be described as an American fascist movement. This particular hocus-pocus was sponsored by Walter P. Chrysler, the automobile manufacturer, Thomas L. Chadbourne, the New York lawyer who attempted unsuccessfully to form an international cartel to control sugar production, and Edward F. Hutton, a broker. With an optimism which would be inspiring under other circumstances, Chrysler underwrote the project for \$150,000, and eleven of his fellow-conners coughed up \$5,000 each. The prime objects of this comic-opera movement, as explained to those invited to participate, are: (1) repeal of the anti-trust laws to permit big business to "govern itself" (meaning, of course, to govern the country); and (2) to reduce government expenses and "improve methods of taxation" (meaning, of course, to substitute a sales tax for high taxes on large incomes). In support of the suggestion that these gentlemen actually take their movement seriously, I can only point to the fact that they have put up their money. It hardly seems to constitute a serious threat to our present political and industrial system, but there is no reason why the Department of Justice should not look into it. It is rather significant that the eminently practical boys who represent the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington hastily refused to have any truck with the American Mussolinis. They don't even wish to be seen talking to them.

RETURNING to the world of grim realities, it is high time to observe that the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation have been, on the whole, a dismal failure. Indeed, that fact was observed this week in the Senate by Robert F. Wagner, in the most crushing address which has been delivered during this session of Congress. There is no escape from the fact which Senator Wagner pointed out, namely, that the fault for this failure rests squarely on Hoover and the R. F. C. directors appointed by him. "Too technical, legalistic, and lacking in enterprise and human sympathy," was Wagner's bitter but accurate description of the manner in which R. F. C. funds have been administered. Established by Congress as the government's chief agency for the relief

of suffering and the creation of jobs, it has, as Wagner said, been conducted as "an ultra-conservative bank." States and cities have virtually been compelled to take a pauper's oath before they could get a nickel to feed their starving citizens. In instances where they borrowed for the construction of "self-liquidating" projects they have been compelled to pay an interest rate much higher than that paid by the government, and—still more significant—where those projects threatened to compete with privately owned utilities they have experienced great difficulty in obtaining the loans at all. The suggestion has been advanced that the directors of the R. F. C. must make a large profit out of their loans to States and cities in order to offset the losses which they expect to result from their loans to private corporations. It is not a very respectable excuse, but it probably has more than a grain of truth in it. In support of his demand for radical changes in the R. F. C. act and for additional relief legislation, Wagner presented these facts: (1) Factory workers in 1932 will receive \$7,500,000 less than in 1929; (2) factory wages in October of this year were 28 per cent lower than in October last year; (3) construction contracts in September of this year totaled \$127,500,000 as against \$251,000,000 in September of last year and \$445,000,000 in September, 1929; (4) exports in September this year amounted to \$132,000,000 as against \$180,000,000 in September last year; (5) during the year which ended June 30, 6,273,000 savings accounts were finally exhausted and \$3,500,000 laid up against old age and ill health had been used up. And so, a Happy New Year to everyone!

The Wall of Glass

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Between us rose a wall of glass;
We could not speak, we could not pass.
Death-cold against my flesh I felt
Crystal impossible to melt.
Your lips moved, but I heard no sound—
Only a silence more profound
Because of sight; it somehow grew
Starker than fear, and stranger, too.
I struck my fist against that wall—
It would not shatter, yield at all;
Only a glint of silver shone,
Like breath upon a window blown.
The image wavered and was blurred,
And if it spoke I caught no word.
So fell the dusk, and what became
Darkness was uttered as your name.
Surely, I thought, this wall is thinned
To nothing but a scarf of wind.
Not even stars and empty space
Can mask what still must be your face.
Night-long through that clear casement I
Stared at illimitable sky,
Moonless. Before the owl had drawn
His furtive wing across the dawn
I heard, far off, the fretful sound
Ice makes imprisoned underground. . .
That morning there was frost; and light
Lay on a world too blinding-bright.

Roxy's Advantage over God

Radio City Music Hall*

THE hall has a mighty, swift sweep. Hesitation there is none. It is as if, when you pushed aside the curtain, there had been a rocketing of space. All at once there is a vast firmament overhead, and a great distance stretching out under it. It is not the sensation of a dome. The dome, as you come under it, after a long approach, sensing its presence by the circle of light, opens up far overhead, majestic, poised, centered, floating, serene. This huge vault, however, is different. It has focus and energy. The focus is the great proscenium arch, over sixty feet high and one hundred feet wide, a huge semicircular void, filled, at the moment, by the folds of a golden curtain. From that the energy disperses. Like a firmament the arched structure rises outward and forward. The "ceiling," uniting sides and top in its one great curve, proceeds by successive broad bands, like the bands of northern lights. It has eight such transverse sections. They overlap like gigantic Venetian blinds, or like sections of a telescope; and the cove formed by each such lap or offset conceals the lights. Shining thus toward the stage in successive rows, they illumine the broad bands of the ceiling, from which the light then floats down into the huge space. The ceiling is now revealed as gold, of a sandy texture and beautiful low key; and the bands exhibit a fine fluting or ribbing. There are grills, or louvres, in them, too, arranged like the ribs of a fan converging toward the stage; at the pressing of a button the main lights go off, and the whole huge auditorium can be dimly lit by these spaced rays of what seem like distant overhead shuttered windows.

This vault is a delight. Not only the vast space: this nervous energy, this swift radiation. There is something about it that fits. It stands for our thoughts. Picture the Greek, with his serene colonnade topped by the low triangle of his pediment. It is measured and self-contained. Picture the Roman, who commands the round power of the masonry dome. Then the Gothic artist, who thrusts his vaults upwards: his buildings grow like plants. Baroque elaborates on the Roman; twists, turns, and moves. It is suited to theaters. But we can move in paths of a still greater variety. Our trajectory can be more direct. We have control over forces more abstract and more potent. The investigations of our thinkers are concerned with ethereal radiations and vibrations. It is these that have been manipulated to make possible the whole enterprise of our tremendous industry of sound communication. So it is fitting, almost symbolical, that a great hall of ours, devoted in whatever manner to music, should expand from a focus by waves that follow a great curve, exhilarating rather than serene; and that the great volume of space should depend, for its definition in color and for the various modulations of apparent amplitude or of mood, not primarily on pigment—though the most satisfactory color that is also exciting is this gold—but on intangible light itself.

I wish not to exaggerate the pleasure to be had, but I have vowed to record it. There are skeptics who, having followed the outward history of Radio City, believe that everything connected with it must be essentially absurd. Delight, however, follows its own path, and when or where it will strike is unpredictable.

The auditorium of which I am speaking, and for the sake of which I am obliged, in this short space, to surrender the whole gigantic outerworks of Radio City to others, along with all remarks on its place in society, has many flaws, some of them dangerous. May we leave them to another day? There still remains, after the first naive delight, a vitality to be explained: it inheres in the fact that the devices which were used were architectural.

Descriptions in the press say "starkly structural," as if it had been a matter of engineering; but that would have been easier. Piers and beams are easy to emphasize. This ceiling is not structural, however, in the sense of support, but is a mask. Two years ago (February 25, 1931) in these pages I described the first experiment with a similar shell, at the New School for Social Research. I then gave Mr. Urban insufficient credit for the innovation. It is his device that is here developed and properly used; its value becomes apparent. No confusion exists between what is shell and what is supporting structure; hence the shell can both look and be itself.

There are further architectural pleasures which arise from a good plan. The seats are generously spaced; they are comfortable; the sight-lines are excellent; and everywhere you can hear plainly without echo or burr. Despite the capacity of 6,200 the greatest distance from the stage is actually less than at the Capitol or the old Roxy, the theater being as wide as the block. Instead of the usual deep balcony, which cuts the average auditorium in two, there are three shallow "mezzanines." The impossible remains impossible, however, and no power of paradox can quite reconcile huge with intimate; so if the stage is to be used for anything much smaller than massed ballets and big orchestras, either it must be covered with a huge lens, or, as a friend has suggested, Robert Edmond Jones, the art director, will have to supply the actors with visible facial expressions by means of three-foot masks.

The architectural firms were three: Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; and Hood and Fouilhoux. I would have said that the manner seems most like Hood's, but they refuse to allocate personal credit, emphasizing the group nature of their work.

Roxy, the director, entered into collaboration on the music hall some six months after work began. Publicity releases from Radio City declare that a "sunrise at sea inspired him to this architectural triumph." Since Roxy made the sun, a sunrise must have been quite easy for him. Roxy has one advantage over God. He can apparently work backwards or forwards. He would not hesitate to create something that was already there.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

* Radio City Music Hall, in Rockefeller Center, New York City, was officially opened on December 27.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Art and Big Business

THE current witticism about Radio City Music Hall, the first to open of the Rockefeller-Radio ensemble, is that it is an auditorium and foyers to washrooms. Our best people in advanced *art moderne* circles competed for the work of styling and decorating these lounges. The jury was composed of twenty-one architects, and Roxy had the last word. Donald Deskey, who designed the modern art gallery on the top floor of the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., town house, and who also does cork and metal window displays for Saks Fifth Avenue, was put in charge of the decoration as a whole, functioning about like an orchestra conductor or a circus ring-master. The work was given out by him, subject to the approval of the architects and Roxy, and it went mostly to artists associated with, or known to, the A. U. D. A. C., advance guard of modern and modernistic artists and decorators.

The star project, however, a sixty-by-thirty-foot mural which can be seen from every part of the theater except the auditorium and the washrooms, was awarded to Ezra Winter by a special jury dominated by architects who are evidently not sympathetic to modern painting. It is painted in an inspirational style and represents "the upward march of mankind toward the great golden mountain where the Author of Life dwells beside the Fountain of Eternal Youth." The most interesting thing about this neuter composition is the story of how it was painted. Mr. Winter hired a hall and spread the canvas on the floor, and his workmen walked around on it with buckets of paint and put in the clouds and the foliage. The "mural" was then pasted to the wall. We heard it cost \$35,000, but neither Mr. Deskey nor the R. K. O. people will talk prices.

Queerly enough, the stylistic difference between the Winter painting and the rest of the décor makes no disharmony. The architects and artists and Roxy have all collaborated smoothly in obedience to the main principle of Roxy aesthetic, which is to displease no one. Architectural dogma supports this idea by the statement that the function of a decorator is to enhance and accentuate the lines of the room. Perspective in murals is forbidden because it "breaks" the wall, color should be muted, line should be pattern only. In other words, a muralist should be an accompanist with nothing of his own to say. Modern art takes easily to this secondary role because of its distaste for subject, its view of painting as primarily decorative, its emphasis on pure pleasure and choice contemplation, its tendency to view the artist as a superior person engaged in privately significant play. As to Roxy, what he wants is to make his patrons feel luxuriously cozy. The spectacle and the surroundings should please, amuse, and distract, should muffle and pad the emotions and make thought unnecessary.

From the point of view of what Roxy wants, the Radio City Music Hall is a huge success. The stage will provide gigantic pipe-dreams. The accommodations flatter and soothe. Every lady who powders her nose in any one of the four lounges provided for the purpose will feel like Marion Davies. Every gentleman who retires to each or all of the four corresponding foyers will feel rich and sophisticated like the beau ideal of the *New Yorker*. The art will not bother

them. Probably the ladies won't even see it, because in one of the feminine lounges it is ghostly white "Phantasmagoria of the Theater" on white parchment, in another it is a subtle fabric, in the third it is large and delicate flowers, and in the fourth nothing but mirrors, and here the dream is likely to become a nightmare. The Stuart Davis abstraction called "Men Without Women" in one of the men's lounges may excite some comment, but it would excite more if the name of the piece were written on it.

The ladies and gentlemen of the Roxy audience will meet in the main lounge, sit in plush and tweed modernistic chairs, sip their coffee, flick their cigarette ashes into restrained Varnum Poore ash-receivers, and gaze dopyly into the black depths of the glassy gun-metal columns which set off the promenade. The floors are richly padded, the walls are either polished or softly draped. Everything is subdued, discreet, costly. The eye catches on nothing but glint and smooth modulation of tone, especially since the Roxy-DeWolf Hopper party went through and had to notice three heroic-size aluminum nudes, two of which have already been disposed of.

One of them was by William Zorach. It was called "Rhythm" and stood in the main lounge. The other was an Eve, by Gwen Lux, in one of the women's lounges. DeWolf Hopper said women didn't look like that and Roxy thought they were both "too advanced," meaning that they were neither splendidly golden nor cozy. The third is a Goose Girl by Robert Laurent. She is posed discreetly in the gallery on the second floor, quietly visible from the main foyer. She looks like Irene Bordoni, and if she were made of marble she would stand a better chance of not being dispensed with, too.

As a unified work of art Radio City Music Hall cannot be taken very seriously, nor is any single creation in it of the major caliber a collector or a museum would value. It is in the good taste of this moment's fashion, but fundamentally it is as spurious, from a genuinely artistic point of view, as everything else fathered by Roxy and what he stands for. Some critics escape its implications by calling it "modernistic" instead of "modern." Others say it is at least a great step forward in the architecture and decoration of theaters. But these phrases are small apology for the vicious program both the theater and the building carry out, which is to be artistically null and socially soporific—immoral in the deepest sense.

Several of the artists seem uneasily aware of this. They blame big business. They had thought that the Rockefeller-Radio City project was giving them a chance to do their best and finest work, in collaboration with each other and for something artistically and socially necessary; in other words, it was giving them an economic meaning and a place in our social scheme, something of prime importance to folk dependent on whim, whose livelihood, as things are now, must come either from the "luxury trade" or big business, and both at a price. In the Radio City Music Hall the price turned out to be one that an artist who is also a responsible citizen, as all great artists always are, cannot pay; for such a person, as Benton says, must "make some relation to life," must contribute his thought and his point of view as well as his taste and skill, and in our times especially none but the weak can dream in a padded cell.

ANITA BRENNER

Ramsay MacDonald, Prisoner

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, December 2

IT was in August of last year that Ramsay MacDonald achieved the extraordinary coup by which he was enthroned as national Prime Minister of Britain and accepted as virtual leader of the still powerful Conservative Party. His rise to the premiership when leader of the Labor Party was one of the marvels of political history. This latest phase of his career is one that transcends definition. Joseph Chamberlain used to say that no place in the government of England was worth having except the first. In any other office a statesman had to take orders; the Prime Minister alone could have his own way, for however short a time. Mr. MacDonald would doubtless agree, although he has never, even for three months, wielded the actual authority of an Asquith or a Lloyd George. During the first stage of the National Government he possessed at least the nominal powers of a dictator. At that time his word, if he could have uttered it, would have been indorsed by Parliament and obeyed by the country. But it was only for a very brief spell that this could have been said of him. The experience of the past year has shown that he is a prisoner of the Tories. Ottawa and the Disarmament Conference, to say nothing of the unemployment crisis at home, provide dramatic proof of his helplessness, and we cannot be surprised that as the year ends, the air is full of rumors and guesses as to the alternatives that may soon be pressed upon him. Upon these matters I shall have a word to say at the end. Let us look first at the picture which England presents after sixteen months of a regime such as Peel and Gladstone never knew.

The Government faced the problems of 1932 virtually uncommitted. There had been no need to state a policy to the electorate. Mr. MacDonald asked for a doctor's mandate, his colleagues and supporters for a free hand. The only things quite beyond dispute were that the Tories, who had been outspoken during the campaign, would drive forward their scheme of a general tariff, and that in the interests of economy the unemployment benefits would be reduced and the social services, which had been upheld by every government for twenty years, systematically cut down.

The record of the Government so far lies within the sphere of tariffs. This was to be expected. The program of the Tories consists in tariffs. Their candidates said so, and the presence of Neville Chamberlain at the Exchequer was a plain indication of what was intended. His opponents are as ready as his friends to acknowledge that it is a remarkable feat to have made England a completely protected country, thus reversing the policy of nearly a century in the course of a few months. The change was made possible by the wearing out of the old free-trade sentiment in the country, the surrender by the Liberals of their historic position, and the continuance of Liberal ministers in the Cabinet for more than half a year after the purpose of the Tory majority had become manifest to everybody.

Ottawa is an event by itself. Before the convening of that singular conference all critics of the Government who

dwelt upon the facts of unemployment were advised to wait until after Ottawa, as though some magical remedy for the sickness of industrial Britain was to be found in tariff arrangements with four British dominions the government and peoples of which are resolved to protect their manufactures against all competitors. It is difficult to understand what expectations such politicians as Stanley Baldwin and Walter Runciman cherished with regard to Ottawa, for the latter was an earnest free trader until last year and the former has delivered speeches on the limitations of the tariff which must have done for him with the extreme protectionists. What everyone has remarked since the return of the delegates from Canada is that the results are commonly treated as small in relation to British commerce, although they are exceedingly important when considered as matters of policy. We cannot as yet begin to estimate what the results are likely to be on Britain's international trade; but it is recognized as of the greatest moment that Britain should surrender her tariff independence and, at the bidding of a limited and inexperienced politician such as the present Canadian Premier, should submit to agreements with the daughter nations of the Commonwealth binding her to tariffs that cannot be altered by the British Parliament until after a specified term of years. When Lord (once Philip) Snowden said, as he left the Cabinet, that the Ottawa agreement was to bring Britain down to a level below that of a British dominion, he was not mistaken.

Meanwhile it is to be noted that the champions of protection and the eulogists of Ottawa do not attempt to keep up the pretense that Empire tariff arrangements can in present conditions make any material difference in the grim facts of unemployment. A member of the late Labor Cabinet is busy reiterating what every American now knows quite well—that unemployment must bring down every government in the end. In a time of unprecedented stringency, when we can see no smallest sign of improvement in world conditions, it would be folly to expect that a government representing the interests once again dominant in England could devise a policy of industrial and financial reconstruction. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have no such policy. They will carry still farther their schemes of departmental economy and lower wage scales in the public services, and we cannot doubt that, despite the warnings of their own advisers throughout the country, they will continue to stiffen the administration of unemployment relief, in the somewhat desperate hope familiar to you in America that a turn in the tide cannot now be long delayed. And this brings me to the personal problem of the Prime Minister and his future.

Mr. MacDonald's case is exciting the keenest interest and, I am sure, very widespread commiseration. He has undergone a great change since the crisis of last year, and especially since the operation on his eye. These months have whitened his hair. The leader who for forty years was continually on the platform now seldom speaks outside the House of Commons and there only when he must. His more sensitive friends have lately been wishing that some means could be found by which he might be wholly relieved

of the duty of public speech, so far below the tolerable minimum of sense and sound have his utterances come to be. Until recently his physical resources were remarkable, his resilience hardly inferior to that of the most vital of his parliamentary contemporaries. We are assured by his physician that his general health is maintained, but one never meets anyone in the political world who speaks of him without anxiety. It is not improbable, I judge, that he may be able to hold on until the moment when a change in the government itself becomes imperative. What, then, of his successor? Could it be the Tory leader? Probably not, for Stanley Baldwin is believed to be wedded to the idea of the National Government; and it is undeniable that even if he were to be Prime

Minister again, it could not be for more than a brief interval. The Tory extremists who dominate the Conservative Party will not consent to be led by him. Nor do I find any instructed politicians who believe Neville Chamberlain to be a possible head of a government that retains the National label. The practical conclusion would seem to be that unless physical reasons of a compelling kind reveal themselves, Mr. MacDonad will continue in the premiership. But no prophetic sense is needed to make one feel that in the near future events may perhaps be of such a character that no man not enjoying the fulness of health and confidence can hope to command, either in Britain or in any country of Europe.

Eduard Bernstein

By LUDWIG LORE

ON Sunday, December 18, one of the last of the Old Guard of the German Social Democracy died in Berlin. Eduard Bernstein, the son of a locomotive engineer, was a dyed-in-the-wool Berliner. He loved the city of his birth as few have loved it—loved its people and its labor movement, knew its language and its slang, revered its artistic greatness, and sang its popular airs in the circle of his intimates even after he had reached a ripe old age. He was past master in the art of amiable give-and-take, with the quickness of wit and the broad, jolly humor that characterize a son of the German capital. His autobiographical works radiate this same good-natured friendliness, the comfortable atmosphere that emanates from a man who, in the midst of conflict, is yet inwardly at peace with himself and the world.

But the world will remember Bernstein, not as the author of his memoirs, nor as the recorder of those all-too-human episodes which, taken together, give us so graphic a picture of the social and political life of his time, nor as the party man who played so active a role in the day-by-day work of the Social Democratic movement. In its memory he will live as the historian and the theorist who made a contribution to the life of the international proletariat that no historian can overlook or ignore. In his collection of essays, "The National Economy of Our Times," Bernstein gave us a picture of his conversion to socialism and of his work in the Socialist movement. He portrays the reactions of the young bank clerk in the seventies of the last century to the party which, in that period, was just emerging from political insignificance and theoretical vagueness into an organized movement with a definitely outlined social philosophy and political program. At that time Dr. Karl Höchberg, the son of a wealthy Frankfurt citizen, engaged young Bernstein, who was only too eager to exchange his commercial career for political activity, as his assistant on a bimonthly periodical, *Die Zukunft*, in which he propagated an idealized middle-class socialism. When Bismarck's Socialist Exception Law (1878) put an end to Socialist propaganda in Germany, Bernstein went to Switzerland as a member of the editorial staff of the *Sozialdemokrat*, published in Zurich by the German Social Democracy for secret distribution within Germany. In 1881 Bernstein became the editor of this

fighting organ and followed it to London in 1898, when the Swiss government succumbed to Bismarck's threatening attitude. Engels, in 1881, wrote to Bebel from London: "... Bernstein is doing a splendid job... We can hardly hope to find a better man. In his hands the paper is improving from week to week, and he with it..."

During his London sojourn a gradual change in Bernstein's outlook took place—a change in his conception of the Socialist idea and the Marxian theory that crystallized into what became known as "revisionism." There he lived as far apart from the daily political struggle as a "landed English aristocrat," in the rarefied atmosphere of an abstract Fabian intellectualism. This spiritual transformation found expression in a series of articles published in 1896 in the *Neue Zeit*, the scientific organ of the German Social Democracy, of which Karl Kautsky was the editor. Three years later Bernstein systematized his theories in "The Prerequisites of Socialism and the Tasks of the Social Democracy," a book that made him the leader of revisionism.

Within the Social Democracy, during the years in which Wilhelm II endeavored to reconcile the labor movement with the monarchy, a new current was undermining the revolutionary class struggle and bringing to the fore a tendency toward a state socialism that aimed at immediate gains through parliamentary methods and preached a policy of mutual understanding between capital and labor. Bernstein became its outstanding exponent. He denied the inevitable intensification of the class struggle and the increasing impoverishment of the working class. He insisted that capitalism creates prosperous labor strata whose salvation lies not in revolution but in evolution, in the peaceful development of society into the Socialist state. In his opinion the Social Democracy, though it still spoke in revolutionary phrases, was no longer and could no longer be revolutionary in action. He demanded that the labor movement have the courage to preach what it practiced, to appear to be what it actually was—a democratic Socialist reform party. Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Kautsky, and Franz Mehring actively fought the spread of Bernstein's revisionism, which was threatening to divide the party. Had the split between the Marxian and the revisionist wings come at that time, the history of the German labor movement—indeed, the history of Germany—might

have been different. Mehring summed up his criticism of the new tendency in the pregnant words: "What, for the Marxists, is a means to an end, the incessant self-analysis with which he searches his attitude toward realities, is aim and end to the revisionist; he revises because revision is his goal; in fear of an absolute dogma he spurns every relative truth. He thinks no thought to an end and thus arrives from nothing, through nothing, at nothing."

Yet it was Bernstein who had correctly foreseen the course that German Social Democracy was to take. It followed his line, not that of the Marxists, who, as Germany grew to world power and world imperialism, strove for intensification, not amelioration, of the conflict with the ruling class. Trade unions and cooperatives with gigantic property interests amounting to hundreds of millions of marks stiffened the backbone of revisionism, with the result that the labor movement proceeded consistently to August 4, 1914, to the debacle of German and international Social Democracy.

Singularly enough, the World War, which brought the Social Democracy to an open break with its revolutionary past, found Bernstein, after a brief period of uncertainty, standing with Haase, Kautsky, and the others whose opposition to the war drove them to form the Independent Social Democratic Party. Yet this apparent contradiction may be the key to the real nature of Bernstein, the politician and the man. He had come from a Jewish, petit-bourgeois family of liberal tendencies. His father was active in liberal circles; his uncle, Aron Bernstein, was the celebrated editor of the

Berliner *Volkszeitung*. This tradition was reinforced by his ten years' stay in England. His conception of the relationship between the state and the people resembled the internationalism of the British free trader rather than that of the proletarian class struggle. The liberal pacifist in Bernstein for a time overshadowed the man of practical politics. With the end of the war and the emergence of the new issues of the revolution, he once more returned to his natural place, the Social Democratic Party, which he represented in the Reichstag up to 1928.

Characteristic of Bernstein's point of view was his attitude toward Soviet Russia. So great was his bitterness against the revolutionary methods of the Bolsheviks that he was led to an unfairness toward his opponents that was foreign to his kindly nature. In his resentment he even repeated the slanderous legend that Lenin and Trotzky had been paid for the November revolution with Hohenzollern gold. His last years, in spite of his great age, were devoted to his literary pursuits. Besides being tirelessly active in the Socialist movement, Bernstein had been an amazingly prolific writer. His works on the history of the German and the international labor movement belong to the classics of Socialist literature.

However one may evaluate Bernstein's influence on the labor movement, one must recognize the whole-heartedness and unselfishness with which he placed the rich resources of a great personality unreservedly in the service of the oppressed. The world has lost a courageous and faithful idealist.

When Men Eat Dogs

By ROBERT N. McMURRY

UNEMPLOYMENT begets psychological as well as economic problems. Much emphasis has been placed on its economic aspects; very little upon its psychological effects. It has remained for the psychology department of the University of Vienna, under the supervision of Professor Karl Bühler, and the Oesterreichische Wirtschaftopsychologische Forschungstelle, under the direction of Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld, to complete a comprehensive study of the effect of continued unemployment upon the worker himself. The stimulus to this investigation was the fact that Austria alone, with a total population of 6,500,000, has more than 500,000 unemployed, and that a like proportion is without work in Germany. The condition of many of these people is desperate. In parts of Austria it is a commonplace for a man to remark: "Yesterday we ate our dog. I hated to do it because it had been our pet, but this is the third year that I have been without work and we had had no meat in more than a month. I told my wife and children that it was horseflesh and they liked it very much."

Often an entire community is unemployed because the single industry which gave it support has been forced to close. Dr. Lazarsfeld chose as a typical example of such communities the village of Marienthal. Located approximately eighteen miles south of Vienna, Marienthal has been for nearly a hundred years the site of a mill of the Wool Spinning and Dyeing Company of Truman and Marienthal. It was the only industry in the village and when it was in

operation it employed more than 1,400 persons. It closed in March, 1929. Since then all but 37 persons out of a total population of 1,486 (98.8 per cent) have been without regular employment. Under the guise of an ostensible program of relief work, the residents of Marienthal were studied intensively.

As citizens of Austria the residents of Marienthal have for the most part received an *Arbeitslosunterstützung*, or unemployment relief. Its cost is borne jointly by Austrian employers, employees, and the state. After a maximum of thirty weeks the worker is eligible only for *Notstandshilfe*, or emergency help, which may continue for as long as one year and amounts to about 80 per cent of the unemployment relief. Both are administered by a district committee, usually a local organization. The amount of help which a worker receives varies from .72 to 1.85 Austrian schillings a day, or between 10 and 20 cents. At the conclusion of the emergency help, the individual is said to be *völlig ausgesteuert*, that is, ineligible for further assistance. Furthermore, anyone drawing unemployment-relief money is automatically barred from accepting any other employment on penalty of having his relief withdrawn. This limits the possibility of supplementary income to what can be obtained by cultivating small vegetable gardens or breeding hares. A few persons obtain occasional work with neighboring farmers, for which they are usually paid in kind.

Life in Marienthal moves in cycles of two weeks—the

period between payments of the dole. These payment days are more important than Sunday, for Sunday is only the day on which a few more prosperous families have meat. The day of the payment becomes a sort of macabre festival. The *Ratenjud*, the peddler from Vienna, comes with his stock of potatoes, meal, and fat. This is the day when payments are made on the accounts which everyone runs—the shoemaker alone has 8,000 schillings on his books and the cinema is almost universally attended on credit.

As with all people who live constantly on the verge of absolute want, the diet of the residents of Marienthal is badly balanced and monotonous. Its chief article is a sort of stew whose principal ingredient is potatoes, to which are added such vegetables and scraps of meat as are available, the whole cooked in grease. To conserve the fat, the mixture is usually left in the pot, fresh material being added occasionally to replace that which has been eaten. The effect of this diet is now evident in both the children and the adults. Among the children the health of 34 per cent was found to be very bad and only 15 per cent were rated as having normal health. No child from a family which had passed through the full period of help was found to have normal health. A similar condition, although not as pronounced, prevails among the adults.

When the mill closed, the people of Marienthal had a fairly large stock of clothes. By means of ingenious mending they still contrive to look presentable. In the case of the children, however, this is more difficult. Because of growth and activity they subject their clothing to much harder wear. Furthermore, since they attend school in a neighboring town they mingle with the children of fathers who are still employed. Thus their plight is brought home to them more vividly than to their parents, who have succeeded in isolating themselves from external contacts. No children are permitted by their parents to indulge in any sort of violent activity—even if they had energy enough—because their clothes might be irreparably damaged, and when they are gone, no one knows where any others will be obtained.

Among the parents of these children a certain fatalism has developed. When the mill first closed, there were innumerable rumors of a prompt reopening. But time passed and nothing came of them. Later a portion of the plant was demolished for the brick which composed its walls. Perhaps the best index of the apathy of these people is the record of the library. Between the years 1929 and 1931 the number of books lent decreased 49 per cent. The books are free and Marienthal has an exceptionally good stock of them. Not only has the total number of books lent decreased, but also the number of books per reader. In 1929 each borrower took out an average of 2.23 books. In 1931 the average had dropped to 1.6. When the factory was in operation, the village had a kindergarten. Part of its equipment was a set of Montessori toys. The kindergarten is closed, but the balls and the raffia and the building blocks remain, quite unused, in a box in the workers' clubroom. In the days of its prosperity Marienthal was very proud of its park. The hedges were kept neatly trimmed, the grass mowed, and the walks carefully tended. Of an evening and on Sunday afternoons it was customary to sit in the park or to stroll along the allée. Now no one goes into the park any more. The hedges are unclipped, the grass is dry and dead, weeds grow in the walks.

No longer are newspapers thoroughly read. In the words of Kurt S., one of the village political leaders, "Formerly, I read the *Arbeiterzeitung* until I knew it inside and out. Now I just look at a little of it and throw it away, in spite of the fact that I have so much more time." The *Arbeiterzeitung* is the central organ of the Social Democratic Party. It carries extended discussions of political and economic problems, and its journalistic style is such that for persons of limited education it is not easy reading. Between 1929 and 1931 its subscriptions declined 60 per cent in Marienthal, in spite of the fact that it is sold to the unemployed for only four groschen, or a little more than half a cent. On the other hand, the *Kleine Blatt*, with identical political affiliations but containing much more simple material, although it costs ten groschen, has lost only 27 per cent of its readers.

A similar lack of interest extends to politics. Formerly politics were taken very seriously in Marienthal. The best athlete of the *Deutscher Turnverein* commented sadly: "Formerly a man would not have dared to wear a *Heimwehr* emblem here! He would immediately have been beaten. Now it is quite different." At election time there is no longer any intense feeling. In the hotly contested national parliamentary election of April 24, 1932, the only demonstration in Marienthal was the destruction of a few posters. All the political organizations in Marienthal have lost from 30 to 60 per cent of their members. Finances play a small part in this defection because dues have been reduced to a minimum. It is significant, however, that by far the greatest proportion of those individuals who have retained their membership are still employed or, as students, have retained contact with the outside world. While this regression of political interest seems to be in conflict with the behavior of the people of Germany, it must be remembered that in Marienthal almost every man has the identical burden to bear.

Not all the organizations have suffered proportionate losses in membership. Some have actually grown. Chief among these is the cyclists' club. Since these people can no longer afford car fare, their bicycles remain their only mode of transportation. The Catholic kindergarten, *Frohe Kindheit*, has also shown a growth. However, the most significant growth, because it conflicts with the religious prejudices of many of the people, is that of the Social Democratic cremation society, *Die Flamme*. It is simply cheaper to be burned than buried.

Before the factory closed, a moment of free time was a precious thing in Marienthal. Since the women as well as the men were employed, it was necessary for them to do their housework at the conclusion of their work in the mill. Often they were forced to work half the night to keep their homes in order. Now all this is changed. These people are literally drowned in time. To the once busy workers the presentation of this leisure has been a tragic gift. Freed from the necessity of being punctual, or ever hurrying, time has lost its meaning. Nevertheless, a double conception of time prevails in Marienthal—one for the men, quite another for the women. In the case of the women, the necessity of caring for the children, preparing the meals, and doing the housework tends to keep them more closely in touch with reality. Although these women now have infinitely more time than when they were employed, the means at their disposal for keeping house are so much more restricted that

even simple tasks take much longer than before. So much time has to be spent in devising ways to make the old things serve just a little longer. And there is the perennial question of what to cook and how to prepare it. But underlying everything is the fact that as a result of three years of malnutrition these women do not have the strength they had formerly.

The only person who was observed hurrying in Marienthal was the village fool. For hours men stand about the street, alone or in groups. They lean on house walls or the bridge railing. Many smoke pipes. They hold long aimless conversations. If a wagon passes, they raise their heads a little. One day at noon, when street traffic was at its height, the speed of movement of 100 pedestrians was timed. The average gait of the men was one and one-half miles per hour; the women moved slightly faster. Only six men, of the sixty-eight who were observed, walked to their destinations without stopping from one to three or more times. Only eighteen of these men carried watches. Thirty-one others had left theirs at home. The others did not own watches. Many of these men have lost the capacity to judge the passage of time. They cannot distinguish one hour from three. Their day has three points of orientation—getting up, the noon meal, going to bed. They can remember little else. If questioned, they will say: "I got up and presently it became midday. Then presently it was time to go to bed"—nothing more. If pressed to define this "presently," an individual can usually recall a few of the outstanding events of the day, such as washing the baby or feeding the rabbits. The great majority of its happenings have left no impress upon his memory. Any trifling stimulus may determine the course of his behavior for the ensuing hour. Often these men forget to come in for meals. Frau Lisl K. complained: "Now we have regular quarrels every noon because my husband can never be punctual, although earlier he was punctuality itself." The behavior of these men strikingly resembles that of decerebrate animals who respond only to immediate stimuli and in the intervals between stimuli lapse into a sort of stupor.

For more than two years, almost to the time of the investigation, the morale of the people of Marienthal was well maintained. The tradition of almost a century of employment as skilled artisans had instilled a certain pride in themselves which would not permit them to break down. This was demonstrated by a stubborn refusal to work in another mill, even when an opportunity offered, at a lower wage than they had received at Marienthal. They will work for a farmer for the equivalent of a few groschen a day, but this is not at their trade, and moreover, as they are nearly always paid in kind, the smallness of the remuneration is not so apparent. Furthermore, because these families have been neighbors for so many years and have intermarried to a considerable degree, there is evident a strong group solidarity.

However, as time passes and conditions do not improve or show any prospect of betterment, several factors conspire to undermine the morale of the people of Marienthal. Probably foremost among these is the realization that they are trapped; that they are in a prison without bars. There is no work for them in Marienthal, or, for that matter, in all Austria. Nor is there any place else for them to go. Nowhere are there jobs, and if there were, there is no money with which to travel. They recognize that they are helpless, that they must remain in Marienthal. Relentlessly the time

approaches when they will no longer receive a dole, when, no longer eligible, they will have not even that meager income on which to depend. Meanwhile, their clothes become more worn, their household possessions are giving out, but there is no source from which they can be replaced. It is obvious to all of them that under present conditions it is useless for them even to hope.

This pessimism shows itself even in the children. Twelve-year-old Johann H. writes: "I wish to be either a flier, a submarine captain, an Indian hunter, or a mechanic. But I am very much afraid that I shall have great difficulty in finding a position! I hope that in the future I can have a care-free life. I feel so sorry when I see my parents and all the people in need suffer." Thirteen-year-old Mitzi M. writes: "I should like very much to become a seamstress, but I feel that I shall be unable to obtain a position and that I shall have nothing to eat."

The young men in Marienthal are rarely accompanied by the village girls of their own age. The girls have gone off with other young men from the neighborhood who are still employed and who can, in consequence, take them to dances or the cinema. Among the older women, regret at the closing of the mill is as much social as financial. Frau Wetti F., aged thirty-nine, voiced the almost universal plaint of these women: "If I could go again into the mill, it would be my most wonderful day. It is not only the money, but here in my four walls, so alone, I cannot live."

And inescapable is the fact that the health level of these people is continually sinking. As long as a man is employed in Austria, he has compulsory health insurance, but when he is without work, this protection ceases at once. If he becomes ill and has no money he receives no medical attention. Sporadically the Social Democratic organization sends a physician to Marienthal, but between his infrequent visits the people there are without medical service. If the sick die, the cremation society provides the funeral; if they do not, then they simply constitute an additional load on an already overburdened community.

But one recourse remains to the people of Marienthal—that is to attempt to reduce their requirements to the point where their incomes, no matter how small, will cover them. As they pass from unemployment relief to emergency help with its smaller remuneration, more and more of their wants must remain unsatisfied. There must be less food, of a poorer grade. Sugar must be eliminated entirely. The rent, although it amounts to only sixty cents a month, must be carefully hoarded. There can be no light at night. In the winter the family must remain a great part of the day in bed to conserve fuel. The only source of meat is an occasional cat or dog. When they finally become no longer eligible for any help, even necessities must be given up. Their demands must be constricted within a constantly narrowing circle.

The effect of this deprivation is noticeable in the children. So accustomed have they become to denying themselves everything that they have lost the capacity to wish. At Christmas 100 children were asked to prepare a list of the things which they would like to have if their parents were still employed. In this list the average value of all the items for which they wished, mostly practical or school requisites, amounted to 1.2 schillings. Ten per cent of the children questioned had received nothing at all for Christmas. Sixty-eight per cent received only necessities. The fact that 10 per cent were

given nothing at all is highly significant because the custom of making presents to children at Christmas is very deep-rooted in Austria.

Dr. Lazarsfeld has classified the people of Marienthal in three groups in terms of their reactions to their circumstances. In the first group are those who do not seem to have been affected. These he calls "normal." In the second division are those who still make an effort to maintain themselves, even though they recognize its ultimate futility. These Dr. Lazarsfeld calls "resigned." The third category includes those who have simply abandoned the struggle. There is a limit beyond which it is impossible to economize. This he characterizes as the "zero" or "breaking-point." When an individual reaches this stage, he breaks. Some take to drink. Others run away. If the husband and not the wife breaks, she will usually maintain the home. When she breaks, the home collapses. The children are no longer cared for or sent to school; meals become irregular; housekeeping is neglected; every action is marked by a reckless irresponsibility. These individuals he classifies as "broken."

At the time of the investigation, December, 1931, Dr. Lazarsfeld estimated that only 19 per cent could be classified as "normal," 49 per cent as "resigned," and 32 per cent as "broken." Furthermore, the average monthly income for "normal" families he found to be 34 schillings, or \$4.76; for "resigned" families, 30 schillings, or \$4.20; and for "broken" families, 23 schillings, or \$3.22. As more and more families are taken off the lists of those who may be helped, their incomes will fall to the level of those who have already broken. Whether or not all of these will break is problematical. From the trend of the past two years Dr. Lazarsfeld believes that most of them will.

What effect the reduction to despair and irresponsibility of large numbers of people will have upon the political fortunes of Central Europe, citing it as a single example, is quite unpredictable. However, Dr. Lazarsfeld thinks that it will be considerable. When people abandon nearly all the restraints which have marked their lives from childhood, when the social *mores* are no longer observed, their behavior can hardly be other than capricious. They are hungry. Their clothes are in rags. Their children are suffering. They themselves are half sick. A demagogue promises them food, shelter, work. Will they stop to analyze the validity of his program or the merits of his claim? Dr. Lazarsfeld doubts it. Rather, they will follow him, no matter how impossible his pretensions or how great a sacrifice on their part it entails.

If Marienthal were a single instance in an otherwise prosperous country, its plight would be pitiable but not profoundly significant. But Marienthal is not an isolated case. There are literally thousands of Marienthals in Central Europe alone. Even though a city or village may not be composed entirely of unemployed, every one has its quota of those without work. Dr. Lazarsfeld believes that probably many of these, too, are approaching the level of despair. Nothing exactly comparable to the present depression has ever faced Europe before. Therefore it is impossible to predict with certainty its final effects. Nevertheless, it seems almost inevitable that the people whom economic pressure has forced to the breaking-point and beyond will play some role in shaping the destinies of Europe. Whatever this role may be, one thing is certain: it will be dictated not by reason but by emotion.

In the Driftway

WORDS, words, words! Not merely the quantity of them but even more the shifting character of the flood fascinates the Drifter. Figures in regard to the increasing output of books and the expansion of newspapers are impressive, but fluctuations of vocabulary offer a subtler study. The rise of new words in this century, growing largely out of progress in science and technology, has been staggering. Mark Sullivan, in "Our Times," tells the sad story in this respect of the Oxford "New English Dictionary," which was begun about 1888 and designed to occupy forty years in the making. While the scholars were still at work on the letter "A," about 1893, the word "appendicitis" came into popular use, but too late to be included. Likewise while the learned jugglers with words were carrying on their cloistered labors with the letter "C," an innovation called the "cinema" stole in on them unawares, though later they grabbed it by the scruff of the neck and forced it into the dictionary under "K" as "kinema."

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WHEN the dictionary was completed in 1928, the compilers were appalled to discover that while they had been at work, one new word had broken into the language for every ten old ones. So they set about a supplement, which doubtless will be followed by a supplement to the supplement, and so on. The supplement-makers were asked to include forty-three new words to describe various shades of women's stockings. They were conservative gentlemen who in the days when they were most concerned with women's stockings were able to discern only two colors, white and black, and they refused to introduce a new category. The supplement to "Webster's New International Dictionary," in 1929, contained 3,000 words that had come into accepted use between 1909 and 1927.

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AS a rule people are more impressed by the advent of new words than by the disappearance of old ones. The average person's capacity for vocabulary is not highly elastic but fairly rigid, depending upon education, occupation, reading, and hobbies. A modern savant declared recently that 100 words would constitute a serviceable vocabulary, and the Drifter has a friend who maintains that a knowledge of four words gives one 60 per cent of the male conversation in Spanish-speaking countries. (No, the Drifter will not name the quartet.) However that be, it is probable that the addition of new words to the average vocabulary means the retirement of an equal number of old ones. It may be a long time before they are dropped from the dictionary or even labeled "Obs.," but that is because, unfortunately, this is an age in which construction outruns destruction and we don't half clean up our litter as we go along. Take the revolution worked by the automobile. We all can pop out a score of new words which it has made familiar, but we do not consider the old ones which it has rendered practically obsolete. A quarter of a century ago every country child, and many city children, could name all the important parts of a harness or a wagon, but how many grammar-school graduates today

could define hames, crupper, breeching, blinders, traces, hip strap, pole, whiffle-tree, or describe a buckboard or a democrat wagon?

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DIALECTS are supposed to be disappearing. In the matter of varied pronunciation doubtless this is a fact, but in regard to differences in vocabulary are we not merely shifting from ■ geographical to a vocational base? Residents of Boston, Mobile, St. Paul, and San Antonio may talk more alike than they used to, but railroad men, bond salesmen, baseball fans, bridge fiends, and similar groups seem each to be developing a specialized vocabulary more and more difficult for the outsider to comprehend. Webster (the cartoonist, not Noah) has seized on this tendency for ■ series of newspaper drawings on the theme, "He doesn't speak our language."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Students on Strike

[We print here three letters on the recent student strike at Commonwealth College which resulted in the withdrawal of thirty-three students. The college is run on a cooperative basis. The students work twenty hours ■ week on the school farm and pay ■ tuition of \$120 a year. The teachers work fifteen hours ■ week and give their services in return for maintenance.]

The first letter comes from one of the strikers. It was written while the strike was still in progress. The second is the reply of Lucien Koch, director of Commonwealth College. The third is a personal letter written by one of the students who did not strike to ■ friend in New York.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Commonwealth College, a radical, non-factional labor school near Mena, Arkansas, has frequently attracted considerable attention because its students and teachers work together on the campus-farm for their maintenance. At present thirty-four students of the college, or more than two-thirds of the entire student body, are on a scholastic and industrial strike, in protest against the expulsion of two of their leaders and against what they consider the non-cooperative attitude of the college administration. Six strikers were arrested on warrants of trespass sworn out against them by the administration. The case was suspended by ■ justice of the peace on condition that the two expelled students leave the grounds.

The two student leaders, Henry Forblade of Newark, New Jersey, and Jack Copenhaver of San Francisco were expelled after they had led a two months' fight for student representation on the Commonwealth College Association and for the right of students to self-discipline.

The trouble has been brewing for about a year and a half. It broke this quarter when the student body in ■ meeting denounced what they termed the dictatorial attitude of the association, and declared that such a body had no place in a radical labor school. At that time they demanded the right of self-discipline and student representation on the association. They also asked that steps be taken toward the admission of Negro students. The association refused to accede to any of these demands. However, when the students first threatened to strike, the association granted the right of self-discipline. This concession was looked upon by the students as a long step toward representation on the association, and all was comparatively

quiet until Friday, December 2, when the association suddenly announced that Forblade and Copenhaver had been suspended. The students, on the assumption that the right of self-discipline included the right to pass on suspensions and expulsions, decided to strike if their leaders were not reinstated. After a meeting with the student committee, the association announced that the students would be given representation after Forblade and Copenhaver, whom it denounced as trouble-makers, had left. The students asked that the association reconsider. The association then announced that it would suspend action pending the decision of the Student Disciplinary Committee, consisting of five members elected by the student body.

The Student Disciplinary Committee decided that both Forblade and Copenhaver should remain at Commonwealth on probation and that student representation should be granted. This action, according to the leaders of the strike, was the only solution to the problem. The strike committee demanded that the association announce its final decision by half-past seven on Saturday evening. When the association did not answer, the time was extended to eight o'clock and a student delegation was sent to plead with the association that a decision be made. At eight o'clock the strike was called.

The striking students have elected a "strike committee" of five to direct the action of the group and are behaving in an orderly, disciplined fashion. They will not return, their committee has announced, until four conditions have been complied with. These are: (1) unconditional reinstatement of Forblade and Copenhaver; (2) a guaranty that both will be readmitted for the new quarter beginning January 3; (3) no discrimination against students taking part in the strike; and (4) adequate student representation on the association, which is the administrative board. In the meantime, all classes and unnecessary maintenance work have been stopped. The strike committee has taken complete charge of the school and the grounds, and according to its statement, will allow only necessary functions, such as cooking and food gathering, to be carried on. These functions will be performed by the striking students.

The students are spending their time singing radical songs, going on hikes, reading in the library, and attending student assemblies which are held about twice ■ day. Feeling is running high against the seventeen students who refused to answer the strike call. They are being called scabs, and mass picketing of classrooms and the farm is being employed to keep them from breaking the strike.

Mena, Ark., December 4

SAMUEL ROMER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In fairness to your readers, I should state that I was off the campus during the time of the "student strike," which Mr. Romer attempts to explain as ■ active participant. However, I was in close touch with events leading up to the crisis and have since received detailed accounts from both sides.

The basic issue of the strike, now a thing of the past following the withdrawal of those who struck, was not student representation but an attempt to force the school to abandon its non-factional position and adopt the position of the Communist Party. That not all the strikers were Communists or even completely aware of the aims of the two students against whose suspension they protested is merely a testimonial to the clever strategy of the Communist group in bringing extraneous issues to the fore.

The strike was not ■ spontaneous outburst of student indignation but a well-planned move led by the two suspended students and going back many months. The "conspirators" naturally seized every opportunity to engender bitter feelings against the association of permanent members. Incoming students, a majority of the student body this fall, were "rushed" and filled

with propaganda against the "bosses," who, incidentally, give their services without compensation except bare maintenance. With an ingenuity which might better have been exercised against some capitalist exploiter, they played upon the idealism and class loyalties of sincere but inexperienced youths, many of them but newly enrolled in the radical ranks.

The issue of students' participation in the management is no new one at Commonwealth, but has never been the occasion for serious friction before. The constitution of the Commonwealth College Association provides for student eligibility to membership after six quarters of attendance, and at various times a considerable proportion of the memberships have been held by students. Lately, on account of economic conditions, which make long attendance more difficult, the ratio of student members has become smaller, and plans have been under consideration for reducing the period for eligibility. Assuming good faith on the part of all in the community, there is no reason why the problem need be an insurmountable one.

The final straw was an organized attempt on the part of the "conspirators" to force the association to eliminate certain teachers whose political views did not square with the brand of Marxism held by the protesting students. This attempt was made despite the fact that the teacher upon whom the attack was centered was upheld by every member of his class and was teaching a subject which was not required.

Such unpleasant conduct being especially disruptive in a small educational community, isolated from urban contacts and dependent on its own social life, the association was finally compelled to accept the challenge. Its action consisted of suspending until the end of the quarter for "uncommunal behavior" the two Communist students who were chiefly responsible for the agitation.

Far from accepting the suspension, the two students remained on the campus for several days to create more dissension, whip up emotion, and play at revolution. The situation which had developed cannot be correctly understood without placing proper emphasis on the mass feeling created in a group which found a strike more exciting than studies and which, in this state of mind, was led to believe that the struggle was being waged over the rights of the group versus those of the association. The strikers, under orders of the "strike committee," broke locks of college buildings, picketed the office, the classrooms, the library, the workshop, the store, and other college buildings, and blocked the public mail highway, holding association members virtual prisoners. The college truck was put out of commission. A Communist Party member took over management of industrial work, and the strikers otherwise assumed control of the school.

To protect its educational plant, there was no course open to the association except to call in legal assistance. This was only done, however, after the insistent declarations of the two suspended students that they would leave under no other conditions. Charges against them were not pushed, after their departure to a hard-earned martyrdom. Their followers accompanied them, many of them reluctantly, but with no other course open to their pride.

The episode will undoubtedly be more difficult for the public to understand than for those who know the workings of our community—normally a delightful place but occasionally suffering from its concentrated but not thoroughly integrated varieties of radicalism. We feel very sorry that the followers of the Communist Party on the campus have not been content with their opportunity freely to propagandize their economic and political beliefs, which this school, with its prevailing "left" philosophy, was so willing to grant them. We merely objected to being mistaken for the capitalist system and made a target for Communist wrath.

Mena, Arkansas, December 13

LUCIEN KOCH

DEAR —: I will try to give you a clear picture of the situation from my point of view. The two students that were expelled had been complaining all summer from what I heard. I had been here no more than a week when a student meeting was called. I was rather surprised to hear the students speak so disparagingly of the faculty and the association. These two boys seemed to be running the meeting. They succeeded by clever talking in getting a number of "demands" passed by the student body to be presented to the association. Some of them were as follows: get a Negro student into the school as soon as possible; abolish the ten o'clock curfew; demand 50 per cent student representation in the association; demand more student participation in outside labor activities; and several others. Some of these were more than justified, others dealt with problems about which we knew less than nothing. Of course we saw only one side of the question and voted that way. The boys were clever enough to include in these demands some changes that even we who had been here only a short while considered reasonable. I consider the ten o'clock curfew entirely unnecessary, and I was thoroughly in favor of more outside participation in labor struggles, but I was not in favor of 50 per cent representation on the association because even at that early date I saw that it was a move to get control of the school.

There was endless discussion which took up a huge amount of our time. There were meetings every two weeks protesting against all sorts of things. The amount of work done in the way of studies was just a big joke. The association realized this and decided it would be best for the school if the two boys left. The strike was called when the association suspended them. I opposed the strike for several reasons. As I saw it, it was a matter of either a successful strike—and as a result no college at all or a college controlled by the Communist Party—or a college run along the same lines as before and governed by the same body—which suited me better. In my first strike I was a scab. Was I justified?

Thirty-three students have left from almost pure emotion. I sincerely think that they will regret it before long.

A COMMONWEALTH STUDENT

Mena, Arkansas, December 10

50,000 Foreclosures

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It may interest your readers to know that according to the United States census of 1920 there were approximately 76,000 farm home-owners in North Dakota on January 1 of that year. Statistics taken this year show that about 50,000 of these farms have been lost by formal foreclosure since 1920. How many have been turned over to the mortgagees without any foreclosure proceedings is not known. If you add to the figure given above the number of farms lost through tax sales, you will realize that the farmers of North Dakota have been or soon will be reduced to tenantry.

Christine, N. D., December 12

O. S. GUNDERSON

Socialists and Progressives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For Norman Thomas and Gabriel Heatter to discuss the advisability of putting a false-face on the Socialist Party is close to nonsense. The important circumstance is that it is impossible for a progressive to support a Socialist hypothesis which he does not believe in or, perhaps, cannot understand; whereas a Socialist can support progressive measures which seem to him inadequate.

In other words, the two can keep together only if the speed of the faster is adjusted to the gait of the slower.

Mr. Thomas can be understood to say that the Socialist vote was small because the discontent was too great. (In 1928, there was too little discontent.) He suggests that the vote which was counted for La Follette merely indicates exactly the right amount of discontent at that time. This analysis may be correct, but it is also possible that the fault is not in the stars but in the unwieldiness of socialism.

Bogota, N. J., December 12

JOSEPH NEVIN

"Hunger"—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The first showing of the hunger-march film, produced by the Workers' Film and Photo League, with the collaboration of members of the League of Professional Groups, will be given Monday, January 2, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway, New York, from 10 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Besides being the only complete and uncensored film record of the hunger march, this three-reel picture represents an attempt to interpret and dramatize the conditions of destitution and misery out of which the hunger march arose.

The perversion and distortion of the facts by both the conservative press and the commercial newsreel companies has been little short of scandalous. At this premiere of "Hunger" members of the Writers' Committee who covered the hunger march for the League of Professional Groups will corroborate the film record by their personal reports as eyewitnesses. Among the speakers, one of whom will be present at each performance during the day, will be Malcolm Cowley, Michael Gold, Felix Morrow, Edward Dahlberg, and Robert Cantwell.

New York, December 21

JAMES RORTY

League of Professional Groups

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN DEWEY is the chairman of the League for Independent Political Action.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

DOUGLAS HASKELL has contributed articles on architecture to the *Studio*, *Creative Art*, the *New Republic*, and other publications.

ANITA BRENNER is the author of "Idols Behind Altars."

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the *London Spectator*.

LUDWIG LORE was formerly editor of the *New York Volkszeitung*.

ROBERT N. McMURRY is doing graduate work at the University of Vienna under the auspices of the Austro-American Student Exchange.

ERNEST BOYD is one of the editors of the *American Spectator*.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

CLAUDIUS MURCHISON is professor of economics at the University of North Carolina.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

GERALD SYKES contributes fiction and reviews to various periodicals.

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JOHN J. CHAPMAN

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Literary Journalism

Titans of Literature. By Burton Rascoe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

QUOTING a famous passage from Bernard Shaw, Mr. Rascoe takes the words out of his reviewer's mouth. "Nevertheless, journalism is the highest form of literature; for all the highest literature is journalism." There has always been a certain snobbery in the acceptance or rejection of the word "journalist," evaded in the characteristic American manner by describing a "journalist" as a "newspaperman." If my ear had not been long since attuned to the euphemisms of American pseudo-elegance, or pseudo-democracy, I should, naturally, have assumed that a "newspaperman" was a man whose trade it was to sell newspapers, but the American pseudo-euphemism covers a multitude of plain facts. By any other name, however sweet, a journalist is a journalist, and Mr. Shaw was right when he faced that fact and decided he was a journalist.

"The writer," in Shaw's own words, "who aims at producing the platitudes which are 'not for this age, but for all time'" is not a journalist; he may be something more; he is usually something less. Mr. Rascoe, in this Great Republic of newspapermen, is that unique phenomenon, a literary journalist. He has, that is to say, as keen an interest in literature as the average newspaperman has in booze, baseball, and the platitudes of politicians; he can make literature as lively a news topic as the usual sport and political bilge which newspapers and their newspapermen delight to honor; and he can, at the same time, render real service to literature and its unfortunate victims. When Mr. Rascoe edited the literary supplement of the *New York Tribune*, that overgrown village actually witnessed a first-rate literary journalist at work. Needless to say, that did not last very long. Mr. Rascoe failed to dish up the platitudes meant for all time as if they were the latest news. He was—apparently—a bad newspaperman. But he was a superb journalist.

In the interval since his departure from the *Tribune*, Mr. Rascoe has lived in comparative retirement in one of those suburbs which can be more conveniently reached by the New York, New Haven and Hartford than through the fastnesses of the Pennsylvania Station, Long Island side, and he has produced, as a result of his meditations, a book which admirably expresses himself and his attitude toward literature. In a sense, "Titans of Literature" is another "Outline of Philosophy," save for the fact that Mr. Durant has never, I imagine, sent anybody to the original works of the writers of whom he speaks, whereas Mr. Rascoe's heresies and enthusiasms are designed to provoke an immediate response to the authors whom he discusses. For the accepted figures of world literature he does in this volume what he did editorially on the *Tribune* for the literature of the world.

Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Villon, Montaigne, Cervantes, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Milton, De Foe, Goethe, Byron, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Verlaine, Dickens, Shelley, Flaubert, Whitman, Poe, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Mark Twain, Anatole France, and George Moore are the "titans" about whom Mr. Rascoe discourses, not in chronological order, but in the order I have named. One notes at once that this is both an arbitrary and a conventional selection. One even notes that Mr. Rascoe must have read his Russians in French, since Dostoevsky and Tolstoy are the standard and now accepted spellings of those names in the definitive English editions of their work. One notices that he does not know the meaning

of the Italian word *commedia*, and at certain points one longs to impart information which is, of course, available in every textbook. For example:

In the chapter on Anatole France he writes: "Some of the questions left unanswered by those who have written about France were: (1) To whom was France first married, what was she like, how long did the marriage last? . . . (2) When did France first meet Madame de Caillavet . . .?" In a book indorsed by Mr. Rascoe I read this about his first wife: "Valérie Guérin came from too good a family; Anatole France, like his hero, Professor Bergeret, was later made to suffer from his wife's pride of birth. She was the granddaughter of the painter Guérin, celebrated for his miniatures of Marie Antoinette. Valérie Guérin was a lovely blonde, with very beautiful hands and feet." And the same author states that "Madame de Caillavet first met France in 1883," and that the earlier marriage, which occurred in 1877, terminated in a divorce in 1893. In his chapter on Milton Mr. Rascoe not only assumes, erroneously, that he is the first to blaspheme against the sanctified reputation of that eminent bore, but in a list of the sources from which Milton stole his concept of "Paradise Lost" he omits the "Carmen Paschale" of Sedulius, which antedated by more than one hundred and fifty years the "Adamo Canuto" of Salandra, which is given as the source of Milton's epic. Nor is there any mention of Dracontius, Victor, and Avitus, three Latin poets who flourished at the close of the fifth century, whose work, together with that of Sedulius, was shown by the Irish scholar, Dr. George Sigerson, to be the *fons et origo* of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In what is presumably a reference to Kuno Meyer, Mr. Rascoe rashly ascribes the Irish literary renaissance to "a spark ignited by a German scholar," when that spark was ignited by a group of Dublin students of Gaelic.

I remember that when H. G. Wells published his "Outline of History," the current gibe was that if one knew nothing of biology, one thought he was a great biologist, but if one knew a lot about biology, one thought he must be a great historian. In other words, the specialist can always detect flaws and decided errors in works of a comprehensive character written by a non-specialist in any of the fields covered. I have not examined "Titans of Literature" in that spirit. The few points I have raised merely jumped to the eye of a casual observer. But what also jumped to my eye was the charming vitality of Mr. Rascoe's interest in all literature, his obvious belief that great books are alive and of thrilling interest, that they should not be left to the dead hands of the professors, whose delight it is to champion the great and the mediocre alike, provided they are dead.

In this connection Mr. Rascoe's onslaught on the Romans, the dreariest bores in recorded history, and their dreary literature should be read by all intelligent youngsters. As Mr. Rascoe insists, the greatest Latin writers are not the pets of the pedagogues—Cicero, Vergil, and those other horrors of schooldays—but Petronius, Horace, Catullus, and Propertius. He might, I think, have added Tacitus and Lucretius, who certainly deserve all the attention wasted upon Livy, Ovid, Vergil, and Cicero. He rightly points out that Greek was the cultured language, and that if one must read an epic it is better to go to the Greek original than to the stilted Latin copy; that there is nothing anywhere in Latin comparable to Aristophanes, Thucydides, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Herodotus; that even Xenophon was never so dull, despite his parasangs, as Caesar, with his ablative absolutes. If one classical language, and only one, must be taught, for heaven's sake let it be the civilized, subtle, charming, and beautiful language of the Greeks, not the Western Unionese of the super-Babbitts who divided Gaul into three parts.

In the course of his five hundred pages—or nearly so—Mr. Rascoe touches on topics too numerous to be commented upon in a brief article. Even when his scholarship is unimpeachable, no pedant will approve, because he bases his likes and dislikes upon personal human emotions, and not upon the theory of what is and what is not the right thing. I have always denied that literature can be “taught,” but a mind inclined toward books can be guided by those who have enjoyed the kind of experience of literature which is infectious. That has, fortunately for Mr. Rascoe and his readers, been the kind of experience which prompted the writing of “Titans of Literature,” and I can think of nothing better for a bookish youngster than to be presented with this book. Those of us who, like the author, managed to emerge from the grasp of the professors with our appetite for reading whetted and our desire for heretical enthusiasm stimulated, will turn his pages with an indulgent and often tender smile. It is good to be reminded of the kind of literary talk which sent one in pursuit of books.

It is not the kind of talk which sets one gerund-grinding or cramming facts to answer examination papers. It is the kind of talk that compels one to read or to reread, and to see in the grammarians’ funeral the living reality of literary art.

ERNEST BOYD

The Age of Reason

The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers.
By Carl L. Becker. Yale University Press. \$2.

WHENEVER Professor Becker writes a book, it is always the product of years of study and reflection. This volume of essays consists of an analysis of the intellectual movement in the eighteenth century, with special reference to the French *philosophes*. Professor Becker is that rare historian who both knows his facts and sees their significance—for us. The thoughtful reader, if he be of the liberal persuasion, can do no better than to read this keen analysis of the creed which became the battle cry of the intellectuals of the eighteenth century.

Every age, according to Professor Becker, has its “climate of opinion,” which is denoted by certain “key words.” In the eighteenth century, the Age of Reason, the key words were Nature, First Cause, Reason, Humanity, “without which no enlightened person could reach a restful conclusion.” In sharp contrast was the “climate of opinion” that came down from the Middle Ages, whose key words were God, Sin, Grace, Salvation. The *leitmotif* of Professor Becker’s book is that the underlying preconceptions of eighteenth-century thought were still essentially the same as those of the thirteenth century, that the philosophers “demolished the Heavenly City of St. Augustine only to rebuild it with more up-to-date materials.”

Now what were the up-to-date materials? At the foundation was the worship of Nature which the new builders substituted for the worship of God. And they looked into the Book of Nature with the same feelings of finality for a revelation of its laws as those with which the theologian looked into the Bible for a revelation of the Divine Will. Having “denatured God they deified Nature,” which became the test and standard of all things. What was new was merely a new dogmatism. Despite their surface cynicism the philosophers were men of faith, with “an eager didactic impulse to set things right.” They transformed the Christian ideal of service into a passion for social and political reform. By means of Locke’s sensation theory they rationalized the Christian will to believe into the conviction that men could, by using their natural faculties, deliberately bring their ideas and their conduct into harmony with the universal natural order.

All these views, according to the author, have no place in the modern climate of opinion, which is “factual rather than rational.” It is dominated by history and science, not by abstract principles and logical reasoning. In an especially illuminating chapter on the New History Professor Becker explains that the eighteenth century was not anti-historical, as is commonly supposed. On the contrary, the philosophers of the period were very much interested in history, in which they did pioneer work, as witness Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall” and Voltaire’s “Essai sur les mœurs.” But they studied history with a purpose, and that purpose was “to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature,” and to establish “rights suitable to man’s nature on the facts of human experience.” They did not study history because they loved the past, or because they saw the present as a continuation of the past, or because they were inspired by a disinterested love of truth. Finding that the light of reason was not completely satisfactory, they sought to supplement it by the light of experience.

What became of the Heavenly City built by the philosophers of the eighteenth century? Like its predecessor, the City of God, it betrayed the hopes of its prophets. When the principles of the French Revolution finally triumphed, “it was obvious that the abolition of the old oppressions and inequalities had done little more than make room for new ones.”

Professor Becker’s criticism of the philosophers of the eighteenth century is penetrating and suggestive. What makes his book especially attractive is that its pages are flavored with wit, sometimes kindly and sympathetic, sometimes subtly disdainful. The reviewer could not help reflecting upon a number of pertinent questions that came to his mind as he read this stimulating little volume. What made the “climate of opinion” in eighteenth-century France in which the *philosophes* flourished so luxuriantly? Did they just issue from the loins of Newton, Locke, and Descartes? Was the dogma of Natural Rights merely an abstract theory, or was it a battle cry of a class interest? Why this passionate interest in “man in general”? Was it not a manner of protesting against the feudal caste system?

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

Portrait of a Lady

Ellen Terry’s Memoirs. With a Preface, Notes, and Additional Biographical Chapters by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John. G. P. Putnam’s Sons. \$3.75.

ELLEN TERRY’S memoirs were first published in 1908 under the title “The Story of My Life.” A few persons recognized the high literary quality of her autobiography, among them Max Beerbohm, but in general the book was passed over rather lightly by the critics, who, if they expressed anything, expressed surprise that an actress should be literate at all. Not until the Shaw-Terry letters were published in 1931 did it become plain to a number of persons that Ellen Terry was not only an actress but a writer of parts. After the success of that lovely book, her son, Gordon Craig, angry at Shaw and his sister, Edith Craig, for permitting the letters to be published, published in turn “Ellen Terry and Her Secret Self,” in spite of the fact that after he was grown he spent very little time with his mother and as a consequence her secret self might not have been entirely revealed to him.

The present book consists of the original memoirs with copious notes at the end of each chapter, adding details which Ellen Terry was too generous to add, and explaining what needed to be explained. The biographical chapters at the end give an account of her last years, when keeping a diary was no longer possible to her, and of her death. And finally there

is ■ rather full account of the brother-and-sister controversy over the publication of Ellen Terry's writings, which is not without interest. Airing family linen in public, even when it is only slightly unfresh, is amusing enough if it is done with spirit.

But on the whole I rather think that Ellen Terry would not have been amused. She would have been interested least in the world in having justice done to herself; and it is not improbable that she would have grieved to see her children quarreling over her. It is a tribute to the present book that one feels so confident of what sort of woman she was, and of what she would have felt about this or any other controversy over herself. In her diary once she wrote ■ sentence about her interpretation of Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing": "She must be always merry and by turns scornful, tormenting, vexed, self-communing, absent, melting, teasing, brilliant, indignant, sad-merry, thoughtful, withering, gentle, humorous, and gay . . . a gallant creature and complete in mind and body." The last phrase could serve very well for an epitaph to Ellen Terry. Gallantry was certainly her first virtue; but generosity was a close second. If there was ■ trace of malice in her mind or her heart, it is not evident in her memoirs; she shows herself almost completely free from vanity, and certainly without a trace of the self-love that would make her cherish a grudge, even when a grudge was richly deserved. She could say: "I have the simplest faith that absolute devotion to another human being means the greatest happiness." And she found many persons to whom she could be absolutely devoted.

With this character, Ellen Terry may be followed through her industrious, brilliant career. It is plain that she had ■ mind—her notes on Henry Irving alone would testify to it; it is amply plain that she had ■ heart; it is evident, from the word of hundreds of her admirers, that she had ■ unique grace and an irresistible warmth and beauty; and to read her day-by-day account of her life is to know that she could write as well as act supremely well. This is an altogether charming book about ■ woman who herself was altogether charming.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

The Capitalistic Labyrinth

A Guide Through World Chaos. By G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

AS a seasoned dissenter, Mr. Cole might well have packed this volume with "I told you so's," and filled it to the brim with vitriol and evangelism. But he has actually given us ■ treatise which strives only for utter clarity of understanding. The choice was wise. From it has come a truly remarkable demonstration of the power that lies in calmness and restraint.

Mr. Cole attains his objective by doing six things well. He portrays the personality of capitalism, identifying those traits which may be said to be inherent, and which give to its behavior a certain inevitableness. Accompanying this is a description and analysis of certain pivotal institutions, such as banking systems, holding companies, and cartels, which lend themselves to the accentuation of capitalistic tendencies. The picture then broadens to reveal world economic unity through the machinery and operation of international economic activities. The war is placed in its true perspective, not as a major origin of our troubles, but as an accentuating episode. The Russian experiment is given scientific consideration, and finally there are placed before us the various alternatives from which we must choose our future course.

No conservative could award to capitalism more convincingly than does Mr. Cole the tribute which it deserves for the

achievements of the past hundred years. It has, indeed, done too well.

Modern industrialism by its very nature aims not at a static and balanced perfection, but at a constant movement from one victory to another. . . . It cannot stand still; but neither can it, even for ■ moment, wish to stand still. A static condition is fatal to it, because it is always being urged on by its own successive discoveries to production on a larger and larger scale, to an unending expansion of markets.

But eventually a point is reached when these forces, no longer having new grist to feed upon, recoil upon themselves, producing havoc internally, creating artificial trade barriers and intolerable rivalries between countries, and finally destroying the internationalism which they have built up and upon which they have flourished. Capitalism as we have it, therefore, is to be defended only as an intermediate stage in man's economic development. Though theoretically it might be reconstructed into ■ continuous blessing, Mr. Cole sees neither the will nor the means by which that can be done.

The cosmopolitan character of Mr. Cole's analyses is nowhere better illustrated than in his discussion of unemployment. The problem is not approached from the standpoint of group distress, but from that of national and international stability. There must be ■ progressive reduction of the working day to maintain employment and purchasing power in the interest of all, and through such a policy ■ country is not only protecting its own standards, but making the best possible contribution to the welfare of other nations.

To many the greatest value of the book will lie in the clarity with which it reveals the true nature of international economic relationships. The utmost concession is made to realism by dealing separately with the special situation of each country. It is in international relationships that the most poisonous concentrates of the war were deposited. Each of these poisons is adequately analyzed: the maldistribution of gold, the unstable currencies, the depreciated exchanges, the widening circle of debts, the raising of tariff walls by debtor countries to maintain the payments balance, the same procedure in creditor countries but for ■ different purpose—to keep out the deluge of goods precipitated by their own investments and loans—all ending in ■ hopeless impasse, with trade itself smothered under the debris of high finance.

The Russian experiment might be expected to receive fervid indorsement from one known to be predisposed to socialistic tendencies. Yet Russian organizations and policies receive the same cool and precise treatment as does the British banking system. The grandeur of the Soviet objective, the steadfastness of the underlying determination, the details of procedure, are clearly portrayed; but there is no minimizing of the awkwardnesses, the all-too-frequent mistakes, the planned ruthlessness, and such cold-blooded brutality as that which characterized the treatment of the kulaks.

Despite the inherent weaknesses of capitalism, Mr. Cole exhibits no great confidence in an early resort to socialism. The various countries are in different stages of readiness for economic change. Hence the most that can be done is to attempt to determine the unique composite of probabilities in each situation. The United States, lacking a powerful, unified labor group and a strong Socialist Party, but possessed of a vast army of petty tradesmen and technicians, having virtually unlimited natural resources and the traditions of individualism, offers no opportunity for communism. It is more likely to veer to a form of fascism. With slight reservations the same may be said of France. As regards England and Germany—but a review cannot substitute for the book, especially when the book happens to be the best of a comprehensive character that the depression has produced.

CLAUDIUS MURCHISON

Sanctions for Peace

Can America Stay at Home? By Frank H. Simonds. Harpers and Brothers. \$3.

WITHOUT arguing the question, Mr. Simonds flatly tells us that the answer is No, America cannot stay at home. He then proceeds with a devastating analysis of our foreign policy since the war to show that the United States has failed to understand the implications of its international position. In the first place, the American government has attempted to satisfy those who wish to retain the immunities of isolation and also those who wish to derive material gain from the newly established financial supremacy of this country. We have insisted upon keeping the high tariff, but also upon collecting the war debts and booming our export trade. By lending its unofficial support to the Dawes plan, the Coolidge Administration made it possible during a few years for Europe to borrow enough money in Wall Street to pay its debt to Washington; but the eventual result of this and other similar policies was the international depression, which made necessary the Hoover moratorium.

Secondly, Mr. Simonds stresses the fact that the United States has attempted to force its particular brand of "peace" upon other countries without understanding the complicated nature of international politics. To our innocent souls peace is a matter of good morals rather than of good economics or politics. When Europe refuses to take seriously our remedies, such as the Fourteen Points, the Kellogg Pact, and the Hoover disarmament proposal, we call Europe wicked. What we fail to realize is that unlike the United States, which has never been in danger of any attack, the European states live in deadly insecurity, and until international cooperation removes this feeling of insecurity they will cling to their arms. This inability to understand a fundamental principle in world politics has unwittingly caused the United States government to follow a consistently anti-French policy since the war. When the United States trumpets forth a demand that the world disarm, it really invites France to renounce its present superiority over other nations, but it does not give France any assurance that the disgruntled states of Europe will not take advantage of such a renunciation to tear up any international agreement which they dislike. Mr. Simonds may not put his thesis in exactly this language; but fundamentally his whole book is an argument in favor of the principle of international sanctions. Concretely, he proposes that the United States attempt to place force back of the anti-war pact and the League Covenant by agreeing for a five- or ten-year period to apply economic sanctions against any aggressor which refuses to evacuate invaded territory.

Simply written, with a minimum of detail, this book should attract many readers having little knowledge of international affairs. Valuable as it is from this standpoint, it suffers from the faults inherent in oversimplification. For example, the author's criticism of the Washington Conference is too drastic, largely because he fails to consider what the results might have been had the conference not convened. Moreover, while, admittedly, international sanctions are of fundamental importance, no system of sanctions can achieve its purpose unless it forms part of a wider organization which provides for the obligatory settlement of international disputes as they arise and for the gradual removal of such underlying causes as tariffs, war debts, maldistribution of raw materials, unjust boundaries, and mistreated minorities. Until the world is ready to attack such problems from a really international point of view, no agreement providing merely for sanctions will keep the peace.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Ex-Modernist

The Second Common Reader. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE interest which has awaited "The Second Common Reader" is different from that which awaited its predecessor. In the seven years that have passed since the appearance of her first volume of essays the critical role of Mrs. Woolf has changed. Originally she was regarded as a spokesman for some decidedly up-to-date tendencies. Not only did the public delight in her charming biographical skits; it sought her opinion on "the Russian point of view," on the insufficiencies of Bennett and Galsworthy, above all on the state of present-day letters. The first "Common Reader" closed with a paper called *How It Strikes a Contemporary*. "The Second Common Reader" closes with a paper called *How Should One Read a Book?* Right there we have the difference between the two volumes. And the public has been unconsciously growing aware of a transformation in Mrs. Woolf's status. No one regards her now as the champion of a new movement; instead, she is already beginning to be seen as one of a long line of quite orthodox belletrists and bibliophiles. When she refers by name to "English literature"—which she does in these essays with remarkable frequency—it is in a tone that a Catholic might use in referring to the church. No one could justly accuse her of being academic, but it can be said definitely that her critical standards are bookish. Twice, as though it were some sacred vessel, she imagines the Elizabethans discussing "the future of English poetry." I can speak with no authority in the matter, to be sure, but it seems more likely to me that the Elizabethans were without the reverence she would give them for the printed word. In fact, I believe that she has exposed here, slight though the instance, a rather naive and revealing misconception. The Elizabethan poets, naturally, took a passionate interest in the development of their art, but to bestow upon them retroactively that holy awe for literature which crowded shelves have brought, unfortunately, to some of us today is only too plainly the mistake of an imagination that was nurtured in the library. If the Elizabethans had felt this awe, needless to say, they would have been belletrists, not poets. And those who feel it today may produce a diverting kind of book talk, but not the best kind of criticism.

Mrs. Woolf's manner needs no description now. "The Second Common Reader" contains book talk of the highest order. It has that thing which sometimes seems all but vanished from the earth, good breeding. Passing chronologically through English literature from Donne's day to Hardy's (no living writers and no foreigners are discussed), we enjoy the refinement of one who is a lady both by birth and nature. Her polished, amiable book offers fireside pleasures which in this rude day the most apostolic opponent of archaism cannot altogether resist.

GERALD SYKES

Shorter Notices

Carlyle. By Louis Cazamian. Translated by E. K. Brown. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

Professor Cazamian's biographical and critical monograph on Carlyle appeared originally shortly before the Great War and did not at the time receive the recognition it deserved. But in the intervening years it has not been lost to sight. Judicious students of the subject have remembered and consulted it; and now in an excellent English translation by Professor E. K. Brown it should penetrate into a wider circle of readers in this

country. It is an exceptionally well-ordered and lucid study, marked by two qualities in particular—an unerring instinct for the proper emphasis and an ability to relate the facts of Carlyle's life to the development of his thought. No side of his achievement is ignored, and the pages devoted to his literary criticism, his historical writings, his social creed, and his metaphysic are all equally good. In recent years there have been several excellent studies of Carlyle; Professor Cazamian's bears comparison with any of them. It is true that in several particulars more might have been said in the way of adverse criticism; but of studies hostile to Carlyle there are enough. This book is the work of a critic and biographer in sympathy with his subject.

Flesh of the Wild Ox. By Carleton S. Coon. William Morrow and Company. \$2.75.

Mr. Coon went to the Rif before Abd El Krim had been caught and caged by the French, and while the fighting was still going on. His more formal report of his findings has been printed elsewhere under a numeral in a series of scientific studies of African life. For this more popular presentation Mr. Coon uses a unique and very valuable method. It is not fiction but it approaches fiction in immediacy and tempo. It selects a typical tribesman, sketches in his racial and family background, and follows him and his family through a representative Riffian lifetime. Thus ethnological data are made living facts by being embodied in personalities in whom we can become interested. The method is essentially the same as that used in those excellent films, "Grass," "Moana," "Nanook of the North," and "Chang." The success of the book, however, does not lie entirely in its method. Mr. Coon happens to have a talent for lively narration in a vivid, interesting style. It is a little terrifying to think of what a true dry-as-dust scholar would produce if he followed this valuable but perilous method.

Flight of the Swan: A Memory of Anna Pavlova. By André Olivéroff. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

In 1916, when Anna Pavlova was in New York reorganizing her company for a six months' engagement at the Hippodrome, she signed on a young American of seventeen from Montclair, New Jersey, and gave him the stage name of André Olivéroff, unwittingly attaching a memoirist to her staff. For more than a decade he toured in her troupe, during the later years as first classical dancer. His long association with Pavlova entailed no disillusion; from first to last his admiration for her artistry and personality remained unchanged. "She seemed to you to be at once the most completely womanly being you had ever seen and yet never quite, never exclusively, human. She was aloof in the special sense that she had so projected her genius into her art that it was almost as though she, the woman, had now become but a symbol of that greater self which was her dancing." Because they are based on knowledge both of dancing technique and of the everyday life of Pavlova, Mr. Olivéroff's eulogies impress one not as empty rhapsodies, but as sincere tributes from one artist to another. He gossips entertainingly about his fellow-dancers and describes many of the company's adventures on the road. The book is worth reading for its subject matter as well as for its charm.

Oliver's Secretary. John Milton in an Era of Revolt. By Dora Neill Raymond. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

In the choice of the main title, "Oliver's Secretary," Dr. Raymond gives an impression that she probably does not desire and that her book certainly does not merit. For although in several places she draws insufficiently established inferences for dramatic effect, she shows clearly that she has mastered a large body of intricate learning and, what is unfortunately more rare, that she has attempted and, in large measure, attained

a complete and just interpretation of her material. Dr. Raymond stresses the middle period of Milton's life, the period of his passionate defense of liberty—ecclesiastical, domestic, and political. She keeps her subject always in true perspective, never saying or suggesting that he was the greatest statesman or social thinker of the day but always aware of his actual influence. For this reason her biography neatly complements the recent study by Tillyard. Dr. Raymond's sane and thorough analysis of Milton's political and social ideas balances Tillyard's acute and philosophical literary interpretations. This volume helps greatly in making the present detractors of Milton look even more like the menagerie listed in the angry sonnet on the divorce tracts.

The Victorian Sunset. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

In "Those Earnest Victorians" Mr. Wingfield-Stratford traced the transition of England from an agrarian to a manufacturing nation. He gave us no mere chronicle of legislative landmarks; the story was told in terms of the changes in manners, morals, and art, as well as in politics, and this subject matter seemed to tempt Mr. Wingfield-Stratford into a brash flipness of style that belied the scholarship and insight of the work. The present volume, a sequel, traces the transition from the England of 1870 to the England that was ripening for the war and economic debacle. It is an even more scholarly and incisive book than its predecessor, but is marked by an even more irritating flipness. When, however, one has discounted—one cannot forgive—this rather silly effect of the author's exaggerated fear of pedantry, one has a most penetrating account of the last years of the English nineteenth century—a skilful and balanced synthesis of the trivial and the momentous.

The Road to Repeal. By Joseph Percival Pollard. Brentano's. \$2.

All the amendments to the federal constitution have been ratified by the State legislatures. The alternative method of ratification by special conventions has never been employed. Mr. Pollard, inspired by the pending repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, now pleads for the long-neglected method of submission to conventions. Unfortunately, however, he treats the question involved as one of constitutional mysticism rather than political expediency. Repeating Judge Clark's arguments at length, he hails that jurist as an intrepid hero for holding the Eighteenth Amendment unconstitutional because it was not submitted to conventions for ratification. To discredit the State legislatures, he attempts to prove that their members are usually of very low mental caliber, which may be true, but it does not follow from this that they would now defeat repeal. Moreover, as against the legislatures, Mr. Pollard exalts the judiciary as the champion of the popular will! Actually the Supreme Court has invalidated State statutes intended to secure expressions of the popular will before ratification by the State legislatures. On all the really interesting questions of expediency Mr. Pollard is practically silent. Special ratifying conventions constitute a very clumsy and expensive mode of procedure, hardly advisable unless in exceptional circumstances.

Fall of the Inca Empire. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.50.

In his "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes" Mr. Means described the remarkable culture which reached its culminating point politically in the amazing empire of the Incas, perhaps the most efficient imperial organization the world has ever seen, superior to the Roman in the fact that it imposed not only military but economic order upon its inhabitants. The subject of the present volume is the overthrow of this empire by the Spanish invasion and the institution of the rickety Spanish

colonial structure in its place. It is on the whole an unpleasant story. The conquistadors were unquestionably heroic men, but other qualities were needed to administer an empire. Under Spanish rule the Andes lands exhibited a steady retrogression. The Indian population declined under the merciless exploitation of the conquerors; the Latin civilization that had been introduced was languid. The evil results are evident to this day. A small upper class lives on the labor of the Indians, who have been reduced to the small comfort that narcotics can give them. Mr. Means writes brilliantly without sacrificing the virtues of scholarship, but his conclusion—that a paternalistic attitude toward the Indians would be the solution of their problems—seems superficial. Mere economic justice might go far toward restoring to this race something of the maturity it showed in the remarkable cultures created before the Spanish invasion.

[In the notice of G. S. Ghurye's "Caste and Race in India" in *The Nation* of December 21, 1932, there was a slip that should be obvious to those acquainted with the politics of India but that ought to be corrected for the benefit of those not so well informed. In speaking of the untouchables, the notice said that Dr. Ghurye agrees "in the main with Gandhi . . . that it would be advisable to separate them politically from the mass of Hinduism." The statement should be "that it would be inadvisable . . ."—EDITORS *THE NATION*.]

Drama

Π in the Sky

THE RED PLANET" (Cort Theater) is full of Big Ideas. It begins in the laboratory of a young scientist who thinks that he is receiving messages from Mars, but before the evening is over interplanetary communication is no miracle at all by comparison with some of the other things which have happened. The world gets religion again; a Prime Minister announces in Parliament that he is going to supplant the gold standard with the Golden Rule; and crowds of unemployed march through the streets singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Stock markets had tumbled and empires had trembled when the first of the alleged messages seemed to promise the secret of atomic energy and thus to give the final coup to a world already nearly destroyed by its technical achievements. But soon the mysterious communicant refused out of his wisdom to supply any more scientific information. Messages awesomely reminiscent of the Sermon on the Mount began to come instead, and the world, which had crucified its own Savior, consented to take its direction from the prophet on Mars.

Much of the play is ingenious enough. I myself was, for instance, interested by the preliminary test applied to the supposed Martians when one of the assembled experimenters suggested that they see what would happen when the signal 3.1415 was transmitted—the idea being, of course, that if the Martians had invented wireless they would certainly know all about that continuing decimal which represents the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Sure enough, the next number—namely, nine—comes promptly back, and thus it is demonstrated that there is pi in the sky—which phrase, indeed, with a slight change of spelling, might be made to state the main thesis of the drama. Stern logicians might object that only a happy accident could explain the fact that the Martians employ, like us, the wholly arbitrary convention of a decimal system. Even waiving such quibbles, it must be confessed that the play grows less credible as it goes on, and that, if the truth is to be told, it is not very good. Despite its ingenuity and despite

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■ an elaborately skilful production, it becomes, like "Wings over Europe," exasperatingly pat, and for at least two reasons it fails really to convince.

The first of these reasons is that ingenuity is not enough for such a theme. It may serve very well when nothing more momentous than the solution of ■ murder mystery is concerned, but the salvation of the world is ■ large order, and something more than ■ neat little formula is necessary if we are to believe it possible. A great poet might dare to handle the theme. He might hypnotize us with his eloquence and his passion, and he might, conceivably, sweep us off our feet. But it is only ecstasy which can make salvation seem possible, and ecstasy cannot be generated by anything so mechanical as ■ fantastic melodrama.

It is also unfortunately true that no very convincing reasons are given to explain why humanity should suddenly decide to live by the Golden Rule, or why its new faith should be so much more effective than the old. For at least 1,500 years the vast majority of Western men believed that that rule had been laid down by ■ very personal God who promised eternal bliss to all who would follow it. Yet the most literal and absolute belief was insufficient to hold in check the natural appetites, and it is difficult to see how ■ modern's faith in his Martian prophet could be any more complete or effective than the faith which history has already shown to be not nearly enough.

It is not, however, really necessary to bring in such subtle considerations in order to explain why "The Red Planet" fails to achieve its ambitious intentions. The fact that the imagination of the author is by no means up to it is quite sufficient. The idea is one of those ideas which sound stunning if they are suggested late at night by one playwright to another. But like most of such it does not work out any too well, and what ought to be sublime is only rather irritatingly glib.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Civic Repertory Theater. It will fascinate children and adults alike by the reality of its unreality and the sense of its nonsense.

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DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to ■ dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

FIREBIRD. Empire Theater. Beautiful production of ■ highly theatrical play from the Hungarian.

LUCRECE. Belasco Theater. To be reviewed later.

MADemoiselle. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to ■ radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

Films

Hemingway in Hollywood

THERE is little in the past performance of Hollywood producers to encourage high hopes in a film reviewer when he is preparing to see a new Hollywood film. To be sure, a few films shown during this season, notably Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise," have made one think that the producers were awakening to the demands of the more intelligent section of the movie-going public and were sincerely anxious to raise their standards. But apparently the occasional good things that come out of Hollywood are matters of accident, and the old ideas of what makes a good film still rule, even when an attempt is made to hitch the stars to a vehicle of recognized artistic merit. It is this disappointing fact that is glaringly evident in "A Farewell to Arms" (Criterion), the latest bid for cinematic laurels, which in some usually discerning quarters has been hailed, unaccountably, as the greatest American picture ever made.

Though I too hoped to acclaim this new masterpiece, I am compelled to report that "A Farewell to Arms" not only falls short of being great in any sense of the word, but is actually merely another screen "romance," differing from its countless predecessors only in its more natural dialogue and better acting. Neither of these distinctions, however, is sufficiently strong to overcome the fundamental banality of the story as it is unfolded in this free adaptation of Hemingway's novel. A film is not to be judged by its success or failure in giving dramatic form to the literary story which is its source. It must be considered on its own merits. But in the case of "A Farewell to Arms," it may be illuminating to point out how Hemingway's simple and charming romance has been vulgarized by the injection of cheap melodramatic episodes gratuitously introduced with the apparent object of making the story more dramatic.

At the outset it must be admitted that the story as told in the novel does not lend itself to successful dramatization. Except for the final sad ending of the girl dying in childbirth and the war background, there are no emotional developments and no dramatic situations in the entire course of the blissful love that unites the two characters of the novel. One might have expected the producers to let well enough alone and choose something more suitable to their ends. But the desire to present a best seller must have been irresistible, and once the story was started on the course of screen adaptation, it inevitably came down to the level of the usual sloppy screen love.

If there is anything particularly striking in Hemingway's narrative, it is the remarkable restraint in the conduct of his characters as well as in his account of the various episodes. In the film there are tears and sad partings and prayers and painful complications, none of which exist in the novel. The heroine does not say goodbye almost cheerfully, as she does in the book, but must come to the station by herself after the parting to watch her lover go away. She does not tell him that she is going to become ■ mother, but must go secretly to another country to bear her child. And all her letters to the man must be returned, so that she may collapse from shock. Nor do the two live in sin happily without much thought about proprieties. They must have a priest to throw a cloak of respectability over their union by a fervent prayer for their happiness. One could go on enumerating the "happy" touches introduced by the adaptors. But they are all of the same kind and their effect is invariably to strike a melodramatic note, to make the situation conform more nearly to the traditional screen conception of the tragic course of true love. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1933

No. 3523

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	29
EDITORIALS:	
"Golden Remedies"	31
The Seabury Plan.....	32
Where the Sales Tax Falls.....	33
ISSUES AND MEN. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	34
OWEN D. YOUNG AND SAMUEL INSULL. By Norman Thomas....	35
THE FARMER'S BOOTSTRAPS. By James E. Boyle.....	37
STALIN FACES THE PEASANT. By Louis Fischer.....	39
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	41
CORRESPONDENCE.....	42
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	42
BOOKS:	
Havelock Ellis. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	43
Hawthorne Restored. By Newton Arvin.....	43
Chaucer's "Troilus," Modern. By Frank Ernest Hill.....	44
The Tragedy of John Clare. By Horace Gregory.....	45
Stirring the Devil's Brew. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	45
Shorter Notices	46
DRAMA:	
"Lucrece." By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	47
More Mountains, More Mice. By H. H.....	48

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AN AMAZING DOCUMENT is the report of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends, which has just completed a three-year survey of social conditions in the United States. The factual data assembled will fill thirteen volumes; the main report, already published, runs to more than 1,600 pages. Every significant aspect of human relations in the United States has been inquired into by the committee, which includes among its members sociologists, economists, and other authorities. Their conclusion is both striking and ironic. This group of men and women selected by that arch individualist, Herbert Hoover, has decided, after looking at all the available facts, that American individualism has failed, and that continuation of our present policy of drift may bring disaster. The committee sees the necessity of some sort of social planning. The report warns us that "nothing short of the combined intelligence of the nation can cope with" our present predicaments. The alternatives? "A prolongation of the policy of drift" or some dictatorial system, accompanied by "violent revolution, dark periods of serious repression of libertarian and democratic forms, the proscription and loss of many useful elements in the present productive system."

THIS CONTRIBUTION to social thought in America comes most opportunely. Never before have we so greatly needed to have pointed out by someone with authority the necessity for common or collective social action in dealing with our many social problems. Though the committee clearly wants a planned society, it does not insist on any

particular method or scheme for reaching that goal. Indeed, its report declares that its findings are "tentative and alternative." "The committee," the report continues, "does not wish to assume an attitude of alarmist irresponsibility, but on the other hand it would be highly negligent to gloss over the stark and bitter realities of the social situation, and to ignore the imminent perils in further advance of our heavy technical machinery over crumbling roads and shaking bridges." With its usual irony history may remember Herbert Hoover primarily for his appointment of this committee, whose findings have struck such a terrific blow at his personal philosophy. The committee declares it to be "conceivable that without any surrender of our belief in the merits of private property, individual enterprise, and self-help, the American people will press toward a larger measure of public control to promote the common welfare." This is a rationalization not justified by the committee's findings.

MR. ROOSEVELT has let it be known emphatically that he is opposed to the sales tax. He does not say that his mind is "open" on the subject. He does not pretend, because he has not been "officially" informed of every possible relevant fact, that he has no opinion. He does not intimate that he will wait until he gets into office and then appoint a body of experts or fact-finders to report to him upon the matter. He does not profess that the whole matter is none of his business until exactly noon on March 4 next. He is against the sales tax, and he has had the courage to make his attitude known, bluntly. The effect of his announcement was immediate. For the time being, at least, the sales tax has been dropped. Mr. Roosevelt is to be congratulated on his decision, but that decision only increases one's regret that his attitude has been so ambiguous and evasive on the war debts, where a flat insistence on the necessity of revision and a flat promise to address himself to the question when he came into office would in all probability have averted the default by France and by several other nations, and would certainly have been followed by an emphatic rise in the world's markets.

THE LARGEST AND WEALTHIEST industrial State, New York, has at last reached the point where it must ask for federal help in meeting its unemployment-relief problem. In his inaugural address Governor Lehman declared that the time has come "when it is absolutely essential that such application be made to the federal government by our State. It is no longer possible to avoid the necessity." *The Nation* has repeatedly said that the federal government would eventually have to bear the larger share of the country's relief burden; the States, municipalities, and private charities are simply not able to carry on without such assistance. Governor Lehman also asked that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation law be liberalized "so as to make it easier for us to benefit from this federal source in meeting the needs of our unemployed." This too must be done, though both parties in Congress, as well as Mr. Hoover, have thus far in the present session completely ignored the relief

problem. With Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is thoroughly acquainted with the New York situation, taking office in March, there is hope that something will be done in this respect before many more months. However, the immediate emergency is great; it cannot wait until March 4. Only a few days ago the New York State Temporary Relief Administration estimated that there were at least 1,750,000 persons without work in the State. This is higher by at least a quarter of a million than the most extravagant recent estimate we have seen. If the same ratio holds throughout the country, there are probably 17,500,000 jobless in the United States today, for more than 10 per cent of the wage-earners of the country are residents of New York.

AERICAN LABOR UNIONS have always been jealous of their traditional right to rule themselves. They have fought against interference in their affairs whether it has come from governmental or other alien quarters or from the higher bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor. A New York court has now stepped in and taken over the administration of the affairs of a local union. Perhaps the internal controversy in Local 306 of the Moving Picture Machine Operators' Union, of which Sam Kaplan is president, justified this action from the legal point of view. But instead of observing union traditions, the court went outside the labor field to pick two of the three men it appointed to administer the affairs of Local 306. These two are John W. Davis, the corporation lawyer, and James J. Dooling, also an attorney of New York City. While the third man selected, Hugh J. Frayne, president of the New York State Federation of Labor, is of course a union official, he is a member of that higher bureaucracy against which the local and international unions have so long been contending in order to preserve their autonomy. As an isolated case this action of the New York court has perhaps no great importance. But there are indications that it is the beginning of a new public attitude toward the labor movement. At present there is widespread though still latent rebellion among union workers against their leaders. When this rebellion breaks out into the open, to whom shall the rank-and-file members turn for help? Ought they to resort to the more democratic method of reorganizing their own unions without outside interference, or must they now depend upon the courts and upon the assistance of such possibly benevolent representatives of the employing class as Messrs. Davis and Dooling?

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD IMPRESSION, held even by some present advocates of lower tariffs, that previous tariff reductions in our history, either because those reductions were hasty and ill-considered or because they unfortunately occurred just when other factors were making for a depression, have been followed by periods of poorer business. No doubt one of the causes of this belief was the depression that followed the passage of the Underwood tariff in October, 1913. That depression, however, though world wide, was much smaller than the present one, even when we include, in considering it, the collapse of the security, cotton, and other markets brought on by the outbreak of the war. An extremely interesting light is thrown on other tariff changes in our history by Rufus S. Tucker in an article in the *Annalist* of December 9. The tariff has been revised seven times in the last forty-two years—twice downward and five times up-

ward. Mr. Tucker, in a thoroughly objective study, in which he uses the various indices of business activity compiled by the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, by Axel Ayres, Persons, Snyder, and Standard Statistics, shows that "the worst depressions this country has had since statistics for measuring depressions have been available—the depressions of 1893-1894 and 1930-1932—occurred under the two highest tariffs this country has ever had—the McKinley and the Smoot-Hawley tariffs." He shows, moreover, on the other side, that the Wilson tariff, passed in August, 1894, reducing rates after the very severe depression of 1893, was followed by the sharpest recovery in twelve months that followed any tariff change, up or down. But the myth of tariff prosperity dies hard.

THE JIMENEZ GOVERNMENT of Costa Rica and the Martinez Government of Salvador during the last week of December hurled a challenge at the United States by denouncing the Central American treaty prohibiting the recognition of governments which come into power as a result of revolution. It was only at Secretary Charles Evans Hughes's behest that the five Central American republics signed this treaty at Washington in 1923. Although the United States is not a signatory, the State Department has been most active in compelling observance of this treaty. The primary purpose of our intervention in Nicaragua in 1926 and 1927 was to displace Emiliano Chamorro, who had seized power in violation of this treaty. So long as the United States insists upon applying this treaty, Central America will be confronted with the danger of American intervention whenever a local revolution takes place. Although the Hoover-Stimson Administration returned to the principle of de facto recognition in South America, the Dominican Republic, and Panama, Secretary Stimson has openly defended the principle of "legitimist" recognition embodied in the 1923 Central American treaty. The result of following two conflicting recognition policies is to create the impression that the United States wishes to maintain an exclusive sphere of influence in Central America. Costa Rica and Salvador, the two most advanced republics on the Isthmus, have resolved that any such tutelage shall come to an end; Mexico supports them in this attitude. And in thus repudiating a policy of recognition in which a large measure of dictation by the United States is implicit, they are taking a stand that is both natural and justifiable.

GREECE MAY HAVE BEEN within its rights in refusing to extradite Samuel Insull. He certainly had lawyers enough on his side to make the best argument possible against his being returned to the United States. At this distance, however, we find it rather difficult to follow the argument that if any guilt existed it belonged to the corporation that employed Mr. Insull and not to the precious gentleman himself. Such an explanation may satisfy public opinion in Greece; it does no such thing in this country. The whole procedure, moreover, stamps Samuel Insull as a presumptively guilty man. A really innocent man would come right straight back to the United States to tell the whole story of his activities to a jury. Of course his friends will say that he could not expect a fair trial in Chicago in view of the tremendous feeling against him on the part of the unfortunate victims of his corporate practices, whether these were criminal or not.

They will doubtless assert, too, that the State officials are bent on persecuting him to satisfy the public clamor. That is all very well, but an innocent man would take the risk and demand vindication. As it is, Greece may yet rue the day that it granted asylum to Samuel Insull; a sentence in one of the dispatches intimates that he will now settle in Greece and engage in the development of public utilities!

A STRIKING COMMENTARY on American political morals is to be found in the case of former Representative Crisp of Georgia. Crisp has resigned from the Tariff Commission, to which he had been appointed by President Hoover, and has accepted a position as legal representative in Washington for the Savannah Sugar Corporation and "some of their associates." These sugar companies doubtless will have business in the future before the Tariff Commission, and certainly will be interested in tax and financial legislation before the House Ways and Means Committee, of which Crisp was formerly an influential member. Some of our public men can apparently change bosses as easily as they change their clothes. But in Crisp's case there was perhaps not a real change of bosses. Throughout his long service in the House he worked faithfully and diligently in behalf of legislation sponsored by financial and business interests. Though a Democrat, he frequently voted with the reactionary Republicans. Among those pleased by this sort of service was Mr. Hoover. When, after having resigned his seat in the House to run for the Senate, Crisp was defeated in the Democratic Senatorial primary in Georgia, President Hoover promptly found a place for him on the Tariff Commission. However, the Senate refused to confirm the appointment on the ground that President-elect Roosevelt should be permitted to choose his own officials. For some unexplained reason Crisp did not want to intrust his political future to the leader of his party. Instead, he accepted the job as lawyer for the sugar interests.

WE HAVE READ without complaint ten thousand publicity releases from Radio City. This blurb to end blurbs is for (our own) immediate release:

With the exception of the ushers, every fitting in the newest and largest music hall in the world is the biggest of its kind on earth. The chandelier, which throws indirect lighting in all directions in four different colors, accommodates five electricians and their families, while its intense heat is not only sufficient for their cooking and other needs but even supplies heat to four old-law tenements on Second Avenue several blocks east. In the foyer is a mural showing the largest man ever painted bent on the longest quest in history for a fountain of youth which by means of a mechanical device just perfected by S. L. Rothafel, better known as Roxy, is said to throw a stream a little higher than Niagara Falls in winter. The orchestra pit is large enough to be used for a landing field for Zeppelins, in case of attack, and the stage is so wide, deep, and far away that it is impossible to see the stars without a telescope. The whole ensemble strikes a note of intimacy loud enough to be heard in every part of the auditorium.

The entertainment with which the music hall was opened was dedicated to the American public and exceeded all expectations. It was conceded to be the longest, the least original, and the most boring spectacle ever conceived. There were 6,200 guests, including Nicholas Murray Butler and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., better known as Roxy.

Mr. Rothafel has announced that this achievement will be his last venture in the theater. He has succeeded in opening the biggest entertainment hall at the lowest point in the worst depression in the history of the greatest industrial nation on earth. If the project fails, as it is confidently expected to do, it will constitute not only the greatest of several great failures so far enjoyed by Mr. Rothafel, better known as Roxy, but the most colossal failure in entertainment history. S. L. Rothafel could not do less.

"Golden Remedies"

THE scientists are meeting again, and the reports of their year's pursuits once more afford the layman fascinating glimpses into the strange detached world of test-tubes and tissues in which investigators live. But one of the reports this year is doubly strange. It comes from two Chinese scholars, Dr. Amos Benkov Kuan-chin Penn of Johns Hopkins University and Dr. Pei Lung-tang of Harvard; and it informs us that the theory of evolution ~~was~~ known in China 2,500 years ago, that anaesthetics were administered by Chinese surgeons in the third century before Christ, that a Chinese biologist 2,000 years before Harvey found that blood circulates through the body, that the catheter, which the West invented in 1850, was described in "The Thousand Golden Remedies" in the seventh century after Christ, and that dissection was practiced by Chinese anatomists in 1122 B.C.

All organisms are originated from a single species [wrote Tson Tse in the sixth century B.C.]. This single species had undergone many gradual and continuous changes, and then gave rise to all organisms of different forms. Such organisms were not differentiated immediately, but, on the contrary, they acquired their differences through gradual change, generation after generation.

His description of mutations is original and interesting.

All species have a single beginning, whole or seed. This seed, after having acquired water, gave rise to minute water organisms called *chi*. Some of these minute organisms, which emerged between water and land, became a kind of lower organism called *qui ping tse i*, which were some sort of organism we call sponge.

These lower organisms made their living on land and became a kind of land animal. Some of these land animals then wandered among the trees and became a sort of bird called *wu chu*; some became worms and butterflies; others became a sort of beast called *chin lin*, and *chin lin* gave rise to *cheng*, and *cheng* gave rise to horse, and horse gave rise to man.

The description of the circulation of blood is brief and clear:

The blood flows continuously like the current of a river, or the sun and moon in their orbits. It may be compared to a circle without beginning or end.

The blood travels a distance of six inches in one respiration, making a complete circulation of the body about fifty times a day.

As for the art of dissection, the nature of the viscera and tables of weights of various internal organs were set down in the "Hard Classics" more than 3,000 years ago by Chin Yueh Jen, anatomist.

The most interesting thing, however, is the explanation

given by Dr. Benkov and Dr. Pei of the reason why these scientific discoveries were not handed down through Chinese history to modern times. They assert that Chinese preoccupation with literature and philosophy rather than science during their long history caused the work of zoologists and other investigators to be neglected, so that their discoveries did not carry through.

But the explanation needs to be explained. Why did China neglect science and become preoccupied with literature and philosophy? Can it be that in some still hidden fold of China's past we shall find evidence that she knew also that full-fledged child of science, the machine age, and found it wanting? China has absorbed and forgotten innumerable conquerors, just as her commentators predict that she will absorb and forget the Japanese invaders who are now harassing her. Shall we yet discover that China absorbed and forgot a machine civilization, that she deliberately rejected Technocracy for the stylized poetry of Li Po and the long view of Confucius? In America, in 1933, *Anno Depressions*, we should like to know.

The Seabury Plan

SAMUEL SEABURY has given us great hope that something may at last be done to bring about sorely needed reforms in the structure of the New York City government. In his final report to the Hofstadter Legislative Committee Mr. Seabury included a draft of a new municipal charter. He asked that the State legislature submit the proposed charter to the voters at a special election this spring. His plan goes much closer to the heart of New York's problem and certainly offers more fundamental reforms than almost any similar scheme we have seen.

Two changes of primary importance are recommended by Mr. Seabury. He would simplify the municipal structure by abolishing the anomalous borough governments and by grouping into ten administrative departments the many bureaus and divisions now existing in the municipal government. The borough governments have long been an unnecessary luxury. The work they perform can be administered more efficiently and economically from a central office. But New York has clung to the borough system because it has provided the ruling political rings with an abundance of jobs for their supporters. Mr. Seabury's plan would not only save the taxpayers a great deal of money—the city pay roll now runs over \$350,000,000, about 60 per cent of which, Mr. Seabury declared, is "appropriated for casual and indefinite employees"—but it would at the same time strike a telling blow at the source of power of the political machines. Much the same purpose would be accomplished by consolidating the various offices and bureaus in the municipal government. Mr. Seabury also recommended that the size of the legislative and executive branches be reduced by eliminating the Board of Estimate, the Board of Aldermen, and the Sinking Fund Commission, turning their powers over to the Mayor and a relatively small City Council.

But the most important and most valuable of Mr. Seabury's proposals is to be found in his plan to introduce proportional representation in the election of the members of the council. By itself this would be a tremendous step for-

ward, for it would give minority parties and groups, which are now entirely excluded, a definite voice in the city government. Under the Seabury plan, which is based largely on the Hare system of proportional representation, there would be one representative on the City Council for every 50,000 voters. A minority party with that many followers could concentrate its votes on a single candidate and so be sure of having at least one representative on the council. Unfortunately, the plan divides the city into five election districts comprising the five existing boroughs, so that the minority party would have to find its 50,000 voters within one borough. The Seabury proposal is open to a few minor criticisms. For example, it provides for a council of about twenty-eight members (depending upon the total number of votes cast), which seems to us to be still too large.

We feel that Mr. Seabury erred in not recommending the adoption of a modified city-manager plan. We would not have the city manager given full executive authority. General administrative policies should in any case be left to the discretion of an elected mayor and council, under whom the manager would work. However, if we are to have no city manager, we believe it essential that at least the heads of the ten municipal departments be experts in their fields. They ought also to be removed as far as possible from all political influence and pressure. To achieve this it would be necessary that they be engaged under contract with the City Council, the terms of the contract being so rigidly drawn that the experts could not be dismissed for political reasons, but only for just and sufficient cause.

We are not impressed by the usual criticisms of the city-manager plan. Some Socialists, for example, feel that those who want to be governed by experts betray a secret yearning for a dictator. They declare also that the hired expert could not afford to be as independent in the matter of laying down policies as a politician "with a direct mandate from the electorate." We cannot agree that our desire to be governed by persons trained in the science of government indicates any special hankering for dictatorship. Moreover, the Socialists themselves, if and when they come into power, will have to call upon experts, for no form of government needs technicians more than does socialism. Under our suggestion matters of policy would be left wholly in the hands of the elected representatives of the people, the trained and experienced administrators remaining subordinate to these representatives. However, Mr. Seabury ignores this point altogether. His plan provides that "the head of each of the departments of the city government . . . shall be appointed by the mayor and shall hold office during the pleasure of the mayor." In other words, these jobs would remain political spoils to be disposed of at the pleasure of the dominant party. Perhaps Mr. Seabury believed it necessary to throw this sop to Tammany and its Republican allies in order to make the rest of his program more palatable to the machine politicians. In any event, this is the only really serious defect we find in his plan. Mr. Seabury has done exceedingly well by New York City. It is reported that the Hofstadter Committee will present most of his recommendations, particularly that concerning proportional representation, to the legislature when it meets in January. We hope that the legislature will give the voters an opportunity to act upon this program, and that the people of New York City will accept it. By doing so they would benefit no one more than themselves.

Where the Sales Tax Falls

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S emphatic rejection of the sales tax makes it seem highly improbable that that device will be included in any measure passed either in the present session of Congress or in the next. Yet the need for increased revenues is imperative; Congress seems to be convinced that they cannot be raised by higher inheritance and income taxes, and it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt, after he becomes President, may be converted to the sales tax in the belief, already so widespread, that this impost must be accepted because no alternative is left. It is important, therefore, that the grave objections to a sales tax should be made plain.

The "manufacturers' excise tax" of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, recommended by the Administration, would, it must be confessed, at least be less harmful than a general sales tax. The latter contains the possibilities of indefinite duplication and pyramiding. If there were a tax on sales of iron ore, a tax on sales of pig iron, a tax on sales of finished steel, a tax on automobile bodies delivered to an assembly plant, and a tax on finished automobiles, it is obvious that the total tax on the final product could rise to a fantastic figure. A manufacturers' excise tax would eliminate most—though not all—of this kind of pyramiding; and it would be less difficult to administer than a tax on retail sales.

Compared with other forms of taxation, however, the advantages of such a tax are far from clear. Most of the opponents of the tax have held that it would be paid ultimately by the consumer; most of its champions have maintained with equal confidence that it would be paid by the producer. Even if this latter point could be proved, it is difficult to see how it would help the case for the sales tax. For if it were true that the sales tax would be paid entirely by the producer, there would obviously be no need for a sales tax at all. The revenue could be raised simply by an increase in the corporation income tax. If, for example, a tax of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent on gross sales were equivalent on the average to a tax of 12 per cent on net profits, why should not the present corporation tax of $13\frac{3}{4}$ per cent be increased to $25\frac{3}{4}$ per cent? The sales-tax advocates would reply, no doubt, that the corporations could not stand so heavy a tax, and that, moreover, it would be double taxation, because the corporation income is taxed again in individual income taxes when it has passed into the hands of security holders. But if the sales tax really fell on the producers, these objections would apply with double force against it. For an increased tax on net earnings would at least have an equitable incidence; it would fall on the corporations that had the money to pay out.

If, on the other hand, the sales tax fell entirely on consumers, it would be still more difficult to justify it. For it would amount to a repudiation of the principle of graduation of taxes; it would tax the poorest at the same rate as the richest, the buyer of the cheapest shoes and stockings at the same rate as the buyer of the most expensive diamond brooch. It would tax the incomes of the poorest elements of the population perhaps 2 per cent and almost certainly more than 1 per cent, yet under our income tax a married man with two dependents pays less than 1 per cent even on a net

income of \$4,000. The administrative expense of collecting direct income taxes on small incomes is disproportionately high under our present methods; but a simplification of these methods would seem greatly preferable to a sales tax.

It becomes obvious that the real merit of a sales tax, in the eyes of its advocates, lies either in the fact that they do not believe the public will know where and how such a tax is going to fall, or that they do not know themselves. It is this blessed ignorance of the incidence of the tax that is "painless," not the tax itself. How would the tax actually fall? The answer is not a simple one. It might sometimes not be passed along to the consumer, because it would be advantageous to have a "round" price. Such cases, however, would probably be offset by those in which the added price to the consumer, also for the sake of "rounding it out," would be much more than the amount of the tax. In general, however, the tax would tend to fall unfairly both on producers and on consumers. It seems likely that it would be passed on to consumers in the case of most necessities and paid by the producer in that of most luxuries. Wherever it was paid by the producer, it would bear most heavily on those producers with the smallest margin of profit on turnover.

The margin of profit on turnover on the most common articles is frequently small; it is often only 5 per cent or less. In such cases a sales tax of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, if paid by the producer, would absorb approximately 50 per cent or more of his net income—a very heavy burden. The margin of profit on luxury articles, such as pianos, on the other hand, is nearer 100 per cent, and here the sales tax would not bear heavily on the manufacturer, nor is it probable that it would be passed on. While in the first instance the sales tax might fall indiscriminately on producer and consumer, however, the tendency would be for the burden to be shifted more and more to the consumer as time went on.

If, in spite of the grave objections to it, a sales tax finally seems inevitable, its opponents ought to make one final stand for the principle that it should at least be a graduated tax and not a flat one. This graduation could be based on the ratio of profits to gross sales. A product on which the ratio of the profit to the sales price is 50 per cent, for example, ought obviously to pay a higher percentage tax on gross sales than a product on which the ratio of the profit to the sales price is only 5 per cent. Much less of such a graduated tax would be likely to fall on the consumer than would a flat tax. An industry with a very narrow margin of profit on turnover would very soon raise its prices to pay the tax, but an industry with a wide margin of profit could absorb the tax without raising prices. To the extent that it fell on producers, a graduated tax would adjust itself much better to ability to pay, for to the producer with a narrow margin of profit a small tax on gross income may mean a very high tax on net income; this is less true of a producer with a wide margin of profit. In general the widest margins of profit on turnover are made on luxuries rather than on necessities. To the extent that this is true, the part of the burden that the consumer would have to bear would be shifted, by a graduated tax, to luxury goods.

Issues and Men

AFTER fourteen and one-half years of service as Editor of *The Nation* I have relinquished that post to become Contributing Editor and turned over the complete control of the paper to three of my associates—Freda Kirchwey, Henry Hazlitt, and Joseph Wood Krutch—and Ernest Gruening, formerly a member of the staff. This does not mean a complete separation, if only because I shall remain as owner and publisher. But I have felt that the time had come for me to free myself of the burdens of active editorship so that I might have more time for speaking, especially over the radio, for writing books, and for engaging in other literary work which has necessarily been limited heretofore. I cannot deny, however, that the break, though primarily a shift in functions, involves a sentimental wrench. My grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, was a contributor to the first volume of *The Nation*, and my father, Henry Villard, to the third issue, in July, 1865—just after his return from the front after four years of active service in the Civil War as a war correspondent. My uncle, Wendell Phillips Garrison, one of the two founders of the paper, was literary editor and editor during almost his entire active life. Finally, my son, Henry H. Villard, contributed an article to *The Nation* in the issue of November 2, 1932. Five other members of the family have written for it. In the light of this record, it will be clear how much *The Nation* means to me, and how impossible it would be for me to stop writing for it.

Now that I can look at the problem of the liberal journal in a more detached way, I should like to take this opportunity to urge the vital necessity of maintaining it at all costs. It is apparent to anyone with a mind and a conscience how desperate is the present national emergency. But perhaps only those who are giving their lives to the problem of economics and government can realize how essential it is that there shall be free and outspoken journals of opinion such as *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Survey*, the *World Tomorrow*, and the few other publications, both daily and weekly, which can fairly be classed in the group of progressive-minded and economically free journals.

The pressure upon the daily press to conform, and not to attack evil, or espouse new causes, or advocate drastic remedies, grows greater with the depression. Loss of advertising cannot be wholly offset by economies or reductions in the cost of production, or by the laying-off of employees. Hence those newspapers that are weak or timid or deliberately allied with the great business forces which have too long dominated our political life are more careful than ever not to go counter to the prevailing currents of opinion. They have plenty of excuses: they do not wish to "rock the boat"; they assure you that if officials are corrupt or lawless, if the police are brutal and ruthless in dealing with those who dare to exercise their right of public assembly and protest, it is kinder to "treat 'em rough" than to have riots or bloodshed. It is better, they say, to breach the Constitution, to perpetrate much injustice,

than to risk disturbance of the public order. Privately they admit that the old order is in a bad way, but publicly they insist that all is well or will be very soon. They do not print all the facts about what is happening the country over—the misery, the suffering, the hunger, the deaths by starvation; to do so, they say, would be to depress the American morale and create the wrong psychology. They are one with President Hoover, whose falsification in 1929 and 1930 of the facts of the depression is not only defended but praised as having been

necessary to keep up the country's courage. Surely that is an insulting derogation of American stamina, American bravery in the face of odds, American ability to fight in the last ditch with back to the wall!

In other words, the bulk of the daily press fights blindly and often stupidly for the old system. It has no new program, no plan for reconstruction or reorganization; it merely holds on, hoping that somehow or other prosperity will return so that there may be business at the old stand in the good old way. Surely, we need a free and outspoken press as never before to demand that this chaos and misery shall never come to pass again; to insist that there are ways out to a normal and decent world; to refuse to listen to the suggestion that we must go back to the cycles of great apparent prosperity alternating with horrible depressions, that we must again be a country governed by and for the rich, with materialism our god, the narrowest nationalism our nation's goal, and the heaping up of riches our be-all and end-all.

Of course I know that the liberal journals of opinion also have their weaknesses; that they often err in their judgments, and at times in their methods. They have the defects of their qualities. All of them face recurring deficits, and all but one are greatly handicapped by their lack of funds. We of *The Nation* have rarely produced an issue that came within 50 per cent of our ideal of what it ought to be. We are compelled by the logic of our positions, and by the mass of error and injustice which we must attack, to seem captious, overcritical, unduly fault-finding, never satisfied, never content to allow to frail human nature its due proportion of inherent weaknesses. It is charged that we are never ready to see anything but pure black and pure white, overlooking all intervening shades. Well, many of the criticisms of us may be true, but still I maintain that the liberal press is indispensable and serves a profoundly valuable purpose—yes, an absolutely necessary one—if the country is not to go on the rocks of blind conservatism, base intolerance, and criminal refusal to face conditions as they are.

And so I bespeak your support for *The Nation*, and for the editors who have so generously volunteered to take the burden and responsibility from my shoulders.

Under the title, Issues and Men, Oswald Garrison Villard, The Nation's Contributing Editor, will write a weekly page of comment on personalities and public affairs.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Owen D. Young and Samuel Insull

By NORMAN THOMAS

OWEN D. YOUNG is still front-page news. When President-elect Roosevelt consults him and they are too busy to go out to lunch, a photograph of the distinguished conferees lunching in Mr. Roosevelt's office adorns the window of my neighbor, a storekeeper who regularly posts pictures of the last-minute news. With the help not only of Governor Roosevelt but of President Hoover, Mr. Young makes the first page regularly.

To be sure the days are gone forever when Mr. Young symbolized that new capitalism which, in the opinion of some of those who have now gone in for technocracy in a big way, was about to save the world. Walter Lippmann's sedate optimism about disinterestedness in business, as exemplified by the General Electric, and Stuart Chase's more tentative hopes of leading business men as potential planners read curiously at the end of 1932. But Mr. Young still stands out as the internationalist, friend of Russia, and influential economic adviser to the incoming Administration, which, as everybody knows, is committed to the "new deal." In spite of the strictures that Paul Y. Anderson and others have published in the columns of *The Nation* on Mr. Young's role in the formation of the Radio Corporation of America, in spite of the amazing stories of what the Radio Corporation of America did to the stock of Radio-Keith-Orpheum and its more or less innocent investors—a story, by the way, which got less publicity when I told it in the last campaign than any other important statement I made—Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric and chairman of the executive committee of the Radio Corporation of America, philanthropist, patron of education, reputed author of the Dawes Plan as well as of its now defunct successor, the Young Plan, is still news.

Samuel Insull, recently of Chicago and now of Greece, is also news—but not good news. The collapse of the complicated structure of holding and investment companies through which Samuel Insull, his son, and his brother controlled a two-billion-dollar public-utility group has been called the second greatest collapse since the stock market was invented. Scores of thousands of small investors were dragged down to ruin with it. Samuel Insull and his brother are now under criminal indictments. Holding and investment companies are in bankruptcy, and lawyers for the numerous creditors are seeking to discover all possible assets to save their clients from complete loss of their investments.

Under these circumstances one might think that the juxtaposition of the names of Owen D. Young and Samuel Insull would make big news. Not so, however. For the most part it has been ignored by the press. The *Times* was the only New York paper to find space for a competent report of the proceedings before Referee John E. Joyce of 70 Pine Street, New York, under order of a federal judge of Chicago, in which Mr. Young's connection with the Insull failure was examined; and even the *Times* published the story far back in its financial pages. Yet few bits of testimony shed a more glaring light on the way in which capitalism, new and old alike, goes about the business of operating for the maxi-

mum amount of private profit a great public utility which in a sane world would be directed by engineers for the use of society.

Mr. Young was dragged into the complicated hearings on the Insull bankruptcy after this fashion: An able attorney, L. F. Jacobson of Chicago, representing creditors of the bankrupt Insull companies, procured a hearing in New York to find out whether certain New York banks were not holding collateral which in point of law and justice should go into a common pot to satisfy, so far as possible, the demands of all the creditors. Under the law, if a bank makes a loan to a corporation which goes bankrupt in less than four months thereafter, such securities as may have been deposited as collateral for the loan become not the property of the bank in particular but of the creditors in general. The question then was: Did the banks make loans improperly or juggle the date of receivership to their own advantage? This inquiry involved the General Electric, which had made Insull a \$2,000,000 loan in December, 1931, at a time when Mr. Jacobson claimed its officers knew that the Insull investment companies were insolvent. The particular one of Insull's many companies at which the New York inquiry was directed was the Insull Utility Investments, Inc. This was an investment trust organized by Samuel Insull in order to perpetuate his family's control of their vast structure of public-utility groups, into which, in the boom days of 1928 and 1929, the public was buying. Insull put his own holdings in his own companies into the portfolio of the investment trust and then, on the basis of these securities, sold preferred and common stock in the trust in order to get more money to buy more securities of his companies, which, of course, he as manager of the investment trust could control. This company was one of three Insull companies which were beneficiaries of the \$2,000,000 loan made by the General Electric in December, 1931.

It was not merely the \$2,000,000 loan made by the General Electric on his recommendation which brought Mr. Young into the picture. He had also acted as mediator to keep the banks in line and to stave off proceedings by any one of them which would have precipitated Insull's bankruptcy. Perhaps the best way to bring out the facts and their meaning is to give the story of what happened, first, as Mr. Young wanted to make it appear to the referee in bankruptcy, and, second, as it appeared after Mr. Jacobson had finished questioning the witness.

According to Mr. Young it happened this way: Some time in December, 1931, Samuel Insull, Sr., an old friend of his, a splendid customer of the General Electric Company, and one of the great men in the public-utilities field, came to him to borrow \$2,000,000 from the General Electric. On the basis of Mr. Insull's reputation, his personal indorsement of the loan, and the deposit of collateral which Mr. Insull agreed to keep up to a market value 40 per cent in excess of the loan, the General Electric granted the \$2,000,000 with no questions asked. Up to that time Mr. Young had heard little or nothing to create any doubt in his mind of the financial soundness of the Insull companies. As a friend, and at the

request of Mr. Insull, he had bought stock in the Insull Utility Investments in January, 1929. He did not buy as a speculation but to stay in, because the elder Insull "said he would feel better and safer if I had an interest in it." Originally he put in \$50,000, which amount was raised by allotment to \$175,000. Mr. Young did not explain, nor was he asked to explain, the ethics of a situation in which he went in at an insider's price of \$12 a share while the public was allowed to purchase at \$30 or above. Before the crash the stock went to \$149 a share. Mr. Young did not even read the reports of the company. No matter what they showed, "I could not have sold at any time in that period to make a profit or take a loss without incurring Mr. Insull's displeasure."

By February, 1932, however, things were so bad that another appeal had to be made to Mr. Young, this time to use his influence to procure from New York bankers an agreement not to call their loans or ask for any more security on them until some time in August, 1932. There were some differences of opinion and interest between the Chicago and New York bankers. Insull inter-company relations were so complicated that they continually had to be watched. Finally Mr. Young worked out an agreement whereby an expert accountant in Chicago named Arthur Anderson was to watch operations for the New York bankers, who agreed for the time being at least, and until further notice, not to press their loans. Mr. Anderson's report, however, resulted in a general agreement of the New York and Chicago banks on April 8, 1932, that the situation could not be saved and that the stand-still agreement must end. On April 16 a receivership was declared. Mr. Young refused to admit that the receivership was declared because the company was insolvent in the ~~sense~~ that its total liabilities greatly exceeded its assets. It was merely unable at that time to raise money to meet obligations as they matured. Following the first day's hearing Mr. Young issued a public statement to the effect that "the most you can say about that old man [Insull] is that he had too much confidence in this country and in his own companies." According to a recent report of the receiver of the Insull Utility Investments, Inc., that company alone sold stocks and bonds for more than \$600,000,000 on the basis of net assets now worth \$35,000,000; yet the Insull set-up, Mr. Young now maintains, was sound. So much for the Young version. Now let us look at the same story after Mr. Jacobson had completed his questioning.

Although Mr. Young first said that he made no real examination into Insull affairs until February, 1932, and did not recall "ever receiving or ever seeing any annual report," he had to admit not only that he probably did receive reports but that he had received a financial statement of the Insull companies in December, 1932, prior to the General Electric loan. He passed on to Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric, the responsibility for going over the reports in detail but admitted, "It is very likely that I saw them," when he was handed the documents in question. These documents showed that Insull Utility Investments, Inc., which had lost money ever since its first year, had in 1931 lost about \$1,500,000, and that its position was steadily growing worse. At the very time the loan was approved, the securities provided only a 30 per cent and not a 40 per cent margin in the case of two of the three companies among which it was divided. Moreover, the accounts receivable by

the investment company, totaling some \$12,000,000, to which Mr. Young at one point in the examination referred as helping to justify a loan, were shown to be receivable only from instalment-plan purchasers who were being allowed to pay for stock in a company on the edge of bankruptcy. Furthermore, although Mr. Young kept insisting that he was dealing with the situation "in a large way" and not bothering with details, it is almost impossible for a layman reading the minutes of the hearings to believe that a man of his wide business experience did not know that the Insull companies were virtually insolvent at least at the time when he made the banks agree to a stand-still arrangement.

Still worse, Mr. Young was finally forced to admit that in December he knew there was outstanding \$60,000,000 in debentures, that is, in certificates of indebtedness to be paid at a given date, which certificates were protected presumably by securities in possession of the company. Mr. Jacobson argued that the \$2,000,000 loan was to pay the interest on the debentures in order to keep the holders quiet a while longer. Neither Mr. Young nor any of the bankers yet examined, however, could be made to admit that they were aware that the debentures had been issued on the plainly published stipulation that the Insull company would incur no added indebtedness if, as a result, its total indebtedness should exceed 50 per cent of the value of its assets. Actually all available securities of the Insull investment and holding companies were put up with the bankers. Finally, the date of receivership, April 16, eight days after a conference of bankers had agreed that the companies could no longer be saved, was set just outside the four-month limitation period and permitted some of the twelve banks which had been lending money to Insull to claim securities deposited as collateral on loans made or renewed the previous December. On being asked by Mr. Jacobson, "Didn't you know that lawsuits were bought off during that time to defer the bankruptcy until April 16?" Mr. Young replied, "I do not know that." He insisted that the key to the situation was bank loans and that he was justified in considering such loans by themselves, ignoring altogether the interests of instalment-plan purchasers of Insull securities and of more than 20,000 holders of debentures in the Insull Utility Investments Company, whose \$60,000,000 worth of claims was completely stripped of the protection of underlying securities because these had been deposited with the banks as collateral. Mr. Young's general opinion was that if the banks could be satisfied, the companies might manage to keep going, and these debenture holders, into whose rights he never inquired, might be saved.

So the matter rests as far as the relation of Owen D. Young to the Insull failure is concerned. So it rests, that is, unless the testimony of Gerard Swope or someone else yet to be examined sheds new light upon it. Only one of two conclusions is possible from the testimony: first, that Mr. Young was in collusion with the bankers to protect their interests at all costs and was willing to gamble with them, utterly ignoring the small investors, on the slim chance of saving Insull, who was a good customer of the General Electric and in whose companies he, Young, was a heavy stockholder. The alternative is that Mr. Young, acting on his own initiative and according to his best judgment, took the immense responsibility of lending a large sum of his company's money without acquainting himself with the most elementary facts

concerning the financial situation of the companies he was trying to save, or the legal claims of holders of debentures. He could only think in terms of big business and big loans and he took none of the precautions so stringently demanded in dealings with small borrowers. In either case the revelation

is disastrous, not merely to Mr. Young as the hero of a new industrial era, the shining example of the statesman in business, but to the system which makes such action on the part of its own leaders a matter of course. The new capitalism seems to be much the same sort of glorified racket as the old.

The Farmer's Bootstraps

By JAMES E. BOYLE

SINCE the half-billion-dollar Farm Board experiment proved such a costly and unmitigated failure, new and bigger experiments are almost sure to be made by Congress. Two measures are now pending. The allotment plan, as applied to wheat, means a sales tax on bread of one or two cents a loaf. The equalization fee is also a sales tax on bread, but contains no "allotment" features or other control of production.

The equalization fee is one type of valorization. To "valorize" is to give to a commodity by law a value different from or higher than its true or market value. The equalization fee is one of many theoretical plans for artificially elevating prices. More specifically, it is a scheme to elevate the price of a surplus. The history of 5,000 years of agriculture fails to record one single example of valorization in agriculture which helped the farmer as much as it hurt him. The equalization fee is a patent medicine, and a powerful patent medicine, the first dose of which would stimulate but the subsequent doses of which would cause the most harmful reaction. There are four fatal objections to the fee: it would not be paid by the producer of the commodity; the producer would not in the long run be the chief beneficiary of it; it would constitute dumping under our own tariff law and under the tariff laws of many of our customers; it would increase the surplus, making worse the disease it aims to cure.

Most of the arguments in defense of the equalization fee are a tissue of sophistries. It is held, for example, that this fee is not a subsidy, but is borne by the producer himself as his contribution, his share of the expense. The fact is that this fee is paid by the consumer, not by the producer. So far as the producer is concerned, it is a direct bonus, subsidy, gift, or whatever you choose to call it. A little hard and clear thinking will show that this is the case. Its workings when applied to wheat may be illustrated by the following example: Assume that the farmer's wheat is 40 cents a bushel. He wants to see this price elevated by the amount of the tariff, namely, 42 cents. That is, he wants to raise the domestic price of wheat to 82 cents, while the world price is 40 cents. The government, through the Farm Board, undertakes by means of the equalization-fee plan to put the price of American wheat on a "domestic basis," that is, at 82 cents. The Farm Board's first step, then, is to set the price at 82 cents. This means, of course, that our 7,000 flour mills must pay 82 cents for their wheat. This is the pegged price. They cannot buy it for less. Next, the Farm Board dumps the surplus abroad at 40 cents a bushel, the world price. The Farm Board, to operate in wheat, must buy the surplus, some 200,000,000 bushels, at 82 cents and sell it at 40 cents. It must also pay numerous salaries and other administrative costs. This loss and these costs must be subtracted from the

price the wheat farmer receives. If this loss and these costs amount to 15 cents a bushel, as they doubtless would, then 15 cents a bushel is subtracted from the price the wheat farmer receives. And 82 cents minus 15 cents equals 67 cents. This gives the farmer a net price of 67 cents. The results of the operation thus far are two—namely, to elevate the price to the farmer 27 cents a bushel; and to elevate the price to the mills 42 cents a bushel.

The fee, 15 cents, representing the export loss and the administrative costs of the Farm Board, is called the "equalization fee." The flour mills pay it because it is added to the price they pay for wheat. They pay 82 cents for the farmer's 67-cent wheat. The wheat farmer does not pay it. In fact, he collects 27 cents a bushel extra because of this scheme.

I have said the mills pay it. They do, in the first instance. But they pass on this charge to the domestic consumers, that is, to the bread eaters of the whole country and to the users of mill feeds. Since wheat products play a big role in the dairy and poultry ration, this tax would largely be passed on to the dairy and poultry farmers. In other words, the scheme gives a subsidy or bonus to the wheat farmers of 27 cents and collects a fee of 42 cents from the dairy and poultry farmers to help make up this bonus. Yet wheat ranks seventh in importance among our farm products, both dairy and poultry ranking ahead of it. For the last five years the average per capita value of farm output has run as follows:

Milk	\$25.23
Corn	15.91
Hogs	14.21
Cotton	11.06
Hay	10.39
Poultry	10.09
Wheat	8.53

So the scheme is a scheme to rob Farmer Peter to pay Farmer Paul.

The mills would suffer seriously in this one respect—namely, their export trade in flour would be instantly killed. They could not buy 82-cent wheat and compete abroad with 40-cent wheat. This destruction of the mills' export business would curtail mill purchases to strictly domestic needs, and thereby impose terrific losses on our milling industry.

We come now to our second question: Who is the chief beneficiary of this fee? There are 2,000,000 wheat farmers in the United States who would feel some immediate benefit from this tax. In the example we are giving, this bonus would amount to 27 cents a bushel the first year. But the chief beneficiary would be, first, the European mills which compete in Europe with our mills, and, second, the European consumers of the 40-cent wheat shipped to Europe. It would

be a frank donation to them, as compared with American consumers, of 42 cents a bushel on 200,000,000 bushels.

This brings us to another extremely vital issue involved in the equalization-fee plan. Does it constitute dumping? The answer is, yes. All our principal customers have anti-dumping laws similar to our own, and this is what our law provides:

Sec. 303. Countervailing Duties—Whenever any country, dependency, colony, province, or other political subdivision of government, person, partnership, association, cartel, or corporation shall pay or bestow, *directly or indirectly*, any bounty or grant upon the manufacture or production or export of any article or merchandise manufactured or produced in such country . . . and such article or merchandise is dutiable under the provisions of this act, then upon the importation of such article or merchandise into the United States . . . there shall be levied and paid, in all such cases, in addition to the duties otherwise imposed by this act, an additional duty equal to the net amount of such bounty or grant, however the same may be paid or bestowed.

Stated in plain English, the law says that when any government or any association or any person, *directly or indirectly*, pays any bounty or grant upon the production or upon the export of a commodity, then this payment constitutes dumping and we will impose countervailing duties. If our customer countries invoked their anti-dumping laws against us, as they certainly would, then what should we do with our surplus?

Finally we come to the principal objection to the fee. The free market penalizes the farmer for producing a big surplus. The market price is the producer's best barometer of consumer demand. The equalization fee destroys this barometer. It goes even farther in unbalancing the world's agricultural production: it rewards the farmer for producing a big surplus and bribes him to raise a still bigger surplus. Our Department of Agriculture is wisely spending much time and money trying to help farmers adjust their production to the market demand. Here the equalization-fee scheme comes along and encourages farmers to disregard the simplest principles of supply and demand and rewards them for doing so. So we may feel sure that the equalization fee, like Brazil's coffee-valorization scheme, would at the end of five years leave the wheat farmer with an unparalleled surplus of wheat on hand (and of whatever other products the fee was applied to) and a price much lower than the present one.

If we turn to the allotment plan we find it is also a scheme for giving the farmer a bonus and putting the burden on the consumer. It is sometimes called a tariff-adjustment plan, but this name is pure camouflage, since the scheme has no connection whatever with the tariff. The allotment plan is best understood when examined in reference to wheat. Seen in its stark and naked form, the plan is a sales tax on bread. The tax is paid by the consumer. It is used for two purposes: first, to pay the expenses of administration; second, to give the balance, if any, to the owners of wheat land. The aim is to increase the income of the wheat farmers by giving to each of them an annual bonus, whether or not they grow any wheat. At the same time the plan aims to control and decrease wheat production. Control over the farmer's wheat acreage by the Washington bureau is called "voluntary," because only those farmers who sign the contract with the government will receive the bonus. Once the farmer signs the contract, however, the Washington bureau may

virtually take over the management of his farm and tell him how much to decrease his wheat acreage, what crops to grow on the idle wheat land, and, in general, deprive him of the liberty of running his farm to suit himself.

The tax on consumers is to be collected first at the mills. The mills will pass it on to the bakers, and the bakers will pass it on to the consumers. No tax is to be collected on wheat products exported or used at home for animal feed. The tax is limited to domestic consumption of wheat for human food. This fact must be kept in mind when we consider the administrative difficulties of the plan.

Can this plan be administered? Probably not. It is too complicated and too expensive. First comes the Washington bureau, with a staff large enough to keep books with each of the 2,000,000 wheat farmers, inspect their contracts, determine whether or not these contracts have been fulfilled, and then mail a check to each farmer at the end of the year, if that farmer has lived up to his contract. There are to be some 44 State committees, on salary. These will deal with the 2,500 county committees in the wheat counties of the United States. These groups will also be on salary. Then come the 7,500 township committees, also on salary.

The big machine is set in action when the bureau at Washington, after examining wheat statistics, determines what our wheat acreage should be next year in order to reduce our annual production from 800,000,000 bushels to 600,000,000. This is a hard job because the weather is uncertain, so uncertain, in fact, that one acre of wheat may produce one bushel or twenty-five bushels or fifty bushels. However, the Washington bureau, in its wisdom, will set an arbitrary acreage. An "allotment," or quota, is then assigned to each State; the State gives each county its allotment of acreage. Finally the county committee gives each farmer his allotment, if he has signed the contract.

Here we come upon one significant detail. The farmer's quota is based on his acreage for the past five years. So each farmer must be visited and his production record obtained. But very few farmers keep such records, and Mr. Farmer will depend on his memory—or his imagination. The bigger his average production is, the bigger his share of the bonus. So he will surely make his record liberal. The township committees will have the ugly duty of policing their neighbors to see that the contract is obeyed and that a correct production report goes to Washington at the end of the crop year. For on the basis of this report the Washington bureau will make out each farmer's check.

The 7,000 flour mills will also be closely policed. When a mill grinds wheat it produces six or eight products—flour, bran, shorts, middlings, "red dog," and so on—only one of which goes into human food. Products which are exported must also be segregated and exempted from the tax. So we see that from 10,000 to 20,000 persons will be required to administer the plan for wheat alone. But the farm blocs in Congress, by the old log-rolling process, will doubtless try to extend the plan to cotton, rice, prunes, tobacco, hogs, corn, oats, rye, barley, and so on, and also to increase the bonus. How long would or could the consumers foot the bill?

I have consulted many farmers on this plan. Nearly all of them smile and say: "You can't lift yourself by your bootstraps. This plan is meant to help the politician, not the farmer."

Stalin Faces the Peasant

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 9

IT is almost eighteen months now since Stalin delivered his famous "six-point" speech. That was his last public utterance. A year and a half is a long time for a leader to remain silent in a country like Russia where the "chief's" silence means that his subordinates never say anything new. The nation yearns for guidance and light. Stalin was expected to address the October plenary session of the Communist Central Committee. One could feel the whole country hold its breath in eager anticipation. He disappointed it. On November 6 a vague rumor circulated here that Stalin, following the Lenin tradition, would make an important political statement at the annual anniversary meeting of the Moscow Soviet. The city waited excitedly. Instead, we were treated to a dull report badly read by President Kalinin.

Silence may mean self-assurance and perfect control. It may reflect an impasse. It inspires sometimes a feeling of respect for the leadership's wisdom, sometimes an uncomfortable sense of drift. The head of a state must not say too much, but he dare not say too little. Today the entire Soviet nation wants Stalin to take it into his confidence, give it an interpretation of the recent past and a peep into the future. A big change is apparently in preparation. But the masses, harassed by the daily struggle for existence, are too distressed to enjoy the perspective of the few on high.

Every one of Stalin's pronouncements since 1929 has been a milestone in Soviet development. Each brought him the sympathy of some section of the population. His "dizziness-with-success" article in March, 1930, pleased the peasants who had objected to forced collectivization. His "six-point" speech on June 23, 1931, won the applause of the intelligentsia of labor. In it Stalin dealt with what is perhaps the Bolsheviks' greatest problem at this stage of the revolution—the application of private initiative in a Socialist economy. The fifteen years of sovietism have demonstrated that social incentives are a powerful lever and can be translated into increased productivity. But without immediate gains to the individual, social incentive may gradually become inoperative.

This problem remains. The idea of shock brigades, or groups of conscientious workers bent on especially intensive effort, is not new. Lenin spoke of it far back in 1920. He saw the thing very clearly, however. He said: "The workers are materialists: if you want shock-brigade work, they say, give us bread and clothing and meat." Today, however, the Bolsheviks seem to have forgotten not only that the workers are materialists, but that they themselves are materialists. Every day the *Pravda* and *Izvestia* print editorials revealing some economic shortcoming. Here an industry has failed to fulfil its program. Here the transport system functions poorly. In the North Caucasus grain collections have fallen below normal. Why? Bad organization, slack guidance by party members, insufficient loyalty to Moscow's instructions, and so on. The reasons are always subjective. These Marxists, whose philosophy is based on economic determinism, stress only the psychological element. They glory in the often

repeated nonsense that objective difficulties do not exist. They do exist, and the Bolsheviks strive to cope with them, yet by failing to talk frankly about them the Communists either mislead the people or, more frequently, undermine the average citizen's faith in their incomplete analyses of current events. This emphasis on subjective causes is all the more harmful because it appears to justify draconian steps. Since men are at fault, men must be punished. What is needed, however, is not punitive measures which embitter their victims but curative measures which remove concrete ills.

The course of the Bolshevik Revolution is still determined by one central fact—the relationship between the proletariat and the peasantry. When Lenin, in March, 1921, reintroduced private capitalism into Russian economy in order to placate the village, he had no fears. He was certain that the city workers could maintain their dominant position in the state. He was right. Since then the city has grown infinitely stronger. The proletariat is much more numerous; the government has built new giant industries; the value of industrial products almost equals that of Russia's crops. In the last ten years the economic balance has definitely shifted in favor of the proletariat. This significant historic change was achieved at the expense of the peasantry but with its help. The village has carried a large part of the cost of the city's progress. But this process of making the peasant pay the piper has gone so far that a stage of diminishing returns has now been reached.

How did the village pay the city's bills? Through state procurements of grain, meat, cotton, flax, hides, and the like. While obstructing the peasant's access to the open market, the government more or less compelled him to sell his surpluses to it at fixed prices. At the beginning of the Five-Year Plan period the peasant could get very few manufactured articles for money thus obtained; more recently the government has paid in paper rubles so devaluated as to make its procurements almost equal to requisitioning. At the same time prices of city commodities rose steeply. The village protested. It did not wish to give away its grain for next to nothing. As a concession the Kremlin, in a series of decrees published last May, cut the amount of procurements and allowed the collectivized peasantry in the kolhozi to sell what remained at any price it could extort on the free market. At the same time the government shipped large quantities of consumers' goods into the villages.

But the new system of kolhoz trade is not working well. It is doubtful whether important grain-growing areas like the Ukraine, North Caucasus, the Volga region, and the central black-earth district will have much left for open sale when the government finishes its procurements on January 15. The May reforms, therefore, have introduced no great change. They have merely added a new irritant—the peasant feels that if the state did not take so much, he could sell on the free market and make some money. As a result of all these circumstances the peasants have this year stubbornly resisted the state's grain collections. Procurements were always a difficult task. Inflation has intensified opposition.

Even the big state farms, or sovhozi, which are direct servants of the central government and ought, therefore, to submit automatically to grain deliveries, have preferred to sell on the open market at inflation prices. How natural, then, that the collective, which despite its high-sounding name plate and exalted purpose is still merely a group of backward peasants suddenly precipitated into the Socialist caldron, should forget social incentives and try to get as much as possible for its crops. The Soviet press makes no secret about the peasants' attitude. "Bread procurements in East Kazakhstan," reads a *Pravda* news item, "are proceeding in an atmosphere of bitter class war." "There is grain in the North Caucasus," says another dispatch, "but that grain is hidden from the government in pits." It then speaks of the "sabotage of procurements." Comrade Shubrikov, the party chief for the entire central Volga region, reports that "we have collective peasants and private peasants who fail to carry out the collections plan in the hope of speculating with grain later. They sit and wait for the free sale of grain"—which will be permitted, presumably, after the national procurement program is fulfilled on January 15. The Bolsheviks attribute this sabotage to "kulak psychology," but it is really good business sense. Not only so-called kulaks but middle and poor peasants and, significantly, even party members have obstructed grain deliveries—sometimes by lying about the size of the harvest and sometimes by concealing part of it underground or, in worse cases, by letting it rot on the fields. Rather than give up their grain and meat to the official collector for depreciated paper rubles, the peasants waste it, feed it to animals when they can, and distribute excessively large reserves among themselves. Shrill summonses from the daily newspapers and repressive measures by official visitors from Moscow may bring some of the grain out of the pits, but this method will have to be repeated year in and year out with diminishing success unless procurements are abolished once and for all. This year a new form of passive resistance has been added to other types of obstruction: Kaganovich, second in command, admitted recently that the peasants in the Moscow district sowed fewer potatoes because they did not wish to plant in order that a government collector might procure. This is now a common phenomenon. Agricultural output must drop noticeably in consequence of this situation.

Something is not clicking right in the Soviet administrative machine. Usually it is most sensitive to passive popular pressure. It crushes a part of such pressure ruthlessly and then makes partial concessions to the rest of it. But this time the machine is slow to react. And yet the field is all prepared for a shift of policy. The longest step toward such a shift is the slow and painful attrition of the ration system. By cutting bread rations, by legalizing the free sale of bread outside the ration system, and by extending the method whereby each factory or economic unit finds independent sources of food and goods, the government is liberating itself from the burden of feeding the population through a centralized distributing agency. To meet the obligations imposed by this burden, the government had to procure the peasants' surpluses. By scrapping the arrangement the government could do away with the obnoxious procurements. G. Nehman, a Soviet economist, in the June issue of *Planned Economy*, stated that kolhoz trade "made it possible already in this year to take considerable measures toward reducing the rationed distribution of goods and limiting the centralized sup-

ply system." The assumption was that when the collectives began to sell on the free market, the population could cover its needs in that way and relieve the government of the necessity of rationing. The trouble is, however, that the kolhoz markets offer too little. Yet rationing is being cut down. This produces a food shortage. Moreover, since wages have not kept pace with inflated currency and price tendencies, the free market is not accessible to the worker or the low-salaried government official.

Only two alternatives are open: either the state will resume rationing—and the development is all in the opposite direction—or it will open the gates wide to free kolhoz trade by eliminating procurements. The combination of kolhoz trade and procurements is illogical and impracticable. If you allow the peasant to sell directly to the ultimate consumer you must leave him something to sell.

The Bolsheviks have been tardy in submitting to this iron logic. They probably think that they might as well have the benefit of this year's procurements, but they will pay a high price in peasant resentment for that benefit. They may feel that considerations of prestige require a continuation of the present policy for some time so that the peasant will not think he forced the government to retreat. They perhaps hope that by the next harvest the restriction of food exports, the drop in imports of heavy machinery, the slackening of new construction, and the concentration on light industries will enable them to reduce price levels, stabilize the ruble, and produce a volume of consumers' commodities big enough to convert procurements into a normal exchange, at market prices, of the peasants' real surpluses for the city's goods.

This is the goal of the Five-Year Plan, and I think that ultimately the purpose will be achieved. It would mark the beginning of the end of the proletariat's exploitation of the peasantry. It would mean that the peasantry would commence to reap the reward for its sufferings. It would create a real instead of a paper *smychka*, or bond between countryside and town. But I doubt whether so radical a change in the situation can intervene before the next planting season, and it is that which is important. For unless the peasant receives a very firm assurance that he will not have to submit to procurements again next autumn and winter, he will not plant this coming spring, and the Soviet Union will have another bad harvest.

On this point the Kremlin must speak quickly—in January preferably, in March at the latest. March is the final term in Russia for effective agrarian reforms. If the peasantry were vocal it would demand, first, a reduction in the quantity of grain it must yield to the state. This year procurements amount to 15,000,000 tons—a recent reduction from the original quota of 18,000,000 tons—but since the government is scrapping rationing, and since it has its own state farms, it should not need more than 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 tons in 1933. Second, the peasant must know in advance what part of his crops is to go to the authorities. Procurements have been arbitrary. The peasant plants. Then an official inspects his crop as it stands in the field and says: "You will have to give us x poods." A month later, if the procurement quota of the district is not fulfilled, the collector may reappear and say: "You will have to deliver x plus y poods." The advantage of the *prodna-log*, or grain income tax, which Lenin substituted in 1921 for the requisitions of

military communism was, as he then declared, that "the exact amount of the tax is known in advance, that is, as early as spring, to every single peasant. This will mean less abuse in the collection of the tax. This will mean that every peasant will be more interested in increasing his acreage, in improving his household, and in striving to increase his harvests." Like many other things that Lenin said, these words apply with equal or even greater force today. Lenin regarded the tax as transitional. "Neither requisitions nor a tax but the exchange of the output of large ('socialized') industry for peasant products," he wrote, "that is the economic essence of socialism, its foundation." To Lenin such an exchange was a vague dream. Now it is beginning to be possible. But the situation requires careful, subtle handling, and this year the Bolsheviks have been giving it crude, bureaucratic handling.

Stalin ought to come out and say: "We are abolishing the ration system with all its billions of yards of red tape, theft, and favoritism, and all the specially privileged retail stores. We can therefore abolish procurements. We give free rein to kolhoz trade. We therefore give free rein to inflation, and recognize it officially after it has existed in fact for several years. We are sure, however, that the emphasis now being placed on the production of consumers' goods, our decision to cut imports and exports, and our slackening of the tempo of industrialization will shorten the period of inflation and gradually lessen its hardships even before it ends. We will combat inflation, too, by cutting government expenses. Kolhoz trade, moreover, will expedite the turnover of goods and thus operate against inflation."

Stalin must not only say these things. In some way he must make the peasants believe that this new policy is "serious and for a long time," for the people no longer take Moscow at its word. There has been too much arbitrary ruling and too much superimposition of authority. The village collectives must be permitted to manage themselves democratically. The factory cooperative stores must be operated by the workers and not by the director with so-called proletarian control as an ineffective supplement. What the Soviet Union needs to make necessary reforms real is self-interest, initiative, and responsibility from below instead of dictation from above—more economic democracy.

I do not see how the new policy can safely be delayed much longer. It is already seven months late. Writing from Moscow as far back as July 17, I suggested the complete abolition of rationing.* That it must ultimately come I have no doubt. And if, after a difficult period, normal exchange of goods between Socialist city and collectivized village is finally established, the country will not have suffered in vain. Then the Soviet Union will be on the threshold of socialism.

I suspect, however, that the Bolsheviks may prefer to introduce the reforms piecemeal. This is regrettable. They will argue that inflation may get beyond control. If they increase the output of their light industries, this danger is not great. They may be afraid that if they leave too large surpluses in the hands of the peasantry, they will this year not have enough consumers' goods with which to purchase those surpluses. But this problem could be solved by importing ready-made goods. Foreign goods worth \$100,000,000—if they could be obtained on eighteen months' credit—would solve entirely the immediate Soviet economic problem of food and goods.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's celebration of the dirt road has brought him a membership in the Society for the Preservation of Bad Roads and four pages of twin-rut reminiscences from a correspondent in Colorado. The S. P. B. R. is the pleasant invention of E. B. Whiting, who writes about it in his Boston Letter to the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican*. His special concern is the dirt road of New England. The Drifter wishes him luck. Moreover, he accepts the invitation to the S. P. B. R., providing, of course, there are no dues, no meetings, and no correspondence.

* * * *

THE twin-rut reminiscences come from Robert Langan, of Denver. He incloses in his letter the newspaper account of one dirt-road rancher in Nebraska who waited eight days, with two broken legs, for someone to pass by. "I fancied you might be interested to know," he writes, "how really lonesome some of those dirt roads are." Then he continues:

My friend, I too have plodded and drifted along twin ruts down many a horizon in God's country. I recall one trip of twelve days, covering about three hundred miles, across central Oregon and northern Nevada before the days of railroads, trucks, and buses. I and another buckaroo, being broke and minus everything, hiked into the open-range country across the High Desert along the old United States military highway. There was a paradise of twin ruts. You should have been along. We subsisted mostly on crackers and cheese along with a few hand-outs and set-downs from freight wagons and sheep-herders' outfits. We packed our water in quart Sunny Brook bottles. In one stretch we didn't see a house or human for two days. On the third day, in a strip that had been opened under the Carey Desert Land Act, we sighted a homesteader's shack far off the road. We hiked over but there was no one at home, so we just broke in and helped ourselves.

All he had in the shack to eat was cornflakes and canned milk, and some rotten water in a barrel. The homesteaders hauled all their drinking water from eight to twelve miles. We built a sagebrush and buffalo-chip fire in his stove, boiled the water, and filled up on cornflakes and canned milk. It was like opening your mouth and letting the wind blow in, but at last we both filled up. Then we washed the dishes, swept the floor, and put the fire out. These rites having been attended to, as was customary and expected then as now in remote sections of the West, we addressed a little note to him, signed it, and left it sticking out underneath the lantern on the table.

The moral to this story, if any, could be that the natives on the fringe, deep in the country of the twin ruts, are more wont to observe the amenities than their more progressive brethren on the macadam. Counterpoint: maybe it's because the getaway is harder. Who knows?

* * * *

THE dry farm, caught in a web of deserted ruts that lead to no visible destination, is an unforgettable Western sight. There is an old saying to the effect that under the homestead law the government bets you 320 acres of land that you can't "prove up" on it in three years without starving to death—on most dry farms it is easier to raise a barbed-

wire fence than a crop of wheat. The settler must still haul water for miles. For farming he must depend entirely on rain, and in many sections a growing season sufficiently wet to grow and ripen a crop is the exception rather than the rule. Children, in fact, are the most abundant crop. The Drifter has often seen ten of them emerge from a tar-paper shack in the center of nowhere to watch the slow jolting progress of a passing automobile. Only recently he heard of an episode that is probably still typical. The doctor, finding oil lamps inadequate for the work in hand, maneuvered his car outside the window into such a position that its headlights flooded the crude delivery room.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Where Do We Eat?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Here in Berlin I religiously read *The Nation* and find it the only source of reliable information about what is really happening in the United States. But your discussions of foreign affairs sound unreal over here. Surrounded by German, Russian, and French newspapers, from the *Lokal Anzeiger* on the right to the *Rote Fahne*, *Pravda*, and *Réveil Ouvrier* on the left, it is hard to treat seriously the attempts of the existing governments to overcome the crisis by conferences. The League of Nations and the disarmament conference are splendid comedy, better even than "Of Thee I Sing," and the economic conference promises to be funnier still. But after the comedy comes the question, "Where do we eat?" And that is serious.

Unless *The Nation* wants to take rank with *Ballyhoo* as a humorous paper, wouldn't it do better to stop discussing with a straight face the antics of governments and take up seriously the question of how, when, and where we shall eat, after the disarmament conference has doubled the present armaments and the economic conference has destroyed what little trade and manufacture there is left? Isn't it about time for a supposedly serious paper like *The Nation* to stop discussing absurdities and devote its talents to discussing what we shall do when the inevitable collapse comes? The crash may look a long way off in New York; it looks very close in Berlin.

Berlin, December 1

ERIC A. STARBUCK

Anti-Japanese Feeling

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am really very sorry to see you so adamant in your attitude about the Far Eastern crisis. Of course your contentions are correct, but don't you see that your continuous propaganda against the Japanese is more and more inflaming public opinion against Japan, thus making a conflict inevitable?

Can't you see that the military clique in Japan will go to any length to gain its ends? Can't you see that they are determined to fight if they are unable to achieve what they want otherwise? And wouldn't it be far better to recognize a bad situation and make the best of it peacefully than to bring about another wholesale slaughter?

Is not this propaganda against another people which fills the American press the kind of thing we must avoid if we wish to prevent a recurrence of the catastrophe of 1914?

Toronto, December 15

B. GODFREY

Louisa May Alcott

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a teacher who is attempting to present literature to children as a means of criticism and understanding of their world, I wish to protest against your reviewer's praise of Louisa May Alcott in *The Nation* of November 23. It is true that Miss Alcott's influence has been insidious and widespread. She is responsible to a large extent not only for the childish taste which chooses "The Five Little Peppers" and its modern imitators, but for the adolescence which lays aside "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" for books by Booth Tarkington and Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Her popularity is due to the impulse, not confined to children, to avoid actuality and revel in a jolly world of pious sentiment and sweetened moralizing. What help is there in "An Old-Fashioned Girl" for the present problems of youth—sexual, social, and economic? We should teach our children that literature is not an escape from their environment but an aid in conquering it. Literature must be an intellectual challenge not moral pap if it is to give the new generation the courage to face reality.

Brooklyn, December 12

ELIZABETH C. WALLACH

Einstein Propaganda

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation is to be congratulated for pointing out that Consul General Messersmith was outrageously misrepresented—and by supposedly careful news associations at that—in the Einstein affair. It is a pity that more of those newspapers which loomed at the mouth over our alleged national humiliation through the supposedly "incompetent and stupid conduct" of the Berlin Consul General's office did not take the trouble to find out the facts. Messersmith is an educator and scholar and is regarded by the Germans as the "best type of foreign representative in Berlin." So also are his first assistant, Mr. Geist, and his second assistant, Mr. Follmer.

Much of the pro-Einstein flurry in Berlin is about equal to the hysterical belief that in the United States we have no physicists, no astronomers, no mathematicians who can do more than sit anxiously at the table with Einstein in the hope of picking up a few crumbs of scientific truth as they fall from his esoteric lips.

Philadelphia, December 20

HARVEY M. WATTS

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS was the Socialist candidate for the Presidency in 1932.

JAMES E. BOYLE, professor of rural economy at Cornell University, is the author of "Agricultural Economics."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

NEWTON ARVIN is professor of English at Smith College.

FRANK ERNEST HILL has rendered Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" into modern English verse.

HORACE GREGORY, author of a book of verse, "Chelsea Rooming House," has recently published a translation of Catullus.

Books and Drama

Havelock Ellis

Views and Reviews. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

APPROPRIATELY enough Havelock Ellis came into the world during the year of "The Origin of Species," and, like Roebuck Ramsden, he might say to most of us, "I was an advanced thinker before you were born." Straddling the entire gulf between mid-Victorian days and our own, he had, perhaps, the most hospitable mind of his generation, but he remained, nevertheless, singularly serene in the midst of the innumerable new ideas which he was always on the alert to welcome. Of many subjects which interested him, sex was merely the one which he chose to develop most persistently, and the choice was probably in part determined by the fact that his study of it typified in many ways the effort of his generation to throw the light of fact and reason into secret places.

It is [he remarks in a review included in the present volume] his deepest primary impulses which man is most unwilling to investigate. . . . It is not two centuries since he first ventured to begin analyzing the economic factors in life; a century ago it was an offense to question the orthodox religion . . . while the scientific study of sex is only of yesterday.

And the implications of that statement contain the ruling idea of his life.

The majority of the fifty-nine pieces included in this long collection are of no great individual importance. They cover a period of time from 1884, when he was discussing Women and Socialism, to 1932, when he was writing on Creating a New Spain, and most of them are reviews of very diverse books. But if the articles are not individually important they present in a remarkable cross-section the mind and temper of a man who may stand for the intellectual of his age. From them one gets a comprehensive idea of what the "advanced thought" of the last generation was, and one can sense what are the differences between the points of view of that generation and our own.

Ellis had, first of all, a mind more genuinely and unreservedly open than is common—even among those who make openness of mind their chief boast. He was always ready both to receive and to publicize new data or opinions, even though they ran counter to the tendencies with which he was most sympathetic. He press-agented most of the striking new theories, from those of the Lombrosian criminology, through Freudianism, on down to the neo-Nietzschean doctrines of Elie Faure. He was ready to defend what he believed valuable even in books which he thought largely mistaken, like Briffault's "The Mothers," or Lothrop Stoddard's "The Rising Tide of Color," and true to his eclectic attitude, he can speak even now with high admiration of a thinker as radically opposed as T. S. Eliot to everything for which he himself had stood. Such catholicity is not common or even commonly admired today, and the reason for it probably was that Ellis retained the shreds at least of one late-Victorian faith—the faith in the value of knowledge and tolerance as such, the faith that somehow good was bound to emerge from any adequate combination of sound knowledge and good-will.

In no small measure that faith has been lost by the present generation. It no longer believes whole-heartedly in dispassionate study. Neither is it any longer sure that mankind, being on the right road, has merely to continue forward. Its most respected leaders do not agree with one another even on the most fundamental issues, and intransigence, acrimony, and fanaticism are once more popular. In various ways and for vari-

ous reasons many of its thinkers are saying that the day of "the open mind" is past, even though, of course, they are by no means agreed upon what it should be shut against. Faith in a "beneficent illusion," faith in faith—if not in anything particular—threatens to replace faith in knowledge as such. Hence not only skepticism but tolerance as well has gone out of fashion, and there is nothing which commands less respect than eclecticism of any kind. Mr. Eliot can win fame as an Anglo-Catholic royalist, and a dozen can win fame as Communists, but one is expected to say something with vehement intransigence. If Mr. Ellis was the typical "advanced thinker" of his generation, he is far from being typical of ours. Indeed, his detachment, his intellectual hospitality, his genial serenity, and his ever-renewed interest in new ideas will probably make him seem old-fashioned, sentimental, and even a little absurd to many. Others may find something truly Olympian in the figure of a great Victorian who has kept his serenity in an intellectual atmosphere very different from that to which he and his fellows looked forward.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Hawthorne Restored

The American Notebooks. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Based upon the Original Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library and Edited by Randall Stewart. Yale University Press. \$5.

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE would have protected herself against the judging eyes of posterity if, after editing and publishing her selections from Hawthorne's notebooks, she had committed the manuscripts to the flames, as he had committed her "maiden letters." Inconsistently, but fortunately, she refrained from this act of destruction, and now that Randall Stewart's industry has reconstructed the whole of the American Notebooks from the manuscripts in the Morgan Library, it is possible to see how far Sophia was dominated by the standards of her class and of her era. Not, of course, that any sensational confessions or secrets have been lying concealed during all these decades in the little bound volumes of Hawthorne's journal: it would be easy to exaggerate the intensity of the new light which they throw on the man's personality, and perhaps Mr. Stewart does somewhat exaggerate it. Hawthorne was a few shades less euphemistic, a few shades harsher in his judgments of people, and a few shades more skeptical, than his wife cared to have the world suppose: this is the sum of what can be said, and it is enough to make one gape and blink at the spectacle of Mrs. Hawthorne's psychopathic delicacy. But in such cases a few shades more or less amount to more than their merely quantitative measure: a Hawthorne who could talk about whores and backsides and bellies, who could call Emerson a "seeker for he knows not what," and confess to a decreasing respect for the clergy is a slightly different Hawthorne from the man his wife revealed; and this is more than enough to justify Mr. Stewart's labors.

His volume—in which (except for what has disappeared) literally all that Hawthorne wrote as a diarist before leaving for Europe is preserved—is a model of what such editing ought to be. Its real interest is not at all a sensational one, and the newspapers have given a foolish impression of it to the public. It is simply the kind of book which readers and students, once they have learned that Mrs. Hawthorne's text is bowdlerized and unreliable, are eager to have available: here are the notebooks just as Hawthorne wrote them, without purification or softening, and with the kind of annotation that makes them readable and usable. They are far from being always, in them-

selves, intensely interesting; their mildness is sometimes monotony, and their amplitude is sometimes dullness; it is impossible to read every word of the "Twenty Days with Julian and Little Bunny"—delicate and paternal as it is—without an occasional yawn; and the "remarkable items" which Hawthorne now and then set down have somehow lost their salience. But Mr. Stewart is hardly responsible for Hawthorne's *longueurs*: his prolixity, his determination to clutch at every detail, his sometimes pedestrian pace—these are themselves only a part of the whole picture, and we may as well know the worst. They do not keep the notebooks, even in their pitiless totality, from being essential to a full understanding of the man and the writer Hawthorne.

In a scholarly preface Mr. Stewart has not only summarized the effects of Sophia Hawthorne's passion for the fig leaf; he has shown at length and in detail just how Hawthorne drew on the notebooks when he came to write his tales and romances; he has made an interesting analysis of certain character types which recur—with significant unresourcefulness—in Hawthorne's fiction; and has traced the recurrence in his work of four favorite and, indeed, obsessive themes. But the notes at the end of the book are of still greater value, I think, to the reader of Hawthorne; in fact, they are more than mere pieces of perfunctory annotation: they contain the materials for a more painstaking biography of Hawthorne than has yet been written. Based partly on letters that have not been published, and enriched by the most patient research, they fill in certain gaps in the story of Hawthorne's life, and round out our impressions of other chapters in it, with admirable fulness and precision. Just who the Upham was who served as a model for Colonel Pyncheon, what Hawthorne thought of "Mardi" and "Moby Dick," what the campaign biography of Franklin Pierce did to many of Hawthorne's friendships—these are some of the things that come out in these notes, if not literally for the first time, at least for the first time in convenient form. Altogether they make up a volume which, even if it contains no lurid revelations and forces no drastic revision of old estimates, takes its place at once as an indispensable. Physically, it is an unusually fine book.

NEWTON ARVIN

Chaucer's "Troilus," Modern

Troilus and Cressida: A Love Poem in Five Books. By Geoffrey Chaucer. Englished anew by George Philip Krapp. Random House. \$3.50.

CHAUCER'S "Troilus and Criseyde" is the most ambitious of his completed poems. "The Canterbury Tales," greater in design and performance, is technically unfinished—a superb fragment. "Troilus" we have in full, and it may stand as second in significance among Chaucer's achievements. Indeed, aside from the "Tales," it is the only poem of length which exhibits Chaucer's genius in anything like its full maturity. Accordingly, those who have felt the necessity of rendering Chaucer from Middle into Modern English (and I am among them) have always conceded the importance of having a "Troilus" in poetry of our own day. Professor Krapp, well-fitted by scholarship and artistic skill to attempt such a version, now offers a translation, the first of its kind to appear.

The task he set himself is a difficult one. "Troilus" comprises all told 8,239 lines in the well-known rime-royal stanza. It has been called the first modern novel, and with justice. As a novel, it involves the building of character and the psychological interplay of feeling and action which the term implies. But it is also a medieval poem, its tapestried descriptions and mannered speeches giving it a remarkable complexity, intensified by Chaucer's love of classical allusion and scholarly atmosphere.

Out of its arras-like background steps the immortal figure of Pandar, the prince of go-betweens, with his sly and bubbling humor; and there is the love night of the young prince and his lady, done as frankly as any episode in a twentieth-century love tale, but with a vivid sense of ecstatic flesh and eternal life which is peculiar to its age in idiom and beauty.

Professor Krapp has met the necessities of this difficult task with sustained skill and understanding. His version runs stanza for stanza with the original. While professing to make no word-for-word translation, he keeps close, even in detail, to the fourteenth-century poem. The verse is at times triumphantly delightful. The engravings by Eric Gill and the format given to the book by Random House give it an additional distinction as a physical thing.

Chaucer in modern English must naturally be represented by a modern English poem, and Professor Krapp, while achieving no miracles with feminine endings or in tonal quality, has kept much of Chaucer's accent, and has made a clear, flowing narrative. His rendering of the humorous scenes between Pandar and Troilus and Pandar and Cressida is particularly happy. It has been done with much modern idiom and a wit and raciness that in passages quite parallel the original. So when Pandar advises Troilus how to write a love letter, he admonishes him:

And don't mix things that do not harmonize,
In love and medicine the same note strike,
But always use the style that best applies
To what you say, so that it seems lifelike;
For if a painter painted finny pike
With asses' feet and headed them like apes,
He'd be no artist but a jackanapes.

Such freedom carries its own warrant, but it has offered difficulties which Professor Krapp has not always overcome. He changes from the older forms of address to the modern "you," employs contractions like "I'll" and "you're" much more than Chaucer does, and uses expressions like "I'll bet," "splendid match" (of a marriage), "in your eye" (meaning not at all). But he also keeps "ere," "anon," "naught," and even lapses into inconsistencies like

Why do you act like this? For shame on thee.

The result is subtly to break down the medieval atmosphere without completely building a modern one. Indeed, the modern one could not be built, and a little more acceptance of the medieval quality would in my opinion have lost no humor and definitely gained in atmosphere. Nor am I in most cases able to be happy about Professor Krapp's departures from the original meaning. Often they seem unnecessary, and add nothing. So at the beginning of the poem Chaucer speaks of his story as one

In whiche ye may the double sorwes here
Of Troilus, in loving of Criseyde.

And how that she forsook him ere she deyde.

The final line has so definite and incisive a quality, and seems to offer so little difficulty, that one is surprised to get in modern English:

What sorrows once on Troilus must fall
In loving Cressida, who first returned
His love, but for new love this old love spurned.

In Part IV this type of freedom is married to a strained word order and at times to a triteness of phrasing which are far from Chaucer's simple, if, in that book, not always immortal, phraseology. Nor is Professor Krapp always happy in rendering the relatively few passages of high poetry which the poem contains. The great love scene and the ending of the poem are well done—though the latter not exceptionally well—but often more could be wished for.

Yet the translation makes "Troilus and Cressida" available in modern verse with much of Chaucer's spirit and humor.

The task which the translator faced was so intricately difficult that while the definite limitations of the modern poem should be noted in justice to Chaucer, the fact that the work has been an achievement should be gratefully remembered. Professor Krapp has brought the "father of English poetry" closer to readers who cannot or will not read him in his own tongue.

FRANK ERNEST HILL

The Tragedy of John Clare

John Clare: A Life. By J. W. and Anne Tibble. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

IT took the latter-day Georgian poets, the Edmund Blundens and J. C. Squires, to rediscover John Clare. They recognized at once their own kinship with this forgotten poet and shared his pleasure in the small delights of English rural landscape, which he painted with the sure hand and the realistic eye of a John Constable. Despite their enthusiasm and their discerning praise, John Clare's cycle of obscurity is about to repeat itself. In 1820 no well-read person in London could afford to ignore him; seven years later his name aroused a kindly smile but little interest; his work had merit, but wasn't he that extraordinary farmer from Northamptonshire who wrote of birds and flowers?

Even now, after a hundred years, reading the story of his life is like stepping into a slowly evolving horror story. His family, the Clares, had always been poor, and the changing world of agricultural society left them more helpless than ever. Out of this hopelessness came John Clare, sanguine, gentle, eyes alert, lips smiling. The winter of 1820 brought him to London. It was a short visit, and he just missed meeting Keats, who had listened to a reading of his poems. Taylor, his publisher, repeated what Keats had said: "Description too much prevails over the sentiment"; and Clare replied: "Keats keeps up a constant allusion (or illusion) to Grecian mythology, and there I cannot follow. . . . Yet the frequency of such classical accomplishments makes it wearisome to the reader, where behind every rose bush he looks for a Venus and under every laurel a thrumming Apollo." This was the negative statement of Clare's creed; it was his purpose to describe all beautiful things in nature and set them down in their true colors, to make a frog as grand as any prancing medieval stallion—away with your richly dressed and fine dead ladies.

On the day he was to have met Keats, Clare was back home at Casterton Church marrying his Patty, and soon to be surrounded by a family of small children. Clare's group of patrons assured him thirty pounds a year. The sum merely served to make him confident of earning more by writing, and did not relieve the immediate pressure of providing for mother, father, wife, and prospective additions to the family circle. Hope was to die a slow death in him. If the money earned from poetry was pitifully small, he could and did manage—by falling into debt—to stay alive. During the summer and into harvest season he worked as a day laborer. He was never idle; there was always time for writing more poetry.

There were a number of short trips to town, and Clare met Hazlitt, Lamb, and Tom Hood, who genially enough introduced his poetry to magazines and annuals. Here were candles, gossip, ale, and wine, and Clare was grateful to sit at the table, to hear for an hour the glib, busy men of London, each with his own ambitions hidden behind each separate mask. Nor could Clare assume the noble air of Wordsworth, aloof, apart from all this pleasant chatter. The London men were kind, and seeing them was a false relief from cares at home. Here at the table fears slid backward into shadows on the wall and the terrifying city streets dissolved in larger shadows out of doors. One sees

Clare in a corner of a room, smiling, amiable, distraught, his mind choked with books (he had read much under pressure of self-education) and minute photographs of flowers, insects, birds—memories of all things seen, felt, and heard in Northamptonshire.

The London trips were failures, and the return home was a reminder of debts unpaid, of further struggle from one day to the next. Almost by inches Clare steered his way toward the insane asylum. His economic worries were transformed into evil spirits, nightmares that broke through the tissues of sleep and entered his waking hours. In the train of these came the awakening of an early love affair, the dream of perfect adolescent love to counterbalance the horror of reality and the nightmare beyond. The smiling surface that he presented to the world was broken by swift blasts of anger and terror. These he would vaguely understand, and then the habit of acquiescence would return; he would "know his place" and fall back into smiling sanity. In 1837 he was committed to an asylum: wife, children, and the responsibilities of life were out of sight, and the stream of poetry flowed onward. He looked everywhere for the cause of his failure, and could write only of lost dreams. Had he been another Blake he might have cured himself; he might have struck at the root of his own disorder and walked free. As it was he merely floundered onward in semi-consciousness until he died in 1864.

The present biography, a sincerely written tribute to his memory, carefully annotated and soberly presented, is one of the most depressing books I have ever read. The hardships of a Robert Burns seem light compared to Clare's; and from this record of Clare's life a sense of inarticulate tragedy rises, not unlike the feeling one experiences in reading the major novels of Thomas Hardy.

HORACE GREGORY

Stirring the Devil's Brew

Hitler. By Emil Lengyel. The Dial Press. \$3.

The Cauldron Boils. By Emil Lengyel. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

HITLER and Poland, Poland and Hitler—what a devil's brew these two have been stirring! Of course, Hitlerism and the Polish minorities are only two of Europe's problems. Yet no other two hold greater peril for European security and peace. Perhaps Hitler's star has begun to wane. There are certainly many indications that it has. But as a symbol of the turbulent, unharnessed power of dissatisfied Germany, Adolf Hitler is no less menacing today than he was in September, 1930. Every contribution to the further understanding of the forces that produced Hitlerism must be welcomed. Mr. Lengyel, alas, has added little to this understanding. His "Hitler" is simply another biography of the *Osaf*—a biography, it must be admitted, that ranks among the best of the many dealing with this strange messiah, but one, nevertheless, that merely looks at the man and leaves the casual reader to guess for the most part at the true historic, political, and social significance of Hitlerism.

In quite another category is Mr. Lengyel's more recent work, "The Cauldron Boils." Here the author rises far above the usual level of political journalism. He combines expert reporting with scholarly detachment, a deep knowledge of political problems with a sympathetic understanding of human needs. Mr. Lengyel does not bore us with details, yet manages to give us a comprehensive and intelligible picture of the difficulties confronting the Polish authorities on the one hand and the minority groups on the other. Nor does he swallow the propaganda which has been flowing endlessly out of Germany and Poland. Instead, he has adopted the novel though logical method of bal-

ancing this propaganda against the feelings and opinions of the human beings directly concerned. These opinions he has determined for himself by talking with the inhabitants in Danzig, Vilna, Warsaw, the Polish Ukraine, Upper Silesia. He has visited them in their offices and workshops and on their farms. Of necessity he devotes more space to the Corridor problem than to any other, though he does not neglect the Lithuanians in Vilna, the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto, or the German workingmen in Kattowitz. No fairer—and no more alarming—picture of the Polish problem has ever been presented. The caldron is boiling. There is still some hope that the devil's broth which it contains can be drawn off without great harm to anyone. A new type of state in which all the nationalities, the minority groups in full measure with the Poles themselves, have equal rights and duties, is Mr. Lengyel's solution. He would have Poland create "a confederation of equals" based on the Swiss political system, giving each group full autonomy within its particular geographical area. To this must be added sincere co-operation between Germany and Poland. Otherwise "it is difficult to see how the explosion can be avoided."

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Shorter Notices

A Lady Who Lost. By Alice Beal Parsons. Gotham House. \$2.50.

Having cleverly juxtaposed her hostile social camps in the quiet little town of Pawlet, Mrs. Parsons manages, by a skillfully devised plot, to bring these camps into active and significant conflict with one another. There are the indigenous residents of Pawlet, exclusive and dignified, living a Victorian life of peace and complacency; the parvenu exquisites from New York, importing culture and sophistication; and lastly the Communist agitators among the mill workers. A spectacular murder in one of the oldest families and a strike among the mill-hands precipitate a state of affairs that involves all three groups in a miniature social upheaval. The factor common to these groups is the sensitive and receptive James Hillyer, who, more than any of the others, finds his old loyalties and standards challenged by the turn of events. In tracing the conflicts of James Hillyer and his relations with three women, each of whom symbolizes for him a social order, Mrs. Parsons gives to her readers the twofold pleasure of following a moving love story and at the same time witnessing her keen and intelligent analysis of the cross-currents of contemporary life.

A Wanderer in Woodcuts. By H. Glintenkamp. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

There is something strangely ascetic about a woodcut in black and white; and when more than a hundred of them are strung together to tell a visual story, you feel like a monk in sackcloth. When Mr. Glintenkamp forgets he is making a grand tour through the Continent and lets the feel of his subject take hold of him, he does some splendid gouging, and is the equal of our best woodcutters. Most of the time, however, he is the facile commentator with his stock in trade of technical effects, the woodcut reporter on a holiday. Not all the comments that accompany his woodcuts are trivial; Prague, he wisely observes, is "the meeting of Eastern and Western culture—it is the beginning of the Oriental mood falling on Europe."

Richard Wagner: The Story of an Artist. By Guy de Pourtales. Translated by Lewis May. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

Successful with his popular portraits of Chopin, Liszt, Ludwig II of Bavaria, and Nietzsche in Italy, Guy de Pourtales now applies his romantic method to that superlative egotist,

Richard Wagner. It is by far the longest of his books, and in its consistency the most satisfactory. But he is more the advocate than the impartial delineator, and there are too many omissions of significant data and too many errors in facts for this biography to rank high as a work of reference.

The Spirit of World Politics. By William Ernest Hocking. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

Professor Hocking deals with the relationships of imperial Powers to "backward" peoples. He describes the administration of mandated nations and colonies, particularly in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, where he has spent several years of travel. He observes the ironic situation of the new nations of the Near East, where the gain of nationhood is balanced by the loss of a national culture. Professor Hocking's observations are very keen; the pretensions of imperial "missions" are ingeniously exposed; the questions of the fitness of one people to govern others and of the fitness of subject peoples to govern themselves are subjected to penetrating discussion. The ebb of imperialism is made decisively clear. Such thoughtful and comprehensive work is very valuable. Though the book is occasionally marred by unsuccessful flights of rhetoric, it is composed in a readable manner.

Three Chaucer Studies. By Russell Krauss, Haldeen Braddy, and C. Robert Kase. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

This volume makes a threefold contribution to the discussion of Chaucer's life and works which perennially goes on. Mr. Krauss establishes an excellent base for his claim that Thomas Chaucer was the son of Philippa Chaucer but not of Geoffrey, and for his theory that John of Gaunt, not Geoffrey, was the father in the case—this, too, not before Geoffrey's marriage to Philippa but several years after it. Mr. Braddy seems to prove that the "Parlement of Foules" was written in 1377 rather than 1381, the date traditionally assigned to the poem. And Mr. Kase discusses two groups of the "Canterbury Tales," G and DE, as insertions "into a framework not entirely prepared for their reception." Each of the three studies should permanently modify the problem which it approaches, and each of them is distinctly a credit to American scholarship.

The Life and Writings of Hugh Henry Brackenridge. By Claude M. Newlin. Princeton University Press. \$5.

In this valuable monograph Professor Newlin makes use of an expedient which is hereby recommended to all who have occasion to write books about minor literary figures. Recognizing that there is no possibility that Brackenridge's books will be reprinted, he has printed extended selections from them at strategic points. Hugh Henry Brackenridge is interesting from many points of view. He was the author of "Modern Chivalry" (the first two sections of which were reprinted in Greenberg's Rogues' Library in 1926). He is interesting as a type of educated man on the frontier, as one of the original Jeffersonians, as a man deeply implicated in the Whiskey Rebellion, and as an important early American lawyer. He was educated at Princeton and numbered Freneau among his early literary associates, taught school for a while, served in the Revolution as a chaplain, studied law, had a fling at literature, and emigrated to Pittsburgh in 1781. He made himself a power in the community, though his point of view and lively capacity for criticism debarred him from political success. He wrote, in addition to "Modern Chivalry," much satirical doggerel which is freely reprinted in this book. Probably the most exciting episode in his career was his connection with the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794, and under Professor Newlin's hand this matter is made to illuminate the whole question of the reception of Hamiltonian principles by the frontiersmen. "Modern Chivalry," says Professor Newlin, "which is our first back-country book, is the

result of using classic European literary traditions in an attempt to impart 'seasonable lessons' to the tousle-headed frontier democracy." It was extremely popular in its day and is very interesting reading even now. Professor Newlin has presented a fascinating "character" exceedingly well.

Drama

"Lucrece"

MUCH was expected of "Lucrece." Thornton Wilder translated it from the French of André Obey, and it has been staged with obvious skill at the Belasco Theater, but the admirers of Miss Katharine Cornell are frankly bewildered by a method and an intention very different from any with which we are familiar. Apparently the effort of the author is to produce an effect not unlike that of the "classic" drama of Racine, and in the pursuit of his aim he has thrown to the winds all the traditions of contemporary playwriting to produce a dramatic recitation bound to puzzle any audience which expects a play to be a play.

The story is simply Livy's tale of the Roman matron whom Tarquin violated, and its main outlines are conceived much as Racine, or Shakespeare, would have conceived them. Early Rome becomes a Renaissance court where the warriors are dressed in doublet and hose; the background is a permanent set of pseudo-classic columns; and much of the story is told through the mouths of two masked "narrators" who stand at the side to relate what has happened or to comment upon the events—many of them in pantomime—which are acted out before the eyes of the spectator. The tale of fortitude and woe proceeds with grave decorum to its expected end, and such comment as the author has to make is summed up by the concluding remarks of the two narrators. "Poor frightened bird—poor deer," says the female figure in Shakespeare's ornate words. "This," replies in substance the male narrator, "is history. Rome's business was to teach the world courage and order and decorum. Lucrece is a necessary, an inevitable, part of her great story. It had to be."

If M. Obey has given us any explanation or defense of his unusual technique I am not familiar with it, but I can imagine that it might run something like this. The attempt of the stage to reproduce the manners and costumes of a particular epoch is, like all realism, essentially romantic in that it lays great stress upon the ideas of time and chance. It implies that the ways in which men have differed from one another are even more important than the ways in which they have always been alike, and it goes along with a relativist attitude toward morals because it suggests that in a world where everything has local or temporary aspects even the spiritual meaning of events depends upon the local conditions and manners. Classicism, on the other hand, is interested only in eternal things and, indeed, founds itself upon the assertion that some things are eternal, that below the accidental and changing lies the essential and permanent. Hence classicism disregards that realism which occupies itself with outward things. So far as its subject matter is concerned, it makes no difference when the events occurred or what costumes its actors wore. And in order to emphasize this fact, in order not to distract the attention from the essential, it sets its action in a conventional setting and tells its story in a completely artificial manner, thus putting the whole out of place and time. The values of the story I have to tell are not affected in the slightest degree by local circumstance. I am not, like a romantic relativist, making a "study of the early Roman attitude toward the question of a woman's honor." I am, on

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the other hand, presenting the eternal aspects of lust and pride versus fortitude and dignity. Hence my "Lucrece" cannot be realistic and accurate. It must be abstract, formalized, and without local habitation.

So much for what I imagine to be the theory behind M. Obey's play. Yet the fact remains that for all the persuasiveness of such arguments and for all the dignity which it does achieve the work still lacks the great majesty which alone could make it really successful. To strip oneself of the aid which variety and incidental ornament provide, to dispense with the vivacity of realism, and to depend upon nothing except the grave beauty of sculpturesque outline is to make upon oneself demands which only great genius can meet. There was only one Racine as there was only one Milton, and "Lucrece" does not wholly escape the curse of frigid formalism which has fallen upon ninety-nine out of every hundred efforts to write plays in the "classical" manner. Realism of either the romantic or the everyday sort may be incompatible with the greatest and the most exalted art, but it is an invention which has saved from dullness most of those artists of the second class upon whom the world has had to depend for most of its books and plays and poems.

As Lucrece Miss Cornell is extremely effective, achieving a style in which a certain decorum is not incompatible with an expression of genuine anguish. Yet the high point of her performance, as well as the high point of the play itself, is the scene in which Tarquin wakes her from her sleep and announces his intended violence. That scene is, indeed, a scene of exceptional power, but it is also the one in which the author approaches most closely to the methods of modern dramaturgy. One realizes that Racine would never have written it, that to him it would have been something to be told about just as obviously as, to a modern playwright, it is the one inevitable *scène à faire*. To say that is to say that M. Obey abandons his method at the crucial moment and very nearly disproves what would appear to be his own thesis.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

More Mountains, More Mice

IN view of the unparalleled size and magnificence of the theater, in view of the deafening blast of advance ballyhoo, in view, above all, of the money its sponsors had to spend, the inaugural program of the Radio City Music Hall was the most uninspired that could possibly be imagined. Patrons of Mr. Rothafel's (endearingly, "Roxy's") former theaters will remember those elaborately expensive twenty-minute interludes of boredom that used to precede the feature picture. Imagine a series of these stretched over an entire evening and you have Mr. Rothafel's present offering. Former Roxy patrons will remember, again, that there were always scenes from "Carmen" on the program. These become the *pièce de résistance* of the opening week's bill at Radio City Music Hall. Besides doubling the quantity of dancers, soldiers, matadors, real horses, cigarette girls, etc., Mr. Rothafel has introduced the interesting innovation of a dancer in a 1932 New York costume appearing in the midst of the "Carmen" revelers. In addition to the operatic scenes there are a choric dance for an antique Greek tragedy by Martha Graham and her dance group, Doctor Rockwell, with his medical lecture, and Ray Bolger, an amusing modern tap dancer. This indicates either a very catholic taste on Mr. Rothafel's part, or, what seems more probable, the complete absence of any taste at all. One suspects that his theory is that he should give his patrons Art and entertainment, and that these are two separate and distinct things which must be alternated in different acts: that entertainment has nothing to do with Art and that Art has nothing to do with entertainment. Or perhaps

Mr. Rothafel's is the much simpler theory that the important thing is to spend money, buy names, and put on elaborately lavish "spectacles" with enormous choruses, and to please everyone by having Martha Grahams for the highbrows and Dr. Rockwells for the lowbrows. But he may yet live to learn that congruity is not only an artistic canon, but a commercial one.

Of the revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the New Amsterdam, with Walter Hampden in the title role, there is little to be said except that Mr. Hampden acts the part with as much spirit as ever and that the supporting cast is competent.

H. H.

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Civic Repertory Theater. It will fascinate children and adults alike by the reality of its unreality and the sense of its nonsense.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Shubert Theater. Hilarious perennial exposing almost anybody's family.

ANYBODY'S GAME. Bijou Theater. To be reviewed later.

BIOGRAPHY. Guild Theater. An intelligent and sinewy comedy about what happens when a cultivated woman of the world tries to choose between a pompous opportunist and an unmanageable idealist.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Forty-eighth St. Theater. Exciting and credible tale of crime in a country house. One superb performance.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. To be reviewed later.

GIRLS IN UNIFORM. Booth Theater. To be reviewed later.

LUCRECE. Belasco Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to a radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

TWENTIETH CENTURY. Broadhurst Theater. To be reviewed next week.

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1863

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1933

No. 3524

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	49
EDITORIALS:	
Again a Challenge to Humanity.....	52
A Revolutionary Document	53
The Parity Plan	54
Cosmic Row	54
ISSUES AND MEN. CALVIN COOLIDGE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	55
BROOKLYN EDISON AGAINST THE PUBLIC. By Jerome Count	56
THE FIFTEENTH OF DECEMBER. By Ida Treat.....	58
CONGRESS STUDIES RELIEF. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	59
SALES TAX OR INCOME TAX? By Ernest Minor Patterson.....	61
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: AN AMERICAN BYRON. By Clifton Fadiman	63
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	65
CORRESPONDENCE	65
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	67
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Marxism or Tolstoyism? By Henry Hazlitt.....	68
Poets All. By Kenneth Burke	70
Zweig's Tetralogy. By Lionel Trilling	70
Shorter Notices	71
Art: Art and American Life. By Anita Brenner.....	72
Music: Our Musical Diet. By Arthur Mendel.....	74
Drama: The Victim. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	74
Films: More Celluloid. By Alexander Bakshy.....	76

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THAT THE MILITARY FORCES of the United States are merely "a glorified bill-collecting agency" was the declaration of Major General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. M. C., retired, before a Brooklyn forum, according to the *New York Herald Tribune*. He related further that he had been "canned" in Haiti because "I didn't want to make the Haitians raise sugar" for a New York bank, and added, "I wouldn't want to see a boy of mine march out with a Wall Street collar about his neck." The authorship of this testimony makes it valuable. General Butler served extensively both in Nicaragua and in Haiti. He was reputed to be the roughest of all the treat-'em-rough marine officers. *The Nation* has long contended that the whole Haitian episode was motivated by the desire of American concessionaires to cash in on their dubious investments. For this sordid end the military and diplomatic strength of this great nation was mobilized. The recent attempt of the Hoover-Stimson regime, by means of a further ironclad treaty, to guarantee the security of investments which at home would have shared the fate of similar speculations is the latest episode in this discreditable chapter of American foreign policy. Of General Butler it may perhaps fairly be said that he serves his country better in peace than in war. On his own testimony he was, while in uniform, collecting for private interests. His present frankness on the lecture platform serves the interests of

the American people. It gives them the first confirmation from a quasi-official source of their betrayal by their supposed servants in Washington. Apart from the great losses throughout Latin America resulting from ill-will, some \$22,000,000 of American taxpayers' money and the lives of a score of American boys have been sacrificed in Haiti since 1915 so that a few bank and railroad stockholders might be certain of their dividends.

TOMATOES AND POTATOES may long since have been cheaper, but not power and light, at least not appreciably; nor are the rates within striking distance of those which would prevail if regulation were effective. The failure of regulation to protect the consumer has long been evident. That even the employee of our profitable State-protected monopolies in no wise shares either the prosperity or the security of his absentee-owner employers is exemplified in the policies and practices of the Brooklyn Edison Company discussed elsewhere in this issue. Were the company's reduction of employment necessitated by hard times, it could perhaps be justified. But the depression simply serves as a pretext for squeezing the already underpaid worker for the benefit of the common stockholder. The consumer does not benefit. Reduction in the price of materials and labor costs is not passed on to him. It is a paradox, and a striking example of the lag in our political and economic practices, that at the time when the State is seeking more taxes from the public to take care of more unemployed, it extends its benevolent protection to a public utility which, on the one hand, increases the public's burden by unduly high rates and, on the other, adds to the general distress by increasing unemployment. Why should the State's protection be limited to those in the industry who neither toil nor spend?

THAT REPEATING, false counting, intimidation of voters, and other irregularities in the Twentieth Congressional District contributed to the defeat of Representative Fiorello H. La Guardia in November is unquestioned. But to obtain, at this late date, evidence sufficient to prove the invalidity of somewhat more than 1,000 votes credited in the returns to Mr. La Guardia's opponent, James J. Lanzetta, may not prove easy. For against La Guardia, staunch liberal, were arrayed an unscrupulous Tammany and a conniving or at least indifferent Republican organization. The opposition of the Republican organization to party members who maintain their independence of thought and action is not new. The flagrant attempt to defeat Senator George W. Norris in Nebraska in 1930 by running a spurious George W. Norris against him is still fresh in the public mind. Another contested election which will come before the House was in the Third Maine District. There the Republican machine was determined to beat the progressive Ralph O. Brewster, twice Maine's Governor. Having failed in the primary, the Republican organization entered the Democratic lists. It sponsored the candidacy of a reactionary never before conspicuously associated with the Democratic Party. His election was reported. But illegal registration

of voters, falsely marked ballots, and miscounting, subsequently uncovered, prevented his obtaining a certificate of election. The Republican organization managed, however, to deadlock the Republican Governor's Council, so that neither candidate has been certified. The next House will have to hear the evidence. In the case of both La Guardia and Brewster, the services of unusually disinterested and enlightened public servants are at stake.

THE DEFLATION of our big-business statesmen closely parallels the depression curve. Two weeks ago Owen D. Young's feet of clay were revealed to a long-reverential public. Now the same \$2,000,000 loan of General Electric money to Samuel Insull, when that noble Athenian was already bankrupt, discloses the stuffing under the shirt of Melvin H. Traylor. It will be recalled that Mr. Traylor was deemed one of the pre-convention Democratic Presidential possibilities. This sagacious financier, whose bank, the First National of Chicago, had already advanced millions on Insull collateral and might therefore have apprehended the impending Insull insolvency, was likewise a director of General Electric. He too felt that the loan should be made. In fact, Gerard Swope's testimony indicates that it was chiefly on Mr. Traylor's recommendation that he acted so generously. Mr. Traylor has been among those mentioned for the Secretaryship of the Treasury in the Roosevelt Cabinet just as Mr. Young had been mentioned for both that post and the Secretaryship of State. At the present rate of liquidation of once great reputations the forecasters will, before March 4, have to start picking a Cabinet all over again.

THERE IS GRAVE DANGER that the Dies bill, which has already passed the House, may be quietly approved by the Senate and signed by the President before the groups opposed to this vicious measure have had an opportunity to throw their united strength against it. The Dies bill provides for the deportation of alien Communists, and its definition of a Communist is so broad and loose that it can be interpreted to include virtually every foreign-born resident or visitor who is not frankly and whole-heartedly in sympathy with non-Socialist forms of government. At present substantial proof is required by law to show that the alien radical is actually advocating the overthrow of the American government by force or violence. Under the Dies bill a mere expression of opinion, however lightly voiced, would suffice to render the alien deportable. More than that, the pending measure refers only to persons advocating the overthrow of governments not under the control of Communists, and thus by implication would establish the United States as an asylum for foreigners conspiring against the Soviet regime in Russia or against other communistic or socialistic governments that may be set up elsewhere. The various organizations and individuals interested in preserving civil liberties should fight this measure with all the power at their command.

WHY HAS WILLIAM GREEN suddenly taken to blustering about general strikes and the class war? These phrases seem strange, not to say insincere, coming from the successor to Gompers. There is little doubt that Green has taken this militant attitude because of widespread discontent in the ranks of organized labor. The president of the American Federation of Labor must do something to still

the growing unrest and make sure that rebellion will not sweep him out of his job. The workers want determined action, aggressive leadership that will relieve them of some of the horrors of unemployment. President Green offers them the right to strike, a weapon which under normal conditions has its advantages, but which under the present circumstances would be the least effective that organized labor could possibly adopt. The employers are not worried by such threats; there is more than enough surplus labor to go around. For the same reason the workers who still have jobs are likely to hang on to them as long as they can. Yet in appearing before a Senate committee William Green can talk about a "universal strike." If the American Federation of Labor had in the past been more consistent and vigorous in defending the workers' rights, these warnings might have real weight. But its traditional policy of cooperating with capital, largely at the expense of the workers, has all but destroyed its influence.

A GOOD DEAL of chop-licking has gone on among certain unsympathetic correspondents and other observers of Soviet Russia's recent economic difficulties. One might almost imagine that the rest of the world was enjoying good times, so impressed are these persons by the evidences of hunger and industrial breakdown in Russia. Now, at the end of the period—actually four years and three months—of the first Five-Year Plan, Stalin has issued a statement analyzing clearly, if a bit optimistically, the present economic situation, and announcing a slower tempo for the next two or three years coupled with an increase in the output of articles of consumption rather than machines of production. Thus, by executive fiat, the dictatorship alters the course and heads the ship in a new direction. Incidentally, it is exactly this course that Louis Fischer pointed out, in our last issue, as the essential one for Russia to follow.

KING ALEXANDER of Yugoslavia, according to reports from various European capitals, is planning to substitute a more democratic regime for the present dictatorship. There is also some talk of admitting the failure of the Serbian scheme to establish a unified national state which was to have been dominated by the Serbs. According to present reports, a definite measure of autonomy is to be accorded to the Croats and Slovenes and probably also to the Macedonians and to one or two other minority groups. This may well prove the solution of a desperate internal situation, as well as of an increasingly grave international crisis involving primarily Yugoslavia and Italy. The agitation of the Croats recently took on such dangerous proportions that the Belgrade government found it expedient to renew its quarrel with Italy in the hope of diverting the attention of the Yugoslavs from their domestic difficulties. It was decided that Italy was responsible for the Croatian independence campaign, and a formal protest was sent to Rome. Soon thereafter Mussolini asked Albania, Yugoslavia's neighbor to the south, to join Italy in a customs union. Belgrade interpreted this move as unwarranted interference in Balkan politics. Rome was informed accordingly. The result has been to stir up a great deal of bitter feeling in both countries. The historic Venetian lions, which for six centuries had stood guard at the entrance of the harbor of Trau, now a Yugoslav port, were destroyed by patriotic vandals. After this incident the

Italian government became noticeably more bellicose in its attitude toward Yugoslavia. Other European governments have exerted diplomatic pressure upon both Belgrade and Rome, urging them to compose their differences, but as yet this intervention has had no apparent effect.

PREMIER AZANA OF SPAIN has managed to keep the republican government running smoothly and firmly partly because of the strong support he has received from the bourgeois elements in the country and partly because of the loyalty of the Civil Guard. However, in attempting to satisfy these groups he has had to follow a moderate, one might even say conservative, policy. This has of necessity delayed the industrial and agrarian reforms which the revolution seemed to promise, and as a result the workers and peasants have become increasingly restive. Though the Civil Guard has supposedly been "purged" of its royalist sympathies, the workers and peasants suspect it and are demanding that it be disbanded. They accuse Azaña of having established a bourgeois dictatorship, and there is much evidence at hand to support this charge. Their discontent has created a fertile field for syndicalist and anarchist agitation, which now has led to serious disturbances in which scores of persons have been killed. If these disturbances continue, the Azaña regime will have to move to the left or face the prospect of being overthrown by the radicals. Premier Azaña appears disposed to combat the spread of radicalism with the help of the Civil Guard, and this suggests that Spain may be in for an extended period of civil warfare.

INCREASINGLY THE CONSUMER may come into his own. Now we have the indestructible radio tube, extremely simple in construction and inexpensive—indestructible even after transmitting Ed Wynn. In a Newark laboratory the new tubes have been operating continuously for 1,200 hours. They are without vacuum. More than that, no A or filament power is necessary. Engineers agree that this bulb is likely to revolutionize the whole vacuum-tube and radio industry in a very short time. At least here is promise of a device which should benefit the consumer tremendously. He is denied the good-for-a-lifetime automobile and the razor blade which lasts several years and ends the difficult old problem of what to do with used blades. He is still waiting for the indestructible suit made of ramie. Let him give thanks, therefore, if and when the everlasting radio tube with its salutary effect upon the cost of hearing and living is put on the market.

WE NOTE WITH SATISFACTION that John Hamill, author of a volume dealing with the early career of President Hoover, has retracted some of the more sensational charges made in his book. All fair-minded persons must deeply resent attempts to vilify unjustly the President of the United States. If Mr. Hamill is guilty of wilfully distorting the facts so as to cause misleading inferences to be drawn, as he is reported to have admitted, he should be prosecuted. Mr. Hamill's admission that his "interpretations were in error in some instances" does not clear Mr. Hoover's record of all the grave charges that have been made against him. The essential facts remain unchallenged. While, as was pointed out in several of the reviews appearing in *The Nation*, the majority of the books dealing with the

President's early life were so obviously inspired by malice and partisanship as to be untrustworthy, at least one of the volumes—"The Rise of Herbert Hoover," by Walter W. Liggett—was restrained in tone and supported its charges with impressive documentation. The fact that no adequate reply has ever been made to the questions raised by this book has resulted in considerable confusion regarding the whole of Mr. Hoover's career. Such explanations as have been made of his role in the seizure of the Kaiping mines from Chinese control have been unconvincing in the light of available records. What is more to the point, no evidence has been advanced to show that he ever took a vigorous stand against the stock-flotation practices and labor exploitation of his business associates, or that he was even aware of the deeper social implications either of their actions or his own as a promoter and financier.

CALVIN COOLIDGE succeeded in pleasing the great masses of his fellow-citizens and yet never comprehended, or was able to comprehend, the deeper meaning of the economic surges on which he was borne forward like a chip on the crest of a wave. He reduced government problems to the sublimely simple terms to which he reduced the question of the war debts—"They hired the money." He dealt with issues only as they were forced upon him, left no constructive suggestions to cure our ills, and made no contribution whatever to the science of government. He vetoed the bonus, it is true; but it was easy for him to be courageous when he knew that his friends and backers in Wall Street would have damned him had he done anything else. In large degree, the Calvin Coolidge the public read of was the creation of press agents and the newspapers; even his famous telegram on the occasion of the Boston police strike, "There is no right to strike against the public safety anywhere, any time," was composed for him. The reporting of his death and funeral followed the same pattern. The crowds around the church were represented as bowed down with grief and awe, silent and reverent. An eyewitness assures us that it was a pushing and pulling rabble of sight-seers. So the Coolidge myth persisted to the end.

MRS. HENRY MOSKOWITZ, whose death occurred in New York on January 2, was a remarkable figure in the philanthropic and political life of New York. To Alfred E. Smith she rendered years of invaluable service as aid, adviser, and confidante, not to say general manager. For years she ran his publicity bureau, helped him with his speeches, took part in planning his campaigns, and was generally so useful and so devoted to him that it is no wonder that Mr. Smith broke down when he heard of her death. But Belle Moskowitz by no means devoted all her rare talents and unusual mentality to Mr. Smith. She was distinguished in her own right. She was a leader in philanthropic undertakings before her affiliation with Mr. Smith began, and her counsel was widely sought at all times by the group of undaunted men and women who in good and bad times steadily labor for the social and moral deliverance of the metropolis. Rarely has the city seen such an outpouring of men and women of all walks of life as attended her funeral to bear testimony to the breadth and nobility of her soul and to an intellect which, particularly in political affairs, was the equal of that of anyone of her day.

Again a Challenge to Humanity

THAT is what Japan's latest action in Northern China is—a challenge to humanity. The Shanhaikwan horror is but a repetition of the original Manchurian episode. According to Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the United States Marines, somebody threw a bomb at the railroad station at Shanhaikwan on the night of New Year's day. The Chinese say that it was thrown by Japanese or by agents in Japanese pay; the Japanese assert it was exploded by Chinese. The next morning a detail of Japanese soldiers was fired on and a lieutenant killed. Again, as in Manchuria, Japanese reinforcements for the 300 Japanese troops appeared as if by magic from their station four hours away and attacked in full force with all arms, including tanks and airplanes. On the following day the Japanese succeeded in driving out the Chinese Ninth Brigade of regulars after a most stubborn resistance and took over the city. The daily press reports that Shanhaikwan is "a smoldering ruin"; there were large "civilian casualties," that is, unarmed civilians to a number estimated as high as 3,000, in addition to 1,700 Chinese soldiers, were killed, and 100,000 refugees are reported fleeing from the stricken city "in unheated box-cars which are trailing into Tientsin and Peiping." In other words, there has been wholesale slaughter because the Japanese went ahead as if the whole Shanhaikwan episode had been planned in advance. They revenged the bomb and the dead lieutenant with the same ferocity that they displayed at Shanghai, and with the same utter disregard of consequences.

It is, of course, a pure accident that the city in which this "incident" occurred is in a most strategic position, being only a few miles from the eastern end of the Great Wall. It is thus nearly on the border between Manchuria and China proper and it was occupied by the Japanese, without the semblance of an excuse, just a year ago without much opposition from the Chinese. It is a pure coincidence, too, that this "incident" took place in the very city one would wish to occupy if bent on a move toward Peiping or if one were intending to set up another "independent state" under Japanese control, this time centering about Peiping and Tientsin.

This is the very plan which has been attributed to the Japanese for months past. Shanhaikwan is, of course, a purely Chinese town, and no state of war exists between Japan and China. But the Japanese are now demanding the withdrawal of all Chinese troops from the town, while offering also to withdraw theirs and make it a "neutral" city. Japanese troops will not be withdrawn until these terms are accepted, and the reports persist that an apology by the Chinese must also be forthcoming. Tokio reports a determination to "localize" the affair. But the fact remains that the camel's head is again in the tent; the Japanese are to all intents and purposes within the Great Wall and are in a most fortunate position from which to go on and further divide China.

We repeat that all this is an affront to humanity. There was not the slightest necessity to maintain a Japanese garrison in Shanhaikwan, and as long as such garrisons exist the possibility of "unfortunate incidents" is ever present. Here are the facts—once more flung in the face of the League of

Nations, which has just successfully shelved the Lytton report and has listened to downright defiance of its authority by the Japanese representatives at Geneva. What is the United States going to do about it? What are Great Britain and France going to say to this latest slaughter of innocents in the war which is no war? Is public opinion utterly ineffective? Must the world sit back with hands folded and watch the progressive carving up of China? Is the United States government, after having advanced the Stimson-Hoover doctrine, going to sit by idly without a protest of any kind? If so, the League might as well be disbanded and the collapse of the Stimson-Hoover doctrine openly confessed, and the Japanese might as well be told that they may go ahead and wreak their bloody and conscienceless will upon the Chinese people until they are satiated.

The government of the United States should first let its attitude be unmistakably known. Following that it can and should take another step—it should appeal to Congress for an embargo on all shipments of arms and ammunition. We understand, of course, that if the United States denies to Japan the right to purchase arms and ammunition, the Japanese may go to Germany, or Great Britain, or France, or Italy, and purchase there what they need. None the less, we think that the time has come for this action, and we believe that the Congress would almost unanimously vote such an embargo if the President appealed for it. Only three weeks ago a feeler came out from Washington to the effect that the President was going to ask for an embargo of this kind with special reference to the war in South America, so that the present belligerents in that part of the continent would not be able to get further military supplies from the United States. If that is worth doing in this smaller scene of hostilities and this relatively less important sphere of action, why should it not be done in regard to Japan? Even if it failed to be wholly effective, it would be a magnificent gesture of disapproval, for it would have behind it, we believe, the public opinion of America. It might even inspire the British and French governments to take a vigorous stand, instead of encouraging the Japanese to go ahead by their refusal to join hands with America or to support the recommendations of the Lytton Commission to the League of Nations.

Senator Dill offered a resolution in Congress last winter during the Shanghai fighting asking for such an embargo on arms shipments, and even Congressman Hamilton Fish has proposed the same thing and has made the striking statement, according to the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, that "in the undeclared war between Bolivia and Paraguay American bankers have already loaned Bolivia \$20,000,000 with which she has purchased munitions of war, largely in England, while millions of American people and their government are urging peaceful relations among nations." This conservative journal favors the embargo, declares that Secretary Stimson favors it, and asserts that it is now "up to President Hoover." He is, of course, a weak reed to lean upon. All the more reason why the public opinion of the country should make itself felt. We are for the embargo without the loss of a day.

A Revolutionary Document

IT is no slight irony that it was Herbert Hoover who officially originated the survey which has culminated in the epoch-making report on "Recent Social Trends in the United States."* For it was under the aegis of the apostle of "rugged individualism," the embodiment of contented conservatism, that the factual and interpretative material was assembled which makes plain the imminence of and the imperative necessity for a profoundly altered political, economic, and social order. It was in the autumn of 1929, the final fall, indeed, of the old America—that the President of the United States, looking forth on a land seemingly flowing with milk and honey, summoned the social scientists to research and report. They were asked to provide "such a review as might supply a basis for the formulation of large national policies looking toward the next phase in the nation's development." Well, the report is timely. The next phase is here. Were the White House tempted to use the blue pencil on this as on the Wickersham report, only complete suppression would serve. For while the tempo of "Recent Social Trends" is measured, its attitude objective, and its presentation scholarly both in letter and spirit, it is, by cumulation of fact and inexorable deduction, the most formidable revolutionary document in our day and country.

It is obviously impossible to convey in brief compass the wide sweep and profundity of this collaboration. The initial two volumes comprise over 1,500 pages, divided into a "review of findings" and thirty-one chapters, each a monograph by experts; they are to be supplemented by thirteen volumes of additional detail. The committee members—Wesley C. Mitchell, Charles E. Merriam, Shelby M. Harrison, Alice Hamilton, Howard W. Odum, and William F. Ogburn—have not only justified their scholastic reputations, but have enhanced it.

The report abstains from any direct comprehensive conclusions and recommendations. The broadest deduction to be made from its graphic reiterations is that, in a world transformed by invention, the American people have sought to carry on with an obsolete political structure, outworn economic principles and practices, and an increasing lag in social ideology. Our technical efficiency has outstripped our other capacities. Hence the astonishing contrasts—skyscraper and slum—and vast disorganization.

Politically our dominant philosophy has been that "the role of government is 'to provide the circumstances under which private initiative can operate most successfully.'" So "powerful individuals and groups have gone their own way" to the community's detriment. And although "our administrative areas are obvious anachronisms," the "units of government laid out a century ago are now too small for the discharge of various functions," yet "in governmental affairs . . . proposals for change have been identified with treason . . ."

Our economic system is signalized everywhere by conspicuous waste. Despite gains in shorter hours and higher earnings "there has been no such success against the terror of unemployment." Typical are the extractive industries.

In the "prosperous" era from 1923 to 1929 some 3,300 bituminous coal mines were forced to close, 250,000 men lost their jobs, the wages of the rest have been cut again and again. Every year 150,000,000 tons of minable coal—equal to the entire post-war production of Germany—is lost through wasteful methods. Corresponding conditions obtain in the oil industry. Yet the roots of the evil are "imbedded in legal conceptions of mineral property transplanted from Tudor England." Our antiquated judicial system perpetuates economic inequalities. Our "judge-made law" arises from the social philosophies of judges. Progress is impeded by the "massive irresponsiveness of the bar and bench to the challenge of the present system of civil and criminal justice by modern social and economic conditions, and the indifference to the sweeping indictments of the drift by leading jurists."

Socially, conservative attitudes are responsible for much maladjustment to altered circumstance. "Some schools and colleges still offer courses which are survivals from the scholasticism of the Middle Ages." Materialism, our concepts of property, are a retarding force. "By virtue of commercialization the problem of leisure is bound up with purchasing." And there is the interesting suggestion: "Happiness and unhappiness have been little studied by science, yet happiness is one of our most cherished goals."

The report finds that social thinking and planning are our most pressing needs. To deal with surpluses, unemployment, underconsumption, "economic planning is called for." At present, however, "that phrase represents a social need rather than a social capacity." The best that can be done now "is to lay plans for more planning." And pointing to the unity of purpose and coordination achieved in the World War, the report asks: "Is it beyond the range of men's capacity some day to take the enhancement of social welfare as seriously as our generation took the winning of the war?"

In the immediate future the committee expects and welcomes more public enterprise and control of previously private functions. It "observes nothing alarming in the widely varying forms of social adjustment undertaken by government, whether maternal, paternal, or fraternal." "The alternative to constructive social initiative may conceivably be a prolongation of a policy of drift." More likely is some form of dictatorship in which "the basic decisions are frankly imposed by power groups, and violence may subordinate technical intelligence in social guidance."

Well, the collective intelligence of our social scientists has given us a chart so that we need no longer drift, but may steer straight ahead. As the report makes clear, we must, before we can move forward, understand the phenomena of change and their far-reaching implications. The report lays the cornerstone of understanding on which alone a new order can be erected. It happens incidentally to be an intensely readable, at times, a thrilling story, with its glimpses of a better society arising from the old on a soil in America perhaps "not . . . unfavorable for cultivation." And history may yet regard this as the first step toward a Magna Charta of a reemancipated people and as the outstanding achievement associated with the Presidency of Herbert Hoover.

* "Recent Social Trends in the United States." Report of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends. McGraw-Hill Book Company. Two volumes. \$10.

The Parity Plan

THE farm "parity plan," favorably reported to the House by the Agricultural Committee by a vote of 14 to 8, is even more dangerous than the allotment plan it supersedes. It aims to pay a special bonus, at the consumer's expense, to the producers of four farm products—wheat, cotton, tobacco, and hogs. This bonus is not to be a fixed amount: it is to be sufficient to give to wheat, cotton, tobacco, and hogs their so-called "pre-war purchasing power" in terms of other commodities. The duty and the power to decide what this amount is will fall upon the Secretary of Agriculture, who is to be given dictatorial powers never before held by any individual in our government in times of peace.

The parity plan is, in brief, a plan to pay to a special group of producers a direct subsidy without parallel, in its size, in our national history. This subsidy is to be raised by a direct tax on the necessities of life. It is to fall on the consumer of bread, ham, pork, cigarettes, and of the cheapest clothes. It is to fall on, among others, the 12,000,000 jobless. It would amount to probably 100 to 300 per cent on the commodities affected—compared to this a sales tax of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent on those commodities pales into insignificance. It is claimed by some of the supporters of the measure that the added price of these commodities would not be passed on to the ultimate consumer but would be absorbed by the "middle men." There is no evidence that the middle men—the flour mills, the textile industry, and so on—could in such times as these support the burden.

Even if one assumed that the plan would benefit the farmers as a whole at the expense of everyone else, it would be difficult to see how one could justify in principle a plan by which an unemployed man buying bread would be compelled to help support the owner of a large wheat farm. In practice the four groups of farmers subsidized would be subsidized at the expense of all other farmers who are producing dairy products, poultry and eggs, sheep, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, rice, hay, beans, peanuts, potatoes, apples, peaches, pears, grapes, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, asparagus, cabbage, cantaloupes, carrots, and onions. Are we to subsidize each of these? The sponsors for the present parity plan hold that raising the price of the four lucky farm products will raise the price of all farm products; but it will be hard to get the raisers of the other farm products to believe this. The subsidy would mean no net increase in the country's purchasing power, for it would take away from the consumer exactly as much purchasing power as it would give to the favored producer.

The final excuse for the bill is that the manufacturer is already receiving a subsidy through the tariff, and that the farmer must now receive his through the parity plan. In other words, as the manufacturer is supported out of compulsory doles from the farmer, the farmer must now be supported out of compulsory doles from the manufacturer. This is Alice in Wonderland economics; the mythical islanders who lived by taking in each other's washing begin to seem relatively plausible. What is wrong with a drastic tariff reduction that would open the world's markets to the farmer's products and no longer make it necessary for him to endow the manufacturer?

Cosmic Row

THE scientists gathered at Atlantic City for the annual meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science may have learned a good deal from one another, but the spectacle which they presented was not entirely edifying to the layman. Drs. Millikan and Compton, the two Nobel Prize winners, clashed acrimoniously, and though the former has protested against the account of his attitude given by the correspondent of the *New York Times*, it is obvious enough that there was more heat than light in the argument which revolved around stupendous deductions from highly dubious data.

Professor Millikan continues to harp upon the cosmic implications of the "cosmic ray" which he discovered, and which, according to him, is not produced by ordinary electrons because it is not influenced by the earth's magnetic field. Professor Compton replies that it is so influenced, and to that Professor Millikan retorts with something very much like a polite form of the lie direct. Yet upon the basis of data so dubious that two of the most famous physicists in the world cannot agree even as to the immediate concrete facts in hand, the one proclaims that the universe is constantly building itself up while the other is equally positive that the classic conception of a cosmos slowly running down is correct.

To the layman it is all more than a little disturbing. During the course of a century he has gradually built up such a faith in the hard-headed caution and accuracy of the scientist that he accepts quite docilely many statements about nature and the world against which mere common sense would rebel. He has, with many beneficial consequences, tended to put himself more and more in the scientists' hands, but his faith is being seriously shaken by the all-too-evident willingness of eminent scientists to announce stupendous conclusions which must be unjustified if they can be so readily contradicted by other scientists equally eminent. We now have the very highest scientific authority for stating positively that the universe is "expanding" and also that it is building itself up. Unfortunately, however, we also have the very highest authority for stating positively that it is contracting and running itself down. Under the circumstances, is it possible to conclude anything except that both statements are made upon the basis of evidence obviously inadequate?

The true explanation is, of course, that Drs. Millikan and Compton are really discussing religion while they pretend to discuss science. The former, a religious optimist, does not want to believe that the universe is running down, and quite frankly displays his pleasure in announcing that the cosmic rays are the "birth cries" of raw matter being born and that they furnish "some experimental evidence that the Creator is still on the job." Dr. Compton may be neutral or he may be equally anxious to discount anything which would weaken the support which science gives to a skeptical materialist. In any event, however, it is evident that their argument would never have taken the form it did if both had had only a disinterested desire to get to the bottom of the facts involved. An outsider can hardly help feeling that neither has enough information to draw any conclusions at all, and that the heat of the discussion was generated entirely by that age-old disturber of the peace, the *odium theologicum*.

Issues and Men

Calvin Coolidge

CALVIN COOLIDGE was a child of fate if ever there was one. But he was more than that; he was a perfect product of his time and as such he exactly suited the American mood at the moment when that same kindly fate so generously removed President Harding from the scene just in time to save him from utter disaster and humiliation. A few weeks before Mr. Coolidge was elevated to the Presidency one of the ablest United States Senators—one who is always regular at election time—spoke privately of the Vice-President with complete pity. Mr. Harding would have to be renominated, but Mr. Coolidge—why, this curious and odd person, who had made no friends among the Senators and ate his lunch from a tin box in a corner of a committee room, would, of course, be retired to private life. Presto change, and Mr. Coolidge was in the White House and this very Senator was one of the first to render him obeisance, while an extraordinarily servile and romantic press seized upon the “curious and odd” person and painted of him a portrait that bore little or no resemblance to the actual Chief Executive.

But this was nothing new in Mr. Coolidge's career. When Oregon nominated him for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Mr. Harding at Chicago in 1920, the Massachusetts journalists present roared with laughter. It was a joke; it was Coolidge's luck again. For they knew that there was no truth in the story that Governor Calvin Coolidge had broken the Boston police strike with the fearless courage and intrepidity which the press attributed to him throughout the length and breadth of the land. They had read the report of the citizens' committee which cooperated with the authorities in handling the strike and had read over the signature, not of a radical, but of the late James J. Storrow, then the head of Lee Higginson and Company, that when the crisis came and the counsel of Governor Coolidge was sought, he was not to be found for forty-eight hours. The necessary action was taken without him; the honors, such as they were, belonged elsewhere. His own bombastic proclamation, telegraphed everywhere, came one day after the strike had been settled by Mayor Peters. But Mr. Coolidge never disavowed the unearned praise showered upon him. He was content to rise by the myth that made the Oregon delegates believe that they were honoring a great American.

Beyond that, nothing stands out in the early career of the man who was “sold” to the American people as the embodiment of the simple and rugged virtues of the simple and rugged Vermont from which he came. He chose Northampton, Massachusetts, for his permanent home, and he rose in due course like many another to the Governorship of that State because he was a Republican in a Republican town, in a Republican county, in a Republican State, and because he was absolutely loyal and obedient to the party machine, without a spark of initiative or independence. He did not distinguish himself in war time when he was Lieutenant Governor; before that he was an undistinguished legis-

lator. But he belonged to the period in which, after you got to be a Republican president of the Massachusetts Senate, no power could stop your becoming Lieutenant Governor and Governor. The custom of years had decreed this and so it was in Mr. Coolidge's case.

Once in the Presidency Mr. Coolidge's characteristics as portrayed by the press tickled the public no end. The plain men of the farms and the small towns felt him to be one of themselves. The multitudes in the cities, reveling in an orgy of getting rich quick and spending as quickly, attributed their luck to Calvin Coolidge. The “masters of America”—as Woodrow Wilson called them—the great heads of the corporations which dominate our social, business, and political life, found in him just the complaisant national figurehead they so eagerly desired. He had been utterly silent in the face of the corruption of the Harding Cabinet, in which, by invitation, he sat; he never talked, as did Mr. Wilson, about our being “in the midst of a revolution” against the great capitalists. Nor did he denounce any of the big business men as “malefactors of great wealth,” as did Theodore Roosevelt; and there was no chance under him of such shocking scandals as disgraced the Harding regime. So as the tide of prosperity rose higher and higher, it became “Coolidge prosperity,” as if he had created it by some wave of a magic wand. And when he capped the climax, just before the expiration of his Presidency, by prostituting the White House as it has never been prostituted before by his statement of January 6, 1928, encouraging the maddest, wildest speculation in the world's history, the spokesmen of finance and big business called him blest.

Calvin Coolidge's shrewd sense that it was time to leave the White House saved him. Had he run again and been elected he would today have been as deflated and hated as Herbert Hoover himself. He made his choice and retired with the Coolidge myth still unexploded. He was still the wise, homely, simple, penurious citizen who went—for a time—from the White House to his \$35-a-month apartment in Northampton. His thinly trickling, often unintentional, vein of humor continued to be exploited to the full. He became the “Sage of Northampton”; the noble Cincinnatus back at his plow. And only a few of the irreverent and the dissatisfied continued to point out, as they had done throughout his Administration, that not a single great constructive step was taken during his Administration; that, on the contrary, the Coolidge policies, so highly praised, were based solely on the crassest materialism and inexorably helped to drive the country into the limitless disaster in which it finds itself today. This disaster spells the end of many things. It is above all the final harvest of the policies of Calvin Coolidge and of those for whom he stood, whose desires he fulfilled, whose faithful servant he was.

Dwight Garrison Kilgore

Brooklyn Edison Against the Public

By JEROME COUNT

HARD times seem to mean little or nothing to the stockholders and managers of the electric-power industry. Although some of the holding companies have collapsed, to the detriment of thousands of stockholders, most of the large operating companies have, despite the depression, continued to pile up huge profits and pay good dividends. Only the consumers and workers have failed to share in this remarkable prosperity. Indeed, these two groups, but particularly the latter, have had to undergo sacrifices in order that the inflated dividend record of some of the utilities might be maintained. This is especially true in the case of the Brooklyn Edison Company, which through good times and bad for twenty-nine years has not once failed to declare its regular annual dividend of 8 per cent. This record remained unbroken in 1932. Thus, by virtue of a State-protected monopoly on Brooklyn's electric business, the original stock of the Brooklyn Edison Company has now been redeemed two and a half times over.

An 8 per cent dividend might not appear excessive at first glance, but when examined in its relation to other factors its excessive nature stands clearly revealed. For example, the profits available for payment of dividends by Brooklyn Edison have amounted during the depression to approximately 30 per cent of the gross income of the company. In 1931 the sum of \$13,400,000 was available for dividends, compared with gross sales in that year of \$48,000,000. In 1930, \$13,700,000 was available for this purpose out of \$46,000,000 gross income. The dividends actually paid in 1931 amounted to \$8,800,000, and \$10,000,000 was paid out in 1932.

Brooklyn Edison's continued payment of dividends presents a marked contrast both to its labor policy and to the needs of the community to which it supplies electricity. Its issued capital stock increased from \$19,000,000 in 1921 to \$125,000,000 ten years later. This means that the 8 per cent dividend rate is now paid on 600 per cent more stock than a decade ago. Electric consumption, however, has increased only 10 to 15 per cent each year. Dividend tribute levied upon the people of Brooklyn has increased five times more rapidly than their demand for electric service. Meanwhile, Brooklyn Edison has not neglected its future. It added \$4,200,000 in 1931 to its surplus of \$26,500,000. Its reserves were increased to \$20,000,000. Its surplus has been increased by 250 per cent in the past five years alone.

With these facts a matter of record, it was astonishing to learn recently that 3,000 more men had been discharged by the company, increasing the lay-off to 5,000 for 1931 and 1932. Determined protests by the Brotherhood of Edison Employees have brought no relief, and it is fitting to inquire into Brooklyn Edison's labor policy as contrasted with its huge accelerated profits. The most recent reports disclose that Brooklyn Edison business for these two years will show a net increase of 38,000,000 kilowatt hours in electric sales over the year 1930. Dividends for 1932 totaled \$10,000,000—\$1,200,000 more than was paid in 1931 and \$2,800,000 more than in 1928, 1929, or 1930. Since 1921 the annual

dividends paid have increased at the rate of 60 per cent. The pay roll, however, has increased only at the rate of 15 per cent each year—an increase in labor force and not in average wage.

It is significant that while the increase in the share of labor coincides with the increased demand for electricity—15 per cent annually—the stockholders' share in the benefits of a decade's expansion in this industry has exceeded both by 400 per cent. The year 1931 intensified this injustice by decreasing the pay roll by \$1,126,017, while dividends increased by \$1,600,000. The year 1932 crowned all previous Brooklyn Edison achievements with a \$4,000,000 decrease in wage payments as compared with 1930, and a \$2,800,000 increase in dividends compared with the same year.

The prospects for Edison employees is more dismal for 1933. Construction work will reach the vanishing-point and wage cuts are threatened, but dividends will continue their unbroken record of twenty-nine years. There is even danger that Brooklyn Edison will issue \$15,000,000 more stock, now held in reserve, and again increase dividends by \$1,200,000. The significance of these figures is even more striking when they are reduced to terms of the average worker and the average stockholder. In a typical year, 1926—before the Consolidated Gas Company assumed control of Brooklyn Edison—8,666 employees, devoting their entire year's labor to the production and distribution of electricity to more than 2,000,000 people, received an average annual wage per man of \$1,500. The sum of \$500, or one-third of this wage, was paid to 11,343 average stockholders enjoying the privileges of absentee ownership. The dividends distributed were equal to 48 per cent of the total amount paid to wage-earners. The elimination of dividends would have raised a miserable wage level—less than \$30 a week in the boom year 1926—to \$2,000 a year. It is well known that many skilled Edison employees, supporting families, earned little more than \$25 weekly in boom times, while union men were paid two and three times as much. Mr. J. C. Parker, president of the Brooklyn Edison, has suggested that the relative permanence of jobs in his company justified the meager wages paid. Fourteen thousand Brooklyn Edison workers believed that thesis at the beginning of 1931. Since then 5,000 of them have become completely disillusioned; 2,000 workers have been out of the company's employ for two years and 3,000 more were dropped in 1932. These 5,000 men could have been retained at a cost of \$5,000,000. During the same period Brooklyn Edison had \$25,000,000 available for dividends (of which \$18,800,000 was actually paid) and reserves of \$22,000,000 were accumulated.

The desperate plight of Edison men, as a result of this inequitable labor policy, was brought out at a hearing held by the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor. A young worker twenty-seven years old, with a wife and two children to support, was asked to describe his circumstances since his discharge from the company. He testified: "My present circumstances are that I haven't worked for four months. The only job I received was a couple of days ago and I made \$2. The relief committee paid my month's rent

for me and supplied me with \$2.50 a week to eat on." Mr. Parker, president of the Brooklyn Edison, with singular irony, was chairman of what his former employee calls the "relief committee" in the recent drive for unemployment relief funds. Mr. Parker pleaded with Brooklyn to donate \$1,250,000. He apparently sees no moral problem involved in thus committing arson with one hand and playing the hose with the other.

It has been declared by Mr. Parker that construction projects on which these men were employed have been completed and, in his own words, "when a house is built, it can't be built again." Let us examine this claim. In 1928 Brooklyn Edison laid out a ten-year construction program, including replacement of overhead wires and improvement of distribution facilities generally. After the second year of this ten-year program, Brooklyn Edison discharged 40 per cent of its force and left 36,000,000 feet of overhead electric wire still to be placed under-

ground. The State legislature declared this change to be a public necessity forty years ago, but at the rate at which it has progressed during the past five years, forty years more will be required for its completion. Yet Mr. Parker insists that Brooklyn Edison has no work for these 5,000 men to do. Similarly there are 15,000 customers whose service is to be transferred from direct to alternating current. Mention this to Mr. Parker and he answers, "We are way ahead of schedule." Excessive rates and underpaid and insecure employees are the keystone of Edison prosperity. The Public Service Commission has proved incapable of obtaining reasonable rates and until recently has avoided all

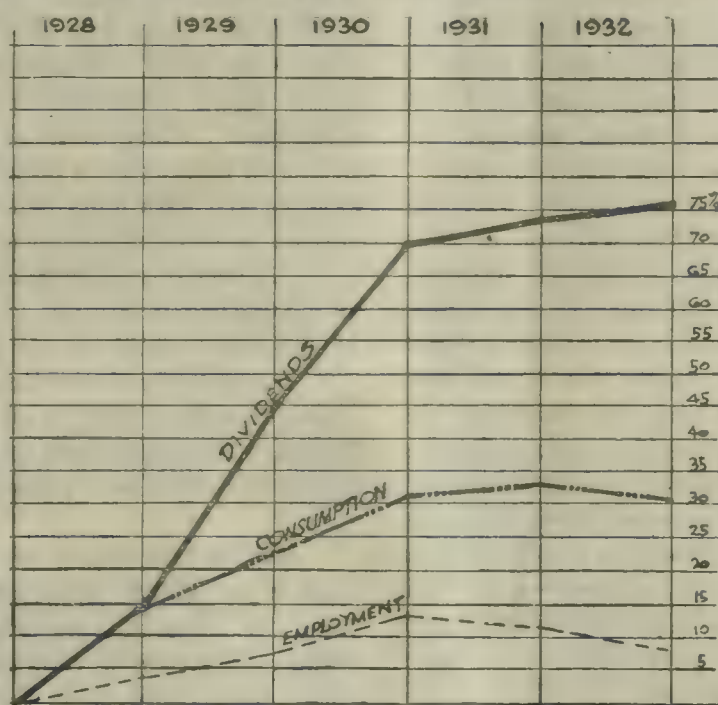
responsibility for labor conditions in public utilities. Although it is believed that the present law grants adequate authority to act, public bodies have sought an express legislative mandate for fifteen years to direct the commission to deal with its problem. The constant threat of discharge hangs over the heads of Edison employees affiliating themselves with union activities. The American Federation of Labor has failed to take effective action against an illicit agreement between the electricians' union and the Edison system whereby the union maintains a "hands-off" policy. Labor and the consumers have met defeat at every turn.

When Brooklyn Edison was combined with the Consolidated Gas system, Morris L. Ernst, representing the Public Committee on Power, endeavored to oppose the Public Service Commission's unconditional approval of this deal and was all but ousted from the so-called public hearings. It is not without interest to analyze the results of this consolidation. According to Matthew S. Sloan, then president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, the unification meant an annual saving of \$17,700,000 to the companies. Within the space of a few months the Consolidated system raised its

dividend rate by \$8,000,000 per annum and in the following year the dividends were again increased, so that the former holders of Brooklyn Edison and Consolidated stock received \$18,000,000 in additional dividends just after the combination took place.

The last official report of the Public Service Commission reflects the stockholders' rewards from this deal. In the year following the combination, dividend payments in the gas and electric industry of New York City, dominated primarily by the Consolidated system, amounted to \$43,600,000, representing an increase of 33 per cent over the previous year. During the same year, however, employment (as measured by wages in the industry) increased only 3 per cent. Again, in the following year, dividends were increased by an additional 25 per cent—almost \$11,000,000. The pay roll increased only 5 per cent. Thus, during the two years immediately following the merger of Brooklyn Edison with Consolidated

Gas, labor received the benefits of increased industry to the extent of 8 per cent, while stockholders reaped 58 per cent more dividends. At the same time the demand for power and gas increased only 10 per cent, while the public paid the same excessive rates. The files of the Public Service Commission reek with Edison scandal: \$70,000,000 in accumulated "unification savings" was to be passed on to the public in the form of reduced rates, according to a promise made by Mr. Sloan five years ago, but this has not been done; \$150,000,000 in fictitious capitalization is still awaiting investigation; a \$50,000,000 permanent annual dividend load paid by consumers is still to be justified; other and hardly less important matters need



How Stockholders Have Profited at the Expense of Labor and the Public Since Brooklyn Edison Combined with Consolidated Gas in 1928.

looking into. Fifteen years of struggle against this situation, during which the Public Service Commission has been besieged with protests, petitions, and complaints, have been virtually barren of results. In fact, the only concrete action taken resulted in a substantial increase in the rates paid by small consumers of electricity. It was announced that the company must have the right to charge a minimum rate as a necessary condition to a well-advertised plan of a "voluntary reduction" of \$5,500,000 offered by the Consolidated system in 1930. The reduced rates became effective, however, only when the consumer used more than a specified amount of electricity. Experience has proved that the "reduction" resulted in an increase for 50 per cent of the consumers who were forced to pay the new minimum rate; while the only buyers of electricity who profited by the reduction were the large users, industrial and otherwise.

Lest the consumer despair, it may be said that a recent report had it that the commission is opposed to further increases in rates except under "special conditions." Those who have their ears to the ground, however, are unable to report that rate reductions have even been rumored.

The Fifteenth of December

By IDA TREAT

Paris, December 15

IT is not a new discovery that no one likes to pay his debts, or that the grudge against the creditor is human and universal. But from that very instinctive attitude to the actual gesture of default—is a world, as the French say. In the case of the middle-class Frenchman, the default of December 15 implies nothing less than a revolution.

By two in the afternoon of December 13—date of the final session that was to decide the fate of the debt payments—the Chamber of Deputies was in a virtual state of siege, the center of a charmed circle swept clear of all traffic, with 6,000 police and Republican Guards massed on the circumference. Behind the rows of blue uniforms the heavy façade of the Palais Bourbon looked down on an empty square of wet asphalt occupied by a solitary brigadier astride a fretting horse that shied nervously when the automobile of a belated deputy swept over the bridge from the Concorde.

Along the iron fence by the entrance, rows of umbrellas sheltered hundreds of would-be spectators waiting for hours in the December drizzle, in the forlorn hope of squeezing their way into the already crowded galleries. In the discreet background of the rue de l'Université more mounted guards stood in reserve along a massive file of police cars and black Marias ready for emergencies. Along the boulevard St. Germain squads of patrolling *agents* hustled traffic and pedestrians into the side streets, urging the loiterers to "circulate" in no uncertain tones. As the afternoon wore on, the loitering groups grew denser. By five o'clock they had taken on the proportions of a mass demonstration, charged—as all Paris crowds are—with a tense something that needs only a spark to expand and explode. Casual conversations took on a sharper tone, grew heated and aggressive.

"*Bien sûr*, we won't pay. Nobody's going to pay. We've been dupes long enough." That from an orator in a derby hat, his back to a tree in a jostling, applauding circle.

"But what about England? England's let us down," someone called from the outskirts.

"Nothing new about that. What else did you expect?" That bit of sarcasm from the man in the derby provoked such a chorus of invective directed at the neighbors across the Channel that a timid little man in eyeglasses had to tug at the speaker's sleeve to get his attention.

"But, but if we don't pay, then nobody will pay us," the timid little man piped, his voice shrill with excitement.

The derby hat shook him off brutally. "Nobody *has* paid us. That's just the point," he stated gruffly.

"Oo-oo! Down with Hoover! Down with the debts! Down with *all* the debts!" shouted the crowd.

"Socialists!" hissed the little man, "Communists!" And he pushed his way out of the circle.

"Circulez. Circulez." A wedge of blue dug its way into the mass. The crowd eddied but held its ground. On the terrace of a corner cafe a big American brandished a Paris *Herald* over the heads of a row of gesticulating Frenchmen. In the hubbub it was hard to make out whether he was aggressor or aggressed.

The crowd thickened. From every street it poured into the boulevard. A middle-class crowd—employees, functionaries, *jeunesse patriote*.

"A bas les dettes! A bas Herriot! Vive la France!"

From St. Germain, hats on one ear and swinging their heavy canes, glad of the chance to step from political oblivion into the limelight, marched the ranks of *l'Action Française*. At the same moment a massed force of police reserves surged forward.

"Look out for the cops!" A band of small boys scrambled to shelter in the nearest doorway as the storm broke. Fists, canes, and clubs. A crash of glass in the windows of a street car, blocked in the crowd, fell to splinters. A louder crash—the iron tree-guards, deadly weapons of all Paris street fights, wrenched from their sockets, banged to the pavement. Then came a lull. The crowd wavered and broke, to form again a hundred yards away. A row of police cars, packed with noisy demonstrators, moved off to the police station; a few damaged heads found first aid in a pharmacy.

"A demonstration *pour la forme*," a man in a worker's cap remarked ironically. "A *bagarre* in gloves, so to speak. If you ever saw a real one you'd know the difference."

But still the crowd lingered, surging for hours about the Palais Bourbon, held in check by the police, shouting itself hoarse, while thousands of feet stamped the rhythm: "We won't pay. We won't pay. Down with the debts!"

Behind the façade of the House-Without-Windows it is as if the shouts from without had penetrated the sound-proof walls—a discreet echo of the street. In the lobby a solemn delegation of veterans, their chests hung with medals, stand ready with their resolution: no payment under any conditions. In the airless hemicycle, no hand-to-hand fighting but plenty of vigorous invective. The Right, solidly aggressive; the Radicals, splitting; the Socialists against the Radicals; and high to the left the group of Communists dropping judicious oil drops into the flame.

Herriot in the tribune—a heavy man, beads of sweat on his forehead, his features sagging with fatigue. Beaten in advance he maintains his losing fight for the inviolability of contracts, his defense of "what should be the most precious of all—the signature of France."

"What a man, what a heart!" murmurs my neighbor in the gallery where the public sits tense with excitement, like spectators at a match. His next neighbor shrugs his shoulders. This is no time for sentimental effusions. What interests him more is his personal beefsteak. He quotes in an undertone Marin's statement to the effect that France's default will cost the American taxpayer only thirty-two cents; whereas if France pays, the French taxpayer's pocket-book will be twenty dollars lighter. Those are figures that talk.

Down on the floor an approving murmur greets the Premier's eloquence. Applause not for what he says but for the way he says it. Even the Socialists are moved. But admiration for the speaker—a very Latin trait—in no way implies a change of conviction, as the vote proves—402 against

187. The Cabinet and the debt payment have crashed together. All victory to the man in the street.

The man in the street is elated, even a bit tipsy, to tell the truth, at his success. You owe money and you don't pay. So incredibly easy. But none the less it is a revolution. That is at bottom what bothers the French petit bourgeois and troubles his joy. To begin with, he has an ingrained horror of debt. "I don't owe a sou to anyone," he states proudly. If by chance he does—such accidents will happen—he is characteristically as scrupulous in his payments as he is pitiless toward his personal debtors. A matter of everyday morals; otherwise where would society be?

Now, in his heart of hearts, he is worried. There is somehow a disturbing discrepancy between his attitude toward his own affairs and his attitude toward those of his government. Of course, in the matter of the American debt, he feels that he has ample justification. He has even a convenient scapegoat—Hoover and the moratorium. "If Germany doesn't pay, how can the Americans expect us to?" (His financial policy still clings firmly to the threadbare "L'Allemagne paiera.") Transferred to his private life, however, that argument seems distinctly non-waterproof.

"If I tell my creditors I can't pay because the man next door doesn't pay me, it doesn't help matters," says the man in the Métro. The next step—he knows it—would be a visit from the *huissier*. Is the situation altered because the

United States has no all-powerful *huissier* to follow up defaulting debtors? A knotty question. Perhaps the best solution would be to take seriously the sarcasms of La Fouchardière in this morning's *Œuvre*. "France is not the French. . . . A government is a special providence that thinks and spends (*pense et dépense*) for its citizens," who have only to pay or march as the case may be. Relations between governments have no analogy with relations between individuals. As the case of war proves.

The middle-class Frenchman feels uncomfortable. The broken contract, the *chiffon de papier*, sticks in his throat. Then, too, there may be consequences. What will happen next? he asks uneasily. Will it mean loss of credit, the fall of the franc? Inflation? The word strikes terror to the heart of the petty employee, but the manufacturer thinks with a certain complacency that that solution might help him shoulder off some of his personal debts at small cost.

But these are all problems for tomorrow. Today the tension is relaxed. Something springlike and irresponsible floats in the Paris air. Whatever his inner apprehensions, the average Frenchman is jubilant at the gesture of his government. It appeals to his Gallic sense of temerity. "Think of it," says the man in the corner cafe, "last Fourth of July our Ministry of Finance put out the American colors. Symbolic, wasn't it? Now times have changed. This is our Independence Day—if I had my way, every house in Paris would hang out the tricolor."

Congress Studies Relief

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington January 7

THIS Congress is rapidly succumbing to a mood of desperation. Every incoming mail is bursting with heartrending appeals for work or relief. Three days ago a once prosperous citizen who had lost home and business sat in the office of a Senator whom he has known for years and calmly disclosed his plan to end his life unless he found a job before the end of the month. Despite all the shallow wisecracks about the selfishness and insensibility of Congressmen, the strain is telling. That something must be done, and done quickly, is the universal sentiment, but concerning what can be done to avert complete disaster there is no union of minds. Restoration of the purchasing power of silver to enable other nations to buy our products is the demand of Wheeler of Montana and others. Wagner of New York reiterates that the only way to make a dent in the colossal army of unemployed is by the inauguration of a gigantic program of public and semi-public construction. In tones of mounting authority Borah repeats that the world is suffocating under its burden of armaments. The stricken farmer grasps frantically at the domestic-allotment plan, although some of his best friends warn him that it will only aggravate his plight. Through all this fear and confusion runs a steady current of bitter malediction against the man whose persistent procrastination and pollyanna prophecies of "prosperity around the corner" are held responsible for the extremities to which the country has drifted. Two years ago, or even a year ago, they say, the drift could have

been arrested; now it may be too late. Out of this willingness to try something—or anything—is growing a very pronounced sentiment for currency inflation, and nobody should be surprised if a measure of that kind passes both houses before March 4. Whether it is likely to provide for additional coinage of silver, new currency issues to be based on government securities, or the simple use of the printing-press, neither I nor anyone else knows at this writing, although a combination of the first two would seem a likely surmise. The important fact is that Congress is rapidly approaching the conclusion that what this country needs is more money in circulation. I suspect there are persons who will concur in it.

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THAT Congress does not exaggerate the desperateness of conditions will be recognized by anyone who has studied the testimony before the Senate Manufactures Committee during hearings on the new La Follette-Costigan bill. Members were told that in Chicago 800,000 workers, half the employable population of the city, are idle, and that approximately two-fifths of the employable population of Illinois are unemployed. They were told that 250,000 families in New York State are receiving public relief and that another 100,000 will be added to the rolls before the end of winter. Samuel Goldsmith, director of the Jewish Charities in Chicago, testified that all efforts to administer relief on the basis of "maintaining pride or self-respect" have

been abandoned, and present endeavors are limited strictly to the prevention of acute physical suffering and death. Witnesses were unanimous in declaring that local taxing agencies have reached the limit of their resources, and that the federal government, with its boundless powers, must come to the rescue if the situation is to be saved. For example, the city of Chicago is five months in arrears on the payment of city employees, owing them a total of \$16,000,000. The Board of Education of Cook County owes the teachers five months' salary and other employees seven months' wages, a total of \$22,000,000. Cook County is five and a half months behind on the pay of county employees, owing them \$5,000,000. Contributions to private relief agencies are falling off steadily, and these are the agencies to which Herbert Hoover for two long years stubbornly referred every supplicant for federal aid! Is it any wonder that the latest of his own commissions to report—that on Recent Social Trends—voices a solemn warning of the danger of revolution? The marvel is that the revolution is not already here.

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MEANTIME, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which was Hoover's cure-all for the depression, instead of relieving the situation has succeeded in getting up to its ears in scandal, and faces the threat of a prompt and sweeping investigation by Congress. More than a year ago I wrote in this place that an institution which undertook secretly to lend billions in public funds could avoid scandal only by a miracle. This was common sense, not prophecy. But Mills and Hoover insisted on their secrecy clause—and what is the result? We learn that a loan of \$14,000,000 was authorized to the Cleveland bank of which Joseph R. Nutt, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, was chairman of the board; that a loan of \$12,000,000 was authorized to the Cleveland bank of which Atlee Pomerene, president of the R. F. C., is a director; that a loan of \$13,000,000 was authorized to the Detroit bank of which Roy Chapin, now Secretary of Commerce, is a director; and that \$7,000,000 was apportioned to the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company, headed by the barrel-hearted E. C. Jameson, who will be recalled as the noble philanthropist who furnished Bishop Cannon with \$65,000 with which to carry Virginia for Hoover in 1928. The country already knew about the \$90,000,000 loan authorized to Charlie Dawes's bank in Chicago a few days after that great patriot resigned from the board of the R. F. C., announcing that his work was finished and the country had been saved. The whole ghastly tale, including the incredible subterfuges employed by Hoover to deceive the country about what was happening, is brilliantly told by John T. Flynn in the January number of *Harpers*—and no one should miss it. Better than anything else it reveals the brutal favoritism and the unparalleled insincerity which have characterized this Administration. Help the rich and lie to the destitute—such has been its philosophy and its rule of conduct.

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IF Walter Lippmann and the other ivory-tower dwellers retained any doubts concerning the temper of Congress toward our defaulting debtors, I trust they finally were disillusioned by the Senate discussion of the subject this week. Not since the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby has

either house exhibited such vehemence or unanimity of opinion on a given subject. The mildest sentiment to be heard was that expressed by Borah when he declared that until the nations of Europe agree upon a program of peaceful cooperation, *including drastic reduction of armaments*, "war debts will be a closed subject." Ranging upward in the scale of bitterness was the assertion of Reed of Pennsylvania that we should refuse to negotiate with any defaulting nation; Joe Robinson's pledge to vote against the ratification of any agreement which might be reached with a defaulter; Gore's envenomed inquiry as to what agreement could possibly be reached with a nation which dishonors its signature; and Hiram Johnson's dramatic peroration: "Ye who advocate cancelation of these debts—beware! If that day comes to pass I warn you that the overburdened American farmer and the jobless American worker will find a way to hurdle or break down the sanctity of private contracts, and seize for himself the same indulgence which his government has extended to the governments of Europe." If anyone supposes that this threat to repudiate private debts in the event our government forgives the war debts is a hollow one, he is lacking in information. The air is full of such talk. And why not? Sixteen days after France defaulted on her miserable \$19,000,000 instalment to us, Paris announced that work would proceed immediately on a new battle cruiser which will cost \$24,000,000. At almost the same time the Finance Committee of the French Senate approved a loan of \$14,000,000 to Austria. Shove that news under the nose of an Iowa farmer who is about to be sold out by the sheriff, and then try to talk to him about "the difficulties of transfer"! No, on second thought, don't do anything of the kind. The only thing to be said for the French is that they have some cause to feel they have been betrayed. What was said between Hoover and Laval at the White House I do not know, but I know this: that when Laval talked to Borah that evening in Stimson's home he was perfectly confident that France needed only to revise reparations payments in order to obtain a revision of the French debt settlement with the United States. However, the French are reputed to be realists. As such, surely they must have known that debt revision rested with Congress—and surely they must have known Hoover. No, the "demagogues" seem to have it. We shall do something for our British cousins; we might even lend a helping hand to Mussolini. But thus far and no farther.

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IT is fitting to record that one of the last acts of the Hoover-Wilbur regime was an attempt to deflate public education. Without such an attempt the public careers of these two great humanitarians would have been incomplete. You will recall their attack on the Children's Bureau. Having failed to undermine this agency for child health, it was only logical that they should undertake to sabotage child education. Accordingly, in the name of the President, Wilbur assembled a conference of hand-picked delegates here to discuss the cost of public education. And what were the topics emphasized? That the number of children in the public schools is increasing, while the number of children (under fourteen years of age) employed in industry is decreasing; that the average yearly wage of teachers has now reached the stupendous figure of \$1,430; that the possibility

of charging tuition fees for high-school courses has not been fully explored; and that money might be saved by abolishing the kindergartens and shortening the length of the school year. As a matter of fact, the law of diminishing tax returns already had pioneered the way for those kindly men, Herbert Hoover and Ray Lyman Wilbur. In four States more than

half the rural schools have been closed. Sixty cities have abolished night schools, and 145 have abolished kindergartens. It would appear in this particular respect that the cruel law of nature requires no official assistance. But we must remember that "economy" is a popular word right now, and that poor Hoover imagines he is running for reelection.

Sales Tax or Income Tax?

By ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON

LET no one fancy that fiscal problems this year are simple for our lawmakers. Government services—federal, State, and local—take an important fraction of the national income. A few years ago this fraction was estimated to be about 10 per cent. The decline in the price level and a slackening of economic activity have reduced the national income by perhaps half. Public expenditures have not declined correspondingly; in fact, some lines of government activity have grown rather than diminished. Accordingly, taxes exact a larger percentage of the lowered income. What was a mild problem before is an acute one now. If under such circumstances our legislators become excited and do strange things, there is no real occasion for surprise.

One rather simple fact about taxation is often overlooked. No matter what the nature of the tax imposed, its purpose—and its effect, if successful in operation—is to take from the taxpayer a part of his income. In this sense every tax is an income tax with differences merely in the ways in which incomes are measured and the taxes applied. Another thing to be remembered is that most of the protests against increases in taxation are entirely futile. Not only will taxes continue in the long run to rise in absolute amounts, but they will also increase as a percentage of the national income. Cooperative effort is more and more displacing individual effort. Some of this cooperation is and will be private, but with the growth in the size and complexity of our problems government activities will increase.

Certain reductions in public expenditures may properly be made. Certain old government functions may be abandoned. Some wastes may be stopped, a bit of graft and inefficiency may be eliminated, the decline in the price level may lower some costs of operation. Most inquiries show possible savings without loss of efficiency, but the amounts involved are usually minor as compared with the growing demands for larger outlays. Nothing more than a slight retardation in the upward trend can be hoped for, and most of the proposed economies can be put into effect only after years of delay and in many cases only after constitutional changes.

In fact, a protest should be recorded against the clamor of those who are indiscriminately demanding governmental economies. There are, of course, many public services that are being poorly performed and even many that are no longer needed. Elimination of old ways of doing work, such as copying records by long hand instead of by the photostatic process, would mean large savings. Federal commissions and bureaus placed to suit immediate convenience could be rearranged so as to permit important economies. Our methods of aiding war veterans have been reckless and wasteful.

That many economies are highly desirable is certain, and every effort should be made to effect them, although it is unfortunate that public support in such attempts can be secured only in times like the present, when each individual displaced, even though he is not needed for the efficient conduct of government, may become an addition to the ranks of the unemployed and a claimant for relief. At such times, also, any diminution in government purchases is just as serious for business as a corresponding reduction in private buying.

Both economic and political difficulties are to be encountered in effecting reductions, and the amount of desirable economies that may be obtained will probably be slight. The present demand for savings is apt not to touch the worst abuses, since they are deeply entrenched and have strong political support. In many cases savings can be made only after constitutional changes involving harassing delays. Instead of satisfactory economies we shall probably see the elimination of a few of the newer and more friendless services, regardless of their social importance, and a reduction in the pay of such valuable public servants as the policemen and firemen.

All this means that the problem is primarily one of raising revenues, not of effecting economies. It can best be approached by considering first the local governments, where tax difficulties are most serious. Of necessity these local authorities rely chiefly upon real-estate taxation supplemented by a multitude of fees and licenses. They can locate the owner of real estate and measure his capacity by placing a value upon his property which is tangible and cannot be removed or concealed. To this value a tax rate is applied and in a very crude fashion the owner's income is reached. But in such times as these many owners of real estate have little or no income, and assessed values decline. To increase rates of taxation is useless. Moreover, local governments are restricted in their borrowing power. The net result is that they are hard pressed and display a growing tendency to demand aid from State or national sources.

State governments are less hampered. They have fewer legal restrictions upon their borrowing power, but in many cases their credit is weakened by their existing load of debt and their declining revenues. More sources of revenue are available to them because of their broader base, but unfortunately many States, Pennsylvania, for example, have antiquated and complicated tax systems which cannot readily be adapted to the present emergency. Thus various States, too, are turning to the federal government for relief.

Fortunately the problem in Washington, though acute, is less serious than with the State and local governments. Federal-government credit is good and more reliable sources

of revenue are available. It is to be expected that a multitude of proposals will appear, ranging from the weird and impossible to those that can effectively be employed if agreement on them can be obtained. But, fortunately or unfortunately, one cannot analyze the problem and propose solutions with reference only to economic considerations. Political and psychological skill are needed and perhaps also the services of the psychiatrist. A federal sales tax of some sort will certainly be among the proposals urged. In its favor it will be argued that it will yield a considerable amount of revenue, is easy to collect, hard to evade, and not acutely noticed by the taxpayer.

Nevertheless, this form of taxation ought not to be employed by the federal government, for three reasons. The first is that it is a regressive tax. We shall do well not to abandon unnecessarily the principle that taxes should be levied as nearly as possible in accordance with ability to pay, and this principle can be applied most definitely and equitably through income and inheritance taxes with highly progressive rates. If the sales tax is to yield any important amount of revenue it must be applied to articles of general consumption, that is, to necessities. The more exceptions made, the less general is the tax and the lower the yield. The poor man, of course, pays a higher percentage of his income for such articles than does the rich. This is serious enough, but becomes worse when the second objection is presented. The sales tax tends to restrict rather than to encourage business. No one can predict in advance its real incidence, but we may at least say this. If it is for the most part shifted to the consumer, it adds to the woes of the common man, who is threatened with many other new burdens, including an estimated \$750,000,000 for the aid of agriculture under the proposed domestic-allotment plan. In so far as the sales tax is not shifted to the consumer but is finally paid by the manufacturer, his costs are increased and business is further restricted. And this is at a time when legitimate business needs all the encouragement that can be given it, rather than more restrictions to stifle it. We are already trying to hoist ourselves by the bootstraps by means of other devices, such as by pushing exports and debt collections while restricting imports. To these devices for strangling business a federal sales tax should not be added. The third objection lies in the fact that many States have already imposed a sales tax and others are considering it. New York, for instance, may pass such a measure to raise \$53,000,000. The State sales tax has all the objectionable features just discussed. To impose a federal sales tax on top of it would be most unfortunate.

What is the alternative? Nothing that is magical, nothing from which defects are entirely absent. There are two sources of public funds, however, that are superior to the sales tax. These are the income and inheritance taxes. The rates now imposed are about equal to those of 1922. They may quite properly be raised to the 1918 levels. If it be argued that such rates will take too many dollars from certain taxpayers, attention should be concentrated upon what such persons will have left after payments are made rather than upon what they pay. If there are few or no incomes remaining in the higher brackets, the answer is to fix the rates in the law to reach such large incomes as may exist and to meet the proper demand of the man of small or moderate income that he shall not be asked to shoulder the burden without at least an attempt to reach the millionaires.

How much can be obtained from higher income and

estate taxes is not easy to estimate, even by experts in the Treasury Department. Nevertheless, the preliminary report giving statistics of income for 1931 is just available and from it the following data are taken for the years 1918 and 1931:

	1918	1931
Number of individual returns.....	4,425,114.....	3,116,317
Net income in individual returns. \$15,924,639,355....		\$13,231,352,042
Tax in individual returns	1,127,721,835.....	241,282,875

In 1931 the number of individual returns was 70 per cent of that in 1918. The net income reported was 83 per cent of that in the earlier year, but the taxes in 1931 were only \$241,282,875, or 21 per cent of the corresponding figure for 1918. If the same rates as in 1918 had been applicable throughout in 1931, the yield might perhaps have been 83 per cent of the 1918 yield, or over \$936,000,000.

This conclusion is a crude one and may not be even approximately true for 1932, a year in which incomes were presumably much less than in 1931. However, it is suggestive. Rates in 1918 included a normal tax of 6 per cent and surtaxes to a maximum of 65 per cent on incomes of \$1,000,000 and over. Rates in the Revenue Act of 1932 include normal rates of 4 per cent and 8 per cent and surtaxes to a maximum of 55 per cent on incomes of \$1,000,000 and over. For years we have been told that high rates mean a low yield, although the returns and the practice in Europe regularly show the opposite and our own common sense reinforces this evidence.

One special argument against high income and inheritance taxes deserves special reply. It is asserted by many that such taxes drive wealthy persons to invest in tax-exempt securities. This allegation is much exaggerated and to the best of the writer's knowledge has never been supported by any general statistical evidence. All available data show quite the contrary to be true. But even if the temptation exists, the volume of new State and local bond issues is now so small as to be unimportant and the only large volume of new issues is in securities of the federal government. Any great rush for these will lower the yield so much as to be a deterrent; and we should not entirely forget the fundamental argument for tax-exempt issues—the exempt feature lowers the interest rate that must be paid by the government. As soon as possible issues of such securities should be discontinued, but in the meantime their importance appears to be relatively slight.

Of course the budget will not be balanced. Not only will expenditures properly chargeable to capital account be covered by loans, but so will many that under strict accounting methods should be charged to income. Fortunately the credit of the federal government is good. Short-term issues are being floated at amazingly low rates. Long-term issues must give a higher yield but the rates that are offered are by no means excessive. The federal debt will grow until we pull out of the slump. When recovery comes we should reduce it even more rapidly than we did from 1920 to 1930. During that period we retired the debt at what seemed an astonishingly high rate of nearly a billion dollars a year. Perhaps political considerations would have blocked an effort at more rapid reduction, but our present difficulties certainly make clear the necessity for even more strenuous efforts in that direction in future years.

Ernest Hemingway

An American Byron

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

THERE is always a lost generation; and there is always a book in which it perennially finds itself. One finds itself in "The Sorrows of Werther," another in "Fathers and Sons," still another in "Marius the Epicurean" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray." These books, by a technique of enlargement, clarify the dissatisfaction of a generation that falls in love with the sensation of believing itself lost. They are popular far beyond their deserts because they make lostness picturesque, beautiful, or dramatic. It is better to die like Werther than to live like a Geheimgat. Lostness is promoted from mere bewilderment to the plane of a program. A transformation formula, applied to disintegrating moral values, yields philosophies of suicide, nihilism, or aestheticism.

Ignoring for the moment his purely literary qualities, I would suggest that Ernest Hemingway and his heroes stand in somewhat the same relation to our time as Dorian Gray and the young Goethe and Des Esseintes and particularly, as we shall note, Lord Byron did to theirs. It seems clear that the brilliance of his writing accounts only in part for Hemingway's success. Had he written half as well, but in the same manner and about the same subjects, his dominance would have been as notable. The fact is that he has triumphed more as hero than as artist. Hemingway is a man born in his due time, embodying to perfection the mute longings and confused ideals of a large segment of his own and the succeeding generation. He is the unhappy warrior that many men would like to be. About him has sprung up a real contemporary hero-myth. Do we not see young men adopting the Hemingway attitude as others do the Noel Coward attitude, or as a certain type of young woman, in a desperate effort to prevent herself from becoming a young lady, does the Dorothy Parker attitude?

Why is Hemingway news? Though he heartily despises newspaper publicity (being, indeed, the very Greta Garbo of novelists), his name is more often and more heatedly mentioned in literary circles than that of any other contemporary American writer. It is because this young Lochinvar out of the Middle West is a hero. It is because he apparently creates a new tradition for those who have rejected all the old ones. He provides a modern and more violent romanticism to replace the sickly and worn-out romanticism of the nineteenth century. He takes a spiritual malaise and translates it into something vivid, vital, even splendid, giving to bitterness an exuberance that joy itself cannot match.

The generation for which Hemingway so ably speaks has been often described. No one has characterized it with greater shrewdness or warmer sympathy than Malcolm Cowley. To his analysis little can be added, except perhaps in one respect. The generation that lost itself in the Argonne or among the hassocks of Gertrude Stein's drawing-room was not the only one. A part, very probably the major part, of the succeeding generation is equally lost today, in the crisis. Hemingway's present readers, I would hazard a guess, are

largely under thirty. Though to this group the war can mean little more than something in a book, they feel as vitally maimed as the hero of "The Sun Also Rises." They are the defeated and the betrayed, so disillusioned as to have no desire to attack their betrayers. They are too deeply wounded for the easy salve of sophistication. The values with which they have been inoculated they discover to be false. The culture which they have been instructed to flaunt as the badge of their superiority proves hollow. Since most of the grand words have collapsed, they throw them all overboard. They become rebels who smile at reform and offer a bitter shrug to revolution.

Where are these young people to place the animal faith deeply grounded beneath all their tragic rejections? In historical crises, when the flesh of the dominant system has withered away and laid bare the bones of chaos, the superior individual either makes common cause with his fellows in some attempt at a finer order or, as in the novels of Hemingway, retreats upon his instincts. He abandons, as Hemingway puts it, all efforts "to save the world." He cultivates to the point of fetishism those primal emotions which cannot betray him, as his hands and feet cannot betray him. Among these emotions may well be the fear of death and the delight in it, the stoic joy of battle and the pleasurable acceptance of the flesh and the muscles. In the last analysis he worships his reflexes, tending to exalt any activity which the act of introspection cannot corrode. He reverts, however subtly, to the primitive and even the brutal, because on these levels he finds no echo of the culture which has cheated him. He attempts to cling to the hands of the clock, to become a non-political animal, an individualist contemning all creeds, individualism included.

Having forsworn both his national and his class roots, he is at home in all countries. He puts his faith in simple things rather than in complicated words and shakes off all phrases that smack of the metaphysical or the moral. He seeks the companionship and tries to share the experiences of booze-fighters, killers, athletes, and sportsmen, men who lead careers of physical sensation, superficially insulated from the main current of the life of their time. He may even cultivate a special interest in the reactions of animals, creatures unspoiled by the general infection of the world. Above all, he looks for a hero, one who does all this with efficiency and elegance, one who presents a convincing rationale of his behavior and transmutes it into the contemporary eternity of art.

Hemingway is the hero thrown up by the American ferment, as, in a different way and on a profounder level, D. H. Lawrence was thrown up by the industrial ferment of England. Hemingway is the modern primitive, who makes as fresh a start with the emotions as his forefathers did with the soil. He is the frontiersman of the loins, heart, and biceps, the stoic Red Indian minus traditions, scornful of the past, bare of sentimentality, catching the muscular life in a

plain and muscular prose. He is the hero who distrusts heroism; he is the prophet of those who are without faith.

If we compare Hemingway with a great poet who died a little over a century ago, we get an interesting insight into the manner in which similar epochs evoke similar dominating personalities. In the imagination of young Europeans, Byron occupied a place startlingly analogous to Hemingway's position today. To call the author of "Death in the Afternoon" the American Byron is a bold gesture for anyone who bears respectfully in mind Mr. Hemingway's ceremonial *espada*, not to speak of that matricidal rifle which must have dowered so many ducks with the gift of death. However, let us chance it, at the same time making clear that the comparison is merely between the impacts the two personalities have made upon their times. I am in no way suggesting that there is any analogy between the works the two writers have produced.

Both Byron and Hemingway awake to find themselves famous at twenty-five. Both cut themselves off at an early age from their native lands. Byron adopts Greece and Italy; Hemingway celebrates Spain. In Greece Byron finds the fatal theater in which to stage his worship of liberty. In Spain Hemingway discovers the shrine for his cult of violence. Both are attracted by the glory of military life, and meet with disillusion. Both are highly prepossessing examples of maleness and both exploit an athleticism which wins for them—as much to Byron's satisfaction as to Hemingway's disgust—a matinee-idol popularity among literary young ladies. Both are attracted to wild and romantic places—Byron to the Swiss mountains and the Greek coast, Hemingway to Montana and the Ozarks.

But these Plutarchian parallels are irrelevant beside the profounder similarity which history itself points out for us. Byron is a product of the post-Napoleonic period. His defiant romanticism focuses the turmoil, the disillusion, and the bitterness which flooded Europe after her first great imperialist civil war. Hemingway is no less clearly a product of the second breakdown, and the hard, tense quality of his romanticism marks the difference in spiritual tone between 1825 and 1925. But the two are distinctly post-war men, typical of a period of violently shifting values. Driven by the surrounding chaos in upon their own sensations, they inevitably charge their work with this very chaos from which they seek to escape. Byron, writhing under the spell of the Judeo-Christian myth, prefers to think himself "damned," whereas the Manfred pose is impossible to the more sophisticated Hemingway. But at the heart of both lies a tragic sense of defeat, vitalized by a burning rebellion.

This rebellion they express in an open defiance of conventional morality—Byron with the grandiose gesture of the aristocrat, Hemingway with the casualness of the hard-boiled reporter. In controversy both employ a brilliantly acidulous style, and each, using the language of his day, goes as far as postal regulations will permit. They bear the hallmark of many outstanding modern romantics—a fascinated concern with the more outré aspects of sex. Byron's florid incest-obsession, though partly rooted in his biography, is as much a reflection of current literary fashion as Hemingway's bitter-comic preoccupation with homosexuality, nymphomania, and impotence. Both laugh off their lostness with a certain wild *morbidezza*. Byron drinks from skulls. Hemingway enjoys

a nice cold riot in bloody hospital scenes and Peninsular testicle feasts.

The ethical ideals of the two, apparently dissimilar, are actually very much alike, not only in their picturesqueness but in their internal contradictions. Byron is torn between a very real love for the grand words of his epoch—liberty, freedom, the chainless mind—and Don Juan's aristocratic cynicism which negates them all. In Hemingway a not dissimilar opposition exists. In "A Farewell to Arms" he writes: "Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments, and the dates." One can see part of his nature—the hard-boiled half—spurning the grand words which have turned out to be deceivers, while another part—the *panache* half—seeks desperately for a new set of phrases, finding them perhaps in the Spanish *pundonor*, in the super-romantic accent he gives to the death-concept, and in the very vocabulary of disillusion itself. Cynicism and mysticism frequently combine in personalities we think of as "modern."

In the value hierarchy of Hemingway and Byron passion, action, and violence reign supreme. Both exalt sport, though with Byron this is owing partly to his clubfoot and partly to his Tory, country-gentleman tradition. Neither has much capacity for logical reflection, and Goethe's oft-quoted remark about Byron's thinking powers may be applied with some justice to Hemingway. This lack of interest in rational analysis, however, is responsible for a great deal of the drive, energy, and emotional power in the work of the two writers. Both admire the noble, the chivalric individual. ("Nothing ever happens to the brave.") This admiration is founded on the notion of the superior virtues of a trained caste—the samurai feeling. Byron finds this ideal in his cloudy Oriental princes, Hemingway in his matadors. There is a very real cousinship between Manolo, the undefeated bull-fighter, and Byron's corsairs and *giaours*. Worship of a highly specialized, arrogant caste is natural to the man of strong and positive emotion who, whether an early nineteenth-century English lord or a twentieth-century Middle Westerner, can find nothing to admire in the banality of bourgeois culture.

Elsewhere I hope to devote some pages to a discussion of Hemingway's books proper, and to indicate why, as a purely literary figure, he must be considered one of the most distinguished living American writers. This brief note has tried simply to bring out that side of him which we might describe as his social function, his significance as a model of behavior. Like Byron, he expresses the aspirations of that portion of his generation which genuinely feels itself lost and is eager to admire a way of life which combines lostness with courage and color. Both Byron and Hemingway have an unforced faculty for creating an aura of violence, waywardness, and independence which dazzles the imagination of those among their readers who suffer, in Charles Du Bos's admirable phrase, from "the need of fatality." This need of fatality—the courting of violence, darkness, and even death—is a kind of splendid, often very beautiful, disease of the imagination noticeable during periods of social decay. It is frequently the most powerful writers of an epoch—Robinson Jeffers is an example—who are afflicted with it; and among them must surely be named Ernest Hemingway.

In the Driftway

THE Balearic Islands, until a few years ago, were three beautiful, unobtrusive patches of land lying quietly on the sunny blue expanse of the Mediterranean far off the track of the tourist army that laid waste Europe every year. For the most part only Spaniards from the mainland went vacationing in Mallorca, where winding carriage roads led up to miniature mountains and down to a warm sea, where a thrifty devotee of idleness could live in flower-scented air and simple ease for a dollar a day, if he cared to seek out one of the more remote and primitive sea villages.

* * * * *

WHAT inevitably happened to Mallorca, Minorca, and Ibiza is briefly and pointedly related in a communication from Madrid that breathes a sad disgust.

The propaganda of the tourist agencies [writes José M. Estruga] has certainly borne its fruit in the beautiful Balearic Islands, whose inhabitants until now had chosen to live peacefully and cheaply. It was this very cheapness, as well as the enchanting scenery, which attracted the hordes of American, English, and German tourists. A good many went there to stay. As a result, prices have become so high that they are quite out of reach for the Islanders.

Two English and one German newspaper are being published in Palma, with the usual society and gossip columns. People promenade in the streets in the scantiest of beach attire, to the amazement of the natives. Bars, cocktail houses, tea shops, English and American boarding-houses, and English schools have sprung up overnight. A new American-style hotel is being planned to satisfy the taste of millionaires. A club is even being organized, where only English-speaking people will be admitted. The Spaniards in the Islands are looked down upon as aborigines. We are only waiting now for American "hot-dog" and peanut stands to make their appearance.

* * * * *

IT is a sad story, but not a new one. The interesting thing is that the inhabitants of the Balearics, being a proud and unobsequious race, do not accept their degradation. Ordinarily, the natives of a tourist-ridden country are able to assuage their resentment against the encroaching foreigner by raising prices and making disparaging remarks in a language which the visitors suspect but do not understand. But the Mallorcans, from what the Drifter has heard, are in open revolt against the foreign invader, and have even indicated that they prefer his room to his company. Not long ago they spoke their minds vigorously against the scanty costumes, the cocktails, and other tourist importations that have embarrassed the hitherto sedate streets of Palma; more recently the Mallorcan government decided to exact a license fee from foreign owners of automobiles that would make it extremely impractical to drive a car along the island's quiet roads.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's sympathies are thoroughly aroused. He only wishes that he were not a foreigner, so that he might be present on the day the citizens of Mallorca drive the tourists into the sea. He believes firmly in the rights of

small nations to throw off the foreign yoke. But knowing the tenacity of tourists, he foresees no such happy ending. He is afraid that the only way the Mallorcans will succeed in getting rid of their unwelcome visitors is to move away themselves.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tariffs and Revenues

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Of course the present Congress will pay no attention, but the new Congress had better begin thinking of the fact that Uncle Sam wants more revenue. Well, a perfectly certain way to get a large increase of revenue is to reduce the tariff on most of the dutiable articles. The well-known fact that at present most of our imports are on the free list is conclusive proof that the duties are too high for revenue; they operate to freeze out trade and so prevent the collection of duties that would be owed on many articles if the rates were low enough to allow some trade.

Of course I have heard the argument that it is just the other way—that since we now import very few of the articles on which the law piles duties, it is proved that the duties have hardly any effect in keeping goods out. But this is one of those propositions that are simply intelligence tests. If a man believes that argument, he has not enough business sense to be competent to express an opinion on economic policy—not even though the American people have chosen him for the highest elective office in their gift, or though he has written a textbook on economics containing that argument.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., December 27

"Emily Dickinson Face to Face"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The controversy over Emily Dickinson has come to the front again with the latest attempts of would-be biographers to get at the identity of the famous poet's lover, who inspired some of her finest writing. So far, guesses, rumors, examinations of gravestones, and comparisons of dates have failed to produce anything satisfactory. The near relative and inheritor of Emily's effects refuses to be bullied into revealing her aunt's secrets.

But what, after all, has the man to do with it? To establish the fact that he was an attractive and eloquent divine, pastor of a given congregation in the eighteen fifties, who captured the affections of a young disciple would appear to be the only possible reward of a painstaking search. There were countless clergymen of that type in the Victorian period, followed by adoring females, unable to dramatize their emotions as successfully as Emily, but probably equally desperate in the grip of hopeless passion for a married man. It is not unlikely either that ministers themselves were sometimes hard put to resist temptation. If the long-sought-for personality were pinned down and his identity revealed to the satisfaction of the literary searching parties, we can imagine ensuing disappointment that so gifted a being as Emily Dickinson had made him the subject of her superb outpourings. Even when scientific integrity has done its utmost, there is no accounting for tastes. Would it not be far better to leave the gentleman still obscured and inferentially glorified by mystery?

Lewis Gannett, who has become involved in the fray,

suggests that the mass of material now held by relatives be turned over to outsiders for a fresh inspection, comparison, and deduction. The prevailing mania for relegating investigations to a commission appears to have attacked him. It is to be undertaken in "fairness" to the person who particularly desired to avoid it during her lifetime and to prevent it after her death! The poet, he asserts with proprietary confidence, is today "more than a family possession; she and her love story are part of the nation's heritage." Very good; but her own evidences of the love story were destroyed by her special command, and only a very small minority of national heirs are demanding any more.

What the lovers of her poems desire is a closer acquaintance with Emily herself—her life and friendships, her interests, her occupations, and her family. The public still stands, with the Amherst community of a century ago, outside that hedge within which she intrenched herself. To know more intimately what went on behind its leafy impenetrability is the demand which Madame Bianchi has met in her new and charming book. It may not contribute much to history to disclose that a distinguished poet could bake gingerbread and "set sail in silks" to make village calls; but the intensity of the poet's girlish friendships, her attitude toward the religious limitations of the time, the stimulating masculine comradeships and correspondences which she kept up through her years of retirement until almost the end, have an importance which cannot be ignored. She will always invite, and baffle, analysis. Would a story of Emily Dickinson's Lover Face to Face clear up the mystery? In any event, it will probably remain a dream of the fact-gatherer.

RUTH HUNTINGTON SESSIONS

Northampton, Mass., January 3

The Federal Worker

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

My faith in *The Nation* as an exponent of the rights of the under-dog received something of a blow when I read the editorial Taxes or Economies? in the issue of December 21. I may as well confess that I am one of "a class protected at the expense of every other class," but my conception of my job evidently differs somewhat from yours. I feel that the compensation I receive for the services I render is quite in order, and I fail to see that I am in the least "supported by taxes on all the others."

You should know that in times of prosperity the federal employee's salary was not commensurate with that of the individual doing comparable work in private industry. Nevertheless, he paid just as much for rent, interest, taxes, light, gas, and telephone bills, as others. Now, you might be interested to learn that of the 700,000 federal employees, 17 per cent receive less than \$1,000 per annum, 37 per cent less than \$1,500 per annum, 57 per cent less than \$2,500 per annum, and 95 per cent less than \$3,000 per annum.

For illustration, suppose we consider the \$1,500 man. How much does he actually receive? First of all, 3½ per cent is deducted from his check for the retirement fund, which leaves him \$120.62 a month. Under President Hoover's furlough plan, effective July 1, 1932, one-eleventh of his basic salary is deducted, leaving \$109.26. Employees of the Department of Labor, in accordance with an administrative order which took effect January 1, must now take an additional five days' furlough each month. For our \$1,500 man this will mean a further monthly reduction of \$20.80, leaving him a net monthly income of \$88.46. While this represents a reduction of nearly 30 per cent in his basic salary of \$1,500, his loss is still somewhat smaller than the farmer's reported reduction of one-third of his income. How-

ever, when I lived on the farm we usually had a bin of potatoes and a fair supply of home-cured pork on hand. I am rather skeptical about the federal employee with his \$88.46 being able to keep a very extended supply of either.

San Francisco, December 28

EMERY SIMS

The Tampa Cases

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Tampa *Tribune* of December 7 devotes two full columns to telling its readers that "under the heading, Tampa's Reign of Terror, *The Nation* . . . published what purported to be a review of the riotous disturbance here in November, 1931, in which two police officers were wounded and for which fifteen persons, eight of them aliens and described by the State as Communists, were convicted." It admits that the article deals "with facts and conditions which were fully published in Tampa newspapers at the time" but charges that this is an "attempt to stir trouble by trying to make it appear that something that happened a year ago is happening now."

The story, which appeared in *The Nation* of December 6, was a factual account, which can be substantiated in every detail, of the way in which the Tampa authorities, the police, the federal immigration agent there, and the cigar manufacturers fought down and dissolved the Tampa Tobacco Workers Industrial Union, raided its treasury and membership files, threatened its members with deportation, bound all cigar workers to stringent and unfavorable working conditions, and sent fifteen people to jail for an aggregate term of fifty-three years on charges of criminal assault, but on evidence tending to prove only that the defendants were in the building outside of which the police officers were wounded. It is a case which involves fundamental issues of political and civil rights, and it is furthermore aggravated by the brutal treatment the prisoners have received and by the measures which have been taken to prevent their defense. The fact that these men and women were sentenced last February and not last week has nothing to do with the significance of the case.

It is plain even in the defense made by the *Tribune* that the official mind in Tampa does not see any injustice in the fact that these fifteen people were sentenced for criminal assault on evidence tending to prove that their political beliefs were unorthodox. The statement that "the red flag seized by the police . . . was put in as evidence, along with a number of banners which the State contended supported its charge of inciting to riot" is followed by another statement that the fifteen defendants were convicted "on two counts, the first charging assault with intent to commit murder in the first degree and the other charging riotous assault." The State made no charge of inciting a riot and did not try the defendants on the merit of its charges of criminal assault, but under a statute providing that all persons present at the scene of a riot who do not aid the police if asked to do so are responsible for whatever happens to a policeman in that riot; and the evidence even on this charge did not tend to prove whether or not the defendants were asked to help the police, but merely whether or not they were present and whether they were or were not "red," as "red" might be understood in Tampa.

Moreover, these men and women are in jail now, except for two who have gone insane as a result of their treatment; and the thousands of cigar workers who struck in protest when they were first jailed are still suffering from the effects of the lockout and injunction which followed that strike. The Tampa *Tribune* cannot refute my story by saying it is a year old. I challenge the *Tribune* to publish the records of the trial, and for good measure the records of the deportation hearings in-

volving cigar workers connected with the affair; and I challenge the Tampa authorities to allow investigators and physicians to see its jails and interview and examine the fifteen prisoners sentenced in February.

Letters from Tampa citizens who must be protected by not being named say that *The Nation's* article understated the case; and one pitiful scrawl smuggled out of the jail itself makes terror a dull word to describe the desperate measures by which Tampa quiets its social nerves. The only error of fact that needs to be corrected is the statement in the original story that the case had been appealed, but was pending, owing probably to lack of funds. The first steps toward an appeal were taken and lack of funds did prevent the first hearing, but technically the appeal is yet to be granted or denied, and what happens must be watched, for the story is not yet finished.

New York, December 20

ANITA BRENNER

Erratum

In the article, Shoebuttons for Huckleberries, by Paul Y. Anderson, which appeared in *The Nation* of January 4, two figures were incorrectly printed. It was stated that factory workers in 1932 will receive \$7,500,000 less than in 1929, and that \$3,500,000 laid up against old age and ill health has been used up. The two figures should have read, respectively, \$7,500,000,000 and \$3,500,000,000.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Contributors to This Issue

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Marxism or Tolstoyism?

By HENRY HAZLITT

FOR several months now the suspicion has kept recurring to me that perhaps most of the literary critics who have recently come to think of themselves as Marxists are really much closer to Tolstoy. A new reading of Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" a product of his post-conversion period, has now largely confirmed that suspicion, and seems to make it worth while to examine his position afresh.

"What Is Art?" appeared in 1898. One has to keep constantly reminding oneself of this fact, so contemporary does it sometimes seem in its tone and in its references. It is one of Professor Babbitt's favorite contentions that in all aesthetic movements America lags thirty years behind Europe. That thesis receives disturbing support in Tolstoy's volume. Here is Edmund Wilson, in a book not two years old, introducing us to the symbolists, to Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Huysmans, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, and all the rest. Here is Max Eastman, in a book still more recent, deriding "the cult of unintelligibility." And there was Tolstoy, thirty-five years ago, introducing the symbolists, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Huysmans, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, and all the rest, to the Russian public of his day, and denouncing them for their dogma of obscurity.

Before we turn to the similarities between Tolstoy and the so-called literary Marxists, it may be well to begin with the differences. The ultimate criterion of the Marxist critics, as they see it, is an economic one. The criterion of Tolstoy is economic only in a secondary and derived sense; primarily it is ethical and quasi-religious. The final aim of art, Tolstoy held, was to promote "the growth of brotherhood among men," to "unite men with God and with one another." In so far as Tolstoy looks forward to a classless society, he is on common ground with the Communists; yet he is sharply opposed to any class war, or to that art which aims at "uniting the people of one cult only to separate them yet more sharply from the members of other cults, and even to place them in relations of hostility to one another." He did not believe, in other words, that the way to bring about "brotherly love of all men" was to begin with a prolonged period of bloodshed and hatred.

Yet Tolstoy, like our present-day Marxists, was opposed to what he constantly calls "upper-class art," as well as to "upper-class science," and many of his phrases are strikingly Marxian:

What the members of the upper classes who are occupying themselves with science most want is the maintenance of the system under which they retain their privileges. . . . Therefore one side of science, including theology and philosophy adapted to the existing order, as also history and political economy of the same sort, is chiefly occupied in proving that the existing order is the very one which ought to endure; that it has come into existence and continues to exist by the operation of immutable laws not amenable to human will, and that all efforts to change it are therefore harmful and wrong.

His denunciation of upper-class art is even more scathing. It is a mere amusement-art; it reflects an appallingly narrow range of feelings, and those feelings are nearly all contemptible:

The range of feelings experienced by the powerful and the rich who have no experience of labor for the support of life is far poorer, more limited, and more insignificant than the range of feelings natural to working people. People of our circle, aestheticians, usually think and say just the contrary of this. I remember how Goncharev, the author, a very clever and educated man but a thorough townsman and an aesthetician, said to me that after Turgenev's "Sportsman's Notebook" there was nothing left to write about in peasant life. It was all used up. The life of working people seemed to him so simple that Turgenev's peasant stories had used up all there was to describe. The life of our wealthy people, with their love affairs and dissatisfaction with themselves, seemed to him full of inexhaustible subject matter. One hero kissed his lady on the palm of her hand, another on her elbow, and a third somewhere else. One man is discontented through idleness, and another because people don't love him. And Goncharev thought that in this sphere there is no end of variety. . . . In reality almost all the feelings of people of our class amount to but three very insignificant and simple feelings—the feeling of pride, the feeling of sexual desire, and the feeling of weariness of life. These three feelings, with their offshoots, form almost the sole subject matter of the art of the rich classes.

In denouncing upper-class art Tolstoy did not, like the Marxians, contrast it with "proletarian" art but with what he called "universal" art. His conscious objective was not an art that would reflect the ideals of one class rather than of another, but one that would reflect the universal ideals of mankind. But here he fell into several confusions. He rejected the upper classes as essentially perverted; he looked upon their education as at bottom a mere indoctrination with false and base ideals; he dismissed all professional critics as "erudite, that is, perverted and at the same time self-confident individuals"; and he ended by taking as his real critic the Russian peasant. Tolstoy in his youth had been tremendously impressed by the works of Rousseau, and it is obvious that Tolstoy's peasant is the exact equivalent of Rousseau's noble savage, the "unspoiled" and "natural" man. Strict adherence to this ideal compelled Tolstoy to glorify ignorance, and he did not shrink from the logic of his choice. "To say that a work of art is good but incomprehensible to the majority of men is the same as saying of some kind of food that it is very good but most people can't eat it." The analogy is unfortunate, for nothing makes clearer than geographic and historical comparisons the extent to which the taste for certain foods is a matter of habit and custom and palate-training. And what of, let us say, the differential calculus? Is it any less valid because it is difficult to understand? Tolstoy comes almost to the point of facing this question. "A speech

delivered in Chinese may be excellent, and yet remain incomprehensible to me if I do not know Chinese; but what distinguishes a work of art from all other mental activity is just the fact that its language is understood by all." This begs the entire question, and violates all plausibility. Just as, if we do not understand Chinese, we cannot appreciate what is excellent in Chinese, so we cannot appreciate what is excellent in our own language until, after years of growth and training, we have learned that language. And we cannot appreciate what is excellent in art until we have mastered the language of art.

How did Tolstoy come to make his egregious error? It goes back, I think, to his original definition of art. "Art," he holds, "is a human activity consisting in this, that one man, consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that others are infected by these feelings and also experience them." This definition holds a valuable truth, for it is obvious that the effectiveness of all art depends upon this infectiousness: indeed, "infectious" and "effective" are here almost synonyms. But while infectiousness is an indispensable condition of art, it soon becomes evident that it is not the essence of it, though Tolstoy clearly believes that it is. "There is one indubitable sign distinguishing real art from its counterfeit—namely, the infectiousness of art. . . . And not only is infection a sure sign of art, but the degree of infectiousness is also the sole measure of excellence in art." It immediately occurs to one to ask how one is to measure degree of infectiousness. Degree in whom? As a criterion, infectiousness is inescapably relative and inescapably subjective. It reflects no more than a relationship between a particular work of art and a particular spectator. A youngster who might be deeply infected by a dime novel would not be infected at all by "Paradise Lost."

Tolstoy never really confronted this problem. He denounced all the Wagnerian operas as counterfeit art, but he never explained how they came to infect the Wagnerites. When he did touch on the question, he begged it. The people who liked "upper-class art" were "perverted" (and "perversion," in Tolstoy, often seems to mean precisely what most of us would call education), while the peasant's sense of smell in such matters was as sure as a hound's. And Tolstoy's peasant, as I have hinted, was never the real peasant, but an idealization: he was, in fact, a small edition of Tolstoy himself. "Such feelings as form the chief subjects of present-day art—say, for instance, honor, patriotism, and amorousness—evoke in a workingman only bewilderment and contempt, or indignation." Well, I for one presume to doubt that the depiction of amorousness evokes either bewilderment or indignation in the average workingman; and I do not believe that that workingman would refer, like Tolstoy, to "odious female nudity" or "women's naked bodies and all sorts of abominations." The movies, burlesque, and the tabloids get along quite well today by working on precisely the opposite theory. Moreover, if "infectiousness" were really the surest sign of art, then art depicting amorousness and women's naked bodies ought to stand very high.

Tolstoy's judgments of actual artists were appalling, and shortly after the middle of the book the reader's interest declines as the argument moves from the relatively plausible to the clearly absurd. Tolstoy begins by dismissing the symbolists for their affectation and obscurity. Then he throws out such writers as Rémy de Gourmont, Pierre Louys, and

Huysmans for their "erotic mania." Soon one becomes aware that he is calling Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet" "simulated" art. He rejects all of Wagner and finds Beethoven's later symphonies "artistic ravings." He condemns the work of the Greek tragedians, of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aeschylus, as well as that of Dante, Tasso, and Milton, as "brain-spun" and "invented." And in a mere footnote he consigns practically all his own artistic productions to the category of bad art. What is saved from the wreckage? What art is admirable? Some peasant songs, Millet, and a few obscure paintings portraying poverty, brotherly love, or pity, Schiller's "The Robbers," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Dickens's "The Tale of Two Cities" and "A Christmas Carol," Eliot's "Adam Bede," Dostoevski's work, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

What had happened? A doctrinaire had had the courage of his doctrines. And what was wrong with those doctrines? Is not "to unite all men" a noble aim to set for art? No doubt. But such an end, like that of happiness, may often be more successfully achieved obliquely than directly. And it is not the sole end of mankind. The ends of man are irreducibly pluralistic, and so, likewise, are the ends of art.

The appalling conclusions of Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" should serve as a warning to our present "Marxist" critics. The proletarian for whom they want literature hereafter to be written is not the actual proletarian, any more than Tolstoy's peasant was the actual peasant; he is merely an idealized creature, a potential creature—the proletarian as he might become if they could edit him, if they could transmogrify him, if they could vaccinate him with just those elements in bourgeois culture which they approve of, and withhold those of which they have come to disapprove—if, in short, they could make him into a little copy of themselves. If they think that the aim of art should be immediately to precipitate a class struggle, they are giving it a very dubious mission. If they think the aim of art should be to speed the day of a just and humane and classless society, they are giving it a very noble mission. But they should never forget that art may do this in ways at first glance far from obvious. And they should never forget that even such an aim cannot sum up all the ends of man.

Nor from Tolstoy could the new Marxists learn only the weaknesses and pitfalls in their approach; they could learn, also, part of its possible strengths. A sincere and powerful mind like Tolstoy's could not write a book, no matter how wrongheaded its main conclusions, without filling it with many penetrating incidental truths. He was right in seeing in the cult of unintelligibility a sign of decadence, and in the obsession with new forms a symptom of anemia. For when writers have something genuinely fresh to say, something that they vehemently desire to communicate, they do not engage in these little games of half-revelment, half-concealment. It does not occur to them, as it did to Mallarmé, that "to name an object is to take away three-fourths of the enjoyment of the poem, which consists in the happiness of guessing little by little." When they have something real to say, they let the matter dictate the form, not the form the matter. Tolstoy was right, too, in condemning the obsession with sex in art, not for the superstitiously prudish and ascetic reasons that he sometimes gives, but on the wiser ground that this obsession is a sign of a narrowing of the circle of feelings and interests covered by art, a warning signal of impoverishment. He was

right in his analysis of so much "upper-class art" as the work of idle and satiated men. He was right, finally, in rejecting the view that the function of art is primarily to amuse, and in holding, rather, with whatever mystical and religious confusions, that art must reflect the entire range of man's values, the whole sense of his destiny. Amusement-art might give us "The Mikado"; it could never give us "Macbeth." "Art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement; art is a great matter." And to that perception the author of "War and Peace," and of "Anna Karenina," always held fast.

Poets All

Bentham's Theory of Fictions. By C. K. Ogden. The International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

MUCH of Bentham's work on the unmasking of the "ghosts" or "fictions" which men mistake for realities was done in the very year of Waterloo—and as could be expected, this "small still voice of one weighing the meaning of words" went unheeded during stress. "Even less was it heeded when the storm had died down," and men began nibbling at the edges of his doctrines while completely neglecting the core. So here we are, a century after his death, at another time of Waterloo, beset by a whole astral sphere of unexorcised, gibbering ghosts. They are, perhaps, with their vague terrors, their "ingenious perversion of the language of praise or blame, to make it comprehend that which did not properly come within the quality expressed," observable in such terms as "raids on the Treasury," "saving the railroads," "national honor," "sound money," "private initiative," "sanctity of contract," "observance of the law," "good for business," "favorable balance of trade," "wholesomeness of our people under strain," "confidence," "fundamentally sound," "scraped bottom." Bentham dreamed of a vast lexicographical project which would eliminate the vaguenesses of words forever, at least the pivotal words of ethics, politics, and law—and though one can imagine wiseacres saying that the meanings of words are funny things to be fooling with while millions are in danger, they might well recall the past great changes wrought in the social structure by "Encyclopedists," writers of dictionaries—and these same objectors will, if they are "practical agitators," go forth to plead with people, from soapboxes, by the hour, attempting nothing other than the reshaping of the terms in which people consider their situation. A wily old trout lives only because he has learned to distinguish the meaning of bait from the meaning of prey; men dodge automobiles successfully because of the meanings that an onrushing car happens to have for them; and, similarly, our social processes may be as dangerous as unsuspected poisons until we have well defined them. "Give us our rights, say the thousands and the millions. Give us our rights, they say, and they will do well to say so. Yet of all who say so, not one perhaps can say, not one perhaps ever conceived clearly, what it is he thus calls for—what sort of a thing a right is." So it might be an eminently practical matter for us to have a thorough technique of definition. Bentham, to eliminate the tragic human bunglings that come of ideological vagueness, would develop a method for making men fully conscious of the linguistic aspects of our thinking.

Language, to guide us, must be a naming. Yet in all probability language did not originate as a naming at all, but as an instrument for exhorting and conveying attitudes. In its origins and underlying machinery it is probably about as much like "thought" as a dog's perking of his ears and bristling of the hairs along his spine when he scents a cat. Bentham would never overlook this unintellectualistic genesis of speech, and would so

codify the rules of definition as to guard as much as possible against it. Thus, in the present book, edited by the coauthor of "The Meaning of Meaning," we are shown the ambiguities and vaguenesses inherent in speech, "linguistic" structures which man has attempted to read into the very structure of the universe; we see the bewilderments these ambiguities can cause in human conduct; and we find in outline a methodology of definition whereby they may be avoided. Fundamentally, it is a method for forcing one to disclose the picture-thinking and emotional tinges hidden in the necessarily metaphorical language one employs, and for compelling one to carry one's analysis of vague words (such as "obligation," "rights," "justice") to the point where they are made to refer to "something real and observed."

Bentham knows the tricks of the rhetoricians, tricks so deep that even the rhetoricians are seldom aware of using them—for rhetoric as he conceives it is only too constantly at the command of all. By the Bentham teaching, all men are poets, alas! as they judge and act and exhort their fellows by terms which work upon our unsuspected prejudices, or words which are really talking about two things when they seem to be talking about one. And he knows the handy "appellatives" which have ever come to the assistance of "moral" men by furnishing them with the best motives for their acts, as a simple "love of gain" may appear in the "eulogistic covering" of "industriousness" (devices which he calls "fig-leaves" for the "unseemly parts of the mind").

Bentham expected that not merely one century, but many centuries, would pass before we might have hopes of such a quiet and deep-lying change as is at the bottom of his methods. Meanwhile, we shall probably continue to combat old ghosts with new ones, ever fighting wars henceforth in the name of peace, fantastic wars-to-end-war, and adulating such jungle ways of thought as might serve us better if we were trying to rip live meat with our claws than for properly apportioning the national income. Perhaps for a long time yet flags will be torn down only when there are stormers to raise other flags. This, Bentham would call the "license of cheating people for their good." The Benthamite revolution, on the other hand, will never occur in its purity unless criticism and skepticism can enjoy the place of honor in the state, along with a completely non-theological utilitarianism based accurately upon human pains and pleasures, avoiding those strangely gnarled forms of religiosity which are no less religious, and even *magical*, through the fact that the flaming words of their inspirational cult are to be found primarily in the financial columns of our press.

KENNETH BURKE

Zweig's Tetralogy

Young Woman of 1914. By Arnold Zweig. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IN a note to this novel Zweig declares that until the completion of his four-volume work on the war (of which this, in point of narrative time, is the first and of which "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" is the third and central volume) he "would deprecate any misinterpretation of his intention." Exactly what this means is not clear, but it is perhaps an apology for certain qualities in the book which carry it far below the fine "Grischa," but which, in the light of the completed work, may turn out to have a redeeming structural function. Thus, the light emotional impact of this volume may have been intended to provide for a later crescendo of emotional force. The vagueness of some of the characters may be remedied in their reappearance. Later volumes, too, may give us a fuller picture of German civilian life in war time, which is here adumbrated only through the comparatively slight suffering of the upper middle class.

Yet even extenuating conjecture cannot explain the sentimentality with which the heroine, Lenore, is conceived, or the uncertainty of what important aspect of the war her story is intended to illuminate. Lenore's lover, Werner Bertin, has gone to war with an eagerness which belies his liberal opinions, his writer's temperament, and, most important to Lenore, their own happy relationship. Indeed, Bertin has looked to the army to relieve him of his artistic isolation and his sense of responsible personality. He becomes temporarily a fatuous person, and in a moment of his new "manly" and "objective" self-assertiveness he practically rapes Lenore, who becomes pregnant. The rest of the book is concerned with the suffering of a sheltered young woman procuring an abortion, with the theory and practice of the operation, with Lenore's bitterness at Bertin's insulation against her misery, and finally with the reconciliation of the lovers in marriage.

Zweig is a writer considerably but not supremely endowed with novelistic skill; it was his strong intelligence playing over the confused aspects of a great theme, the problem of human justice, that made "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" so fine a book. The theme of "Young Woman of 1914" is perhaps not calculated to call forth the play of intelligence, and Zweig's novelistic skill is sufficient only to make an interesting but not an important book. Yet we have the right to expect of Zweig that he present to himself a theme in terms to attract the full play of his intelligence in its execution.

LIONEL TRILLING

Shorter Notices

Human Being. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

This is not, as the title and the first chapter suggest, an objective story of a common man. A good many novelists have attempted that feat but few have succeeded. Success in that direction would be especially unlikely for Mr. Morley, as he is one of our most subjective writers, obtaining his material chiefly by gazing patiently in a mirror. And Mr. Morley is not a common man. He is at his best when revealing his own thoughts, fancies, and enthusiasms. This he has done so delightfully in "Human Being" that it impresses one as the ripest and most full-flavored of his books. There are side-splitting pages on the publishing business, picturesque pages on the show business, and understanding pages on the human business. Mr. Morley's sensitiveness to the romance of Manhattan Island comes out in his affection for the "L," with its "Swiss chalets of stations," and in the poetry he finds in Bullinger's railway guide and the directory of the Flatiron Building. One of Mr. Morley's definitions of a human being is "a superb actor in a hokum play," and in an orchestration generally designed for comedy one detects a thin, pleading note of pathos.

Jane Austen's Letters to Her Sister Cassandra and Others. Volume I: 1796-1809; Volume II: 1811-1817. Collected and Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. \$12.50.

All the letters of one of the most delightful letter-writers who ever lived, collected in two handsome volumes the editing of which is beyond praise. The letters have many of the best qualities of Jane Austen's novels. They present the minutiae of a small society in language that is always fresh and exact, with a penetration that is only exceeded by the wit which pointed what the eyes saw. They present also Jane Austen in person, as an irresponsible, gay, sharp-tongued girl of twenty-one, and as the mature, generous-hearted woman she grew up to be. She never lost her keenness of observation or her ability to prick vulgarity or pretentiousness when she met with it. The char-

acters in her letters—the flesh-and-blood members of her own large family or her equally large circle of neighbors and friends—are as clearly drawn as are the characters in the novels. If the letters lack the order and the selection which make the novels the works of art they are, they are not wanting in qualities which make them worth reading and reading again. With Mr. Chapman's admirable guides to persons and places everything is clear. And the wit and penetration is clear all by itself, requiring no glossary. From the famous Mrs. Blount with "the same broad face, diamond bandeau, white shoes, pink husband, and fat neck," to the novelist who declared of the second edition of "Sense and Sensibility," "I cannot help hoping that many will feel themselves obliged to buy it. I shall not mind imagining it a disagreeable Duty to them so as they do it," these two volumes afford as good reading as most novels which have heralded masterpieces.

Paul Bunyan. A Folk-Comedy in Three Acts. By Richard L. Stokes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Mr. Stokes has fashioned a hilarious farce out of material which is to be found in the books on Paul Bunyan by James Stevens, James Bowman, and others, and in the book by H. L. Mencken on the American language. The language of this rollicking verse is fiercely vernacular and authentically American; the action, touching as it does the present depression and recalling as it does at one point the recent performance of "Lysistrata" on Broadway, is lively and rich. Furthermore, the piece is carefully planned for a stage performance. One hopes that it reaches, say, the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, where Mr. Stokes's "Merry Mount" is eventually to be heard to the accompaniment of music by Howard Hanson. One really hopes this. The Metropolitan could not do better than to make room on its boards for the fabulous lumber-jack and his Blue Ox Babe.

Emily Dickinson Face to Face. Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences. By her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi. With a Foreword by Alfred Leete Hampson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

This book includes the author's personal recollections of her aunt, some facts about the Dickinson family, and a good deal of material about Austin Dickinson, Emily's brother and the author's father. There are also some notes that were omitted from the "Life and Letters." The book adds virtually nothing to our knowledge of Emily Dickinson.

Sad Indian. By Thames Williamson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

While not, as the jacket announces, the first novel to come out of native Mexico, this is doubtless the first fictionized close-up of folkways south of the Rio Grande by other than a Mexican author. Mr. Williamson has made a careful portrait of the mentality of the *peón* of today—the Indian who still wears the *calzón* and *camisa*, the native pajama-like costume of white cotton, and walks either barefoot or in sandals. It is around his annual journey from his native village of Iztapa to the market town of Techichilco to sell the corn he has raised that the story revolves. Juan is revealed as a primitive of a few deep-seated and unchangeable habits and numerous superstitions, whose chief animus is against the *mestizo*, the "mixed-blood" who despises, dominates, and tricks him. Whether this antipathy of the full-blood is as constant and all-pervading as the author leads one to conclude is open to question. Apart from that this peasant is primarily concerned with satiating his appetites—for food, drink, and sex. Especially drink—*pulque*—the fermented juice of the *maguey*, primordial beverage of Aztecs and Toltecs. This he guzzles till sotted at the town's two *pulquerías*, named "I Am Laughing" and "The Heart of

Jesus." Though Mr. Williamson confines himself to describing the stupefying effects of the drink on his central character, he suggests the devastation and degeneration pictured in Zola's "L'Assommoir." Here, incidentally, is a refutation of Stuart Chase's thesis of the happy Indian—cheery craftsman and debonair dancer—and of the need of rebuilding Mexico upon him. Instead, we have an existence that is drab, dreary, and dirty, depicted with rare faithfulness of observation, intuition, and craftsmanship.

Authors and the Book Trade. By Frank Swinnerton. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

One can imagine Mr. Knopf putting this monograph on his list in the wild hope that it might lessen the number of manuscripts submitted for his verdict. A burgeoning author who can read these plain truths about what happens to a book before and after publication and still retain his ambition to follow authorship as a profession must have an overweening confidence in himself. But since ninety-nine out of a hundred burgeoning authors possess just that quality, few will be dissuaded from trying their luck by Mr. Swinnerton's revelations. In essence a wise and witty discussion of a puzzling subject—what makes a book sell—this compact manual approaches the mystery from the angles of the publisher's reader, the publisher, the literary agent, the reviewer, the bookseller, and the reading public. Mr. Swinnerton believes that the success of a book depends neither on advertising nor the praise of critics, but on talk. The matters of production costs, distribution, contracts, and royalties (if any) are set forth explicitly.

Brain. By Lionel Britton. The Vanguard Press. \$1.75.

Imaginative power is revealed in this expressionistic play by the author of "Hunger and Love." The scene is the whole earth, and the time the future—fifty million years of it. A group of people form an association to construct a mechanical brain which will coordinate and preserve the thoughts and impulses of humanity before they are dissipated. A secret organization is created first, with the members devoting their lives to building the brain in the Sahara Desert. Eventually brain becomes powerful in spite of the opposition of business men and politicians, and collective reason rules the world. The triumph comes too late, however; men have fought with and preyed upon each other for so long that control of natural forces is not perfect when collision with a star is threatened. Lionel Britton's symbols for communicating this message sometimes lapse into the prophetic tone of the popular-science magazines, but for the most part the play is stimulating and the satire effective.

The Changing Culture of an Indian Tribe. By Margaret Mead. Columbia University Press. \$4.50.

"This," says Dr. Clark Wissler in a Foreword, "is a pioneer study in a neglected field." As such it is of importance not merely to the Americanist and anthropological specialist, but also to the sociologist and student of political history. Dr. Mead's approach is purely that of the scientist in search of facts. Her book is a study of the "impact of highly organized modern cultures upon a primitive group," an examination of what has happened and is now going on in the development of a seminomadic hunting tribe into "citizens" of a complex, industrialized civilization. The tribe chosen is given the pseudonym of the "Antlers," to avoid offense. It is the remnant of a Mississippi Valley tribe which came in contact, first, with the French, then, about seventy-five years ago, with the Presbyterian missionaries, and then with the white settlers. The Antlers are citizens, though still living on a reservation; many own or have owned their lands in fee, and all are nominally Presbyterian converts, though the Peyote cult seems to be their chief

religion. The first part of the study covers their history and general background; the second section deals specifically with the Indian woman under the transitional strains; and the third part gives a full tabular statement of the basic material and statistical data. The conclusion is that the "individual of the primitive society is left floundering in a heterogeneous welter of meaningless uncoordinated and disintegrating institutions."

Art

Art and American Life

THE big news in museums and galleries this season is American art. The Museum of Modern Art assembled a huge choice exhibit of painting and sculpture done by American citizens in the past seventy years, announcing that in this period American art emerged from "the provincial" into "a national and cosmopolitan phase." The pictures were cleverly arranged so that no one could go to see Whistler's Mother without looking also at Eakins and Speicher and Pollet and Benton, to see Demuth and Weber and O'Keeffe without looking also at Burchfield and Ryder and Sloan. The earlier part of the nineteenth century was unconventionally represented by an exhibit of amateur, mostly anonymous, works bracketed under the title of "The Art of the Common Man" in America.

Simultaneously John Becker exhibited a collection of the same period and the same general character as "The Art of the Common Man": romantic landscapes, innocent portraits, fruit and flowers on velvet, quaint mementos in odd techniques. The Whitney Museum cleared all its wall space for modern Americans only, and opened its Benton room, supposedly a reading-room but actually a battlefield because on various fundamental points it contradicts current fashion, as represented in Radio City. First, it is painting and not decoration—that is, it demands and absorbs your attention and arouses strong feelings; second, it is mural painting done *in situ*, and is part of the room, or rather *is* the room, and not an enlargement fastened on an available wall space; third, it has bold social meanings as plain as a poster; and, fourth, alas, the painter was paid just about what the job cost him, and less than the rate per foot paid to commercial decorators for restaurant and hotel jobs.

Each of these exhibits has its own claim to attention, but together they mean a boom, not without ballyhoo, which can be easily traced to the same potent sources as tariffs and "Buy British" campaigns, and which may bring Brooklyn painters to protest before long because the Hotel St. George was decorated by artists living in Manhattan. The source of this movement is resentment at the costly snobbery of the French mode of the nineteen twenties; it takes coherent form in a "Buy American" attack on contracts given to Rivera, Sert, and Brangwyn by those in charge of the Rockefeller projects.

The emotions and issues involved are as powerful as any that ever fed the glow and heat of a renaissance. Given this drive, it is possible that we are indeed witnessing the first stir of a revival or a revolution and a period of great art in our part of this continent; especially as forces at bottom the same launched the powerful Mexican school whose influence is now pushing North American art in the direction taken by the Mexicans—away from small decorative spots destined for private homes, and toward large, monumental, more or less permanent decoration of public buildings; away from the noncommittal, the "art for art's sake" individualist cult, and toward choice of subject with a social meaning, and a purpose, too. Propaganda, in fact. And away, finally, from European modes, toward a violent nationalism that is more anti-foreign than exuberantly

patriotic, is intensely self-assertive and veers into picturesque local color, emphasizing what is native in subject and style.

Thomas Benton is the first considerable painter in whom these tendencies are clearly marked. He may be a lone phenomenon or else a sort of signpost on a new road. But in the seventy years of American art assembled by the Modern Museum, certain choices of subject and manners of treatment begin to stand out by repetition as possible indications of the direction in which American art has been going and the ideas against which American artists may turn; emphases of subject and manner which would distinguish at once a made-in-America picture hanging, say, in the Tate Gallery or the Munich Pinakothek. These are the things which would help us to define what we mean by American art, other than that the artist is or was entitled to travel on a United States passport; and if our findings do not seem very significant, or do not suggest further inquiry and analysis, it may be that we shall have to discard the term as pure affectation, and that would be useful too.

When the show at the Modern Museum first opened, a collection of Persian frescos was also on exhibit, creating much excitement because they seemed "so modern." The pictures were all variations on the theme of love, contrasting in this respect with the seventy years of American expression on the three floors below, for in that entire collection there was only one indication—a Zorach piece—that such a thing as love between man and woman was known in our part of the Western world. A list of the subjects which would seem to represent us may turn out to represent England as well, and in that we must recognize the influence of powerful traditions upon us. Still, the numerical proportion of one kind of subject to another may point to specific American traits.

The lead is taken by landscape; then portraits, especially of children, genteel ladies, and "types"; then interiors and still-life, particularly flowers; then group-scenes of the "common man," usually picturesque; animals; and, late and few, female nudes. The first three constitute almost the entire range of our folk-painting, reflecting our nineteenth-century art. And yet these ideas do not mean period only, as the moderns at the Whitney Museum group themselves into the same half-dozen species in about the same proportion. They do not mean "human nature" either, for other peoples—the Mexicans for example—almost never handle landscape, our favorite subject, as other than background.

Our insistence on landscape may be one clue to the social and psychological bases of the American style. The pictures themselves disclose that this field has attracted a great many different temperaments, and the traffic develops some traits we can call American because they depart from European modes: a marked sense of space, a hardness of outline, strident color. These qualities appear first and most vigorously in scenes with railroads, automobiles, factories, and less so in what appears to be our other favorite, a type of landscape we might call "unrealism"—exotic, romantic, a dreamy quest for a somewhere else. And in the moderns especially, a combination appears that is typical of our commercial art, of great skill, virtuosity even, with negative feeling, to the point of evasion, where the sense of space becomes a sense of emptiness instead.

Turn to your catalogues of the shows reviewed, or walk through them if they are still open, with an eye out for what being American has meant and may mean artistically; ask yourself why Whistler made witty intangibles and why O'Keeffe paints as if she were deaf. And considering the mark of spiritual isolation on the great mass of this work, it may seem plain that if something is wrong with American art, and the blame is on the artist, the answer may be that our artist as a rule thinks first of himself as an artist and last of himself as a citizen and a thinking, responsible part of his place and time.

ANITA BRENNER



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Music

Our Musical Diet

COMPLAINTS about the monotony of the programs of leading recitalists and conductors are no novelty to this column. They are, moreover, more or less useless, I suppose, as far as the individual artist is concerned. Violinists have their private reasons for never omitting the César Franck Sonata from a program, while most of Beethoven's ten remain so much paper and ink. Mr. Zimbalist will not be dissuaded by the columns of *The Nation* from playing with piano the Mendelssohn Concerto—a work which, away from the orchestra, loses half of its excuse for being, and which everybody knows by heart anyway. There is no use in pointing out to pianists that Beethoven wrote thirty-two sonatas, not six, for their instrument; or to singers that Schubert's songs fill seven published volumes. And yet a plea to them would not have to be based only on the highest considerations of art and taste. It might be offered to them as practical business advice—in some such terms as these:

There are a few artists who shed a new and revealing light even on the most familiar music they play: Toscanini, Kreisler, Casals, Busch, Menuhin, Schnabel, Myra Hess, Rachmaninoff—the list is not much longer. From them, even though one may at times feel that their repertoires are unnecessarily limited, one must be grateful for whatever one gets. And, indeed, their function is partly to infuse new life into those greatest and most familiar masterpieces which too frequent inadequate performances have done their worst to kill. But the fact that several of them stick close to a fairly limited repertory makes it more important and should make it easier for the somewhat lesser (and the much lesser) to follow two simple and often coinciding suggestions: (1) Don't play the most familiar music; (2) Don't play the music which we know through the performances of artists with whose interpretations yours cannot escape being unfavorably compared.

One imagines that the purpose of recitalists in competing with one another as they do is to show that they can sing or play a given work as well as or better than their rivals. It seems almost unnecessary to point out to them that what one notices and remembers is not that A sings "Was ist Sylvia?" better than B, or less well than C, but that one has no desire to hear any lesser singer touch it at all until the memory of Lotte Lehmann's singing of it grows less vivid.

But although this sort of advice is lost on recitalists, it should be put in some much stronger form—a subscribers' petition, perhaps—to the management of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. As New York's only permanent orchestra it has a duty to perform which no individual artist need feel, and—since an orchestra's repertory may be practically unlimited—no excuse for not performing it. Mr. Downes of the *Times* recently wrote a Sunday article to insist that Mr. Toscanini is not the only Philharmonic conductor worth listening to. But, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Toscanini is New York's favorite conductor; and the way for Mr. Dobrowen and Mr. Walter to correct the exaggeration of his popularity to the exclusion of his colleagues is certainly not to play his favorite works. For it is not insulting them to say that we do not expect their readings to improve on his, and that we should in any case prefer that they lend their talents to works of which we had heard moving interpretations less recently. Mr. Dobrowen's choice of the Brahms Second Symphony, the Schumann First, and "Tod und Verklärung" was bad enough; the Third "Leonore" Overture was worse, Mr. Toscanini having played it no more than four

weeks earlier. But Mr. Walter adds insult to injury when he repeats the proverbial "heavenly lengths" of the Schubert C-Major Symphony—which takes nearly an hour to play—after an interval of exactly six weeks. If I were a Philharmonic subscriber, I should feel like asking for my money back.

It is not as if there were anything inevitable about these repetitions. If the Philharmonic management, or board of directors, wished to avoid them, there would be nothing impossibly difficult about doing so. First a list could be made of the hundred or so standard orchestral works of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Stravinsky, and so on. From this list any conductor might be allowed or obliged to draw a certain proportion of the works on his programs; provided that no work on the list (with certain possible exceptions) might be played twice until all had been heard once, and that no work not on the list might be heard more than once every other season, perhaps—except novelties. A certain proportion of the programs could be reserved for novelties; a certain proportion, perhaps, for American music; a certain proportion for conductors' favorites. It might be a rule that only a new or unfamiliar work might be played twice in one season. That the resulting balance on the Philharmonic's programs might have beneficial effects on the box office at non-Toscanini concerts is certainly hinted by the success of the Boston Orchestra concerts in New York. Mr. Koussevitzky is not chiefly a greater conductor than the Philharmonic's guests; he is a wiser and a more considerate program maker.

Mr. Arthur Judson, manager of the Philharmonic, wrote to the *Times* a year or two ago, in answer to complaints about the programs, to explain that he had always kept entirely away from program making, believing that the program, as well as its interpretation, was the proper concern of the conductor. From the manager of the Boston Orchestra this would be a good answer, for the Boston Orchestra is in the hands of one conductor during the entire season. But from the manager of the Philharmonic, where the guest-conductor system prevails, the answer is inadequate; and nothing could have made that fact clearer than the programs of Messrs. Dobrowen and Walter.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Drama

The Victim

THROUGH a reversal of the usual order "Girls in Uniform" (Booth Theater) reaches Broadway some time after the moving picture based upon the same story. The history of this widely exploited tale is decidedly complicated, but it appears that a novel came first and that the present version is adapted from an English stage adaptation of the original. In any event it reveals itself in its present form as a simple and rather affecting little drama, but one which, nevertheless, has something of the sketchiness as well as something of the angularity of a dramatization. Perhaps its air of being watered down is the result of the fact that the dialogue passed through too many uninspired hands before it finally reached us. Perhaps much of the credit for the film should go to the director who saw in it possibilities unrealized in the stage version. But whatever the cause, "Girls in Uniform" is distinctly thin, and would hardly have been a sensation had it not been for the preliminary advertising which it received from the film.

In Germany the play doubtless had a certain social significance. The story of the sensitive child whose spirit was crushed by the deliberately brutal discipline of a Prussian school

is pointed directly at a lingering tradition which may yet reassert itself and dominate the nation. The portraits of the headmistress and of Her Royal Highness, the patroness of the institution, are heightened almost to the point of caricature in the effort to render as unlovely as possible the inhuman rigidity of the military ideal. But in America, where all this local color has no direct relevance, and where the leading figures are hardly more than legendary, the drama reduces itself to a study in pure pathos. The poor little creature who is abandoned to the merciless mercies of the school is the victim of two phenomena, neither of which she can possibly understand. The "ideals" of the school are to her merely meaningless cruelties, and the fatal love which she feels for the remote but kindly instructress is an emotion without outlet or utterance. Even in death she is ineffectual, because the death of the weak is taken for granted by the system which destroys her. Hence she is pure victim, and therefore the play is pure pathos.

To the play's distinct credit must be set down the fact that it does succeed admirably within its own narrow limitations. A certain almost mathematical rigidity of outline, a direct unrelieved simplicity, keeps it moving, and it is never—as it might so easily be—mawkish. There is great tenderness in the treatment of the central figure and a delicate understanding in the portrayal of her love, but there is an absence of that gush which would have made the whole sickening. Part of the credit for this fact should go to the sincere playing of Florence Williams as the girl, and to Rose Hobart, whose stern beauty fits so well the role of the beloved instructress. The rest probably belongs to the direction, which succeeds often in supplementing the poverty of the dialogue with bits of restrained but eloquent pantomime. All in all, "Girls in Uniform" may be set down as a successful performance in a very minor mode.

"Twentieth Century" (Broadhurst Theater) belongs, on the other hand, to a noisy and typically American variety of topical farce. Its authors, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, probably began with the realization that the club car of an express train racing from Chicago to New York had not yet been exploited as a background, and then set about to imagine what might happen there. What does happen is a series of extravagant occurrences involving a temperamental actress and an equally temperamental producer of Russian Jewish extraction whose general resemblance to a recently spectacular Broadway figure the authors are at no pains to conceal. The result is a wild melange of farce, burlesque, and disorderly conduct which it would be hard to praise soberly but which does manage to be frequently laughable in a reckless sort of way. Eugénie Leontovich, formerly of "Grand Hotel," puts on a fine show as the actress who never forgets to act, and Moffatt Johnston is uncannily clever in his take-off of the melancholy egomaniac who discovers vast possibilities in two stranded German peasants with a passion play in their valise. "Twentieth Century" combines the scandalous interest of the gossip column with farce at its loudest, but it serves its purpose.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Goodbye Again," at the Masque Theater, is continuously amusing. Most of the lines are footless, but they are spoken so briskly, by players so well selected, that the comedy seems better than perhaps it is. Osgood Perkins, sardonic and scrawny as ever, is funny both in and out of bed; the calm-browed Sally Bates is an effective foil to him; a scion of The Adams Family impersonates an injured husband with amusing indifference to his injury; and two rosy-cheeked Princeton boys play a chauffeur and a bellboy with credit to their Alma Mater. On the other hand, the part of the wife whose wandering affections provide the complications of the piece is burlesqued so unskillfully by Katherine Squire that the comic balance is often endangered.

G. W.

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GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

GIRLS IN UNIFORM. Booth Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

LUCRECE. Belasco Theater. Beautiful performance of Katherine Cornell in a solemn and rhetorical play about the Roman heroine.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY. Broadhurst Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

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Films**More Celluloid**

IF you do not like the kind of literature that is published in the so-called pulp magazines, you just do not like it, and that is the end of it. You do not rush into print to expose the pathetic ineptitude of these weekly or monthly outpourings. With films, unfortunately, the situation is different. Not only are there woefully few that are worthy of serious consideration, but if you happen to be a film critic you are obliged to stop and analyze the incessant flow of bilge issuing from the film factories of Hollywood and elsewhere as if it were really to be measured by the standards of intellectual and artistic achievement. The whole procedure becomes unspeakably grotesque, resembling in a way what the Russians describe as shooting sparrows with cannon balls. Worse still, it becomes wearisomely repetitious, for in the films originality is found in virtues, not, as in real life, in sins.

Yet once more I have to devote this column to the exploration of moving-picture vices. The worst offender to come under review is "Rasputin and the Empress" (Astor Theater). Although one does not expect historical accuracy from Hollywood, the falsification of well-known facts as exemplified in this film goes far beyond the limits of tolerable license. In fact, it is nothing short of political partisanship to represent Czar Nicholas, a shallow-minded weakling who paid with his life for his unfitness to occupy the throne of Russia, as a kindly ruler whose only thought was the well-being of his people. And the portrait of the Czarina as drawn in the film is an extremely prettified version of her true character. In spite of the irrefutable evidence of scheming, ruthlessness, and neurotic megalomania supplied by the Czarina's own letters, the film shows her solely as an affectionate wife and mother whose only concern in life was the happiness of her family. In the attempt to whitewash her memory the author of the film story represents the Czarina as abetting the murder of Rasputin, whereas her letters show that the death of the lecherous monk moved her to bitter cries for vengeance. Aside from such historical inaccuracies, which are too numerous to be cited here in detail, the film does not even stand up as good melodrama. It neither grips one by dramatic suspense nor impresses by any display of histrionics. Lionel Barrymore, who plays Rasputin, never succeeds in suggesting the powerful and magnetic personality which Rasputin undoubtedly had and which largely accounted for his rise to power. John and Ethel Barrymore are no more than colorless ciphers in their respective parts of Prince Paul and the Czarina.

There is little that can be said about "Cynara" (Rivoli). Innocuous in its story and no more than slick in its acting and direction, it might have been fairly entertaining as comedy. As a romance with a touch of tragedy it is merely nebulous.

"The Half-naked Truth" (Mayfair), which relates with considerable gusto the adventures of a high-pressure publicity agent, has many loose ends in its story. Being only a farcical comedy, it goes merrily on without bothering to pick these up—which perhaps does not really matter one way or the other.

There were fascinating possibilities in the story of "Silver Dollar" (Warners' Strand), based on the amazing career of the once famous silver king, H. A. W. Tabor, which might have been realized had the episodes been treated with more imaginative feeling for the details of the background. With its conventional characterization, the film, though it tells an interesting story, fails to rise above the average.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1933

No. 3525

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	77
EDITORIALS:	
An Open Letter to Technocracy	80
Suicide Is Confession	81
Mutual Loot	82
Poets and Playhouses	82
ISSUES AND MEN. A CABINET FOR MR. ROOSEVELT. By Oswald Garrison Villard	83
IS DIVORCE WORTH THE PRICE? By Dora Russell.....	84
THE SECRET INTERNATIONAL. By Mauritz A. Hallgren.....	86
BEHIND THE CABLES. By E. D. H.....	88
OUR MANGLED COMPENSATION LAWS. By Helen Buckler....	90
OAKLAND'S "SEWER-PIPE CITY." By James Munsey.....	92
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	93
CORRESPONDENCE	94
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	96
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
Brought as a Sheaf. By Raymond Larsson.....	97
Prophet into Historian. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	97
Victorians and "Moderns." By Lionel Trilling.....	98
Winston Churchill Again. By S. K. Ratcliffe.....	98
When Is ■ House Not ■ House? By C. K. Bauer.....	99
A History of Religions. By Livingston Welch.....	100
O'Brien's Tales of Horror. By Horace Gregory.....	100
Shorter Notices	101
Architecture: A Radio City Architect's Economics. By Douglas Haskell	102
Drama: Some Actors Who Act. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	103

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THE ANNOUNCEMENT that President-elect Roosevelt has indorsed the action of the Department of State reaffirming the Stimson doctrine is strategically timed. It comes at a moment when Japan is engaged in a new aggressive campaign in China and just prior to the meeting at Geneva of the Committee of Nineteen. That Mr. Roosevelt, by this act of collaboration, has deviated sharply from his hands-off policy in national affairs gives the announcement added weight. We have no doubts regarding the moral value of this move. The rightness of America's position in refusing to lend its assent to the violation of existing treaties to which it is a party is undeniable. The whole structure of international cooperation has been undermined by the reckless conduct of the militarists who at this hour control Japan's destinies. The immediate results of the recent announcement, however, will probably be no more striking than those which followed Stimson's original statement. The Japanese will be annoyed and perhaps disturbed; but will their armies withdraw from Jehol and Manchuria? The whole situation would be greatly clarified if the United States, in addition to reaffirming its position, would call a conference of the signers of the Pact of Paris to consider an international embargo on arms, ammunition, and credits for any nation violating that treaty.

SENATOR HUEY LONG'S FILIBUSTER has about put the finishing touch to the present hopeless session of the dying Congress. We do not regret that he has compelled an extra session—that in any event should be called to meet at the earliest possible moment. We only regret that this pestiferous Senator, by paralyzing the Senate's conduct of its business, has injured the prestige of that body before the country, which all too often fails to understand that, despite the occasional abuse of unlimited debate, that privilege is what makes the Senate so extraordinarily valuable. But the general chaos in Washington gets worse. Congress drifts; the President is ignored by it or violently opposed. He himself, incredible as it seems, is merely making a record on which to base his preposterous campaign for renomination in 1936, which he still believes possible because of his continuing control of the Republican National Committee. The foreign diplomats in Washington are at a loss to know to whom to turn for a hearing in the innumerable pending issues of moment. The Democrats continue to urge the President-elect to keep his hands off entirely, especially since his fingers were badly burned in his one experiment in the matter of the proposed increase in income taxes. Meanwhile, the flood of dangerous proposals for curing our evils—all of them calling for inflation or for fresh raids upon the Treasury—mounts steadily. We shall be lucky, indeed, if we do not bleed to death because of the extension to the farmers and to business men generally of the protectionist philosophy that the government must guarantee the profits of the manufacturers. All of which ought to be a clarion call to Mr. Roosevelt to be ready for prompt and aggressive action both in national and in international affairs the minute he takes office.

TO THE INNOCENT OBSERVER it might have seemed impossible to make the so-called farm-parity bill less defensible than it was, but the House, before passing it by a vote of 203 to 151, succeeded in reducing it to an even greater travesty. As originally proposed, the plan would have attempted to fix the price of four relatively "basic" commodities—wheat, cotton, hogs, and tobacco. The theory was that if the consumer were forced to pay a tax of 100 or 200 per cent on these products, they would be consumed in smaller quantities, and consumers would substitute other products. The substitution of these other products, it was argued, would create an increased demand for them and so raise their price; and hence all farm products would tend to be helped by raising the prices of these four. It will immediately be seen that this argument was a double-edged one, for if raising the price of the four selected commodities really did reduce the demand for them enough to lead to substantial substitutions, then the parity plan would help the producers of the selected four commodities far less than its proponents claimed; it might even seriously injure them. The House, by throwing into the list of selected commodities rice, butter fat, and peanuts at the last moment, makes any serious defense of the bill impossible. No answer, on any ground of principle, can now be given to other agricultural producers who want special

bonuses paid for lima beans, artichokes, asparagus, cantaloupes, tomatoes, carrots, onions, potatoes, apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, sheep, guinea-pigs, chickens, turkeys, and ducks. From the collapse of the Farm Board experiment, not to speak of the Brazilian coffee-valorization plan, the Australian wool plan, the Japanese silk plan, the Stevenson rubber plan, we have learned absolutely nothing. We continue the attempt to subsidize our way out of the depression.

LITTLE IS TO BE EXPECTED of the present lame-duck session of Congress, but at least it is to be hoped that it will act upon President Hoover's special message calling for an immediate revision of the national bankruptcy laws. Even if general conditions should take an immediate turn for the better, we are certain to witness bankruptcies on an almost unparalleled scale: in one way or another, our debt structure must be scaled down. Hitherto the way of scaling it down has been through individual receiverships lasting from two to six years, in which every effort at adjustment could be blocked by a small minority of creditors seeking special privileges for themselves and often able to postpone adjustment until they were satisfied. There have been endless "protective committees" whereby each class of debtor sought mainly to protect itself from other classes of debtors; and the net result has been that lawyers have benefited more largely from receiverships than the creditors themselves. President Hoover has proposed that the bankruptcy laws be now amended so that voluntary adjustments may be reached between individuals, corporations, and creditors whenever majority agreement among creditors may be obtained, and that whenever two-thirds of the creditors in each class approve of a settlement, the remaining creditors shall be obliged to accept it. Some such first step as this in the revision of our antiquated bankruptcy laws is urgently necessary.

THE \$50,000,000 Kreuger and Toll loan of 5 per cent secured sinking-fund gold debentures was "secured," according to the bond-house circulars, by a variety of collateral including "bonds or notes issued or guaranteed by any sovereign state or political subdivision thereof." "Securities to be pledged initially" were to "have a total par value . . . equivalent to 120 per cent of the par value of such portion of the loans as was issued [\$23,700,000]" as well as "annual income at rates of interest and guaranteed dividends . . . equivalent to not less than 120 per cent of the annual interest requirements." By an agreement between Ivar Kreuger and the American bankers' syndicate, substitution of collateral was to be permitted—a circumstance thus vaguely stated in the syndicate's prospectuses: "In view of the nature of the business of the company, the debenture agreement will contain certain broad provisions in regard to withdrawal and substitution of pledged securities." Testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has disclosed that for the unexceptionable French bonds "pledged initially" Ivar Kreuger substituted bonds of Yugoslavia and other principalities now in default or of dubious value. That the responsibility for safeguarding the investors in such an exchange rested squarely upon the banking sponsors of the loan would seem undeniable unless American high finance frankly reverts to the discredited doctrine of *caveat emptor*.

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC has been taught to have confidence in great names, of individuals and firms. Neither the shrewd business man nor the traditional "widows and orphans" can fathom the facts beneath the smooth phraseology of a bond or stock offering. Nor have they been expected to. The one bit of discrimination required of a prospective investor under the prevailing code was that he should be able to distinguish between the fly-by-night concern and one of established repute. It was to this end that newspapers censored their advertising columns, that better business bureaus were established, that blue-sky laws were enacted. In floating the Kreuger and Toll bonds all the hall-marks of respectability were present. The underwriting syndicate consisted of Lee, Higginson and Company, the Guaranty Company of New York, Brown Brothers and Company, the National City Company, Dillon, Read and Company, the Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh, Clark, Dodge and Company. Legal matters were to be "passed upon" by Messrs. Ropes, Gray, Boyden, and Perkins of Boston, and Messrs. Carter, Ledyard, and Milburn of New York. It was confidence in these illustrious names that extracted the dollars of the American public. Just how, in the ultimate results, it fared materially better than it would have with a Ponzi, a J. Rufus Wallingford, or similar promoters is yet to be shown. Difference in intent may be cited in defense of these leaders of American finance. But the law has often established bounds beyond which negligence becomes criminal. It has done so in England, where, as Dr. Max Winkler suggested to the Senate committee, the issuance of misleading prospectuses or other financial statements is a criminal as well as a civil offense.

IN HIS DOUBLE ROLE of public mentor and president of Columbia University, Nicholas Murray Butler has appointed seventeen distinguished persons in and out of academic life to undertake at once an investigation of the economic crisis with particular reference to methods of production and international exchange. It is not to be merely a fact-finding commission, but is to make recommendations for "corrective action." Seven members of the commission are professors at Columbia, four are from other universities, and the rest are students of economics and public affairs. The group will consider especially the whole question of technological advance, and the study may thereby shed some light upon the new "science" of technocracy. This is an excellent enterprise, and the high quality of the members of the commission, comprising as it does such men as John M. Clark, James W. Angell, A. A. Berle, Jr., Wesley C. Mitchell, James H. Rogers, Benjamin M. Anderson, Alvin Johnson, Walter Lippmann, George Soule, and Harlow S. Person, insures a report which may easily prove as valuable as the recent study of social trends.

LOUIS FISCHER wrote in *The Nation* of January 11 that unless the Russian peasant "receives a very firm assurance that he will not have to submit to procurements again next autumn and winter, he will not plant this coming spring, and the Soviet Union will have another bad harvest. On this point the Kremlin must speak quickly—in January preferably, in March at the latest. March is the final term in Russia for effective agrarian reforms." The Kremlin chose the second week in January as the time for announcing

that it had yielded to the increasingly hostile pressure of the peasants. It is interesting, however, that the announcement came not from Stalin, the dictator, but from Molotov, president of the Council of People's Commissars. While Stalin had spoken out a few days earlier, his speech does not appear to have been designed to reassure the peasant. He declared that the collectivization of agriculture must go on unceasingly—"while small peasant individualism remained," there would always be "danger of a capitalist restoration"—and he asserted in quite unmistakable language that there could be no compromise with capitalism. He added that although "we did not succeed in satisfying all the needs of workers and peasants, and it is improbable that this can be done in the next few years," nevertheless, a solid foundation for industrial and rural socialism had already been laid. And with considerable meaning he said: "Our own camp is being increased throughout the world by the successes of the Five-Year Plan."

AS HEAD of the Russian state Stalin probably considered it imperative that he take this firm position. He may have felt that any show of weakness would be interpreted at home as betraying a lack of confidence in his own policies and abroad as indicating a departure from the program of socialization. In any event it was left to Molotov to make the necessary concessions to the peasants. The reforms proposed follow very closely the changes Mr. Fischer said must be adopted to avoid further trouble. Grain procurements are to be abolished. A grain income tax similar to that which Lenin instituted in 1921 will take the place of the procurement system. This should have the effect which Lenin foresaw: "The exact amount of the tax is known in advance, that is, as early as spring, to every single peasant. This will mean less abuse in the collection of the tax. This will mean that every peasant will be more interested in increasing his acreage, in improving his household, and in striving to increase his harvests." Of course, the peasant will have to have access to the free market in order to dispose of his surplus produce and so derive an advantage from the reform. That may seem like a return to private capitalism, but at the same time Stalin has warned that there will be no let-up in collectivization, which means that this compromise with private capitalism will probably be temporary.

IT IS NOW APPARENT that the League of Nations does not even intend to propose a meaningless compromise solution of the Manchurian question for the sake of saving its own face, but will elect rather to drop the matter quietly, leaving Japan undisturbed in its ill-gotten gains. For this outcome, which must eventually prove disastrous to the League, the smaller Powers have France and England to thank. The policies laid down at Geneva have always been dictated by Paris and London. In the Manchurian crisis these two Powers were especially anxious that nothing should be done to offend the Japanese. There has long been a tacit understanding between Paris and Tokio with regard to Far Eastern affairs. Neither has been particularly enthusiastic about the Open Door policy, not only because of its American origin and support, but because it has hindered the imperialistic expansion of both countries on the Asiatic mainland. Moreover, there is plenty of evidence pointing to financial, if not political, cooperation between France and

Japan in the handling of the Manchurian question. For one thing, the Japanese have needed extensive credits with which to buy munitions for use in Manchuria. The bulk of the imported munitions has come from French factories or from the French-controlled Skoda Works in Czechoslovakia. It is more than reasonable to suppose that the necessary credits have been extended by French bankers and munitions makers.

ENGLAND, TOO, has wanted to remain on good terms with Japan. In a recent issue of *Current History* the intimate relationship between the foreign offices in London and Tokio was described in the frankest terms by Commander J. M. Kenworthy, a member of Parliament and former Cabinet minister. Commander Kenworthy declared that the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which was formally renounced at the Washington Conference, is actually still in force. The British continue to use Japan for their own purposes in the Far East. They have not changed their policy in this respect since 1895, when, as a result of the Sino-Japanese war, they decided they must use Japan rather than China to keep the Russian bear in check. So far international communications are concerned, Japan occupies a strategic location, and England is naturally unwilling to make an enemy of a country which is in a position to cut its inter-imperial communications in time of war. In this connection Japan's mandate over the island of Yap has special significance. Yap is a cable center and as such is important to all countries interested in the Far East. So long as Japan holds this island by mandate, the British can retain a definite measure of influence over its administration. But if Japan quits the League, as it has several times threatened to do, the Japanese will unquestionably make short shrift of the mandate and simply annex the island. These and several kindred factors explain the French and English attitude toward the Manchurian question. They do not justify it.

THE LATE CHARLES W. MORSE was another one of the captains of industry who found his way behind the bars. His friends were always certain that it was really a bit of bad luck, since, they maintained, he was convicted on a technicality, whereas plenty of others much guiltier went unwhipped of justice. He was not only the ice king of America but was also on the way to becoming the steamboat king as well, and heaven alone knows where he would have stopped had he not been caught up with. But the Morse case will be longest remembered because of his devoted and beautiful wife who left nothing undone to rescue him, and—by means of certain pieces of soap—succeeded in getting her husband released. She herself carried his case to the White House; the pieces of soap when eaten produced in Morse a condition which fooled a board of three army surgeons into informing President Taft that Morse had only a short time to live. He was pardoned by Mr. Taft—not, as the doctors expected, to die at once, but to live on for twenty years, surviving both his faithful wife and Mr. Taft. A second time he went on trial, with his sons, in 1922, only to be acquitted. Surely there is plenty of material for romance in this story, and not only in the feminine element. If anybody doubts that Morse's role called for amazing determination and fortitude let him try a diet of soap.

An Open Letter to Technocracy

MR. HOWARD SCOTT, Director
CONTINENTAL COMMITTEE ON TECHNOCRACY
1 EAST FORTY-SECOND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SCOTT: Technocracy has performed a genuine service by focusing public interest on the two central problems of capitalist society—machines and money. Unless the present system can give the people jobs and the means to buy the essentials of life it is headed for drastic change. Your survey, more than any other economic research in recent American history, has captured the attention of the country. It has dramatized the problems involved in the displacement of men by machines and the inadequacy of the present system of currency and credit for balancing production and distribution. *The Nation* has so far refrained from editorial comment on the findings of Technocracy. We should have preferred to wait until the publication of your research reports and of your more considered conclusions. Unfortunately, however, the beans have been spilled before they were fully cooked; while your research is only partially complete, you have allowed certain limited data to be published. On this material, which is obviously *ex parte*, you and certain sympathetic commentators have based sensational statements; other less friendly critics have drawn from the same fragmentary data very different conclusions. Your release of this material and the public interest it has aroused lay upon you a vital obligation to make all your findings available for consideration and appraisal.

The Nation, in common with all thoughtful people, wishes to know the answers to two questions: First, are your facts essentially accurate? Second, what bearing do they have on current problems of economic policy?

There is urgent need of an appraisal of Technocracy based on an impartial examination of its figures and their implications. Such a survey should be conducted by a group of persons who command the respect of the community for their integrity, their independence, and their ability. It should include persons professionally qualified to pass upon the facts, who through wide political and social experience are also capable of making an informed judgment on questions of practical policy.

The Nation has asked such a group whether they would be willing to conduct an audit of Technocracy, provided they were allowed access to its records. It is striking evidence of the public importance of the problems with which Technocracy is concerned that the following persons have accepted *The Nation's* invitation:

M. C. RORTY, engineer and statistician.

Formerly vice-president, International Telephone and Telegraph Company; chief statistician, American Telephone and Telegraph Company; president, International Telephone Securities Company; and president, American Statistical Association.

DEXTER S. KIMBALL, engineer and university professor.

Dean of the College of Engineering of Cornell University; formerly designing engineer, Anaconda Copper Company; president, American Engineering Council.

LEONARD S. HORNER, electrical engineer.

Chairman of the Committee of Census of Manufacturers of the United States Department of Commerce; formerly president of the Niles-Bement-Pond Company.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON, economist.

Director, New School for Social Research; assistant editor, *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*; member, editorial board, the *New Republic*.

LEO WOLMAN, economist.

Professor of economics, Columbia University; research director, Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; chairman, Interstate Commission on Unemployment Insurance.

HARRY W. LAIDLER, economist.

Executive director, League for Industrial Democracy; chairman of the board, National Bureau of Economic Research; author of "Concentration of Control in American Industry," etc.

ERNEST GRUENING, editor.

Member, editorial board, *The Nation*; recently editor, Portland (Maine) *Evening News*; author of "The Public Pays," etc.

EVANS CLARK, foundation official.

Executive director, the Twentieth Century Fund, Inc.; formerly special industrial writer, the *New York Times*, and director, the Labor Bureau, Inc.; author of "Financing the Consumer," etc.

In asking this group to serve we have made but two suggestions. We have urged them first to give their attention to the immediate fully as much as to the ultimate implications of your findings. *The Nation* believes that the spokesmen of Technocracy have shown too great a readiness to deal with the final destinies of "capitalism" and "the price system." Such wide generalizations obscure precise thinking and raise barbed-wire entanglements in the way of a unified advance upon our common problems. It will of course be necessary to pass judgment on the implications of Technocracy's theories, but that should be merely the starting-point for the formulation of specific recommendations for action by public and private agencies which will apply whatever may be sound in your findings to the problems of here and now in the interest of lasting economic recovery and the equitable distribution of wealth among all sections of the population.

Our second suggestion concerns a question which has been too generally ignored in current discussions of Technocracy. The very name of your group implies government by technicians. It has been widely rumored that Technocracy is in part an organization designed to assume power in the event of an economic collapse. It would be valuable if the auditing committee might also be allowed to explore this aspect of your program.

We sincerely hope that Technocracy, in its own interest as well as that of the general public, will accept our suggestion of an audit and appraisal of its findings by an impartial committee of experts. We should like to have your reply for publication in our next issue.

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

Suicide Is Confession

"WE have sinned—and the wages of sin is death!" Thus, in effect, do the officials of the National Electric Light Association solemnly confess and announce its formal execution. That great trade organization of the light and power industry, devoted for years to the dissemination of its own variety of light and to the perpetuation of its vast power, is to be extinguished. From its ashes a brand-new trade association, purged and purified, the Edison Electric Institute, is to spring. This organization, its sponsors announce, "is looked upon as providing a definite answer to demands made by public-utility leaders" at the convention last June "that the industry divest itself of all semblance of propaganda activities and that it assume an attitude of frankness and ready cooperation in its dealings with the public and regulatory bodies, that complete financial reports be made by all companies . . ."

It certainly comes under the head of "good news, if true" that the light and power industry is to stop disseminating its propaganda at the public's expense; that it will no longer attempt to prostitute the press and pollute the wells of learning in kindergarten, school, and college; that it will not again secretly subsidize "experts" to make "impartial" reports detrimental to public operation in Ontario and in our municipal-ownership cities and power districts; that it will no longer broadcast these falsehoods; that it will cease pinning the Bolshevik tag on those few courageous and faithful public servants and publicists who for years have sought to make the light and power industry conform to its own professions; that it will substitute frankness for dishonesty and deceit in its public relations.

While welcoming any move by the privately owned utilities to cleanse themselves from within, the public may well maintain a certain prudent reserve in its approval. The new enlightenment appears a bit like flight from the wrath to come. The nation will wait to see whether the fruits brought forth shall be meet for repentance, whether, indeed, to paraphrase Scripture still further, the pyramids shall be brought low and the crooked made straight.

For obviously the penitence comes late. The uncovering by the Federal Trade Commission of the most gigantic deception practiced on the American people in peace time came in 1928. At their various conventions in 1929, 1930, and 1931 National Electric Light Association officials, the executives and spokesmen of the industry, vied with each other in proclaiming the righteousness of their existing policies and practices. The perfection of existing control and management was perfervidly proclaimed. But then Hoover was in the White House, Insull was in Chicago, and all was well with the world. Now within a few weeks will be ushered in the Presidency of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with his most positive and unequivocal campaign pronouncements on power reform, and his evident guidance on that issue by those aware of the need of control in the public interest of that fundamentally important energy—electric power.

Moreover, the lone voices which foretold the weakness of the utility holding-company pyramids, which decried their iniquity as "masterpieces of designed confusion"—designed to mulct both consumer and investor—these voices now have

the ring of authority. The Insull empire is in ruins about the heads of hundreds of thousands of innocent investors, the very "widows and orphans" in whose behalf, allegedly, the power interests have so doggedly fought and resisted all effective regulation. And so, although practices wholly analogous to those of Insull exist throughout the dozen surviving great holding-company systems which control 80 per cent of the nation's power resources, it is not surprising that their overlords desire to disassociate themselves from the taint of that neo-Athenian. But how fundamental will be the reform which is implied in the reorganization of the N. E. L. A.?

Examination of the executives furnishes ground for some skepticism on that score. The officials of the new Institute are the same as those of the old Association. The president of the Edison Electric Institute is George B. Cortelyou, president of the American Gas Association. Although no extinction and rebirth of that trade association has been announced, it was the Siamese twin of the N. E. L. A. in its now decried activities. Indeed, it was at the convention of the American Gas Association in Chicago in 1920 that the first meeting of the directors of State utility information bureaus—the propaganda units—was held. And five years later, at the Gas Association's annual convention, it was the vice-president of the United Gas Improvement Company, P. H. Gadsden, who declared that the "educational" movement had "assumed such proportions that it is almost monopolizing the program of the American Gas Association." The present president of the United Gas Improvement is one of the trustees of the new Edison Electric Institute.

Mr. Cortelyou likewise became chairman in 1927 of the newly formed Committee of National Utility Associations, a high-pressure committee to integrate the propaganda activities of the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Electric Railway Association. Mr. Gadsden became vice-chairman. Controlling investments totaling at that time seventeen and a half billion dollars, the chairman announced a nation-wide campaign backed by these potent forces "to demonstrate that the entry of government, whether national, State, or local, into this field [public utilities] is constitutionally unsafe, politically unwise, economically unsound, and competitively unfair."

Another of the officials of the new reformed institute is C. E. Groesbeck, long one of the two dominating officials of the great Electric Bond and Share Company, and now its president. It was that mammoth superholding-company system which declined to furnish information to the Federal Trade Commission on the expenditures of money to influence public opinion on the matter of public or municipal ownership, and on the fees charged to its subsidiaries. These were produced only after a prolonged court fight in which every resource of legal ingenuity was utilized and vast sums were expended. Included in the information thus extracted and now a matter of record is the fact that Electric Bond and Share derived from its subsidiaries service-fee profits of 73 per cent. It was the Electric Bond and Share Company also which secretly issued to its officers stock at far below market prices, and later, when the unexpected decline in values had brought prices even below this level, permitted these insiders to get their money back out of the company's treasury.

Perhaps the imminence of a "new deal" in Washington may have brought about the determination of the electric

light and power magnates to deal from the top of the deck henceforth. But it should not be forgotten that they have all sat in the same game and played it in the same way from the beginning, and that the performances of many years are to be weighed against the professions of a day, a day which bids fair to be one of reckoning.

Mutual Loot

THE "Kent plan" for reviving employment has been presented to the Senate Committee on Manufactures by Charles A. Miller, president of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This plan is the brain-child of Fred I. Kent, a banker of New York City. It proposes in brief that industry, with a view to reemploying as many workers as practicable, shall resume operations "on a 1927 scale." The various industrial corporations would purchase enough raw materials and other necessary goods to enable them to increase their production to a point approximating their output in the year 1927. They would obtain the credit required for these purchases from their local banks, which in turn would be guaranteed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation "against loss for such proportion of the loan as was not covered by the sale of the increased production." This on the surface is a plausible scheme; it would probably revive employment to a certain extent, at least for a time. But the principle underlying the plan is vicious beyond words.

If the scheme has no merit at all, that is to say, if it should prove economically unprofitable, it would simply pile up still higher the huge losses we have already incurred as a result of the depression, and these losses would be thrown in their entirety upon the government and taxpayers. But even if the plan has real merit in the sense that the industrialists and bankers would stand to make a profit from the contemplated increase in production, why should the taxpayers be required to underwrite it? Why should not industry and the banks also be called upon to shoulder whatever losses may be involved? Until February, 1932, the entrepreneur invariably took this risk. In that month, however, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was set up, and through this agency the government began pouring funds into private institutions. It is true that the banks, railroads, insurance companies, and building and loan associations have been helped by the government on the ground that they are endowed with a special public interest. But this governmental aid represented, nevertheless, a definite "socialization of losses."

Now Mr. Miller proposes that we shall extend this principle to help purely private interests as well. He timidly suggested when he appeared before the Senate Committee that he might be denounced as a Socialist for advancing this proposal. The most complete answer we have seen to this ridiculous assertion, as well as to the Kent plan itself, has come, not from any radical source, but from the financial editor of the conservative *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Miller, the financial editor said, "need have no fears on this score. He proposes a plan of private ownership of business in which during periods of prosperity the stockholders take the profit, but during the periods of difficulty the government pays the losses. No mere Socialist would be guilty of making such an unjust proposal."

Poets and Playhouses

SOME years ago one of the comic journals published a picture of two noble Romans leaving the amphitheater. "These gladiatorial combats are very amusing," says one, "but they are going to ruin the legitimate stage." The theater's golden age, like other golden ages, has always been in the past and something has always been destroying the legitimate stage. Said Hamlet of a chief member of his audience, "He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps"; and a century later Pope wrote:

What dear delight to Britons farce affords,
Always the sport of crowds but now of lords

Nevertheless, new reasons are always interesting, and when the person who invents them happens to be so distinguished a worker as Arthur Hopkins he is worth listening to. According to him the real reason for our empty playhouses is neither the depression nor the overbuilding of theaters, but Henrik Ibsen. Writing on *The Lost Theater* in the *New Outlook*, he bewails the good old days of Booth and Irving, when the theater was a place of illusion, and lifts up his voice against those who have tried to make it a place of realism and controversy. Let us, he says, stop jeering at people who complain of the ugliness of the theater on the ground that there is enough ugliness in everyday life. They are right. Realists have had ample opportunity to justify their methods. Yet, despite their talents, none of the English or American playwrights of the last thirty years will survive, and that alone is enough to prove that they have been attempting the impossible. Let the dramatists tear up their notebooks and look into their own hearts. "When the theater touches everyday life let it bring some new illumination, some new understanding. Open all doors to the poets. The theater hungers for them."

Mr. Hopkins is half right. The business of all drama, and of all literature as well, is with "illumination" and "understanding." Whether it be frankly fantastic or ostensibly literal, it must be, in some fashion or other, "better than life," or we would not gladly exchange life for it. One of the major defects of the dramatists of the last thirty years undoubtedly is their helplessness in the face of the facts they have observed, their inability either to resolve the discords they have struck or to wring beauty out of the tragic predicaments they have invented. They state the problems but they do not give the answers, and the business of great art is always with answers, with some emotional adjustment to the situations presented.

But Mr. Hopkins is wrong in assuming that the situation is so easy to rectify. The theater is not suffering from the results of some perversity of its own. It is suffering, together with all modern literature and all modern life, from the fact that no satisfactory answer has yet been found to the situations which the restless inquisitiveness of the modern mind has uncovered. The old solutions will not do and new ones have not been invented. The success of Mr. O'Neill's more imaginative plays is proof enough that neither the producer nor the public will reject high and serious beauty when there is anyone to offer it; but it is very seldom offered. Open the door to the poets? Let them knock and it shall be opened unto them.

Issues and Men

A Cabinet for Mr. Roosevelt

JUST now everyone is busily engaged in making a Cabinet for Mr. Roosevelt. It is a pleasant game, hurts no one, and probably disturbs the President-elect not at all. One hears many rumors of what our next President is going to do. Only one story, however, seems to me to bear the marks of authenticity. It is that he has said that he proposes to put no one into his Cabinet who has his political future behind him and that he is looking for new material. It is to be hoped that this is true, for it would not help him to appoint left-overs of the Wilson regime or men who have become stale in the public eye or are wedded to outworn traditions. If Mr. Roosevelt could bring into public life a new group of young and vigorous executives eager to make their reputations, eager to solve the unparalleled problems that will confront them, eager to demonstrate their own and their party's fitness to govern, that in itself would be a genuine public service.

Mr. Roosevelt's is an extraordinarily difficult task because the Democratic Party has been out of power so long that there have been few opportunities for new leaders to develop. There are no new outstanding figures in the House of Representatives, and hardly any who have made records as governors, with Albert Ritchie of Maryland the chief exception. Especially in the West has there been a dearth of outstanding Democratic leaders. Stop and think: Is there any Democrat between the Mississippi River and the Pacific coast who at once suggests himself as Cabinet material? There may be such; I cannot call them to mind—unless we think of sitting Senators or Senators-elect. Yet, since the rule that the Cabinet must represent the various sections of the country will doubtless still hold, we are bound to attach significance to the visit to the President-elect of ex-Governor Woodring of Kansas. Here in the East we forget this rule when it comes to Cabinet-making and so we invariably people the Cabinet with men whom we all know in the East. With the West seething with unrest and suffering as perhaps never before, the embattled farmers are certainly entitled to a spokesman in the Cabinet. Who shall it be?

Even before Mr. Roosevelt considers geographical questions he must settle in his mind what his own theory is of what a Cabinet should be. Does he wish department heads who are to be merely yes-men and have no policies or ideas of their own? Or is he looking for outstanding personalities, men of aggressive vigor and clear-cut opinions? Mr. Wilson could not tolerate men of this type around him. He clashed early with Secretary Garrison and he made it clear that he wanted opinions only when he requested them. Mr. Roosevelt's personality is so different from that of Mr. Wilson that there is no danger of his taking this attitude; if anything he will be swayed too much by the opinions of others. A President may well demand of his Secretaries that they shall conform to his policies or retire. It was one of the scandals of the Coolidge Administration—at least from the European point of view—that some of his Cabinet made speeches or wrote reports in which they favored policies directly contrary to those

of the President; and there has often been a great lack of coordination between Mr. Hoover and his Secretary of the Navy—to cite only one case. Once a President has laid down his program he has the right to expect complete adherence to it. After that he would seem to be best served by surrounding himself with striking personalities and frank counselors.

Today there seems to be agreement that one appointment has been decided upon, that of James Farley, Mr. Roosevelt's campaign manager, as Postmaster-General and general distributor of the patronage in cooperation with Louis Howe, Mr. Roosevelt's Fidas Achates. Against this appointment objection ought to be made at once, not on personal grounds—I wish to leave the personality of Mr. Farley out of the matter because I have never met him and do not know how able he is—but on principle. It is time somebody made a protest on behalf of the Post Office Department and its hard-working and underpaid employees. Why should every President unload his political Man Friday on the long-suffering Post Office Department? In all the years in which I have been writing on politics, there has been only one first-class business man in charge of the Post Office Department and he was John Wanamaker, by appointment of Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Cortelyou since his retirement from the Cabinet has made the reputation of being the able head of a tremendously powerful public-service corporation, but when he was Postmaster-General he, too, was in charge of the President's political fences. Mr. Wilson put the unspeakable Burleson from Texas into the Post Office Department without, of course, realizing that a war was coming, and that this man who was so destitute of any real understanding of American traditions and principles would become the censor of the American press. He, too, was chosen because he had been for years in the House of Representatives and therefore knew the political game of which Mr. Wilson was so ignorant. Meanwhile, critics of government ownership and management are always talking about the inefficiency of the Post Office Department as proof that the government must not go into business.

For the rest it is to be hoped that Frances Perkins is to be either Secretary of Labor or of Commerce. She would distinguish any Cabinet and it would be a magnificent thing to recognize her sex by appointing so able, so socially minded, and so remarkably efficient a woman to the Cabinet. But the most important appointment will be, as always, that of Secretary of State, and here everybody is at sea. There still persist rumors that the appointee will be Norman Davis. I do not believe it, and I sincerely hope that it will be a man as eminently fitted by character, legal training, knowledge of the world, and general right-mindedness on the issues of the day as Frederic R. Coudert of New York.

Dwight Garrison Killard

Is Divorce Worth the Price?

By DORA RUSSELL

THE legal records for the past year in England show the highest number of divorce petitions ever filed in one year. At the same time it is asserted that the divorce rate in the United States is no higher, and indeed is possibly lower, than it used to be. Divorce, to which unhappily married English people and other Europeans are increasingly turning, is, so some say, increasingly being rejected by the Americans, who have had fuller and longer experience of its inadequacy as a solution for matrimonial difficulties. The economics and the psychology of marriage and divorce are certainly not identical in Europe and America, and it is interesting to speculate as to whether the attitude of men and women on either side of the Atlantic is changing, and if so, what may be the outcome.

Economic questions bulk largest at the present time in the minds of us all. Some people may not be securing divorces because, like the proletariat, they cannot afford to. In England, among the poor, the victim of a really unhappy marriage receives considerable tolerance from neighbors if he or she forms an extra-legal union. It is assumed that a divorce is not for the "likes of him" but only for the rich who can pay for the law and thread their way through its mazes. But a marriage makes everyone feel more comfortable, so that bigamy, though a crime, is in England quite a common one among the poor, and is winked at even by those responsible for legal morality unless it is forced upon the notice of the police; or unless it has flagrant features such as marrying one partner after another to extort money.

Only recently in England a man came before the court charged with the crime of bigamy; his legal wife went to plead for him so that he escaped penalty. The judge asked her if she still wanted her husband. She replied: "Do not put it like that. I wish to see him happy with the woman he loves." She added that she would now try to divorce him. This conduct earned her a compliment from the judge, who went so far as to add that the person who had informed the police of the bigamy was an interfering woman who would have done better to mind her own business. The generosity and moral values shown in these bigamy cases, both by judges and contending parties, are frequently far in advance of those that prevail or are even permitted in the divorce courts, where revenge rather than compassion is still in most cases the dominant motive not only of the petitioner but of the judge as well.

It seems to me quite possible that poverty is a deterrent factor influencing the divorce rate. Men and women may well decide that the expense of the law is one that may be spared and postpone a legal solution of their problems until better times, meanwhile living with new partners without legal sanction. Or it may be that economic reverses make men and women disinclined to be quitters. They prefer in bad times, perhaps, to patch up their quarrels and stand by their children jointly. One may safely say that in the United States during the last twenty years divorce has been entered upon for lighter cause than in Europe. There are several reasons for this: the most obvious is the easier divorce laws;

then there is the consequent smaller social penalty; and lastly there is the fact that it has been easier for men and women to make a living in America, so that the legal expense or the cost of alimony or the necessity in which a divorced wife might find herself of earning her own and perhaps also her children's bread has not been a serious deterrent. In this time of economic panic people's first thought is how to keep themselves and their children alive. Sexual frustration or maladjustment, under such circumstances, is apt to go by the board.

But, it may be argued, how is it then that the divorce rate in England is still rising, since English people, like everyone else, must be feeling the pinch? In the first place, the English rentier class are still more secure than the same class in most other countries, or they believe themselves to be so, which is the more important from the point of view of psychology. In the second place, English divorce law and custom have lagged so far behind those of other countries—except those under Catholic dominance—that the English are only now beginning to make up for lost time. The recent changes of the law in England that make it possible to divorce a husband for adultery alone have caused a great increase in arranged divorces. There would probably have been a much more rapid increase in the divorce rate if we had now been richer.

What is more, the judges have been at pains to try to snatch away the greater latitude that the law has given by severely scrutinizing the "hotel-bill" divorce, demanding in such cases both the name of the woman correspondent and evidence that there has been not one act but continued adultery with her. Nor does the petitioner—the so-called innocent party—escape. He or she is closely cross-examined and must, if there has been a lapse into adultery on his or her part, confess it to the court and ask for its mercy and discretion. If such confession is not made, any person who has information as to the petitioner's private life may carry it to the King's Proctor, who then intervenes in the suit and prevents the divorce decree from being made absolute. The petitioner is then left bound for life, with the costs of the King's Proctor to pay in addition to those of the ordinary lawyers.

Emissaries of the King's Proctor make it their business—in the interests of what is called public morality—to spy upon and shadow people engaged in securing divorces. It is said that the King's Proctor's department intends from now on to investigate thoroughly every undefended divorce. Quite simply this means the harrying of all people who are trying to get decently out of an unhappy marriage. These discretion cases are at the present time the scandal of our divorce courts, not by reason of the immorality of the unfortunate people who have to face them, but because of the way in which they are used to provide interesting sexual histories for the judges and additional fees for the lawyers who thrive on divorce cases.

Not long ago a woman asked the discretion of the court in divorcing her husband, admitting adultery with one

other man. The King's Proctor intervened because his department discovered that the woman had not disclosed the full nature of the adultery, which had not been limited to one or two casual incidents, but had been continued over a period of two years or so. The judge did not quash the divorce, but ordered the woman to pay the costs of the King's Proctor within six months. It is difficult to see how public morality was served in this case except in so far as more money went into the pockets of the state officials appointed to maintain it.

In the face of such humiliation and expense the English are none the less getting more divorces. This certainly implies a change in our attitude. The English are not only a sentimental but an incurably obstinate people. They have tried hard to cling to the romantic ideal that people marry once for all time. The Englishwoman is in far greater subjection to the family than might be supposed from the outward signs of feminism in English politics. English wives have been willing to allow a good deal of latitude to their husbands, provided open scandal was avoided, and of recent years husbands have often extended similar tolerance to their wives. Both have made real efforts to prevent the breaking up of family life even when sexual impulses led to temporary infidelities. Romantic friendships probably lead to sexual intercourse more frequently in England than in the United States just because a divorce is less likely to ensue. Roughly speaking, the English have thought it more indecent to break a marriage than to have affairs *sub rosa*, while Americans on the whole have thought that it was more indecent to be unfaithful without accepting the consequences of a fairly prompt divorce.

Lately the idea that it is right to set one's partner free when he or she really wishes it has gained ground in England. In order to give freedom to each other, men and women possessed of a higher standard of morality than is allowed for in our law have been increasingly willing to go through real hardships and disgrace to comply with the law's absurdities when cheating it by subterfuge no longer avails. At the same time, Americans seem perhaps to have been discovering that there may be greater disadvantages in insisting on the break-up of a pretty good home at the bidding of an uncertain romance than in mutual tolerance of infidelity.

If this is so, then the American and English views have come nearer together, and there may be ground for hope that a new family morality built upon practical experience rather than on taboos is being evolved. The complications of human personality and emotion both in children and in adults are more honestly faced and better understood in both countries than they used to be. In consequence, the bankruptcy of legal solutions and the legal mind is more fully revealed. The law may bind or set free, divide property and split up the lives of children between separated parents, but the emotional tangle remains and can never be resolved except in the hearts of the men and women and children caught in its meshes.

No man or woman is free of a marriage until love and hate have been softened into friendship or indifference; no child is free of his parents' concerns until he is old enough and strong enough to have made a real life of his own. For some adults a new love wipes out an old one; for others it brings added riches without destroying the value of old ties. Some parents can let parental affections be dimmed by new

sexual love; for others the conflict between new love and old parental ties provides half a lifetime of sorrow. And there are few children who escape some psychological harm when parents who have been closely united quarrel and go apart. Though the modern child may be independent enough to spend only a little time with his parents, his instinct is still to take each by the hand and keep them united. The relation of his blood parents is his psychic home. He feels endangered by its disruption whether that disruption is the result of quarrels at home or of divorce.

But it must be stressed that this is a psychological matter—it is the image of the parents' relation in the child's mind that counts. Thus it is possible to imagine divorce conducted in such a manner as not to break or seriously disturb this image. Emotionally mature people should be able to distinguish between sexual and parental love. Divorced husbands and wives should be capable of maintaining friendship and co-operation over their children's welfare. Even when one partner is left alone, without remarriage, is it unthinkable that he or she should be generous enough to preserve at least some kind of mutual parenthood with the one who has broken up the home? Indeed, would not many husbands and wives naturally be ready to part without rancor, and equally naturally continue to act together in the children's affairs? Too often it is the bitterness engendered by the delays and conventions of the divorce court that comes between them. Sometimes, it is true, this is intensified by the desire of their new partners to insure a complete break with past associations. Is all this bitter quarreling necessary, and do not our obsolete laws play a greater part in creating it than do the jealousies of husbands and wives?

Many of these difficulties might be overcome or at least mitigated if divorce were both swifter and less expensive, and given never upon grounds of adultery, cruelty, or desertion but solely because of a serious desire on the part of one of the couple to cease to have a joint home; and if, furthermore, the so-called guilt or innocence of the parties were wiped out as a consideration in allotting the custody of children. The law should become a method of peaceful solution between all the parties concerned instead of remaining, as it is now, a dangerous weapon in the hands of whichever person can snatch the legal advantage.

Divorce, as it must be conducted at present, cannot fail to appear to any sensitive man and woman as scarcely worth the emotional cost or even the monetary outlay. Though many people may have cause to be grateful to sound and conscientious lawyers, how can the legal profession as a whole help having an economic interest in maintaining difficult and expensive procedure? The expense and slowness of procedure in all sorts of civil cases in England led just lately to a plea for reform on the part of some of our lawyers on the ground that clients were impatiently settling their differences out of court! The divorce situation is worse; on all sides the new wine of modern morals is bursting the old legal wine skins and more and more men and women are driven to be outlaws. One remedy might be to live by private agreement, boycotting divorce and, logically, the marriage that must precede it. The prohibition racket became intolerable and one may now hope that it will have brought the end of prohibition. The divorce racket may go the same road. There seems to be no other way out except a social revolution.

The Secret International

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, January 16

IS the Secret International—the ring of munitions makers who profit by war—too strong to be smashed by public opinion or by the governments concerned? Two decades ago a campaign was launched to render the munitions industry harmless by bringing it under social control. The campaign had many ardent supporters, among them Philip Snowden, who revealed in the House of Commons just four months before the World War began how intimate was the relationship between the armaments industry and the British government. “It would be impossible,” he declared, “to throw a stone on the benches opposite without hitting a member who is a shareholder in one or another of these firms.” He mentioned by name several of the members of Parliament who were financially interested in the manufacture of armaments and therefore in the promotion of war. Other aspects of the ring’s operations were brought to light by such writers as G. H. Perris, author of “The War Traders,” and by such organizations as the Union of Democratic Control, which published its findings under the title, “The International Industry of War.” The movement was measurably advanced by the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom, which in 1915 adopted a resolution declaring:

This International Women’s Congress sees in the private profits accruing from the great arms factories a powerful hindrance to the abolition of war. It urges that by international agreement each country should take over as a state monopoly the manufacture and control of arms and munitions as a step to complete and final international disarmament.

By 1919 the movement had become so strong that the peacemakers at the Paris Conference were persuaded to write into the League Covenant a section looking definitely toward international supervision of the munitions industry. And in 1921, in compliance with this provision, a special committee of the League inquired into the activities of the armaments ring. Although the facts uncovered by the investigators were never published, the committee announced that it had arrived at the following conclusions:

That armament firms have been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.

That armament firms have attempted to bribe government officials both at home and abroad.

That armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programs of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.

That armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.

That armament firms have organized international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.

What is the situation today? The munitions makers are still at their frightful business of fomenting war scares, coercing governments, and poisoning public opinion in order

to find markets for their wares. They are still hiring propagandists—witness the Shearer case—to block disarmament. They are still delivering implements of destruction without fear or favor to governments which are likely, often with the subtle help of the arms manufacturers, to engage in quarrels with their neighbors. Munitions were pouring into Bolivia and Paraguay long before war began in the Gran Chaco; Argentina has been buying armaments in the United States under the terms of two secret loans made in 1923 and 1926; Persia has been a heavy purchaser of war materials; up to 1930 more than 99 per cent of the munitions exported from Japan went to the Chinese Nationalist armies, some of this material later being used against the Japanese invaders of Manchuria. The European munitions makers have been no more patriotic than those of Japan. The Schneider-Creusot firm of France has been just as generous in supplying arms to a former and probable future enemy as to some of France’s allies. Nor does any government seem disposed to break up this international ring. Indeed, we still find government officials financially interested in corporations making war materials. To name only two, Sir John Simon and Neville Chamberlain, members of the present British Cabinet, are stockholders in Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited.

The peace societies have been trying against extraordinary odds to uncover a few facts about the activities of the munitions ring. A few months ago some of this information was published by the Union of Democratic Control in London under the title, “The Secret International.” But the peace societies find themselves blocked at almost every turn. Even the League of Nations has had little or no success in getting a true picture of the operations of the munitions industry. Four years ago the League Assembly set up a commission to draft a convention providing for international supervision of the traffic in arms. As a preliminary step the commission debated the question of whether it should ask the member governments to publish periodical reports concerning armament manufacturing in their countries. The British delegate said his government could not comply. By way of explanation he declared:

In the first place my government could not give this information; they have not got it. Secondly, it is only the manufacturers—the licensees themselves—who could furnish it, and they would certainly refuse to do so. Thirdly, we have no power to compel them to do so; and, fourthly, very few governments would have the courage to introduce legislation to make them do so.

A year or two later Elisabeth Waern-Bugge of Sweden set out to gather for the peace societies all the information she could find concerning the activities of the munitions ring. She consulted all the available statistical reports of the League of Nations and individual governments. She talked with or wrote to government officials, peace workers, other interested persons, and even army officers in many countries. While she managed to assemble some statistical information, she learned that “the most dangerous facts can never be found in any official report. The secret manufacture of and the

masked trade in armaments only in a very few cases slip out of the well-guarded circles of the initiated and economically interested persons. And the reliability of what leaks out is very difficult to confirm."

The national budgets of some countries often provide for smaller expenditures on armaments than the value of the armaments actually imported by these countries. In other cases the varying methods employed by different governments in listing articles exported and imported make it difficult to obtain satisfactory information. The Swedish records show that in 1923 Sweden exported to Norway munitions valued at 491,000 crowns, but the Norwegian records show that in the same year Norway imported from Sweden munitions valued at only 139,400 crowns. In 1925, according to American trade figures, 32.2 per cent of this country's total exportation of powder went to Poland, but nowhere in the Polish trade statistics is there any record of gunpowder imported from the United States in that year. There is reason to believe that a great deal of war material enters into international trade in the guise of "sporting arms" and "fireworks," and there is plenty of evidence at hand that munitions have been shipped as "pianos," "machinery parts," and "farm implements." Contributing to the complexity of this problem is the fact that many articles adaptable to war purposes are articles of everyday use.

An interesting discovery made by Mrs. Waern-Bugge is that while Article 170 of the Treaty of Versailles forbids Germany to make or to export to foreign countries arms, ammunition, or war material of any kind, "the nations which forced on Germany the said Article 170 are themselves among its customers." Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and even France have been buying munitions from their former enemy. The same article forbids the importation of armaments by Germany, but this has not prevented the English firm of Vickers-Armstrong from advertising its latest and most efficient type of big gun in the official magazine of the German Reichswehr. Even more startling is the discovery that the bulk of the munitions entering into world trade in the last ten years has been shipped to countries in the Pacific area. This is at least understandable in the case of China, which has suffered from perennial civil warfare, but Canada, Australia, and the Dutch East Indies have also been increasing their purchases of war supplies. Of the countries in the Pacific area only the United States has not been importing munitions, but it must be remembered that in this respect the United States is virtually self-sufficient.

More than 35 per cent of war materials in world commerce is sold by British firms. Recently Sir John Simon, British Foreign Minister, declared: "In approving the issue of licenses to export arms and ammunition to foreign countries, the Foreign Office is entirely actuated by the consideration as to whether such action would in any way affect the friendly relations of His Majesty's government with the foreign Powers concerned." In other words, the English armaments trust can sell its products wherever it pleases so long as the sale does not conflict with British foreign policy. Another large proportion of these products is shipped through Hamburg, which happens to be the free port of Czecho-Slovakia. And Czecho-Slovakia is the home of the famous Skoda works, which are a part of the French Schneider-Creusot ring. A good share of the munitions used in the Manchurian war has been—and still is being—shipped through

Hamburg. The *New Statesman and Nation* of London described this traffic some months ago in the following words:

The names of the ships with their dates of sailing are given. They show that large freights of explosives, bombs, machine-guns, airplane parts, and revolvers have left the harbors of the Elbe, bound for Japan, during February. The Skoda factories in Czecho-Slovakia sent 700 boxes of munitions via Hamburg to Japan, and on the following day a Norwegian steamer, Zoward, took 4,000 boxes of explosives from Germany on its way to Japan. And so on from day to day. . . . The Japanese Military Commission was in Czecho-Slovakia in February, and this visit was probably not unconnected with the big contract for bombs to be shipped via Trieste, on which the Skoda works were busy shortly afterwards.

But not all the munitions of war used by the Japanese have come from Czecho-Slovakia. England has had a share of this traffic; the German chemical industries have sent huge quantities of acid for making explosives; an automobile factory at Dijon, France, has been making heavy airplane bombs for the Japanese; the Schneider works at Creusot have been turning out heavy tanks. Still the sources are not exhausted. American companies have been participating in this profitable commerce, to what extent it is impossible to say.

The United States government has given some indication that it may adopt a more progressive and intelligent policy with respect to the traffic in munitions. After having contended for years that governmental supervision of the munitions industry would be unconstitutional, the State Department recently decided that the government might after all have that authority, and the League of Nations was so informed. Again, the action of Mr. Hoover in asking Congress to confer upon the President "authority in his discretion to limit or forbid shipments of arms in cases where special undertakings of cooperation can be secured with the principal arms-manufacturing nations" increases the hope that the United States may eventually be induced to meet the munitions problem honestly and squarely. But apart from these suggestions of a change in policy, the American record is as black as that of any of the European Powers.

In December, 1931, Representative Fish of New York introduced a resolution to prohibit the exportation of arms to nations at war. This was the same bill that the late Representative Burton of Ohio had for years been pressing without success. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs at first refused by a vote of six to five to hold a public hearing on the Fish resolution, on the ground that it might offend the Japanese! Later the committee was prevailed upon to grant such a hearing. Representative Fish asked Dorothy Detzer, executive secretary of the American section of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, to invite witnesses to testify on behalf of the resolution. The hearing was set for February 10, 1932. At the appointed hour Miss Detzer appeared with the people who were to testify, including representatives of the National Council for the Prevention of War, the Society of Friends, and the American Legion. Numerous press correspondents were also at hand. Members of the committee were clearly disconcerted by this unexpectedly large attendance. Instead of opening the hearing, they went into executive session, which was scheduled to last five minutes but actually continued for an hour and a half. After the long secret session the committee announced that no hearing would be held. The official

reason given was that "additional information was wanted on this question." The committee members showed resentment when they were asked "whether the munitions interests in some of the Congressional districts were behind this move." Privately the members explained that public hearings might irritate the Japanese and annoy the State Department.

The reference to the State Department was new [Miss Detzer later explained], so that I went immediately to inquire as to the part it was playing in the suppression of the hearing, and learned that on the Sunday before, Hamilton Fish had had a conference with the President, the Secretary of State, and one of the assistant secretaries. Mr. Fish had urged the Administration at this time to support his resolution, which they had finally decided not to do. It was thought, apparently, that Mr. Fish would present his own resolution at the hearing, and that there would be no general interest in it. But when such a large group appeared before the Foreign Affairs Committee, and such a representation of the press appeared, the committee members were disturbed, and upon going into executive session called the State Department to ask for instructions or advice. The State Department requested that the public hearings be suppressed.

It was subsequently learned that conversations had taken place between France, England, and the United States with regard to possible regulation of munitions shipments to the Far East. France and England, it was stated, refused to cooperate with the United States in a munitions boycott. Legal experts in the State Department offered other reasons why the government could not prohibit such shipments from this country, but the real defense for suppressing the hearing was based on the assertion that "practically no munitions are being shipped to the Far East."

This statement was, of course, untrue. There had been

plenty of evidence that arms were being sent to Japan. On February 11, the day following the suppression of the public hearing, the *Washington News* carried the following dispatch under a Richmond, Virginia, date line:

Large quantities of nitrates believed to be for the Sino-Japanese war are being loaded this week in three ships at the wharf of the Atmospheric Nitrogen Company at Hopewell, Virginia. A Japanese ship of 10,000 tons' capacity and a British ship of 5,000 tons are expected to sail in a few days for destinations not yet announced. A German ship of 3,500 tons will be ready to sail shortly, while a fourth ship, a French boat of 6,000 tons, is expected to land later in the week to receive a cargo.

Some days later, according to a Washington dispatch to the *Baltimore Sun*, Representative Fish "published figures from the Commissioner of Customs showing that fifteen ships, mostly Japanese, had cleared from Hopewell, Virginia, loaded with nitrates, since the outbreak of hostilities in the Far East. All but two ships were destined for Japanese ports." One might in this connection also look into the unusual activity of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Remington Arms Company, and other munitions firms, which have even taken on extra workers during a period of general depression.

It is also interesting to note that on March 28 of last year Pierre and Lamot du Pont conferred for several hours with Assistant Secretary of State Rogers and Stanley K. Hornbeck, chief of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department, and that within a few hours after this conference the word was flashed over numerous stockbrokers' tickers that the American munitions policy would not be changed. There is no way of knowing what was discussed at this conference, but it is significant that from that day to this American companies have been permitted to ship munitions to Japan.

Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

Paris, January 2

THE gentlemen in Washington and their representatives in Europe who are wont to talk glibly though vaguely about the relation of debts and disarmament may be launching a boomerang which may land eventually on the White House lawn. Europeans are getting somewhat bored with being scolded for what they spend on arms. Doesn't the United States spend a pretty penny, too? And it is a little odd that America, still officially blind to any "connection" between war debts and reparations, should be so eager to detect a relationship between debts and disarmament. Jurists in various chancelleries here are working on a line of argument in answer to the American thesis. The conclusion is that the United States cannot demand reduction in armaments as a price for debt-cutting unless it accepts a profound modification of its own foreign policy.

The argument goes like this. Say what you will, there will be no disarmament in Europe until there is security too. Security means at the very least the organization of mutual-aid or non-aggression pacts into a thoroughgoing structure capable of offense if necessary, that is, through an interna-

tional armed force. Now, no such structure can exist without British help, because the British fleet would be the chief weapon in any blockade against an eventual aggressor. And the British will not promise their help unless they are helped by the United States. Thus we reach the old, old dilemma of "sanctions" that arose with Article XVI of the League Covenant, though now it is disguised as the problem of the "elimination of neutrality." Suppose the United States should claim the conventional neutral right of trade with a belligerent. This would bring the United States into conflict with the British fleet enforcing a blockade. And instead of preventing war, the system would threaten to bring on war between Great Britain and the United States.

On the other hand, if we agree to implement the Kellogg Pact not only with a promise to consult, as Mr. Stimson has already done, but with formal renunciation of our rights as a neutral in the event of war, then disarmament becomes a practical possibility. We need not fight, or even join an economic blockade; we need merely to promise not to break the blockade which the rest of the world will presumably have set in operation against the aggressor. I imagine there will be more and more talk about this in the near future.

Remarkable things continue to happen to the remarkable French. A fortnight after refusing to pay the United States of America \$19,000,000, France agreed to lend the Republic of Austria \$14,000,000. No one here thinks this is as funny as it surely is. But a little bit of secret history helps to explain it. For one thing, the loan is

COOLING OFF IN FRANCE

granted to Austria by the Powers so that they, the Powers, will not have to pay service on Austria's defaulted League loan, which is guaranteed by the governments of France, Britain, Italy, and so on. For another, it is intimately tied up with that good old bit of blackmail, the Austro-German threat of *Anschluss*. Had France refused to ratify the new loan protocol, presumably Austria would have regained to some extent its freedom of action in negotiating a customs union with Germany, since the new protocol reiterates the clause forbidding Austria to jeopardize its independence. Anybody who whispers *Anschluss* loud enough, in other words, can shake down Paris for \$14,000,000. It has cost France slightly less to bribe its erstwhile enemy, Austria, to stop making eyes at Berlin than what it should have paid its former ally, America. The French look upon the Austrian loan as the final catastrophe of a catastrophic year. The Happy Results of 1932, according to the *Journal des Débats*, are that Germany need not pay but receives the right to arm; that France must pay and is going to be compelled to disarm. It's a grand thing to win a war these days!

The French default has, of course, proved beyond doubt that the Almighty Himself has returned to the Wilhelmstrasse. Nothing could have played better into Schleicher's calm, patient hands. It will probably keep him impregnable in office for two years or more. What was all that talk about the "sanctity of written agreements," about the "validity of those instruments which preserve the status quo"? Let the French whisper about German treaty repudiation and what an answer they will get.

Please note that Pierre Comert has given notice of resignation of his League job. This is the sort of small item which scarcely gets into the papers and which it is the special function of this correspondent to report. On the individual tastes, emotions, sympathies, and predilections of single isolated personalities—many of them semi-

COMERT OUT, anonymous, tucked away inconspicuously in SWEETSER IN. the upper civil services of various capitals—a great deal of inner political history may ir-

rationally depend. Pierre Comert is chief of the information section of the secretariat of the League of Nations. He was certainly not incompetent, and the technical machinery he created for his job is admirable, but he was not an international civil servant; he was a Frenchman, and a Frenchman in a crucially important post. Comert fell victim to a strange deal. The Germans had balked at Avenol as Drummond's successor as Secretary-General until some exceedingly bright member of the German delegation changed the German strategy to acceptance of Avenol, a nonentity, provided that Comert, a powerful personage, went. Publicly, it was simply said that if a Frenchman became Secretary-General, not too many other Frenchmen should have topflight posts. Thus the struggle over Drummond's job was a smoke screen behind which Comert was virtually dismissed. Comert's first assistant and presumptive deputy is Arthur Sweetser, an

American. If Sweetser gets the permanent post, and almost everyone at Geneva hopes he will, he will take rank as the first American "cabinet minister" in the League. Sweetser's great power at Geneva has been his unofficial pipe-line to politicians and philanthropists in New York and Washington. As to Comert, he gets a pretty plum; he becomes director of information in the office of the French Premier.

I find here in Paris that the new eight-Power "bloc of democracies" is taken with some seriousness. This bloc, comprising the Geneva delegations of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia, all democratic Powers, is mostly a product of those fertile little busybodies, Señor Madariaga and M. Eduard Benes. It came into THE EIGHT-POWER BLOC being largely to support the Herriot security plan. By no means officially cohesive, it may nevertheless exert a good deal of healthy pressure at Geneva. These Powers have been behind what counter-attack there has been against the Japanese. Three of them, with Ireland, forced Matsuoka into an almost open threat to leave the League. Madariaga and Benes are likely to get into serious trouble if they continue to be bold, honest, and decent.

It is difficult these days to leave the debts alone. One item puzzles Europe more than almost any other thing. In the British note of December 1 and in Chamberlain's later speech in the House of Commons it was stated flatly enough to make your head ache that "the initiative in devising a settlement of reparations was taken by the creditor DEBTS AGAIN governments at Lausanne with the cognizance and approval of the United States government." Yet Washington continues to deny any connection, even morganatic, between debts and reparations! Why no protest, then, at this slander? Has the White House risen in wrath to smite its defamers dead? It has not—for the very good reason that the White House knows that the defamers speak the truth.

This, I imagine, may explain one of Europe's greatest mysteries, namely, the complete disappearance from the normal habitats of human life of Hugh Gibson, once known as a Hoover diplomat. Mr. Gibson has been swallowed up without trace. I can find no one in Paris who has seen or heard of him for three months. Let us recall that romantic meeting on the evening of June 20, at Morges, a little village between Lausanne and Geneva, when Mr. Gibson ventured to talk to M. Herriot about "disarmament," later continuing his discussions with MacDonald and Papen at Lausanne. The talk may have been only on disarmament. But it is commonly said that Papen, arguing at the time for a clean slate on reparations, was dissuaded from this view because someone, possibly Mr. Gibson, told him that the United States would do what it could to "scale down" the debts if reparations in turn were simply scaled down, and not canceled. Certainly since that time the Powers have assumed an inevitable correspondence between the final reparations figures and the eventual debt figures. This goes to explain Europe's feeling that it was "betrayed." No one knows, of course, or will tell, exactly what Mr. Gibson said or promised. But whatever it was, it seems to have been of such a nature that ever since he has had to be most carefully put on ice, salted down, and hidden.

Our Mangled Compensation Laws

By HELEN BUCKLER

IN a multiplicity of plans for erecting a bulwark against economic instability, attention has somehow passed over one extremely pregnable spot. If, even when times are good, we have half a million unemployed, we have also two millions, or four times as many, thrown violently out of work each year for shorter or longer periods, many of them forever, by injuries received on their jobs. Despite compensation laws in forty-four States, the fate of these workers and their dependents remains largely fortuitous and a definite source of trouble in our national well-being. The wage loss of injured workmen in this country each year totals \$1,000,000,000; of this sum, representing the livelihood of a host of families, only \$150,000,000 is restored through compensation and medical aid. Besides the pain and the suffering, most of the cost of industry's hazards is borne by the victims. The burden is passed on in part to their children, 14,000 of whom are annually left fatherless. Every ten years the number of industrial orphans reaches a figure great enough to populate the city of Nashville, while the security of an even larger group is threatened by accidents which disable the family breadwinner and render precarious his future chances of earning a living.

Before we contemplate any further forms of social insurance in this country, we should examine critically our first abortive attempt in that direction. What we see is a chaotic series of illogical provisions, at once unscientific and unethical. The existing statutes embrace but falteringly the accepted principle that "the risk of economic loss through personal injury in the course of production should be borne by the industry." Indeed, so insufficiently do they reimburse the injured that they scarcely merit the designation "compensation" laws. In the first place, millions of workers still stand outside the pale of legal relief, inadequate as it is. In four States the worker must depend for redress entirely upon the expensive and uncertain damage suit. And not one of the other forty-four States protects *all* its workers. Exemptions are made for certain industries on grounds of too much hazard, or not enough hazard, or for equally contradictory and unsound reasons. There is no protection for men in cotton-ginning in Texas, in logging in Maine, in distilling in Kentucky.

Office workers are unprotected in twelve States. Interstate transportation workers have no coverage anywhere in the Union. In more than half the States relief is denied to workers in shops employing less than a stipulated number; in Georgia the minimum is ten, in Alabama sixteen. Yet the smaller concerns outnumber the larger ones in this country and employ most of the workmen. Still other exemptions are made. Casual employees, who probably need protection more than any other class, indirect employees working for subcontractors, home workers in the sweated trades, the army of self-employing workmen—all of these suffer omission under the statutes; while the farm laborer who loses his hand in a threshing machine and the domestic servant who loses her in a clothes-wringer must seek redress as best they can.

There is, however, no more distressing provision in the

laws than the insistence that an injury must be sudden if the victim is to be compensated. The man who drives a truck may fall off his seat into a pool of water, contract pneumonia, and die, and his family will receive compensation without question. But let him work all day in the rain, contract pneumonia, and die, and there is no recompense. Let a man break a bottle and splash acid on his hands, and he is compensated for his burns. But let him work with the same acid over a long period, gradually contracting the same sort of ulceration, and the law allows him nothing at all.

Only five States and the federal government where it has jurisdiction require without reservation compensation for occupational diseases as well as for sudden injuries arising out of employment. Six other States go less than half-way in establishing official lists of certain illnesses caused by specific substances and declaring that these and these alone must be compensated for—a compromise resulting in both bizarre and tragic miscarriages of justice. All other States refuse compensation for disease, mainly through fear of imposing too heavy a burden upon industry. Yet Wisconsin firms pay for complete insurance coverage not a penny more than firms in other States pay for accident coverage alone.

What of the workers who remain eligible after all these exclusions are made? To what sort of relief are they entitled? Before answering the question it should be pointed out that a sincere, reasonable, and effective compensation act should contain these two essential provisions: the wages of the injured workman should be paid so that his family may be cared for while he is incapacitated; the injured man himself should receive the best possible therapeutic attention in order that he may be restored to his former productive capacity as quickly and as completely as possible. Instead, investigation discloses that the legislatures have imposed limitations so numerous and so onerous as largely to defeat these purposes.

New Mexico grants a man medical attention for only ten days, no matter how serious his injury. New Hampshire and Vermont allow him fourteen days. Alabama and Tennessee require an industry to spend no more than \$100 on an injured man for restorative purposes. Only fourteen States impose no limitation on time or money. Nobody knows how much permanent crippling has resulted from the failure to allow sufficient funds for the best treatment for broken bones, amputations, and internal injuries, or from the refusal to realize that operations are often needed a year or more after the injury to relieve adhesions, malformations, or ankylosis. Yet unlimited curative relief, according to the late E. H. Downey, would cost only a bagatelle in proportion to the pay roll.

The amount of recompense for the wage loss itself has been affected by the suspicion, sincere or not, that malingering may occur. As a result, instead of the whole wage only a percentage is allowed, with the single exception that Wisconsin favors its school teachers with full pay during disability. In the most generous States, sixteen in all, the allowance for injury is no more than two-thirds of a man's pay.

This proportion is variously decreased in other States. In fifteen of them only half the wage is paid. In other words, the great majority of injured workers are penalized on account of a small, undefined minority. Insurance companies themselves testified to Professor Lindsay Rogers, investigator for the Governor of New York State, that they had encountered fewer frauds in workmen's compensation cases than in other forms of insurance.

These wage percentages, ungenerous as they are, tell only part of the story. It must be added that an injured man may draw one-half or two-thirds of his pay only up to a certain sum. In several States this maximum is as low as \$12 a week. Nowhere in the country is it higher than \$27, the sum allowed to injured volunteer firemen in Michigan. As large a sum as \$25 is allowed only in New York, California, the District of Columbia, and in the case of longshoremen working for the federal government. By setting up these arbitrary maximums, by requiring waiting periods of from three days to two weeks, by limiting the benefit period, and by figuring earnings on unjust bases, such beneficence as existed in the acts has been vitiated more and more. In reality the worker is bearing as much as 80 per cent of the cost of injury in the least generous of our States and fully half the burden in the better-disposed States. Yet if these starvation maximums were removed from the laws, if the percentage were increased to 75 per cent of the wage, and if a waiting period of only three days were required, the injured man's actual loss would still amount to one-third of his pay.

Even greater injustice is suffered in cases of death. The dead cannot malingere. Yet only seven States, and the federal government in the case of civil employees, pay compensation to the widow (or dependent widower) until her death or remarriage. All other States limit the total amount of compensation, or the number of weeks it shall run, or both, while Oklahoma pays no death compensation whatever. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Idaho, and Wyoming continue payments to children through the period of compulsory school attendance, although they terminate the widow's compensation after six or eight years. In two-thirds of the States the same compensation for death is paid to the widow with seven children as to the widow with none. The monetary value placed upon a man's life by the different States varies widely. Most of them set the figure no higher than \$4,000, \$5,000, or \$6,000. South Dakota places the amount as low as \$3,000. Just over the line, however, North Dakota grants \$15,000 to the family deprived of its breadwinner; Vermont withdraws compensation from the victim's family after five years. Other States extend the period only a little more. Comparatively considered, the limit of 500 weeks, or almost ten years, set in Massachusetts is liberal.

What do these laws mean when translated into actual experience? A study made of fatal industrial-accident cases in California and Ohio shows that 57 per cent of the children left dependent are not over ten years old when their fathers are killed. A four-year study in Pennsylvania shows that the majority of children orphaned by industry are under eight, more than a third are under five, and nearly a sixth are under two. In most cases, then, these children are not yet self-supporting when death benefits cease. Indeed, many of them have not even entered the public schools.

Or consider the widow of fifty—and one-fifth of indus-

trial widows are this age. Usually her entire adult life has been spent in housekeeping, so that she is untrained, if she is not too old, for outside work. To limit the period of her compensation is to hasten the day when she must go to the almshouse. Even funeral costs are only partially borne by the industry to which a man gives his life. Not a single State allows enough for this last sad purpose. Kentucky and New Mexico grant only \$75, although the average cost for industrial policy holders the country over is \$308.

Perhaps the cruelest situation of all obtains, not when a man is killed, but when he is rendered helpless and still lives on, a suffering burden to the family deprived of his support. Here again there can be no question of malingering, or very little and that easily discernible. But in only nine States is compensation paid to a totally incapacitated man as long as he lives, and even in those the sums are too small to care for the injured, with no provision for his family. California, Idaho, Illinois, and Utah provide that payments shall continue during total disability, but shall be reduced after from four to eight years to lesser amounts, in the case of Idaho to \$6 a week. Some States give with the right hand only to take away with the left. South Dakota, for instance, states that benefits shall be for life, and then limits the amount payable to \$3,000. The typical compensation act provides only partial support for about one-third of the remaining life expectancy. In eighteen States a minor's compensation expires before he is thirty.

It is, however, in cases of permanent partial disabilities that the American compensation measures are most irrational. Instead of awards based on age, occupation, and adaptability for rehabilitation—logical considerations, which the French, for instance, have recognized—we have in every State except Wisconsin, California, and New Hampshire flat-rate schedules that are as unscientific as they are inequitable. In most cases a young man will manifestly suffer less wage reduction from the loss of a member than will an older man. He has greater powers of adaptability. A finger is worth more to a violinist than to a salesman. Yet all are paid alike. The rate of compensation is usually the same as for total disability, but the duration of the payments, in spite of the fact that the injury is permanent, is limited to so many weeks for an eye, so many for an arm or leg, so many for a hand or a foot. In these matters the States maintain a wide diversity. Massachusetts values an arm and a leg equally and places the limit for compensation at 50 weeks. Alabama, on the other hand, judges the loss of an arm to be greater than that of a leg by 25 weeks and values the latter at 175 weeks. Indeed, compensation for the loss of a leg may continue for from 50 to 381 weeks, depending upon whether the injured has the luck to reside in Massachusetts or Oregon, and this same remarkable variation is found in all the schedules for loss of limb.

Minors and learners who are permanently maimed, either partially or totally, are in particularly distressing situations in many States. Twenty-seven States award compensation to minors which is based merely on their actual wages when injured, regardless of the fact that they had not yet reached their full development and that the injury means they never will reach it. As for the illegally employed child, sixteen States refuse him any compensation whatever. Only eleven States reverse this medieval position and penalize the employer.

This, then, is a brief picture of how the principle of

compensation has been circumscribed and distorted on our statute books. Translated into terms of actual experience the results are no less than tragic. A study made of industrial-injury cases in four States—New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, two of them comparatively liberal, the other two less so—shows that over half the injured workers had been earning \$30 a week or less. In Massachusetts and Wisconsin 70 per cent of them had earned this small wage. In other words, the man who is hurt or killed at his work is, in most cases, the very man who earns less than the income which sociologists have set as the necessary minimum for healthful and decent standards of living for a family of five in our American cities. This income allows no margin for savings or insurance, so that in the case of the larger proportion of injured workers, the family needs aid and needs it immediately. It is to people so situated that this inadequate compensation has been granted.

Analysis of fatal industrial cases in two other States, California and Ohio, revealed that 27.1 per cent of families carrying on a separate home life were unable to do so after the breadwinner was killed. "Children were scattered in orphanages, boarded out by public agencies, sent to live, often unwelcomed, in the families of relatives, or adopted by strangers. . . . Before the death of the family supporter only 1.5 per cent of these families were dependent on charity, private or public; when investigated this number had in-

creased to 17.6 per cent." A similar study in New York, a comparatively if not a genuinely generous State, leads to the conclusion that "the injured workman, in spite of compensation legislation, still bears so much of the cost of the injury that in many cases he completely loses his economic foothold."

Must these things be? Who can say so when it has been estimated that adequate and just scales of compensation would add but 10 cents to the cost of a \$60 suit of clothes, 35 cents to the cost of a \$14-ton of anthracite coal, and \$200 to the cost of a \$10,000 home? To complete this story there should be added the shortcomings of administration of insurance, a chapter in itself, for the principle of compensation has been as much nullified in practice as it has been mangled in legislation.

Is it at all surprising that the railway brotherhoods have remained indifferent, if not actually hostile, to the compensation laws? They prefer, under the circumstances, to take their chances with a liability suit. Meanwhile, the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics has received so many letters from workmen throughout the country asking, "How is it that this man is compensated and I am not?"—"How is it this factory is covered and mine is excluded?"—and so on, that Ethelbert Stewart, former commissioner of the bureau, declared that "in the minds of a very significant percentage of the working people the whole compensation scheme and theory are skidding, and skidding very rapidly."

Oakland's "Sewer-Pipe City"

By JAMES MUNSEY

TWO months ago I heard that there was going to be plenty of work at Oakland, California. Two huge bridge projects had been authorized, and were almost ready to be started. I was at that time in Everett, Washington, about nine hundred miles away.

The Everett mills for a long time have been running at from 5 to 25 per cent of capacity. The majority of the mill workers are out of work. I have had nothing to do, except odd jobs, for two years. I have tried for work in the East and in the South. Finding no work anywhere, I had come home. It is somehow easier to starve among friends.

The Oakland bridge project looked like a good chance to get work. I started south, setting out in a driving rain. (It rains almost every day in western Washington.) By the time I had traveled a mile, I was soaking wet. I made seventy-six miles, thumbing my way, the first day. The next day I made about a hundred and twenty miles. Then forty miles. I counted thirty-eight people living under a bridge between Tacoma and Seattle. There were several hundred under Portland bridges.

Oregon police told me that it was against the law to hitch-hike. "Grab a handful of box-cars," they ordered. At Hornbrook, California, the fourth night, I caught a nine-o'clock passenger train south. Hopped it as it pulled out of the station. Rode on the entrance steps of the last car, huddled up under the iron trapdoor. Snow was on the ground. The wind and the iron were icy. After two hours I was afraid I might lose my hold. (The tips of your fingers

catch the edge of the topmost stair; any unusual jar would make you let go after your fingers lose their sense of feeling.) About eleven o'clock, when I got off to shake the kink out of my spine at a little station, I looked up at the windows to see if everyone was asleep. The lights were all out in the Pullman. So I jumped the tail end of the car when the train pulled out. I had been there for about half an hour, feeling much more comfortable, standing up instead of crouching over in a tiny space, when the brakeman came through. He jumped back when he saw me. He was very angry; said the train was a special mail train with five mail coaches, and I could get ten years for boarding it. He backed into the car; it happened to be slowing down just then getting into Dunsmuir; I jumped off.

Down in the jungle south of Dunsmuir I came on a crowd of about thirty men waiting for a one-o'clock freight south; it was freezing, but no one wanted to light a fire for fear of being driven away. Soon the word came that the freight would not pull out until three o'clock. So some of us climbed into box-cars on the sidings and slept a couple of hours. Of course, you really couldn't call it sleep. In our box-car we had only one layer of newspaper between us and the floor, and the sliding door had to be kept open so we wouldn't miss the freight. Only one fellow had a roll with him. The freight actually went out at seven in the morning, by which time we were all thoroughly chilled. Negroes, Mexicans, Scandinavians, Indians, and native whites made up our particular bunch. No one had any food.

We rode that freight train to Gerber, a town about two

hours north of Sacramento. There the police drove us out of town. We met other men bound for the Bay region. There were about a hundred of us at the edge of town. The police harried us constantly, driving us here and there. When the next freight went south, we all hopped it, and rode in the ice holes of the refrigerator cars. These holes are about three feet wide, ten feet long, and seven feet high. You get into one through an entrance trapdoor in the top of the car. There is no light and no ventilation. The walls are of perforated zinc and wire mesh. Whenever the smell of urine, or of the dirty melted ice, makes you nauseated, you climb out. In and out, in and out, all the time for air. There were about three fellows in each compartment on our freight train.

At Davis—a junction point between San Francisco and Sacramento—we heard of a fast freight that would be pulling out of the yards for Oakland. We waited and jumped it. It was traveling very fast. The fellows' legs would trail out like flags in the wind, and their arms would be jerked almost out of their sockets when they grabbed the little iron ladders. Cinders and sparks flew low over the train, and the wind was blowing a gale, so it became increasingly difficult to come up for a breath of fresh air.

Just before we boarded the car we were told that the police met every train that arrived in the Oakland freight yards, and that numbers of men were sent off to work camps, where the conditions were very bad. And so, to avoid that possibility, the fellows in our compartment and the next one determined to get off before we reached the terminal. Approaching the edge of the yards our train was traveling rapidly (a "fast freight" travels about as fast as an interurban train); it began to slow up and we jumped off just as it reached the entrance to the yards. We all took headers. In falling I broke my right wrist and skinned one side of my face on the surface of a parallel rail. Another fellow tore the front of his only shirt to shreds. Another sustained a wrench in the back that probably will be with him for years to come.

There were six of us in that group. We separated at once and went off in different directions. I walked about six blocks down to San Pablo Boulevard. There a restaurant man gave me a hamburger and a cup of coffee and phoned for a doctor. I got fixed up in an emergency hospital—X-ray, treatment, splints, and sling. The nurse sent me to the home of a friend of hers, where I stayed for a couple of days. Then I went out to enter my name for the bridge work. But I was unable to make connections with anyone who was doing or going to do any of it.

That night I went to the "Woodpile"—a sort of local welfare and relief place. I got a ticket that entitled me to one night's lodging and three meals. That was all I could get. Being a "transient," I was told to move on, to go to the next town. But fellows were coming in from the south and the east and the north, and they brought word that things were quite bad everywhere else, so I saw no reason why I should travel from place to place if I could possibly make a go of it here.

I met a man who told me about "Sewer-Pipe City." I walked down to the foot of Fifteenth Avenue, and knew at once that I would join the fellows there.

Sewer-Pipe City has upwards of two hundred residents just now. I think it likely that it will have five hundred

before the winter is over. Everyone lives in a section of sewer pipe. "If the city owned this property," one of the men said, "we would have been driven off long ago. But the man who owns it insists that he can let us stay here if he wishes, so the police have been obliged to let us alone. He pays the water charge—he runs that sewer-pipe factory over there—and doesn't mind if we live in his pipes."

I picked out a pipe to live in, collected a few stones, and made a little stove. Then I went along the docks and picked up pieces of wood. My fire didn't work very well until I got a smokestack. I found a rusty old metal smokestack, rotten and full of holes, lying near a shed. I got wrapping-paper and gunny-sacks and tied them with wire at one end of the pipe to keep the wind out. The first day the fellows who had food invited me to eat with them. That night I had a blanket, lent me by a man who could spare it. The next day I went out and bummed a quilt and blanket. Then I got into the regular life of the city.

We all work together for the common good. One fellow goes out and cuts grass or picks up a man's yard or cleans up a garage, for meat. Another fellow goes out and works at any little thing to get some potatoes. A third gets bread; a fourth, coffee and salt and sugar. There are some stores that will give you a little food if you ask them. Eight or ten of us eat around one table, made from planks nailed together. About half of the fellows are out looking for work; the other half look after the city and go for food. We have not organized and we're not going to. The police would drive us out of town if we organized. The reason is that any organization at all would have to be Communist, because that's the way the fellows feel; and any Communist organization as big as that would be broken up by the police even though its members were living peacefully on private property.

In the Driftway

IN recording the death in Memphis the other day of Captain George Peters Lee, the newspapers noted that his passing removed the last of a famous steamboat family to follow the Mississippi River. The historic Lee Line itself came to an end more than two years ago when its sole surviving vessel, the Valley Queen, was sold for excursion purposes. That disrupted finally the sailings of a company started soon after the Civil War by James Lee, grandfather of the captain who has just died. Three vessels bore in succession the name Robert E. Lee, the first passing into history as the winner of the race against the Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis, when for half a week the vessels fought their way up the swirling current, sending the roar of their engines throbbing out across low, muddy banks and filling the sky at night with a trailing cloud of embers coughed out of wood-devouring furnaces. For years the Lee Line's vessels were in the van of elegance and speed, though there were others with more religiously imposing names, such as those celebrated in the roustabouts' rhyme:

Oh, de Golden Rule and de Golden Crown,
De Golden City and de Paris C. Brown;
You takes de Rule and you meets de Crown,
And gits ter Memphis on de Paris C. Brown.

But although he was the last river man of a noted steamboat family, Captain Lee was not a veteran of the great days on the Mississippi. He was only fifty-seven years old when he died, and even his adolescence did not reach back to the magic era when a swashbuckling America nobly gambled and blasphemed and ate and drank and shot its way up and down the Father of Waters. Perhaps the last of the skippers whose experience stretched back to the great days was Captain L. V. Cooley, who lived until less than a year ago.

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THE Drifter counts it among his pieces of good fortune that he knew this kind and wise and full-flavored old philosopher of an earlier America and made a voyage with him in 1930. At that time Captain Cooley, then in his seventy-fifth year, had spent a little trifle of three score years on the Mississippi and its tributaries. His memories extended back to Mark Twain, whom he esteemed as a steamboat man in considerable moderation.

"River men don't think so much of Mark," was Captain Cooley's verdict. "The way he wrote, you know, you wouldn't think there was ever anybody on a steamboat except the pilot."

"Was he a good pilot?"

"Oh, not so good, not so good. There never was a good pilot could do anything but pilot a steamboat. Mark Twain could write, couldn't he? Well?"

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter traveled with him, Captain Cooley was taking the steamer Ouachita (you pronounce it Washitaw after you've heard somebody else say it) over the longest route of any river boat out of New Orleans. He went up the Mississippi, Old, Red, Black, and Ouachita rivers to Camden, Arkansas, nearly 700 miles. It took five to six days upstream, less for the return trip. The steamboat was still making the run when the Drifter last heard—as delightful an inland trip as could be found in America, through a country still as primitive in all essentials as it was fifty years ago. Captain Cooley's business was way freight, and the Ouachita stopped to leave a barrel of flour here, take on a few bales of cotton there, and again for a load of wood for its furnaces. Nothing could be simpler. The pilot merely pushed the steamboat's pug nose into the mud bank, and the landing stage—suspended like a guillotine above the deck—was swung ashore, the roustabouts swarming after it in their famous "coonjine" step—a cross between a walk, a run, and a clog, the father of jazz dancing, it would seem, in all its variations.

■ * ■ * ■

IS such steamboating only an echo of the past, a vestige of former romance doomed soon to extinction? The Drifter happens to think not. His guess is that the craze for speed has about spent itself. For business purposes speed will continue in demand, but for pleasure, is not a return to more leisurely transit a probability of the future? If so, inland waters will see a return of the steamboat, for there is no means by which one can get more rest, more satisfaction, or more beauty in travel.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Neat Distinction

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of December 21 Paul Y. Anderson exposes himself to criticism of the most serious kind. In discussing the Washington hunger march, his evident dislike of the Communists seems to have led him to the same type of biased, smug assumptions that we have come to expect from the editorial pages of the *Chicago Tribune*. In the most astonishing of these statements he confesses that he had a great deal of sympathy for the bonus marchers but very little for the Communists. A very neat distinction for a professed liberal! If you happen to be a flag-waving bonus man you may starve with the sympathy of Paul Y. Anderson; if you're a Communist, starve and be damned—or go back where you came from. He also implies that the Communists were cowardly in not allowing themselves to be slaughtered by thick-skulled but fully armed cops. "The American Communist," he says, "is not a natural fighting man."

Last but not least, he characterizes the whole thing as "foolish and futile." It has surely been demonstrated by now, and admitted in your own columns, that the few benefits received by the unemployed have been the result of militant agitation engendered by the Communists and other organizations. On what grounds, then, could this demonstration, bringing the plight of hungry men and women directly before the country, be deemed "foolish and futile"? The only apparently justifiable grounds for this assertion were the danger of a slaughter by police and military, and the privations suffered in the capital. The first of these contingencies was taken care of by the Communists themselves, who refused to be drawn into a slaughter. The privations suffered were real enough but nothing that a true Communist would not gladly go through for his cause.

Chicago, December 23

PETER A. LEVINE

One Remedy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The most obvious and practical step toward a rational economic readjustment is the limitation of the hours of labor. Clearly, in this competitive era limitation by the forty-eight States would not be effective. Such a plan as the following would be flexible and would work a minimum of hardship.

First, there should be an amendment to the Constitution of the United States empowering Congress to regulate hours of labor (without regard to its power over interstate commerce and so forth). Second, the following legislation should be passed by Congress:

1. Assuming the maximum working week to be now sixty hours, that figure to be reduced by two hours each month whenever the Department of Labor shall report more than one and a half million workers unemployed. (The reduction of the working week will therefore be gradual.)

2. Reduction to continue as stated until a legal working week of thirty hours has been reached.

3. Whenever the Department of Labor shall find that less than one million workers are unemployed, the legal working week to be increased by two hours each month until a maximum of forty-six hours has been reached.

Machinery has yielded large dividends in leisure and wealth. Concentration of leisure is as dangerous as concentration of wealth. A shorter week is one remedy.

Washington, January 1

WILLOUGHBY WISE

Remonstrance

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This remonstrance concerning free speech and freedom of religious belief is addressed to a certain school of American literary critics.

Why should *The Nation* place a ban
To bar the truths of Goethe-Haus,
Expelled by Mr. Fadiman
Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass?
Why must Miss Willa Cather write
The thoughts of Mr. Dreiser?
What if her thoughts be more complex,
Original, and wiser?
Should readers exorcise her,
Taboo her and despise her?
Must truth be hushed in earth's sex-college,
Except for Mr. Dreiser's knowledge?

Suppose that Mr. Hemingway
Is not my god,
Why must I stay
To wreathe his shrine with garlands gay,
Nor let my pious footsteps stray
To wander on the rich-hued strand
Of worship down that wide-flung way
Ibáñez strewn with blood and sand?
If Mr. Ernest Hemingway
Is not my god
Why must I pray
Before his shrine the livelong day,
Although my eyelids nod,
And popped slumbers on them sink
As heroes take their millionth drink
Beside the bull-pen's sod?

Once, in the days of William James,
We entered the Olympic games
Of thought. We prized the spacious room
We gave to Contrarities
Of Speech, and to Varieties
Of Views about our Doom,
Salvation, Improprieties,
Our Faiths and our Dubieties
From Cambridge to Khartum.
But we have changed all that today!
"No longer write in your own way!"
Dictator Critics firmly say—
"Nor keep your own Religion!"
"You must not be an Anglican,
"A Catholic, a Lutheran,
"Nor have your own opinion
"On Science, Sex, or God, or Man,
"Or even Prohibition!"

Let Mr. Dreiser keep his creed,
If that creed be his pleasure.
Let Mr. Hemingway his meed
Drink, and be drunk at leisure.
But do not ask that I should read,
That I should think, that I should heed
Only their thoughts on life; or need
Nothing beyond their measure.

Chicago, December 10

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

The Film Forum

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In answer to the need for an organization that will present unusual, experimental, and important films the Film Forum has been established in New York and will be extended to other cities in the next few months. The Film Forum will depart from the "good box office" standard of the commercial movie house and the "arty" standard of the little theater. It will show to its membership pictures of social and cinematographic importance—foreign and domestic films that are now neglected because they differ with the social, political, and moral status quo; films that represent an artistic advance in movie making; newsreels that reflect social events customarily suppressed by commercial newsreel organizations. Typical feature films will be "Kühle Wampe" (Hooverville), a German story of an unemployed and evicted family, called the best film of the year in Germany although it was drastically cut by the censorship; Dovshenko's latest film "Ivan," a drama of the workers on the Dnieperstroi project; "Festival of St. Jorgens," a Russian farce satirizing religious superstition.

The Film Forum hopes to encourage projects for making similar pictures in this country, and will dedicate all proceeds above expenses to such enterprises, notably to workers' newsreel organizations. The New York meetings will be held at the New School for Social Research on Sunday afternoons and evenings beginning January 22, and will be open only to members and their guests. Inquiries about the Film Forum should be addressed to the secretary at 125 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Nation readers in other cities who are interested in seeing the plan extended should communicate with the Film Forum at the same address.

New York, January 18

SIDNEY HOWARD

Humor and the D. A. R.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It was my privilege a few weeks ago to listen to a particularly oratorical orator orate upon the excellences and virtues of his ancestors who had played important parts in the American Revolution. The descendant waxed eloquent as he recounted the trials and tribulations which had beset his revered forbears. He paid a splendid tribute to those men who had faced bitter struggle, who had suffered loss of prestige, of fortune, of life itself, in furthering the rebellion which led to the founding of these United States. But it was the peroration of the mellifluous address which especially fascinated me, which indeed left me staring at the speaker in open-mouthed wonder and bewilderment.

Think of it! [concluded our orator]. Our ancestors saw their kinsmen, those they loved, shot down at their sides as rebels! Those glorious ancestors of ours, men of the noblest purpose, men of the greatest integrity, men of ideals, men of vision, those men of heroic stature were looked upon in their day as rebels! Therefore it behooves us, their descendants, to make sure that no rebels are suffered in this land of ours. We must make it our solemn duty to see to it that this nation which our ancestors helped to found must not be disintegrated and split asunder by rebels. We must keep our country for those who believe in liberty and opportunity for all!

The speaker was entirely in earnest. That he was giving voice to one of the most exquisite jokes of this day and genera-

tion never crossed his mind. For both the D. A. R. and the S. A. R. are motivated by this very conviction—that since their glorious ancestors were rebels, it behooves them to wage a war of extermination upon all rebels.

And yet, in view of the heritage of the members of these organizations, might not the orator have spoken somewhat as follows?

In their day, our revered ancestors were regarded as rebels, treated with suspicion and contumely. We, their descendants, must regard with sympathy all who are so looked upon today. Furthermore, we shall consider it our high privilege to keep the sacred flame of rebellion aglow in the heart of man, and bend every effort toward the recognition that dissatisfaction and discontent are the distinguishing mark of the true patriot, while contentment and acquiescence are the brand of the smug and unthinking.

If this were the creed of our "Sons" and our "Daughters," the three letters which stand at the head of this article would no longer bring a smile to the lips of the average citizen. Instead, they would stand as a flaming warning against intolerance and bigotry. It really does not seem too much to expect. I am a "Daughter" myself, and tolerance is the creed by which I try to live. I am certain that it is the creed of many who form the minority within the association.

New York, January 10

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

For Tom Mooney

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Governor of California says the Tom Mooney case is closed. Eighteen thousand Californians, in a recent mass-meeting, shouted "No!" The Wickersham Commission report, revealing that the Mooney prosecution was a frame-up, should declare an even louder no, but unless financial support is immediately forthcoming, Governor Rolfe may be proved right.

Tom Mooney writes us from his cell in San Quentin: "If my plans fail now there is no telling when I will have another chance to leave here alive. There is a possibility, at this time, of forcing the courts and the Governor to act, if the aroused and aggressive mass pressure of public opinion for my pardon is crystallized immediately. I make this desperate appeal to you for immediate help. I beg you not to fail me."

Please send some contribution today to the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, California.

ARTISTS' AND WRITERS' COMMITTEE FOR TOM MOONEY
San Francisco, January 10

Anna Garlin Spencer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Anna Garlin Spencer Memorial Committee sends out a request for letters, clippings, and other material relating to the late Anna Garlin Spencer, lecturer in social science, Teachers College, Columbia University, whose long career in social reform included leadership in movements for social hygiene, suffrage, peace, training of social workers, liberal theology, religious education, international organizations of women, race equality, divorce and family solidarity, and social education. I shall greatly appreciate loans of material which will contribute to a fuller knowledge of Mrs. Spencer's active career, which lasted from 1870 to 1931. Such material should be sent to me at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York.

New York, January 1

BENJAMIN R. ANDREWS

Letters of Oscar W. Firkins

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The University of Minnesota Press in Minneapolis is planning to publish a volume of letters of the late Oscar W. Firkins. The editors of the press will appreciate it if readers of *The Nation* having any of Mr. Firkins's letters will communicate with them.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS

Minneapolis, January 1

Contributors to This Issue

DORA RUSSELL will shortly publish a book, "In Defence of Children," which includes material on the economics of marriage and divorce.

HELEN BUCKLER, formerly a member of *The Nation* staff, is a free-lance writer.

JAMES MUNSEY is the pseudonym of an unemployed worker.

RAYMOND LARSSON is the author of "O City, Cities."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the *London Spectator*.

C. K. BAUER is working on a book on housing and modern architecture.

HORACE GREGORY has recently published a translation of Catullus.

Technocracy

When an exciting new idea sweeps through the press, the thinking man demands a lucid, an authoritative exposition. The source of it all is contained in one brief, readable volume which the *Herald Tribune* calls "The original gospel from which the theories of Technocracy have been developed." **\$1.50**

The ENGINEERS and the PRICE SYSTEM

By Thorstein Veblen

Viking Press

New York

Books, Architecture, Drama

Brought as a Sheaf

By RAYMOND LARSSON

*And yet
these mists slide windward like ■ sigh*
Leaves fade
and are ■ drifted waste—
shift
and are the wind's word, sifted sighs.

Here where were voices now are cries.

Eyes
turn to leaves adrift: the ■ ■ ■
burns. The heart is wind's for its
unleafing, and the tongue
is winter's.

Here leaves
fade and are a drifted waste
paced by the sharp wind's gusts—the
season's hounds.

Now these with empty hands have come
among the leaves here, and have brought
the little of breath left in their flesh—
grief, brief—and drifted grief.

Lord:
were the days gone so among us—
leaf-drift in a crispened heap? Whence? wherefore? how?—
Now! as a sheaf!—here! mixed of grief—these
to Thy garnering—these! these!

Lord: Thy sun sprung up among us as great grain,
here we have come as evening comes
who has brought peace
in sheaves—our darkness, our dark grief
brought as our sheaves.

Lord: Thy sun—O sun! sun! sprung up among us
as great grain! now come! come to our need as
peace, to peace as need! Bring grief
to humble us!

And yet these mists slide windward like ■ sigh

Lord:
here in the midst of our lives
we are weary of death, of dying, crying "Breath!"—
the smile wreathed by spiders and the eye
giving the scene, the season and the leaves
as a winding-sheet
who labor in darkness at the edge of light,
who labor through darkness to the rim of sight,
come among light in darkness,
garnerers who glean in light a sheaf of griefs.

Wherefore we ask Thy mercy. Wherefore we ask Thy
peace, asking a brief
deliverance—

as light in these dim forests of our days

as rain on the desert like a grain

as hosts who shall answer most of our sighs

as praise which shall come among
our cries.

Prophet into Historian

The Bulpington of Blup. H. G. Wells. The Macmillan
Company. \$2.50.

NOWADAYS Mr. Wells does not bother to vary greatly the pattern of his fictions. When he feels ■ novel coming on he chooses either ■ Utopia or an imaginary biography, and after that choice has been made there remains only the task of recombining the characters and situations which he has used again and again. The result, even when it is more or less entertaining, as "The Bulpington of Blup" undoubtedly is, remains, nevertheless, perfectly familiar. One has met this decent but bewildered young man many times before. One knows how the preliminary stirrings of sex are going to affect him, and just how he is going to feel when he meets the inevitable young woman of emancipated habits. One knows, also, how the war is going to disrupt the seemingly stable world in which he finds himself, and one has listened before to these same conversations about science, religion, and politics. It is all amazingly fluent, amazingly perspicuous and reasonable. It is also remarkably clever and studded with phrases so neat and so conclusive that one would have to single them out for applause if one had not come to take them for granted in this particular author. But somehow or other the enthusiasm of Mr. Wells is more nearly tireless than that of his readers. He can rise again and again to the same situation, but we cannot. The writing may be as good as ever, and it is certainly not perfunctory, but the reading is. The mind will not follow what it has followed so many times before. If it has not taken in all this several novels ago, if it has not already agreed with Mr. Wells at least as far as he goes, it never will.

Theodore Bulpington was the son of a literary dilettante who came near to flourishing during the nineties. Theodore himself grew up in a somewhat preciously "advanced" atmosphere, and was accustomed from childhood to retire from reality into ■ dream world where he was not his own undistinguished self but a legendary figure known as The Bulpington of Blup. His early adolescence was troubled somewhat by the discourses of ■ fat Catholic convert suspiciously like Mr. Chesterton, and troubled still more by the son of an eminent biologist. Then he went off to London, attended the meetings of the Fabian society, and met there an ardent young Jewess who introduced him to the amorous mysteries of which his real love remained ignorant. Theodore was delighted but upset. Then came the war—but why go on? It is, perhaps, more interesting to note that Mr. Wells has changed in one subtle way, but in one only. Gradually, quite imperceptibly, he has become less and less the prophet of his chosen generation and more and more its mere historian.

When he first told the story here repeated he told it to encourage the others. These earnest young men and these brave

young women were models for imitation, groping heralds of the new dawn. When they argued, they were solving problems that had to be solved; when they went to bed together they went, not merely as individuals, but as New Men and New Women destined to show the way to a freer and a brighter life. Mr. Wells was their apologist and advocate. He pointed out the inner significance of what they did, and enlarged upon the promise inherent in their attitude. In no small measure he invented the Wellsian hero and the Wellsian heroine in order that life might imitate them, and he had the satisfaction of seeing young people make every effort to live the biographies he had already written about them. But in these later novels the strain of prophecy has run out. It is no longer what that generation is going to do; it is merely what it did, and, by consequence, the tone is less confidently hopeful. Mr. Wells has not changed his opinions. He has not, like Mr. Shaw, become a pessimistic mystic with a penchant for Strong Men. But he does seem ready to confess that the results of the Research Magnificent were not as magnificent as the research itself, and he shows little inclination to advise contemporary youth as he advised the youth of twenty years ago. Instead, he returns to the epoch of which he was the major prophet, and concerns himself less with what it ought to have done than with what it did do. Theodore Bulpington was a failure. Perhaps that is how Mr. Wells has come to think of the Wellsian hero.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Victorians and "Moderns"

The Great Victorians. Forty Essays Edited by H. J. Massingham and Hugh Massingham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

"IT is our deprecatory claim," its editors write, "that this volume is a summing up of one generation by another." Without examination of the theory of "summing up" a past age by turning loose upon it a "representative company of moderns," it may be said that in this instance the technique has failed. The reason for the failure is that most of the "representative company of moderns" represent nothing or, if anything, nothing that is modern. To gaze back upon Trollope through the medium of Hugh Walpole can scarcely be helpful, for Mr. Walpole, in spiritual time, is really Trollope's contemporary. Nor has one's modern outlook been served when Professor Muirhead summarizes F. H. Bradley's philosophy with scarcely a mention of the important political implications of that philosophy. There is something essentially Victorian in St. John Ervine's account of General Booth, which ignores the momentous social significance of the Salvation Army and treats it only as the picturesque background of Booth's personal struggle. When the poet Edmund Blunden writes of Matthew Arnold from a poetic vacuum, and all of Arnold's political, religious, and even critical thought fades away, he is being considerably less modern than Arnold himself. Nor can it be said that modernity is investigating the past when A. Wyatt Tilby and R. H. Wilenski, writing about Carlyle and Ruskin, do, indeed, see the political importance of these men, but describe it in terms so remote that it is impossible to think of Carlyle as a fascist or of Ruskin as a communist, which they were.

It is, however, not merely from a kind of deadness to political realities that the book suffers. In purely literary criticism the same deadness prevails. Frank Swinnerton discusses the fact that Thackeray was a gentleman and no martyr, and H. M. Tomlinson grows petulant over the relegation of Stevenson to the ranks of juvenile literature. The writers more immediately in the current of modernity are scarcely more illuminating. Rebecca West on Charlotte Brontë, Charles Morgan on Emily,

and V. Sackville-West on George Eliot are so sensitive, so talented, that one feels almost sure that something is being said, but actually they have produced only meaningless advertising copy for their authors in Mr. Walpole's manner.

However, there are a few exceptions to the general poverty. There are three essays on scientists—G. P. Wells's Darwin, G. Elliot Smith's E. B. Tylor, and J. W. N. Sullivan's Clerk Maxwell—which are admirable. H. J. Massingham contributes an attack on Huxley for betraying Darwinism to the predatory philosophies of capitalism which, though pyrotechnic in style, has real, if not original, point. J. Middleton Murry's rehabilitation of William Morris in the light of Marx is an illuminating piece from which Marxism seems to have routed his usual muddle and mysticism. W. J. Turner and Martin Armstrong supply sound essays on Swinburne and Burne-Jones respectively.

But the book as a whole is not the summing up of one generation by another. It is rather the summing up of one group of English writers by a very similar group of English writers.

LIONEL TRILLING

Winston Churchill Again

Amid These Storms: Thoughts and Adventures. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

SOME four years ago, when reviewing in *The Nation* the concluding volume of "The World Crisis," I said it was hard to believe that the author of that astonishing work could be kept out of the first place in British affairs. He is today, seemingly, farther away from that place than at any time (except for the interval just after the tragic Gallipoli campaign) during the past twenty years, and the fact is not less remarkable now than it was in 1929. "Winston Churchill," said a member of the last Labor Government to me, "is the most highly endowed man in English public life"; and I think, on the whole, we have to agree with that estimate. He has the energy and mastery of genius. He has far more intellectual power than any member of the present National Government, or perhaps than any two of them combined. During the past year he has made a number of speeches near the highest level of his best time, and as anyone can see, he is chafing at the spectacle of old colleagues and opponents in coalition failing to govern England at a time of supreme crisis. And yet what does all this amount to? Winston Churchill has filled more Cabinet offices than any other man in the history of England, but when Cabinets are made nowadays it is taken for granted that he will be left out. There is, however, one form of government possible in England for which he is altogether fitted. He is awaiting the development of a British variant of Fascismo; and I should not care to assert that he will wait in vain.

The twenty-three chapters making up this miscellaneous volume are extremely diversified in theme and are most unequal in treatment. They have one characteristic in common—the Churchill vitality; and those that deal with the life of action are greatly superior to the rest, which contain the author's reflections and guesses. The adventures, in other words, are far better than the thoughts. There are here, for example, two chapters on the U-boat warfare which combine narrative and criticism with a skill and force that no living English writer could surpass. Mr. Churchill writes with an inside knowledge almost unapproached. He gives a vivid sketch of the conflict between politicians and naval men over the crucial question of convoys, a question in regard to which the politicians were not only right but victorious. Equally good in their different ways are Mr. Churchill's memories of Parliament and his election fights, particularly the story of his connection with Dundee, for which city he sat in the House of Commons for fifteen years.

This is one of the most singular episodes of British party warfare. A certain fundamentalist prohibitionist evangelist, named Scrimgeour, who labored in the horrible slums of Dundee, marked Mr. Churchill down at the first of his elections and kept at it until he turned him out. Scrimgeour began by polling 300 votes, and eventually topped the poll with 35,000, just after Mr. Churchill had lost his place in the Cabinet and had undergone a serious operation:

And all this, mind you, at the close of a year when I had been by general consent more successful in Parliament and in administration than at any other time in my life. In the twinkling of an eye I found myself without an office, without a seat, without a party, and without an appendix!

He is usually quite candid. After the terrible failures of the Dardanelles campaign he joined the western front as a major, and he describes with the utmost good humor the shocking manners of certain British officers with whom he was associated and the personal humiliations to which they subjected him. He tells with impertinent gusto the story of the battle of Sidney Street in East London, the most amazing example of Churchillism in action with which London is acquainted. In 1910 he was Home Secretary, and when certain violent anarchists who had shot a squad of unarmed policemen to death were cornered in a small house, he called out the troops and staged a siege which ended with the burning of the house and its inmates, himself looking on. He admits that his right place was in Whitehall, but adds that his visit was well repaid.

Mr. Churchill, one may note, is always right. He has changed over more often than any other English politician, but in each case, as he contends, he was never at any given moment on the wrong side; hence he can write an eloquent defense of political inconsistency. Parliament, he argues, has been wonderfully efficient as a political instrument, but the master movement of these times is economic, and for that Parliament is of no use. The question now arises whether, while time remains, there should not be created "a new instrument specially adapted for the purpose," and whether we should not "delegate to that instrument all the necessary powers and facilities." Ah, quite so: what did I say about Mr. Churchill's hopes and aims? He would persuade us, again, that democracy and the mass process have made an end of the powerful personality, thinker or man of action: "the great emancipated nations" seem to have become independent of all such. But what curious nonsense is this! Ours is the age of Lenin and Stalin, of Mussolini, Gandhi, and the new despots of the Moslem lands. And what, we may ask, would be the excuse for a Winston Churchill in a world of flat mediocrity? True, the multitude in England has shown an odd unwillingness to follow one particular great man. But that is another question.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

When Is a House Not a House?

Housing America. By the Editors of *Fortune*. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

The Disappearing City. By Frank Lloyd Wright. William Farquhar Payson. \$2.50.

THE first half of "Housing America" deals with Housing As It Is, and presents an exceedingly valuable analysis of contemporary methods of providing shelter in this country and a sharp and damning picture of the results obtained by these methods. The first chapter, which surveys the famous American standard of living and finds deficient hygiene, non-existent amenities, and the worst slums of the Western world—all at an exorbitant price—could alone serve to erase the word prosperity from histories of our post-war period.

But the second half of "Housing America," which deals

with housing America from now on, is an incomplete and even a misleading exposition of the subject. The first part shows conclusively that our bad dwellings are the inevitable compounded result of inflated land values, speculative cutthroat development methods, wasteful financing, lack of control of land use, discriminatory taxation, vested interests in slum properties, a chaotic building industry, and habitual thinking in terms of one house rather than of a unit community. Then in the second part everything is hopefully solved by Industry's Answer, which is the prefabricated individual house to be set up on individual lots by individual owners at—necessarily—a price which will still make it available only to the upper income group. Fortunately, no one who has read the first part carefully will be very badly taken in, although he may well be sorely disappointed.

Mr. Wright's solution is more attractive, but it is also even more disappointing. For Frank Lloyd Wright, as a romantic revolutionary and an artist with a well-trained imagination, offers a picture which must be judged by Utopian standards—that is, by whether it would be an ideal place to live in or not. And although there never was a moment when a good emotional picture of what we want was more needed, Mr. Wright's Utopia won't do.

Mr. Wright hates cities, loves the country, and believes in the freedom of the individual. So far we will gladly go with him. These qualities of his have already produced some excellent buildings and a magnificent "Autobiography." But Wright's ideal society seems to live in a sort of endless Road Town; its entire social structure and its ideal of individual freedom are based on the intensive use of the automobile. Each house is set in its own acre or more of land. Factories and schools are equally isolated. A few skyscraper office buildings and apartments are set in parks. A minimum of communal facilities—shopping centers, clubs—is clustered around the gas station. Communication is achieved only by a network of super-highways. The rich will live in highly individual and luxuriously self-sufficient and self-expressive villas. The poor will live somewhat less so. Presumably they will both have to drive wells, dig cesspools, and pay taxes for miles of pavement.

But, alas, it is just not possible to spread the town all over the country and preserve the virtues of either. Community and solitude, civilization and nature, mutual aid and individual freedom, are equally defeated; and what does one find but something not unlike our present upper-class suburbs? For the automobile is not a bodyless, magic means of transportation. It does not eliminate time and space. It is still true that it is simpler, pleasanter, cheaper, safer, and more convenient to walk a quarter of a mile to school or shop than to drive fifteen. It is also still true that you cannot cut up the countryside with highways and dot it with private estates and gas stations, and maintain much of its value as countryside. Moreover, and truest of all, almost everything implicit in the idea of culture or civilization—whether it be art, or security, or economy of effort, or liberated individuals, or mutual good-will—has its roots in some sort of organic social grouping. Exchanging slaves for machines does not transform a feudal society into a modern Utopia.

Both of these books (or at least the parts of them which I have perhaps arbitrarily chosen for emphasis) are inclined to be romantic about the machine as an instrument of progress—which has something to do with the fact that as studies in the future of housing they are both weakened at the start by an incomplete definition of a house. A house to the editors of *Fortune* is primarily something which is now very badly and wastefully produced, and therefore offers an obvious opportunity for new industrial enterprise. A house to Frank Lloyd Wright is a place where a man puts his car in the garage and is king of all he surveys.

But meanwhile the Germans have been evolving a somewhat different definition of a house. A house, to most good German planners, is an integral part of a planned and equipped community unit; it has a garden, rents for what an average man can pay, and is situated not more than twenty minutes away from a good place to swim and a large stretch of forest or mountain permanently preserved from gas stations. This idea seems to me to have the merit of being both a more practical approach to the housing problem than that of *Fortune* and a more attractive ideal than that of Mr. Wright. Moreover, it has been tried and it works.

C. K. BAUER

A History of Religions

Religion in Various Cultures. By Horace L. Friess and Herbert W. Schneider. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

THE authors of this book have made every effort to "promote a more direct and varied acquaintance with religion as a factor in the life and organization of particular cultures," and the result has been most interesting and most successful. Their treatment is completely unbiased and thorough, and very compact. Moreover, their book differs from previous works on the same subject, not only because of its superiority in the organization of the material, but also on account of its clear and vivid exposition of the relation between religion, society, philosophy, and art. A great deal is lost in studying religion as a realm sufficient unto itself. To separate religion, philosophy, and art is to prevent a possible comprehension of any one of them in its entirety, and this is one of the reasons that this book, which recognizes their interdependence, is a valuable contribution to the study of religion.

The authors have made no attempt to give an exhaustive or encyclopedic history of any one religion, yet they have avoided the mistake of making their descriptions and analyses too brief or too general. Nor do they deal with all the religions, but with the aim of illustrating a significant variety in the growth of world culture, center their attention on Shintoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, the Greek religion, Judaism, and Christianity. There are also two brief introductory chapters on primitive religions. In their answer to the question: What has religion contributed to culture? they include a study not only of mythologies, theologies, cosmologies, and ethical codes, but also an evaluation of the various religious rituals, festivals, and works of art. For example, much space is devoted to a description of the Shinto religious festivals and the rural Dionysia; the architecture and symbolism of the Shinto, Hindu, and Buddhist temples, the Jewish synagogues, and the Christian cathedrals; and the Greek and Christian religious dramas. Moreover, the life of the members of the various religious communities with their numerous customs and duties is clearly and concretely depicted—not only for lay religious groups, but also for the monastic orders, in both the West and the East.

Special mention should be made of the structure of the history of Hinduism. Most historians have made something of a muddle of the organization of this very complex material, but the authors of this book are an exception. With remarkable brevity and clarity they arrange the subject under the headings Hindu Society, Mythology and Cosmology . . . , Rites, Sects, and Movements of Modern Hinduism. The history of Christianity is only about two hundred pages in length, yet in addition to an account of the early life of the church, Eastern Orthodoxy, Roman Catholicism, and the rise of Protestantism, it contains a short history of all the important Protestant sects, including the Moravians, the Swedenborgians, and the Mormons, and a section on modern humanitarianism, Unitarianism, church federation, and modern Catholicism.

LIVINGSTON WELCH

O'Brien's Tales of Horror

The Diamond Lens. By Fitz-James O'Brien. Introduction by Gilbert Seldes. Illustrated by Ferdinand Horvath. William Edwin Rudge. \$4.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN belongs to the small company of minor American classics that includes such names as Ambrose Bierce and Edgar Saltus. With them he shares an appropriate legend, and what few facts are known seem to support a glamorous superstructure. Mr. Seldes makes the most of an opportunity to retain the colors and materials of a vivid biography. In the early eighteen fifties O'Brien landed in New York, a handsome, well-read, well-educated Irishman. Before the decade ended he had published a number of remarkable short stories evidently written with great facility. He was said to have had his nose broken by a prize fighter and to have enjoyed a brief love affair with a popular actress. His work and social reputation lived in the shadow of Poe's legend, therefore it was said that he drank heavily and was excessively Bohemian in his habits. Unlike Poe, however, he had the reputation for being genuinely gay, a glorious drinking companion; and no matter how shabbily dressed, he carried himself with an air of elegance. He enlisted in the Seventh Regiment of the National Guard of New York, then went off to the Civil War, and died of his wounds in battle in 1861.

When we reread the stories that he left behind him, his legendary biography becomes even more convincing than the bare recital of fact. The stories show an inability to sustain an original intention, as though O'Brien, writing at top speed, had found himself too slow for the onrush of his imagination and had become impatient and bored before he reached the final paragraph. There is much of the actor's eloquence in O'Brien, the love of tinsel for tinsel's sake, and always the desire to bring his brief performance to a close by an unmotivated sword thrust of melodrama. O'Brien's rhetoric is completely justified in such stories as *The Golden Ingot*, *What Was It?* and the group of sketches in which the Chinese conjurer, Piou-Lu, is the protagonist. In these his imagination fits in with the florid style of his day—Walt Whitman's editorials, the speeches of Daniel Webster, and the familiar idiom heard across the footlights of romantic drama, the popular diet of the nineteenth-century New Yorker. He could do much in the opening paragraph of a short story, perhaps more than any who have followed his craft, but once his atmosphere was created, he tired of the game. His characters—they are more like lay figures than human beings—are less substantial than Poe's. Often they are young gentlemen of leisure looking for excitement, which is found by looking down the lens of a microscope or purchasing a haunted house. The bare dramatic incident is presented, and from then onward the story is left to shift for itself. In his horror tales O'Brien remains skeptical throughout, but the very fact that he alone is unconvinced by the testimony of his characters carries conviction to the reader. In the semi-humorous fantasies of Piou-Lu, O'Brien's rhetoric is a delight, and the sketches have the same charm that is revealed in Victorian bric-a-brac.

Special attention should be called to the illustrations in this edition of O'Brien's work, for they are among the superlative examples of their kind in modern book-making. Mr. Horvath recreates the period in which O'Brien lived; the suggestion of mystery and horror is in every line; but more than that he has caught the spirit of the old New York that O'Brien knew so well. Here again are the high-ceilinged interiors, the dim oil lamps, and the red-brick Dutch colonial houses dwindling in perspective down narrow streets and lanes.

HORACE GREGORY

Shorter Notices

Crime for Profit. A Symposium on Mercenary Crime. Edited by Ernest D. MacDougall. The Stratford Company. \$2.

This symposium, which includes essays by sociologists, lawyers, educational leaders, and clergymen, is interesting because of its emphasis on the economic interpretation of crime rather than on the superficial, passionate aspects of the disease. Most of the contributors conclude in effect that as long as American civilization is a case of dog eat dog, just so long will dogs eat dogs, and that the problem seems to be to make it unnecessary for men to behave like wild animals in order to support life in a highly competitive struggle. In many of the essays the banker ranks with the racketeer. By far the most interesting contribution is that of Jerome Davis, who suggests the only list of fundamental changes that is offered. Another contributor, C. Walker Hayes, gives this definition: "Crime is the pathological expression of individualism." However, as still another contributor points out, communism is capable of becoming mercenary crime by government. Jerome Davis offers as his thoughtful remedies: absolute freedom of speech, press, and association for all, even those who would overthrow the established order; human rights forever recognized as paramount to property rights; cooperative enterprise; a planned economic and social order; community ownership of things used in common; the curbing of individual interest within social bounds; and "recognition that we are living in a dynamic society. Consequently no matter what changes in the rules of the game are made, more will be perpetually needed." As in all symposiums some of the contributions are suggestive and many of them platitudinous. Harry Elmer Barnes has an interesting essay on the relation of war debts and reparations to mercenary crime.

José Clemente Orozco. With an Introduction by Alma Reed. New York: Delphic Studios. \$6.

This book consists of reproductions of Orozco's complete work—his frescos, including those in progress at Dartmouth, his water colors, oils, lithographs, drawings, and studies; among them are some of his earliest achievements. There is a brief and intelligent preface by Alma Reed. A magnificent draftsman, Orozco loses little in reproduction, and as his work is so scattered the book will give most readers a more vivid idea of his genius than they could otherwise hope to have. Those of us who have doubted him can no longer do so after examining it. He displays an astonishing knowledge of how to draw combined with a certain Michelangesque moral grandeur, and he has an amazing range of feeling—he is capable of the most aggressive and hilarious satire as well as of epic statement. One of his few defects is his use of transcendental symbolism. Though his witty intelligence makes his philosophic symbols interesting, they lack the force of his other figures. It is perhaps because his American frescos have been made from this less earthly subject matter that he has failed to gain whole-hearted American applause.

A New York Tempest. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

Mr. Komroff has taken the accounts of a famous murder that stirred New York City in the 1830's and made them into a novel. With little attention to the nuances and complexities that enter into human relationships, he has spread out the details of the affair with a broad and almost too complete flourish. A gay young blade strangles his mistress, escapes punishment, and is finally forced to suicide through remorse. All this could have been told more effectively in half the space, but in spite of that it makes an interesting and fast-moving story.

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Architecture

A Radio City Architect's Economics

DO you frequently read the *New York Times*? Then you may have noticed one of its stock articles. In essence it has appeared in a regular rhythm during the past ten years, though the announcement it carries is always broached as a discovery totally new. It is signed always by an architect. The promise it contains is that architects are going to be good. The promise is made to business men, with apologies for the fact that in the past there was a time when architects acted high and mighty.

The architect who signs the piece being always, for the effect, one associated with a current large undertaking, there is today only one corner from which the announcement can come. No steel work worth mentioning has recently been erected except in Radio City. Hence it was not surprising to find the old message once more, as a bright gift released for Christmas Day over the signature, not of the usual Mr. Wiley Corbett, but of Mr. L. A. Reinhard. Mr. Reinhard qualifies as an architect of Radio City.

He apparently regards buildings as, first of all, a huge outdoor bookkeeping entry. He says it very clearly. "The fundamentals of architecture now rank as follows: (1) cost (2) time, governed by finance and investment, and (3) appearance." What is important here is evidently the "rank."

The statement has a good deal to commend it, and used to be believed with all its corollaries. The corollary of "time, governed by finance and investment," was skyscrapers and congestion. Unfortunately, today the order is reversed, and we are witnessing finance and investment called to account by time. Mr. Reinhard may not have noticed it. The sound of rivets is very loud, loud enough to drown out the quieter but equally emphatic rhythm of the auctioneer's gavel and even the crack of the policeman's nightstick on the heads of the only part of mankind desperately in need of these empty buildings—the dislodged unemployed.

There is a special interest today in theories of cost and finance issuing from Radio City. Cooperation, such as its architects propose, between the various workers who put up our buildings, is entirely to the good. But what if "finance," which this cooperation serves and by which it consents to be governed, were running wild? Specifically: here is the 6,200-capacity auditorium of Radio City Music Hall, presided over by the voluble Roxy, and here another mere little *bijou* of a new movie theater, also to be presided over by Roxy, calling for 3,700 visitors per show; and on the same stretch of the L here is the old Hippodrome, just sold for \$100,000 to satisfy a debt of \$2,600,000; and here a block away is the old Roxy, about which the great man keeps silent nowadays; and up at Columbus Circle was another large theater, the Century, suitable only to "Miracles," and it has totally disappeared, since miracles do not occur daily. And even though converted into a movie palace, the Music Hall must draw 12,400 people daily, if the program of four shows is to play even to half a house; add 7,400 for the other new theater, multiply by 300 days a year (throwing in the Sundays), and you have a total of 11,940,000. Need we suggest, a difficult problem in the New York movie world?

Beginning with the Tower of Babel, large monuments have frequently been landmarks of ambitious folly. The Pyramids arose as tombs not only for kings but for their slaves, and were abhorred in America's young days because of that fact. Who is certain that the same brutality did not underlie the marvel

The Nation's RADIO HOUR

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of Taj Mahal, which for us is the seal of a sweet romantic love? Yet formerly patron and architect were at least agreed that there was importance in "art," and so despite the miscalculations that frequently liquidated the builder, we still have something left. Delight and sound social morals are not quite coterminous, for which we can be thankful, since otherwise we should almost never experience pleasure in the presence of large buildings. But our New York architects, who might afford with a clear conscience to indulge themselves and us with purely imaginative pleasure, since the venture is likely to go bankrupt anyway (the suggestion comes from Roderick Seidenberg), have decided instead to turn into mere bookkeepers themselves. And so, permitting "appearance" to take last place, there is nothing that they do not stand to lose.

Though buildings no tourist would miss have risen despite ill-considered purposes, the artist is safer when the scheme itself is sound—if he wishes his building is to be living architecture before it is dead scenery. In Radio City, for example, there is the Music Hall auditorium which, for all the architects' mousiness about "appearance," is sensually a delight. But even here the pleasure is not proof against disquieting afterthoughts—doubts mounting daily about the *scale*, wherever the building is discussed. Has not the mountain already brought forth mice? The curious conception of the scheme as a whole, which seems to have been based more on boom and congestion than on anything pertaining to the art of the theater, has entered every part of it, bringing even into this hall some embarrassing flaws that arise from having to reconcile huge with intimate. And this auditorium, let us remember, is Radio City at its best—not the part of it about which we need not speak.

Centuries ago Sir Henry Wotton offered a triad of requisites for architecture that absorbs and transcends Mr. Reinhard's flat "(1) cost, (2) time . . . (3) appearance." "Well-building hath three conditions: commodity, firmness, and delight." As a technologist, that is, one who reasons in the arts, the architect should find his main interest in the connection or relation or interdependence among these three.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Some Actors Who Act

FEW American actors have done so much for so many bad plays as Osgood Perkins. It is true that his efforts have usually been unavailing, for the simple reason that fate has commonly put him to work in dramas which even he could not redeem, and it is with difficulty that one can remember anything about them except, perhaps, a scene or two in which the playwright had given him so little to do that he could make up the action as he went along. It is therefore a delight to see him at the Masque Theater laboring under disadvantages no greater than those imposed by a rather amusing farce-comedy entitled "Goodbye Again." The funniest moment of the evening is, to be sure, that upon which the curtain rises—a moment during which nothing whatever is said, while Mr. Perkins slowly regains consciousness after what was evidently a long and convivial evening. But the farce is solidly built, it is amazingly well played throughout, and it deserves the success to which it appears destined.

Mr. Perkins would be a good actor no matter whom or what we were used to seeing. Yet the fact that one finds oneself surprised to realize that he is adding something to the script is enough to remind one how little real acting is done on our stage. Surely it is not too much to ask of an actor that he do more

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GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

H. L. Mencken's

EDITORIAL

*in the February issue of
The American MERCURY*

WHEN American taxpayers gather to rub their wounds and howling one hears is always against the forays and extortions of the war veterans, the vast cost of the Federal bureaucracy, the burden of the tariff, or the outrage of the income tax. Why does everyone forget the greatest hold-up of them all? Not once in ten years, so far as I can recall, has it wrung a tear from either the *Nation* or the *New Republic*. No candidate for public office, East, West, North or South, has so much as mentioned it. Yet it costs the people of the good old U. S. A. twice as much as the income tax, three times as much as either the war veterans, real and bogus, or the service of the national debt, and ten times as much as the Smoot-Grundy tariff. Do I allude, perhaps, to the national booze bill? Far from it! What I allude to is the cost. . . .

Mr. Mencken continues with a slashing analysis of the most astonishing "racket" in American government, the cost of which is a burden upon the average taxpayer which is already beginning to crush him. . . . *A fearless, outspoken editorial on a subject which few have dared to discuss, typical of Mr. Mencken's comments on "What Is Going On In the World" every month in The American MERCURY.*

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than merely read, with more or less intelligence, the lines of his part. Surely it is part of his job to invent the gestures appropriate to a particular type of character, to fill the pauses with eloquent expressions, and even to discover bits of business which will heighten the effectiveness of the scene. And yet when one comes across a player who really does just that, one realizes how seldom it is done, how commonly our players are content merely to walk through a part with such natural grace as God has given them. Minor roles often give the effect of being reasonably well played because the card index of the casting director is sufficiently elaborate to enable him to locate the type which is called for. It is rare, however, that the harassed critic can say more of the leading players than that they are, in the familiar phrase, "adequate." And that means merely that they have not come between him and the playwright's intention. Charming ladies and graceful gentlemen add the interest of their own personalities for a year or two until one is weary of them. After that one comes to prefer purely negative persons whom one does not remember from play to play. But even moderately good actors are rare. Last season something over four thousand persons appeared on the New York stage. Hardly a dozen of them took the trouble (if they had the ability) to create a character.

Strangely enough, Mr. Perkins does not struggle alone in "Goodbye Again." The whole cast, in which Sally Bates is co-featured with him, really acts, and one Leslie Adams in particular makes the Detroit husband into a real person by endowing him with a kind of slow amiability which gives the key to his words and deeds. Since Mr. Adams is new to Broadway, I have no way of knowing whether or not he happened merely to fit, but if he really created the part, then he too is an actor. As for the play, there is nothing really original about the story of a silly woman who insisted upon believing that she and a college beau had been waiting for each other for seven years—except, perhaps, the fact that the young man is a popular novelist on a lecture tour. Nevertheless, it is competently written, and thanks to the playing, it becomes a very satisfactory evening's amusement.

"A Good Woman, Poor Thing" (Avon Theater) fails for the lack of just the things which save "Goodbye Again." The situation—that provided by a sophisticated couple who cannot get along because each is too ready to allow the other his "freedom"—is hardly more conventional than the situation in the other play. It is, however, played for the most part in a slovenly, undistinguished way probably caught, in part at least, from the slovenly writing and slovenly construction. There are, to be sure, six or seven lines probably wittier than any in "Goodbye Again." Yet most of the time the author is obviously fighting for time, and he does not seem to know exactly either what style he is writing in or what kind of people he is writing about. Sometimes the piece seems a rather realistic and sentimentally moral comedy. At other times it appears to be struggling to achieve the complete artificiality of Congreve or Wilde. But the indecision of the author plus the indecision of the players results only in a blurred impression. No one cares very much what is going to happen and no one will remember very long what did happen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Late One Evening" at the Plymouth is well acted, well produced, and manages, through a movie technique and a series of tense episodes, to hold one's interest. As a play it is ridiculous, a miscellany of familiar situations loosely connected ending in bathos, with a denouement in which the announcement that the heroine is to have a child recaptures her errant author-husband—and changes everything. Ursula Jeans's acting and the scene in a low cafe give the audience something worthy of remembrance.

E. G.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1933

No. 3526

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	105
EDITORIALS:	
Inflation—or What?.....	108
Cheating the Filipinos.....	109
The Rise of Barter.....	109
Broadway Cuts Its Price.....	110
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PHILIPPINES SET FREE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	111
SCRAMBLED ERGS. AN EXAMINATION OF TECHNOCRACY. By Henry Hazlitt.....	112
CAPITALIST CONFISCATION. By Ernest Gruening.....	116
FILIBUSTERS AND FUTILITY. By Paul Y. Anderson.....	118
THE "REVOLT OF THE MASSES" IN SPAIN. By Bailey W. Diffie	119
WANT TO MAKE A REVOLUTION, MISSUS? By Ann Washington Craton	121
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	121
CORRESPONDENCE	122
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	124
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Equation. By Clifton Cuthbert.....	125
Sinclair Lewis, Campaigner. By Henry Hazlitt.....	125
Post-War Germany. By Raymond Leslie Buell.....	125
Chaliapin's Autobiography. By Ray C. B. Brown.....	126
An Artist in War. By M. R. Werner.....	127
Shorter Notices	127
Music: Selling Symphonies. By Arthur Mendel.....	128
Films: Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." By William Troy.....	130
Drama: Not Pretty. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	131

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE SECESSION from Technocracy of an important group of its recent adherents and members was an inevitable outcome of the confusion and divided counsels that have dominated its activities and obscured its more fundamental purposes. The split will doubtless be seized upon by unfriendly outsiders as proof of the weakness of Technocracy's theories and the inaccuracy of its findings, when its real significance is merely the obvious one—that prophets and fact-finders cannot lie down together. It is too early to discover what the effects of the break will be upon the research now in progress, but whatever develops, an impartial study of the findings of the group seems more important than before. The public will tend to dismiss the whole project, the good with the bad, unless an opportunity is offered to a qualified group to scrutinize the figures and conclusions already assembled and render a public judgment as to their value. The committee of economists and engineers whose names were published in last week's issue of *The Nation* stand ready to undertake such an inquiry. Meanwhile, *The Nation* will publish such individual discussions of the material now available as seem to bear upon the fundamental issues involved. None of these articles, however, will commit this journal to the opinions expressed.

WELCOME SIGNS of initiative emerge from the pre-inauguration activities of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Clearly, it is leadership that the country requires and for which it hungers. It is leadership alone, positive, courageous, vigorous, that can check the nation's accelerating tail-spin into economic chaos and complete demoralization. The futility of the present lame-duck Administration—the last, Senator Norris be praised—makes clearer than ever the need of a clear head and a strong hand at the controls. Walter Lippmann put it correctly when he wrote: "What is needed is for Mr. Roosevelt to convince this country and the world that in Washington there is a government that can govern." And we add that the aphorism of the *laissez tomber* individualists, that "he governs best who governs least," is obsolete and discredited in this crisis. The President-elect has made a good beginning in inviting, through the State Department, Great Britain and the other nations which paid their December fifteenth instalments to confer on the debt problem after March 4. There lies the hope of a sane international policy. Mr. Roosevelt has done no less well in pledging that the Muscle Shoals power development shall be operated by the federal government.

THE RECAPTURE of Muscle Shoals for the American people has far-reaching implications. Over that giant stake an epic battle has been waged for a decade and a half. On one side was the dogged leadership of one man, George W. Norris. On the other side were the heavy battalions of the nation's power and banking interests, entrenched behind the \$2,000,000,000 annual electric-current revenue and the additional billions of the public's invested funds, marshaled under the skilled direction of the power industry's hired men in the capital. They were determined that this greatest of water-power sites, on which the nation had expended \$150,000,000, with its potential annual generation of four billion kilowatt-hours, should be turned over to private exploitation. Twice Senator Norris brought a modified Muscle Shoals bill through Congress. Twice it was vetoed—once by Coolidge, once by Hoover. Now an even better measure—designed to provide power development at honest cost, and the consequent distribution of cheap power to the consumer—is assured. Not only will the people of thirteen States—those within a 350-mile radius of the development—benefit directly, but the establishment of a "yardstick" for power production, transmission, and distribution on a gigantic scale brings nearer the prospect of equitable light and power rates throughout the nation. An annual saving of at least half a billion dollars to the consumers of electricity and a vastly increased use of current are realizable in the not distant future if President Roosevelt carries out a power policy consonant with his initial move at Muscle Shoals.

JAPAN HAS NOW DECLARED that it means to establish a virtual protectorate over the whole of Asia. The rest of the world, Foreign Minister Uchida said in effect in his recent speech before the House of Peers, must

leave to his country the important task of preserving the peace of the Orient. "Any plan for erecting the edifice of peace in the Far East," he asserted, "should be based upon recognition that the constructive force of Japan is the mainstay of tranquillity in this part of the world." In short, the League of Nations and the United States are warned to keep their hands off the Asiatic problem, leaving it to Japan to act as policeman for that continent. This doctrine, if accepted by the other Powers, would automatically scrap the Nine-Power Treaty and perhaps also the Open Door policy. That Count Uchida was not dealing in pointless rhetoric may be seen from his reference to conditions in Asia outside of Manchuria. He said, for example, that the spread of communism in the Yangtze valley, if unchecked, would "be a serious menace to peace in the Orient, against which Japan must certainly be on guard." He also warned China that there would be "unfortunate eventualities" if that country continued its preparations to defend what it considers its sovereign territory against Japanese aggression. Looking beyond Manchuria and the province of Jehol, Uchida significantly said that, "viewed historically, there is no room for doubt as to the fact that the Great Wall marks the boundary separating China from Manchuria and Mongolia."

TO THE REST OF THE WORLD there is considerable doubt on this point. Several American Secretaries of State, the British Foreign Office, and the spokesmen of other Powers have repeatedly declared that Manchuria at least must be considered an integral part of China. But the Japanese, taking it for granted that Manchuria has now been permanently severed from China, are laying plans for action in more distant fields. Count Uchida pointedly asserted that the Japanese intend to add Jehol, a border province lying between Manchuria and Mongolia, to their puppet state, Manchukuo. Will they then extend their "protection" to Mongolia itself? Chinese students have charged that at the Imperial Conference which met in Tokio five years ago, Baron Tanaka, then Foreign Minister, presented a secret memorandum setting forth in detail a plan to conquer not only Manchuria but Eastern Inner Mongolia as well. The Japanese have emphatically denied the existence of both the memorandum and the plan of conquest, and their denial has been generally accepted by neutral observers. Yet virtually every move the Japanese have made in the last few years coincides with the Chinese allegations. In the Uchida speech the Japanese went farther than they ever had before in defying the Western world. They may, however, be overreaching themselves. Great Britain has extensive interests in the Yangtze valley which it would not care to have disturbed; France would hardly look with equanimity upon an extension of Japanese "protection" over its sphere of influence in southern and southwestern China; Eastern Inner Mongolia lies next door to the Mongolian Soviet Republic. A Japanese protectorate over Asia would not sit well with some of the Powers which have taken a more or less neutral attitude in the Manchurian controversy.

A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION of the activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is essential. While a Senate committee which recently inquired into the corporation's loans reported that it had found "nothing to criticize," it added that lack of funds had prevented any-

thing more than a superficial examination. If it had been able to dig a bit deeper, it should have had no difficulty in establishing the facts in cases like that of the Union Indemnity Company of New Orleans. This company underwrote the bonds of contractors employed in public construction work in Louisiana. It obtained a loan of \$850,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which was used, according to a New Orleans dispatch to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "to finance a technical sale of State highway bonds through the Pyramid Securities Company, a subsidiary, in order to provide funds to pay highway contractors so they in turn could pay creditors and so prevent suits against the surety company." But the story does not end here. The Union Indemnity Company and three affiliated corporations have now gone into receivership. W. Irving Moss, president of the company, has explained that "outside of total loans due banks, amounting to \$240,000, *amply secured by municipal and other liquid collateral*," all loans of the companies involved "are due to the R. F. C., *whose fine cooperation insures an orderly liquidation*." In short, the public treasury is left holding the bag. But this is only one case. In the January issue of *Harpers Magazine* John T. Flynn raises many pertinent questions bearing on R. F. C. policy that have not yet been answered, and other evidence of questionable practices is also available. Might it not be an economy rather than an extravagance for Congress to spend a few thousand dollars to determine just what this agency is doing with the \$3,500,000,000 of the public's money which Congress placed at its disposal?

THE MILLS OF G. O. P. may grind slowly, but he grinds exceeding large. If anyone doubts it, let him read in Paul Anderson's dispatch elsewhere in this issue how our Secretary of the Treasury refunded himself three times his annual salary. Public service, we know, is performed at great personal sacrifice by the truly great, and it is owing to their financial independence that men of vast wealth can serve the public with a disinterestedness less certain in those who depend on their salaries for a livelihood.

THE PIONEERING DAYS of birth-control agitation are past. Although the fight is not yet won, the slow processes of nullification through changes in customs and in public opinion have shifted the front and altered the tactics of the leaders. At its twelfth annual convention, held on January 19 in New York, the American Birth Control League announced that the emphasis in its propaganda would henceforth be laid upon "birth selection" (eugenics, to most of us), and that it would campaign for sterilization laws in States where they were needed. Legal limits on the spread of birth-control information still exist, but in many States they have become practically obsolete. An exception to this is Connecticut where a fight is now pending over the fantastic law which makes the use of contraceptives illegal, although the dissemination of information is not barred. The shift in attitude is nowhere more evident than among the medical profession. Five years ago scarcely a medical school in the country allowed the subject to enter into its curriculum. Today, according to Dr. Eric Matzner, medical adviser of the Birth Control League, medical schools apply to the league itself for speakers. It was also reported that thirty new clinics have been opened during the past

year in the United States and its territories. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, a clinic has been set up by the municipality in the City Hall itself, and mothers on the city's relief list are sent there for birth-control information six weeks after the birth of a child. Here is economic determinism in its simplest form. Birth control is held to be a sin as long as it limits the numbers of babies whose support would fall upon their own parents, however inadequate that support might be. But when the responsibility for their care is dumped upon the authorities, how speedily official attitudes change! Let us be grateful for this small silver lining. It will be hard, we suspect, for Grand Rapids hereafter to adopt a repressive attitude toward the spread of birth-control information, even if the cloud of depression finally lifts.

THERE COULD BE no better example of the threat to education which lies in the movement for economy in this crisis than the report from North Carolina that the budget bureau of that State is proposing to cut the appropriation for the University of North Carolina from the \$504,000 of last year to only \$390,000. This would mean a 56 per cent cut since 1929 in the appropriation for an institution which should be the glory of the State, one to be upheld and preserved in its functions as long as the State can keep anything going. We have repeatedly referred to the value of the work done by this university, which in the productivity of its scholars, in its public spirit, in its service to its State is certainly unexcelled by any similar institution. More than that, it has been marked by a liberal spirit quite beyond praise. It is the home of freethinking scholars because they are upheld in their freedom. Its president, Frank P. Graham, is in himself the best guaranty that this policy will continue, for he has not allowed his university presidency to prevent him from speaking out against social injustice. It would be not only a social tragedy to cripple so great a university at this time, but a genuine economic waste, and would mean a dispersal of the happy society of scholars which has distinguished Chapel Hill. Should this happen, there will not, we are sure, be a single academic community, North, South, East, or West, which will not be outraged by the news. We wish that the authorities in North Carolina might take note of the admirable attitude of the new Governor of New York State, Herbert Lehman, who has just told the representatives of industry who appeared before him to demand big cuts in the appropriations for the educational system of the State that he would not lend himself to the crippling of this great educational machine.

"PRINCE MIKE ROMANOV" (otherwise Harry Gerguson) is going to be let off. The romantic impostor who graduated from various orphan asylums into the Russian imperial house cannot be sent back where he came from for the embarrassing reason that he came from right here, and apparently he is going to be given a suspended sentence, in exchange for a plea of guilty to charges arising out of his latest mysterious entry into the United States. But the real hero of the trial is less Prince Mike than Federal Judge John C. Knox, the only man in the country, it seems, who has not yet heard about unemployment. The prince, with no other means of support except the wits which he uses all too well, has a perfectly good vaudeville engagement said to carry a salary of \$500 a week; but Judge Knox

has ruled that he must not accept it. "This man," said the judge, "should go to work *like all the rest of us* [italics ours]." Judge Knox should be made chairman of a National Take-Away-a-Job Week.

THE DEATH OF DR. J. FRED WOLLE, founder and director of the Bethlehem Bach Choir, which occurred on January 12, threatens the loss of a second great opportunity for hearing the works of Bach, at a time when general interest in them is perhaps greater than ever before. The first opportunity is, for the moment at least, already lost. Carl Weinrich, pupil of Lynnwood Farnam, and his successor at the organ of the Church of the Holy Communion in New York is no longer there. When Farnam gave the complete organ works of Bach in a series of recitals, he found it necessary to give each recital three times in order to accommodate the public that wished to hear them. The explanation that Weinrich's Bach recitals occupied a disproportionately prominent place in the church's activities carries implications which are its own answer. Unfortunately, the scene of an organist's activities is important: organs vary, as do church acoustics, and those of the Holy Communion were exceptionally favorable for the music of Bach. But there are other auditoriums with organs, and institutions like the Juilliard School, or Columbia University, for example, would be doing themselves and the musical public a service by making possible another complete Bach series. It is almost unthinkable that the impetus which Dr. Wolle gave to the Bach Choir should be lost, although no one could step at once into his place. Years of devotion to Bach's music and its performance, comparable to his, would be necessary for that. But it ought to be possible to find someone who could grow through that devotion as he did, and lead the Bach Choir farther along the road he laid out for it.

THE SUDDEN DEATH of George Moore at the age of nearly eighty-one removes a distinguished writer and an amusing personality. He was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in others. Apropos of his enthusiastic discovery of the masters it was said that he "conducted his education in public," and apropos of his indiscretion in confessing possibly apocryphal adventures it was remarked, "Moore doesn't kiss, but he tells anyway." Perhaps, however, the most remarkable thing about him is the fact that he was a literary man pure and simple and that he filled a long life with art alone. Leaving politics, sociology, science, and morality to others, he was content to record the passions and follies of mankind without, usually, troubling himself to make explicit comment. As a youth he determined to shock Victorianism out of existence, but that was the only time he ever really devoted himself to a cause, and during his later years he lost his enthusiasm even for that. Good as his realistic novels are, it is dangerous to predict immortality for any novel, but the three volumes of his "Hail and Farewell" will be read as long as anyone is interested in graceful and vivid gossip. Characteristically, he left England for Ireland because he could not stomach the Boer War and then returned suddenly to England because he could not remember a single great artist produced by Catholicism since the Renaissance. It is appropriate that the Free State should have banned his "A Story Teller's Holiday" the night before he died.

Inflation—or What?

AS the economic crisis continues, the inflationists in and out of Congress gain adherents steadily. How many Congressmen and Senators are directly in favor of currency inflation in one form or other is not precisely known, but certainly the overwhelming majority in Congress are indirect inflationists. Their attitude is that summed up last winter by Representative Crisp of Georgia: "The House is against reducing expenses, is in favor of increased appropriations, and is against taxation." Every member of Congress who holds these three attitudes is an inflationist in effect, whatever he may imagine his opinion on currency inflation to be. For while it is certainly not necessary to balance the federal budget to the last penny either in the present or in the next fiscal year, the gap between federal revenues and federal expenditures must be kept within reasonable limits if the credit of the government, in a period when confidence is everywhere so low and so easily shaken, is to be sustained. A prospective deficit of approximately one billion dollars in the next fiscal year represents a good deal more than a reasonable gap. It cannot continue at this rate for long without imperiling the government's credit, and compelling us to resort to inflation by default.

It would be difficult to predict in any case precisely what the effect of currency inflation would be, and it would be particularly so until we knew just what kind of inflation was proposed. The more naive inflationists reason quite simply: Business is depressed, they say, because people are not buying. They are not buying because they haven't any money. Therefore what the country needs is more money. Therefore the government should print more money, and it is a matter of relative indifference whether it forces it into circulation in the form of bonuses to veterans, bonuses to farmers, or through the payment of any of its current bills. This naive argument is supported also by the belief that the increased currency in circulation would raise prices.

The first half of this argument is entirely fallacious. The depression was not brought about by any lack of currency as such. On the contrary, after the depression set in, the amount of hand-to-hand currency began to increase very sharply. What caused this increase was partly hoarding by individuals, and partly the thousands of bank failures in the country. As a result of these failures hundreds of communities found themselves without banking facilities of any kind, without bank credit, so that they were forced to make all payments, otherwise made by checks, in hand-to-hand currency. Normally nine-tenths of all the business of the country is conducted by checks, and only one-tenth by currency. What we have witnessed has been a great displacement of check payments by money payments. Direct inflation of the kind contemplated by the Huey Longs would at first not essentially alter this process. The first effect of a billion dollars of fiat currency would be to drive approximately a billion dollars of Federal Reserve notes and gold certificates out of circulation. These would be retired, and the process would go on until the retirement had been virtually complete. Only then would new currency add to the total amount of hand-to-hand money in circulation. But probably long before that

point was reached there would be a raid on the gold supply, not merely by foreign countries but by our own citizens, which would grow to such dimensions that the government would be obliged to suspend gold payments.

Until the government abandoned the gold basis, currency inflation would have none of the results hoped for by its advocates. It would not raise the level of prices, because gold prices are controlled internationally and not nationally. The price rise would not begin until the gold basis was abandoned, and then the rise would begin to reflect the discount on the currency in terms of gold. If we attempted later to return to the gold standard with the same gold content for the dollar as before, the price level would drop by as much as it had previously risen.

It will be seen that currency inflation by this method—and that is the method that inflation would be most likely to take—would be the most disastrous possible form. Public advocacy of inflation in Congress, as soon as it was taken seriously, would undermine confidence; it would permit individuals and speculators, recruited mainly from the wealthiest groups, to profiteer at the expense of everyone else by taking gold before gold payments were suspended. When those gold payments were suspended, no one would know from day to day what the value of the currency was, because no one would know whether or not the currency would later be made redeemable in gold or in silver, or in what amount of gold or silver, or at what time. Until such questions were settled, the dollar would become the football of speculation as the pound has become. Its daily variations would further disorganize foreign trade, already demoralized to so large an extent by the daily fluctuations of the pound. And as in Great Britain, the lack of confidence would prevent an internal rise in the price level commensurable with the fall in the value of the currency itself, as reflected either in terms of currencies still on the gold basis or in terms of the premium on gold metal inside the country.

If currency inflation should ever be considered as a final expedient, there is only one form that deserves serious consideration. This is devaluation—the reduction in the gold content of the dollar. An inflation of this sort is controllable; business would know immediately at what level it was proposed to bring a relative stability of prices; and the lack of departure from a gold basis would prevent uncertainty in foreign trade. If such an inflation were adopted, it would have to be adopted with as little preliminary public discussion as possible if damaging raids on the gold supply were to be prevented.

Devaluation of this sort would, it is true, ultimately reduce the burden of those debts not payable in gold. By bringing a rise in prices it would tend to permit a margin of profits and a resumption of activity. But it might also bring, at the beginning, a serious further collapse in confidence to offset its advantages, and it would do nothing to cure the fundamental maladjustments that brought on the depression in the first place. Those maladjustments are largely international, and can be cured only by action that affects international relations. No permanent recovery is

possible until tariff barriers, and particularly those of the world's greatest creditor nation, our own, have been reduced to reasonable levels, and until war debts have been amicably cut down to a fraction of their present theoretical amount. Not until these two measures have been tried, and only if they fail to bring the substantial recovery that should in all reason be expected of them, ought we seriously to consider so desperate and perilous a measure as inflation.

Cheating the Filipinos

CONGRESS has decided to let freedom ring for the Philippines—but under antecedent conditions that may so impair the economic position of the Islands as to make independence a doubtful blessing. Moreover, the United States proposes to keep a string securely tied to the Islands by maintaining a military base there after “freedom” is achieved.

The Nation has always advocated unqualified independence for the Philippines. Let there be no mistake about that. In criticizing the bill which has now been passed over the President's veto, *The Nation* is in no sense taking the position assumed by the Hoover Administration. Mr. Hoover and his Cabinet are frankly imperialistic in their opposition. They do not want the Philippines freed now or at any other time. To their minds, it is necessary that the United States continue to carry its share of the white man's burden so that the united front of imperialism in Asia will not be broken.

Although our reasons diverge sharply from those advanced by the Administration, we consider the present measure thoroughly unsatisfactory. It possesses the single virtue of looking toward ultimate independence for the Philippines. The conditions on which that independence is granted, however, are cynically devised to undermine the economic position of the Islands instead of strengthening it. After the new constitution has been written, accepted by the Filipinos, and approved by the President of the United States, a ten-year interim begins, during which, in the view of Congress, there is to be a gradual adjustment in the economic relations between the Islands and this country. The law requires the Filipinos during these ten years to admit all American goods without duty. They are thus denied the right to protect their home market. At the same time their exports to their principal market, the United States, are to be subject to increasingly severe restrictions.

It is no secret that domestic beet sugar and American investments in Cuban cane sugar are the interests that directly inspired this legislation, if they did not actually write it. They wanted to bar Philippine sugar from the American market, which it was entering without payment of duty, and so for selfish reasons they suddenly became advocates of freedom for the Philippines. They were, of course, instrumental in having Philippine exports to the United States placed on a quota basis during the period of adjustment, for the quota system will automatically restrict the amount of Philippine sugar entering this market. Some sort of adjustment is probably necessary. But why must this adjustment be entirely one-sided? And why perpetrate a piece of tariff porkery in the name of liberty? Why, if we desire to pro-

tect one section of our export market during the ten-year interval, should American exporters be permitted to continue unhampered their exploitation of the Philippine market to the very end of that period? Would it not be better to set up a Filipino-American tariff commission to regulate the necessary adjustment in our economic relations and to be the determining body for both nations' tariffs in relation to each other in the pre-independence interim? Such a commission could determine whether or not the quota system was working satisfactorily and fairly, and make necessary changes if it was not. It could also help the Filipinos by supporting measures to protect their market against American exploitation, and might even assist them in seeking new foreign markets for their products. That much at least we owe to the Philippines.

No less objectionable is the section of the present bill which provides for the retention of a military station in the Islands. Why we should keep troops there after we withdraw political sovereignty is beyond all understanding. They could be of no earthly use either defensively or offensively. Surely no one will argue that a handful of soldiers or marines can defend the Islands against a determined attack by the naval forces of some other large Power, and just as surely no one can picture such a unit as the vanguard of an American army of invasion should the United States become involved in a Far Eastern war. If it is intended that the American troops shall maintain peace and order in the Philippines, then independence will be a meaningless fiction. It has been proposed that the Islands be neutralized by international convention. We consider this an essential step. It would be ridiculous for the United States to free the Philippines only to have some other Power take them over for its own purposes. Of course, neutrality conventions are not always observed. Belgium offers a case in point. Nevertheless, the mere fact that the Powers interested in the Far East had formally promised not to violate the Islands would serve as a check upon any plan of conquest they might have. But it is farcical to talk of neutralizing the Islands as long as the United States maintains a military base there. The troops and the governor-general should depart together.

The Rise of Barter

FARMER exchanges cow for aeroplane lesson.” So runs a news item. When cash currency and individual purchasing power disappear, barter of goods and services returns. The barter movement is well under way at Yellow Springs, Ohio, in the region of Salt Lake City, Utah, in Seattle, and elsewhere. In New York City a beginning has been made in the Eastern seaboard States by the Emergency Exchange Association, which is attempting to set the unemployed to work and to arrange the exchange of their labor for the necessities of goods, clothing, shelter, medical services, and the like. The local retailer who cannot sell his supplies for cash may need the services of a painter, a plumber, or an electrician in his store or home; the association endeavors to find an unemployed member of one of those trades to do the job in exchange for groceries or clothes. Four “locals” of the unemployed have been set up in various parts of New York City, and others are being formed inde-

pendently in Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, in New Jersey cities, in Philadelphia, and elsewhere. These locals will, it is hoped, be grouped into a mutual-exchange system to handle food supplies in bulk and arrange for the processing and distribution of goods by the component locals.

Direct barter of goods and services between two individuals is seldom contemporaneous; multiple barter, a succession of operations between a number of individuals, is the necessary process in a complex economic society. To avoid complicated bookkeeping between the many individuals involved in such a flow of material and labor, credit tokens are put into circulation. The worker who has done a job on credit receives a certificate expressed in dollars to use in payment for goods received by him or for other services from the members of the local. Ready acceptance of this certificate in circulation depends upon inclusion in the system of many types of goods and services. The more highly specialized is the economic life of the community, the more difficult does it become to set up a new system of exchange.

The out-of-work plumber is ready to accept payment in the form of a credit token, but to do his job he must have tools and materials; so the retailer and in turn the wholesaler of plumbing supplies must be brought into the system. To get coal on credit at mines the output of which cannot now be sold for cash, or potatoes from the farmer in the same situation, you must at the same time furnish services or goods in exchange or persuade the miner and the farmer that credit tokens issued in New York or Yellow Springs will have exchange value in West Virginia. To bring coal from West Virginia and potatoes from Maine, the railroad carrying the goods demands cash for freight and so does the filling station which puts gasoline into the trucks. In order to start the idle city factory making overcoats by the labor of the unemployed, for exchange against coal and potatoes, power must still be purchased for cash. The extent to which barter can effectively supplement the cash system which has so badly broken down, depends entirely upon the acceptance and use of credit tokens in lieu of currency by all who fill an essential role in the chain of production and distribution, from mine and farm and forest through manufacture and transportation to the ultimate consumer. Where any unit in the cycle retains "purchasing power," the barter process breaks down and must be supplemented by the use of actual cash.

Another difficulty is the presence on the market of "distress" goods in quantity, goods which are offered for sale at less than production cost. If serviceable overcoats can be purchased for \$5, it is excessively difficult to persuade a farmer to give \$7.50 in potatoes at their market value in exchange for an overcoat produced by the unemployed at an estimated actual cost, without profit, of \$7.50.

In spite of difficulties in putting the barter theory into effective operation in the cities, the interest shown on the part of the unemployed and their willingness to try it out are extraordinary. The swift rise of a variety of such schemes throughout the United States is evidence of an impulse toward self-help which should be watched and encouraged. More detailed discussions of systems now in effect will be contributed to subsequent issues of *The Nation* by Malcolm Ross and Ralph Borsodi, both of whom have been actively in touch with developments in various parts of the country.

Broadway Cuts Its Price

LAST week the League of New York Theaters held a meeting at which it was decided that nothing could be done about the wave of price-cutting which has broken over Broadway. With approximately half of the legitimate theaters dark and with only five of the thirty-five current productions enjoying conspicuous prosperity, some steps had to be taken and a return to something like pre-war prices seemed an obvious move. Eight attractions cut the price of orchestra tickets approximately in half, and George M. Cohan opened his new comedy, "Pigeons and People," with a top price of \$2—said to be the lowest price charged at any opening since the war. The Lunt-Fontanne-Coward "Design for Living" is regarded as a predestined hit and opened at the customary \$4.40 rate, but other more moderately priced plays are promised.

Other amusement enterprises had already led the way. Nearly all the moving-picture houses reduced their scale some time ago, and in the dubious world of night clubs and dance halls Coney Island prices have been prevailing. According to *Variety* there are seventeen "taxi" dance halls between Forty-second and Fifty-seventh Street where "hostesses" are supplied at from one to five cents a dance, and at the Majestic Danceland "you can hoof-wrastle until unconscious at 40 cents admish." The Montmartre, which formerly had a cover charge of \$5, now sells dances at five cents each, and some restaurants offer a table d'hôte dinner with cabaret entertainment for less than \$1. This tendency of the once famous White Way to degenerate into a shabby midway is used as an argument against the lowering of theater prices, but it is fantastic to suggest that there is any necessary loss of dignity in adjusting prices in accordance with what is a universal tendency.

Without question the cost of theatrical production has been decreased and the economic distress of the theater is due simply to the fact that most plays cannot get an audience. Actors' salaries have been reduced and so have other items of expense, but the reduction of theater rentals is not less than sensational. A few years ago \$4,000 a week was the minimum guaranty, whereas at present most theaters can be had on a straight percentage basis and one well-known house is reported to have been offered recently for a straight rental of \$350 a week. With good attendance many plays would prove profitable at a much-reduced scale, and it is only common sense to find out whether or not the disappearing audience can be lured back at lower prices.

So far the results have not been conclusive. Though attendance has jumped at the theaters where the admission price has been cut, the gross receipts have not so far been greatly increased. But if the new policy cannot fill the available theaters, nothing else can. Last season sixty-three theaters with a combined seating capacity of nearly 64,000 were open at one time or another. Under present conditions there is not a sufficient number of people able to pay the post-war prices to fill them. If first-rate productions cannot be made to pay at lower prices, then only two things are possible. A certain number of the houses will either have to be abandoned or they will have to be given over to popular-priced entertainments of a different sort.

Issues and Men

The Philippines Set Free

THE Philippines voted free? It seems incredible. I know there are strings attached to it; that the final step was dictated by selfishness, by greed, by a narrow nationalism, and that there was little sincere desire to live up to our national pledge and give the people of this small country their independence. How many still recall that Woodrow Wilson in his war message declared on April 2, 1917, that we fought "for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men *everywhere* to choose their way of life and obedience"? As I write, it appears that the Philippine legislature may reject the present offer of independence. Perhaps this will be for the best and make possible a better bill in the new Congress. For all that, I am exulting as I write, for my mind runs back thirty-four years to the days just after we took the Islands from Spain and then proceeded to conquer them and kill their inhabitants by the thousands, merely because they thought that the Americans they welcomed and with whom they cooperated meant what they said when they declared that all peoples should be free and self-governing.

We of the New York *Evening Post* fought hard then against the whole bloody business, and so did the editors of the *Springfield Republican*, the *Boston Herald*, the New York *World*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other journals, daily and weekly, which have long since gone to the place where good and honest newspapers go when they die. Indeed, we and the *Springfield Republican* struck so hard against the McKinley government that one of the sessions of the Cabinet was devoted to the question whether we should or should not be prosecuted for treason. And curiously enough, the man who wrote the most fiery editorials was not Edwin L. Godkin, the masterful editor of the *Evening Post*, but Rollo Ogden, the present editor of the New York *Times*—who now bewails the granting of freedom in the way in which it has been given. One of his articles in the *Evening Post*, *Why We Cannot Conquer the Filipinos*, was one of the most brilliant and moving editorials ever written for an American daily. Of course we were accused of "stabbing our soldiers in the back," and encouraging the Filipinos to renewed resistance, and there was much indignation when we and others exposed the fact that our army had adopted the horrible water-cure torture of the Spaniards in order to make captured Filipinos confess the whereabouts of their armed forces or their hidden guns. In view of the bitter outcry against the Germans in 1914 as baby-killers and destroyers of women, a picture I have in my desk of the scene just after our soldiers took one of the mountain-top forts in the Moro country soon after the turn of the century is not without its significance. For here stand American soldiers looking down upon the victims of their rifles, and among the dead are mothers with bared breasts and their babes who had just ceased to suckle.

Is it any wonder that some of us have fought ever since for freedom for the Filipinos? Unfortunately, there are only a few of us left of the old anti-imperialist group to rejoice, as far as we can, at what the Congress has just done. George

Foster Peabody still survives, besides Mr. Ogden and Alice Stone Blackwell and a few others. But the great leaders have all gone—Senator George F. Hoar, whose white hair and long public service could not save him from endless contumely and personal abuse; Moorfield Storey, the Harvard rebel, once the private secretary of Charles Sumner; Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard; Thomas Mott Osborne of Auburn; Horace White, also of the *Evening Post*; Erving Winslow, long the secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League of which Storey was president; Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*; Carl Schurz, himself a major general in the Civil War, whose loyalty and courage in battle no man could question; ex-Governor George S. Boutwell and Gamaliel Bradford, Sr., of Massachusetts—these were some of the men who never quailed before the bitterest attacks; who were lampooned and derided, vilified and scorned, but never yielded their faith that liberty is the just due of all peoples whether they be black or brown or yellow or white. If they are in Valhalla today, they must be having a triumphant reunion! How they must be rejoicing that the solemn pledge of every President since 1898 has had this partial fulfillment! How they must chortle when they recall the bombast of their opponents, the imperialists—such a statement as this of the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge: "The Philippines are ours forever . . . and just beyond the Philippines are China's illimitable markets. We will not retreat from either. . . . We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race as trustees under God of the civilization of the world. . . . Almighty God . . . has marked us as his chosen people [page Kaiser Wilhelm!] henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world!"

They must be outraged, of course, at the sordid motives of many Senators who voted to override the President's veto, at the retention in perpetuity of naval and military reservations, at the tariff provisions written as if to invite disaster for the new nation. Still, that noble band of pure and brave and high-minded and unselfish American patriots as ever lived must feel that they neither lived nor fought in vain. The Philippines are to be free! Whatever the future has in store they are to be free, and if again enslaved they will be freed again.

In reviewing my latest book in the *Herald Tribune* the other day George N. Shuster paid me the compliment of describing me as "famed as the world's champion writer of obituary notices for lost causes." I am more than that. I am a veteran chronicler of the triumph of many causes pronounced lost years before they triumphed—woman's suffrage, the economic and educational freedom of women, civil-service reform, the direct primary, freedom for the Filipinos, any number of others. Herein lies one of the great rewards of growing old in reform journalism.

Amos Garrison Villard

Scrambled Ergs

An Examination of Technocracy

By HENRY HAZLITT

I

THE American public, which loves slogans and hates thought, has now found a new toy to play with—Technocracy. With this magic password you open everything. Small wonder that the Greenwich Village studios and the Broadway theater lobbies buzz with the subject; it has driven out communism as communism drove out humanism, with the inevitability of Gresham's law. For to be a humanist implied not merely that one should speak of the Will to Refrain, the Via Media, and the Inner Check, but that one should read a little of Aristotle, Sophocles, and the Third Earl of Shaftesbury. To be a Communist, as the band-wagonists soon learned, did more than merely entitle one to shout "bourgeois"; it obliged one to plow through the horrible abstractions of Karl Marx, not to speak of an immense critical and historical literature. But one can become a Technocrat merely by reading two magazine articles and one newspaper clipping, and believing everything one hears. And is not Technocracy, also, brand-new?

I regret to begin by reporting that I have been unable to find in Technocracy a single new idea. What I find mainly is a confirmation of Santayana's aphorism that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Three-fourths of the new technocratic literature is given over to proving the thesis that machine labor is displacing human labor, that it is reducing the number of available jobs at an accelerative and appalling rate. If you read the Technocrats, you will get the impression that they are the first ones in history to believe this, and that the orthodox economists have wholly ignored the question. I direct the attention of the Technocrats to a curious volume I have come upon, called "The Wealth of Nations," written by one Adam Smith, and published in 1776. The first chapter of this remarkable book is called Of the Division of Labor, and on the second page of this first chapter the author tells us that a workman unacquainted with the use of the machinery employed in pin-making "could scarce make one pin a day, and certainly could not make twenty," but that with the use of this machinery he can make 4,800 pins a day. So already, alas, in Adam Smith's time, machinery had thrown from 240 to 4,800 pin-makers out of work for every one it kept. In the pin-making industry there was already 99.98 per cent unemployment. Could things be blacker?

Things could be blacker, for the Industrial Revolution was just in its infancy, and I direct the attention of the Technocrats to some of the incidents and aspects of that revolution. Let us take what happened in the stocking industry. New stocking frames as they were introduced were destroyed by the handicraft workmen (over 1,000 in a single riot), houses were burned, the inventors were threatened and obliged to fly for their lives, and order was not finally restored until the military had been called out and the leading rioters had been either transported or hanged. Now it is important to remember that in so far as the rioters were thinking of their

own immediate or even longer futures their opposition to the machine was entirely rational, for William Felkin, in his "History of the Machine-Wrought Hosiery Manufactures" (1867), tells us that the larger part of the 50,000 English stocking knitters and their families did not fully emerge from the hunger and misery entailed by the introduction of the machine for the next forty years. But in so far as the rioters believed, with the present Technocrats, that the machine was permanently displacing men, they were grossly mistaken, for before the end of the nineteenth century the stocking industry was employing at least a hundred men for every man it employed at the beginning of the century.

Arkwright invented his cotton-spinning machinery in 1760. At that time it was estimated that there were in England 5,200 spinners using spinning wheels, and 2,700 weavers—in all, 7,900 persons engaged in the production of cotton textiles. The introduction of Arkwright's invention was opposed on the ground that it threatened the livelihood of the workers, and the opposition had to be put down by force. Yet in 1787—twenty-seven years after the invention appeared—a parliamentary inquiry showed that the number of persons actually engaged in the spinning and weaving of cotton had risen from 7,900 to 320,000, an increase of 4,400 per cent.

If the reader will consult such a book as "Recent Economic Changes," by David A. Wells, published in 1889 and now out of print, he will find passages that, except for the dates and the absolute amounts involved, might have been written by our own Technocrats. Let me quote a few:

During the ten years from 1870 to 1880, inclusive, the British mercantile marine increased its movement, in the matter of foreign entries and clearances alone, to the extent of 22,000,000 tons . . . yet the number of men who were employed in effecting this great movement had decreased in 1880, as compared with 1870, to the extent of about three thousand (2,990 exactly). What did it? The introduction of steam-hoisting machines and grain elevators upon the wharves and docks, the employment of steam power, etc. . . .

In 1873 Bessemer steel in England, where its price has not been enhanced by protective duties, commanded \$80 per ton; in 1886 it was profitably manufactured and sold in the same country for less than \$20 per ton. Within the same time the annual producing capacity of a Bessemer converter has been increased fourfold, with no increase but rather a diminution of the involved labor. . . .

The power capacity already being exerted by the steam engines of the world in existence and working in the year 1887 has been estimated by the Bureau of Statistics at Berlin as equivalent to that of 200,000,000 horses, representing approximately 1,000,000,000 men; or at least three times the working population of the earth. . . .

And so Wells concluded, pessimistically, that "under such circumstances industrial overproduction . . . may become chronic."

We are now ready to look at the supposed figures for

our own day as the Technocrats breathlessly give them out. They tell us, with a great air of mystery and secrecy, that they have been engaged for years in working on an "Energy Survey of North America," and that they are not yet ready to reveal their dynamitic figures. Yet they have published magazine articles teeming with such figures; and the statistics so far published are certainly not such as to inspire confidence in those still to come. Wayne Parrish, in an article in the *New Outlook* on Technocracy, announced that "in pig-iron production one man working one hour can do what it took him 650 hours to accomplish fifty years ago." John H. Van Deventer, the editor of the *Iron Age*, has shown from actual census figures that the output per worker has grown in fifty years, not 650 times, but 23 times. The Technocrats tell us that in 1929 the steel output per man was 9.3 times the output in 1887, and that "a photograph of a modern steel-rolling mill in full operation will show a large plant without a human being in sight." The implication of this is that the progress of the machine has been displacing men from the steel industry at an appalling rate. The editor of *Iron Age*, again by consulting the census figures, found that in 1887 there were in the country 24 steel workers for every 10,000 of population, while in 1929 there were 32 steel workers for every 10,000 of population.

Simeon Strunsky, in the New York *Times* Sunday magazine section, has demolished other technocratic statements, again by the simple process of looking up official figures. The Technocrats have stated that one man with a machine in 1929 could produce 9,000 times as many electric-light bulbs as he could by hand in 1914. Mr. Strunsky, unearthing a bulletin published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in July, 1927, found that machinery had increased the rate of productivity 30-fold, not 9,000-fold. In other words, barring a terrific increase in productivity in one and a half years, Technocracy has overstated the electric-bulb situation 300-fold. The Minneapolis flour mills, the Technocrats tell us, turn out 30,000 barrels a day per man. Mr. Strunsky finds that the figures at Washington show that in 1929 we produced in this country 154,000,000 barrels of flour. At the alleged Minneapolis rate this flour could have been produced by the labor of seventeen men. Actually, Mr. Strunsky finds, the milling industry employed in that year 27,028 men. He finds a similar discrepancy in Technocracy's figures for the brick industry, and he is forced to conclude that "American industry is operating with a labor force anywhere from 350 times to 1,500 times too big, if Technocracy's machines are realities instead of being only magnificent dreams."

This part of the ground has been covered so well by Mr. Van Deventer, Mr. Strunsky, and others, that there would be little point in piling up more figures of the same kind. Moreover, some of the statements they have refuted do not come from Howard Scott himself and are perhaps not "authoritative" in that sense. Further, it is sometimes alleged by the Technocrats that what they are discussing is not production as actually carried on, but production as it might be carried on if all industry used the best capital equipment and the most efficient machines yet conceived. But that is a tremendous *if*. Where is the capital to come from to effect this colossal change—to scrap, for example, all factories and machinery except the strictly 1933 model factories and machinery? There is no possible way of effecting such an immediate change, even if we neglected the produc-

tion of consumers' goods entirely. And if there were, it would not be economically desirable. The rate at which it is economical to scrap old machinery and build new machinery is strictly limited—and I am talking here from the standpoint of social costs and social utility and not at all from that of individual money profit. One must balance the labor hours saved over a long period by more efficient machinery against the labor hours immediately required to build that machinery.

But I wish here to deal with two factual questions that seem to me to go to the heart of the matter. Mr. Scott, in *Harpers Magazine* for January, makes the flat statement that the rate of replacement of men by machines has exceeded the expansion of industry. He asserts, in other words, that since 1918 there has been an increasing *net* decline in employment in the country:

A careful examination of available statistical information reveals that the high point in the number of industrial workers employed in this country in all industries was reached in 1918 and has with fluctuations declined more and more rapidly since that time.

Now if one concentrates one's attention on *factory* employment, this appears to be true. But it becomes increasingly doubtful when one surveys the whole field. What appears to have happened, as indicated by the census figures, is that workers laid off from or drawn out of factories have drifted into "service." Estimates based upon census compilations indicate that the number of persons employed in "service" industries increased from 35 per cent of the total number of persons gainfully employed in 1920 to 42 per cent in 1930. James S. Thomas, in an article in the *Nation's Business*, citing Department of Commerce figures, has pointed out that while 917,000 men were displaced from industry in the period from 1920 to 1928, 800,000 from agriculture, and 240,000 from the railroads—a total of 1,957,000—this decline was more than offset by the employment in the same period of 750,000 additional workers servicing and driving automobiles, by 100,000 more insurance agents, by 100,000 in electric refrigeration and oil heating, by 100,000 in construction work, by 232,000 more teachers and professors, by 125,000 in motion pictures, by 170,000 more barbers and hairdressers, by 750,000 more in personal service, hotels, and restaurants, by 200,000 more in radio.

Even without the census figures of employment, ■■ should still have the significant barometer of wage-rate figures. If there had been increasing unemployment from 1918 to 1929, one thing would have been practically certain to happen: the unemployed would increasingly have competed with the employed for their jobs, and there would have been a fall in hourly wage rates, particularly for unskilled and non-union labor. Now if we turn to the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board on this matter, we find that the "real" hourly earnings (money earnings after allowance has been made for changes in living costs) of unskilled male labor increased 17 per cent in the decade from 1920 to 1930, when there was supposed to be increasing unemployment. The real hourly wages of all labor, skilled and unskilled, men and women, increased by 27 per cent in the same ten-year period.

The figures are all the more striking if we turn to the volumes, just published, carrying the report of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends. The follow-

ing table, based on the figures of Paul Douglas, gives the index number of "real" annual wages over a series of years:

1890.....	96	1918.....	104
1900.....	97	1919.....	105
1905.....	101	1920.....	106
1910.....	101	1921.....	108
1911.....	98	1922.....	113
1912.....	99	1923.....	119
1913.....	100	1924.....	118
1914.....	100	1925.....	119
1915.....	102	1926.....	126
1916.....	104	1927.....	128
1917.....	101	1928.....	132

Now the remarkable fact revealed by the foregoing table is this: that in the whole period of twenty-seven years between 1890 and 1917 the index of real earnings moved up and down within a range of 8 points; but in the ten-year period beginning with 1918, *the very year set by Howard Scott as that in which net technological unemployment at an accelerative rate set in*, real wages rose at a rate with which we have no comparable record.

This brings us to another point of even more central importance in its bearing upon the validity of the technocratic contentions. When anyone points out to a Technocrat that we underwent some pretty rapid technological advance in the century and a half prior to 1929 without its throwing us all on the sidewalk, the Technocrat invariably replies that the rate at which machines displace men and grind out goods is accelerative, and is now growing by leaps and bounds. But here, too, we happen to have real figures. At the height of the boom period, in February, 1929, when everyone was certain that we had entered a "new era" in which comparisons with the past were meaningless, B. M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank, undertook to compare the "new era" of the seven years from 1921 to 1928 with another "new era," that of the seven years from 1896 to 1903; and one of the points in which he compared them was that of the increase in physical volume of production. He found that in this respect the old "new era" actually outstripped the new "new era." The physical volume of production in 1903 was 43 per cent greater than the average volume in 1894-95-96, whereas the physical volume of production in 1928 was only 35 per cent greater than the three-year average of 1919-20-21. The comparison might have been even more favorable to the old "new era" if Mr. Anderson had included a railroad-transportation index; this rose 77 per cent in the 1896-1903 period and only 35 per cent in the 1921-28 period. He omitted this, however, because it was impossible to know just how much traffic may have been diverted from the railroads by automobiles and motor trucks.

II

Perhaps this is enough so far as Technocracy's facts and figures are concerned. Yet Technocracy's figures, unfortunately, seem to be the only original thing about it. Several of its theories are just as fantastic, but none of them appears to be fresh. Mr. Scott's idea that wealth must be measured in terms of energy, as well as his intense aversion to "debt," seems to be derived from Frederick Soddy's "Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt," published in 1926: John Macrae, president of E. P. Dutton and Company, Soddy's American publisher, has drawn some deadly parallels here in quotation. Mr. Scott's idea that the country ought to be run by engi-

neers and technicians, as well as his intense aversion to "the price system," is clearly derived from Thorstein Veblen's "The Engineers and the Price System," published by the Viking Press in 1921. His fear of the machine, or technophobia (if I, too, may coin a word), is, as we have seen, as old as the Industrial Revolution. His theory of overproduction and crises goes back to Karl Marx, who in turn derived it from Karl Rodbertus, who published it in the 1840's.

Mr. Scott gives insufficient credit to his predecessors, and he does not appear, unfortunately, to have improved upon their ideas. Let us take the Rodbertus theory of crises. Rodbertus begins with the thesis that labor receives a constantly decreasing share of the social product. As the great mass of wage-earners have a diminished purchasing power, consumption fails to keep pace with production. A contraction of production follows, with unemployment and a further decrease in purchasing power, leading to an intensification of the crisis. Now the defect of this theory is that it is too good: it makes it difficult to explain why we are not always in a crisis, and impossible to explain how we ever surmount one. If the theory merely asserted that some crises were produced or aggravated by a temporary relative decrease in the distribution to labor as compared with capital, or by a temporary overinvestment, it would be quite defensible; but that would be another theory. Moreover, there is a very strong statistical reason for doubting the Rodbertus-Marx-Scott theory. If workers were getting a decreasing return, so that their purchasing power was growing smaller and smaller, while capitalists were taking an ever larger return, which they were practically obliged to reinvest in new capital plant, regardless of demand, because they did not know what else to do with it, then there would be a constant fall in the interest rate paid for long-term capital. But the average yield on fifteen railroad bonds, as compiled by Standard Statistics, actually rose from 4.05 per cent in 1900 to 4.34 per cent in 1928. In Great Britain, interest rates, as reflected by the yield on consols, have never since been as low as in 1894. This does not indicate an excess of capital.

Let us ask what the answer of orthodox economics has been to the contention that machinery displaces men. It admits that it may do so for a period and in a specific industry, but never permanently and over the whole field. For machinery that displaces men also radically reduces costs of production, and reduces them roughly in proportion to the percentage of men it displaces. If the demand for the product to which the labor-saving machinery has been applied is elastic (as it was for years for motor cars and as it may still be assumed to be for oil heaters, house-cooling devices, etc.), then a halving of the price will cause, say, a doubling of the quantity demanded; and so, though half the labor force would otherwise have been laid off, it will be retained or re-employed to make the added quantity. If the demand for that product is inelastic—that is, if cutting the price in half, say, does not increase at all the quantity sold—it will still remain true that buyers, by having to spend so much less for that article, will have again as much added purchasing power left to spend on all other articles; and other industries, consequently, will absorb the labor dropped from the industry into which the labor-saving machinery has been introduced.

This shorthand statement of the orthodox economic answer to the contention that machinery finally displaces men has to be supplemented in one very important particular.

The orthodox economists tell us that human wants are indefinitely expansible and virtually insatiable, but this is true only because, beyond a certain point, increase in wealth expresses itself through *qualitative* improvement rather than in merely quantitative terms. When a man's income increases from \$2,500 to \$25,000 a year he does not buy ten times as many hats, shoes, and suits, or buy ten Fords instead of one. He goes to swankier restaurants, more fashionable tailors, takes a much more expensive apartment and a country place, buys a Lincoln and a Packard. Part of this is merely snobbish display, but this is not true of a man whose income rises from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year; the qualitative improvement is here an improvement in real comfort. And this is the answer to all those who, in the last decade, have been telling us so often and so glibly that we already have the industrial equipment to turn out everything we need, and that "the problem of production has been solved." It is true, for example, that we already have a roof of some sort over nearly everybody's head, but the overwhelming majority of Americans are still miserably housed; and while this condition lasts, it is fatuous to fear permanent and general "overproduction."

III

Even if the Technocrats were reasonably accurate in their figures, even if they were right in their theoretic interpretation of them, their program would still be impractical and irrelevant. They propose to abolish not only the gold standard, but the whole "price system," and to rate everything in terms of "energy." "It is the fact that all forms of energy, of whatever sort, may be measured in units of ergs, joules, or calories," Mr. Scott tells us (and the passage is all in italics), "that is of the utmost importance. The solution of the social problems of our time depends upon the recognition of this fact. A dollar may be worth—in buying power—so much today and more or less tomorrow, but a unit of work or heat is the same in 1900, 1929, 1933, or the year 2000." I beg to remind Mr. Scott that a dollar is 25.8 grains of gold, and that 25.8 grains of gold is also the same in 1900, 1929, 1933, or 2000. Of course the value of this gold may change, but so, also, may the value of an erg. I should like to remind Mr. Scott further that energy has no economic meaning except on terms of value. The energy that pours over Niagara Falls is the same, harnessed or unharnessed, but what concerns us is whether it is harnessed, and for what purposes. Man cannot create energy; he can merely transform it. What he attempts to do is to transform it into forms of higher and higher value. That being so, it is the value that matters, not the amount of the energy. If it were only energy that was important, we should all want to live on the sun, which discharges 3.79×10^{33} ergs every second, of which all the planets taken together get only 1/120,000,000 part. "Value," Mr. Scott tells us, "cannot be measured; it has no metrical equivalent." If that were so, it would be extremely regrettable, for it would be impossible to measure the relative values of goods against each other, and it would hence be impossible to know how much of each thing to produce in accordance with the social cost of producing it. Would it be possible to base a currency on ergs? Well, recently someone suggested an "electric dollar" based on kilowatt-hours. One wonders what this gentleman imagines "based on" to mean. In the case of the gold standard it means redeemable on demand in gold. Therefore

an electric dollar would be one redeemable in kilowatt-hours. If you became nervous, and thought that the country was going to be driven off the kilowatt-hour basis, you would rush around to the local government power-house and demand your kilowatt-hours, whereupon, presumably, you would be electrocuted. If there were a lack of balance in foreign trade, would England ship us kilowatt-hours? One might as well propose a currency based on Pi—on the ground that this never varied, but was always 3.1416—and that it be made redeemable in diameters, because there is an infinite number of them in every circle.

Finally, Mr. Scott, following Veblen, wants the engineers and technicians to control us. But the first job of an engineer is to find means to realize ends, and Mr. Scott and his associates have still to reveal any technique for realization. Apparently they expect to say to the politicians and captains of industry: "Come on, boys, you're incompetent; we're the ones with the brains; hand it over." Mr. Scott, I observe, finds that "economists" are "things of the past," as well as "the bankers, the industrialists, the Marxists, the fascists, and the soldiers." Now if I may presume to remind a disciple of the words of his master—or at least of his source—I beg to point out to him that Veblen, in originally suggesting his "soviet of technicians," remarked that the production engineers would require "the services of an appreciable number of consulting economists," for "the technical training that goes to make a . . . production engineer . . . is not of a kind to give him the requisite sure and facile insight into the play of economic forces at large." Mr. Scott reveals how much an engineer may lack this economic insight.

I have devoted all this space to examining the statistics and the ideas of the Technocrats, partly because the group has attracted so much public attention, and partly because its ideas represent a *reductio an absurdum* of many of the fallacies and misconceptions that have been rampant in the last decade. The problem of technological unemployment demands attention; the suffering caused by that unemployment, while it lasts, is grave and widespread. But it is far from the major cause of our present difficulties. When car loadings are 57 per cent of normal, when steel production is 17 per cent of normal, it is obvious that the men laid off by the railroads and the steel companies were not displaced by machinery. The remedy for technological unemployment lies in the assumption of social responsibility for it—in compulsory unemployment insurance, government employment agencies, perhaps governmental industrial training schools. And when we come to that millennium when everything in the world will be produced by one man's pressing a button, even that total unemployment will be perfectly satisfactory if each man owns his proportional part of the machines or gets his proportional usufruct. If capitalism cannot assure this ultimate distribution, we shall have to try something else. In the solution of this problem, one fears, little help is to be expected from men who have grossly misrepresented the current facts, and whose theoretical ideas are so hopelessly vague and muddled. We have had an economic panic; let us at least head off an ideological one.

In our next issue we shall print a second, more favorable article on Technocracy, by Archibald MacLeish.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Capitalist Confiscation

By ERNEST GRUENING

PRIVATE property is the cornerstone of our economic order. Whether we refer to it as capitalism, the profit system, or the price system, the existing economic structure rests on the sanctity of private ownership. Subject only to the police power of the state, the rights traditionally implicit in personal possession have been deemed inviolate. The profit and enjoyment of what I own, the determination of its usage, belong to me. If I want to shut down my business, halve or double its activity, regardless of the consequences to employees or community—that's *my* business. Such is the concept underlying our contemporary society. Attacks from the "left" designed to stress the superiority of human over property rights have thus far made small impression on the intrenchments erected through the centuries. Neither the theory nor the practice of private ownership has in America yielded appreciably to the assaults of collectivism.

Yet private ownership in America is being destroyed. Paradoxically, the fundamental change in the nature of ownership comes from the citadel of capitalism, has arisen from the ark of acquisitiveness itself. It is the corporation, that creature of our complex society, which is sounding the doom of long-cherished ownership concepts. It is, moreover, the actual implement of destruction. The change has stolen upon us unaware, greatly accelerated in the late era of conservatism. The myth of private ownership with all its appurtenances persists. But the stark fact has become demonstrably otherwise.

This transformation, lucidly exposed in an epoch-making volume by Adolf A. Berle and Gardiner C. Means of Columbia University,* is revolutionary. For individual ownership, personal property rights, and economic autonomy "a corporate system has been substituted—as there was once a feudal system," which is still headed toward its zenith.

How did this change come about? It is, first, a product of the industrial revolution. It is, next, the concomitant of great and rapid growth. The joint-stock company became noticeable three hundred years ago for the pursuit of overseas exploration and exploitation. It was still a relatively unimportant and feeble institution one hundred years ago. Ownership of the means of production originally spelled a three-fold relationship—ownership, management, and labor—which persists today only in the case of the small independent farmer. The labor participation was the earliest to disappear. Ownership and management, however, long continued one and inseparable, a status not materially changed by the delegation of management. Management was merely hired—like any employee.

In the corporations of the early nineteenth century, the number of stockholders was small and the structure of the company simple—a division of the capital actually "put up" into one class of shares—so many shares for so many dollars. Ownership determined a company's policies. Such officials as were intrusted with control were in a very true sense both

trustees and employees of the capitalists. Little by little the owner has become widely separated from control, and today receives in exchange for his capital a token of dubious value dependent for its worth on factors wholly beyond his power to affect. And whereas the original delegated control was not only supposedly, but actually, functioning in the interests of the owners, ownership and control have through their wide separation become actuated not only by different, but often by radically opposed, interests.

Over three-quarters of all the wealth in the United States today is corporate. Three-quarters of the possessions of the people of the United States are represented today not by tangible goods, but by pieces of paper. And of this, 200 great organizations control 38 per cent. There were in 1929 over 300,000 non-financial corporations in the United States. The largest 200 of these, fewer than .07 per cent of the total, control an amount which is rapidly approaching half the people's corporate wealth. In 1929 this amounted to over \$81,000,000,000. At the 1924-25 rate of change they will control 85 per cent of the national wealth by 1950.

The shifting of ownership from the original owner or investor to a "remote control" comprises many steps. Each step has spelled a weakening of the stockholder's position, a lessening of his power to determine the disposition of his property. The "control" of a corporation, exercised by relatively fewer and fewer men, has little by little encroached on the supposed rights of the owner-shareholder and diminished the value of his holdings. The power to issue additional classes of stock is one method of diluting the value of shares already outstanding. Directors may insert class after class of stock with rights prior to those of an earlier investor. Stock-purchase warrants, a recent innovation, carry this process farther. A warrant is an option permitting the holder to purchase one or more shares at a price stated in the warrant. In the event of diminished earnings the warrant is presumably not exercised. But if the prospect is favorable, the additional flotation of stock diminishes proportionately the existing stockholders' equity.

"No-par-value" stock brings about a similar result. In practice it represents a gross discrimination against those who have bought other classes of stock at par. "Blank stock," another recent artifice, is nothing other than a blank check for the directors. Moreover, securities of a corporation may, through the original—or easily amended—charter provisions, become convertible at the option, not of the holder, but of the corporation management. "Paid-in surplus" is available today at the will of the directors for the payment of dividends—a disbursement of the stockholder's potential participation. Other analogous devices exist.

Bookkeeping, developed into a fine art, and court decisions—or the absence of court decisions to prevent unprecedented encroachment—are permitting these changes. The courts have held that a non-cumulative preferred dividend passed need not be made up. A company earning a handsome profit may, at the option of the directors, pay no dividends for years on either preferred or common stock, and then with

* "The Modern Corporation and Private Property." By Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and Gardiner C. Means. New York: Commerce Clearing House. \$2.50.

the accumulation of a vast surplus, begin paying its limited 7 per cent on the preferred, and 50 per cent on the common. The preferred stockholder has no redress. The "control" may manipulate the stock in half a dozen different ways to the detriment of the individual shareholders. It can—despite the much-invoked "due-process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment—virtually confiscate his property.

Fixing the price at which securities are floated is a right exercised by the inside "control," which in practice often works out to the outside shareholder's disadvantage. If the price was too high, and the stock's value shrinks, he loses. If the price is destined to rise, others closer to the control than he may first drain the potentialities of profit to their own advantage. In theory they are not supposed to do this; in practice they may, can, and do. Into the question of price and salability of the stock certificates—the one visible token of ownership—enters a variety of factors in which the investor is helplessly dependent on the "good faith" of others, whose judgment may first of all be awry and, more important, whose interests do not coincide with his. Brokers' statements, on the basis of which securities are sold at the price fixed, may be truthful as far as they go, but seldom are the whole truth. Accounting manipulation for the purpose of showing abnormal profits is not uncommon practice. Unless direct fraud—deliberate, conscious misstatements—can be demonstrated, the investor has no redress. Abjurations of responsibility and disclaimers of guaranteeing the validity of statements—appearing in small type in the circulars and seldom observed by investors, or, if observed, disregarded by them—give the banking-promoter group a legal loophole.

What has become of the theoretical safeguards of the stockholder? Steadily they have diminished almost to the vanishing-point. The control of the corporation vaguely resides in an inner group which can, with increasing difficulty, be held to effective accountability for mismanagement or erroneous judgment. The control is almost universally exercised, not merely by a minority stock ownership, but increasingly by a fraction so small as to be fantastic when contrasted with the supposed rights of ownership. Even a 1 per cent actual investment is no longer essential for the control of millions, indeed billions, of dollars of other people's money. The proxy system, in theory the opportunity to voice approval or disapproval, has become a snare and a delusion as far as the individual stockholder is concerned. Actually, it has been perverted into a means of perpetuating existing control. Voting trusts produce a similar result. "Pyramiding," the repeated subdivision of controlling stock through a system of superimposed holding companies, is an increasingly common method of securing control of more and more with less and less!

Only 5 per cent of our 200 largest corporations and only 2 per cent of the billions which they represent are today controlled by majority ownership. Against such a set-up the individual stockholder, however aggrieved, is essentially helpless. Seldom does he possess the means to engage successfully in a legal contest with a corporation. Even in those rare cases when he wins a suit, he is apt to be a victor in principle but a victim in fact.

The new power exercised by the "control," originally a purely delegated power, a responsible trusteeship, has become responsible not to ownership but to itself—that is to say, to no one. Existing legal machinery cannot cope with

it. "The concentration of economic power separate from ownership has in fact created economic empires and has delivered these empires into the hands of a new form of absolutism, relegating 'owners' to the position of those who supply the means whereby the new princes may exercise their power."

It follows that the shareholder in the modern corporation has "surrendered a set of definite rights for a set of indefinite expectations." How ironical is the conclusion of Messrs. Berle and Means that "the only example of a similar subjection of the economic interests of the individual to those of a group . . . is that contained in the Communist system"! Thus the American property-"owner" has become simply supplier of his savings to an economic super-state. He is hopeful of receiving a wage on that capital. What that wage shall be or whether, indeed, he shall receive any wage at all, is a matter determined wholly by others. He bids fair to be a capital-wage-slave!

Who exercises this startling confiscatory power? Who really controls the wealth of the nation? For whom do 125 millions labor and save? The "control" is centered in fewer than 2,000 individuals, those who dominate the great corporations that in turn dominate American economic life. Actually, this control is far more concentrated than even the number 2,000 implies. The interrelation of great industries, the interdependence, for instance, of the fuel supply—coal, oil, and electric energy—with the utilities and the manufacturing industries, makes for even greater actual concentration of power. The largest corporations are growing the fastest. They are steadily waxing by merger and purchase, engulfing mammoth but lesser units and vesting more power in the individuals at the top.

It is scarcely necessary to cite specific examples of the disastrous consequences of this new irresponsible control. The financial history of the last three years is replete with them. Fill in the names of the "securities" which you "owned," and reconstruct your personal relation to what has happened in America!

The implications in this capitalistic confiscation of property are far-reaching. We may confine ourselves here to the conclusion of those who have with admirable scholarship clarified this trend—Messrs. Berle and Means. With private ownership in process of abolition, the control groups are unwittingly clearing the way for the claims of a group far wider than either the owners or the control. They have placed the community in a position to demand that the modern corporations serve not only the owners or the control but all society. This is a wholly new concept of corporate activity and motivation. But it follows logically.

Sing us no song of property rights! Where have they been less sacred than in America in the last three years? When has economic security been more ruthlessly trampled under foot? When before in our national life has confiscation been so extensive and intensive? And today, in seeking to recover some measure of stability, the people (not to mention the corporations) look as never before to the state—but to the state merely as an agency for economic resuscitation. How inevitable, therefore, that in a self-governing democracy the people will proceed from control of the political state, and by means of it, to control also of the now uncontrollable economic super-power, a conquest essential if we would make "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" other than a travesty.

Filibusters and Futility

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 21

NOW that the tempest of denunciation aroused by Huey Long's filibuster has subsided, will one of the more fiery denouncers oblige by stepping forth and naming a few of the "vital measures" which were impeded by it. The suggestion is advanced not as an excuse for the filibuster—I do not excuse it—but to expose the hollowness of the general hue and cry against it. The filibuster focused attention on a disgraceful situation. But the disgraceful fact was not that a few men blocked consideration of a general program of relief and rehabilitation, but that no such program existed. From a practical standpoint it is no exaggeration to say that the Senate might just as well have been occupied with a filibuster; there is nothing to show that it would otherwise have been more usefully engaged. All plans for a new tax bill at this session have been abandoned. Prohibition repeal is hopelessly bogged. Senate committees are dallying half-heartedly with the beer and farm bills, convinced that Hoover will veto them if passed. Despite the appalling picture of misery, sickness, demoralization, and general degradation of body and spirit which witnesses have painted before the Senate Manufactures Committee in recent weeks, party leaders in both houses have manifested but faint interest in the La Follette-Costigan bill for direct relief or in Senator Wagner's demand for a broadening of the relief activities of the R. F. C., and the Administration has manifested none whatever. The general disposition is to leave everything to the special session under the new Administration. It is even questionable whether all the appropriation bills will go through before March 4. At the most critical stage in its peace-time history the government has virtually ceased to function, save for the discharge of routine duties. Little serious blame can be laid on the men who delayed action on the Glass banking bill for a week or ten days. The grave indictment lies against an Administration which delayed relief for two years. Huey's offense consisted in furnishing an excuse for renewed propaganda against the Senate rules. However, those Treasury officials who have been digging into Huey's income-tax returns had better beware lest they make a martyr of him. A large disaffected element in this country is waiting for just such a leader.

THROUGH the murk of executive futility and Congressional procrastination a single ray of light has begun to shine. It originates in the determination of organized labor, represented by the railway brotherhoods and the American Federation of Labor, to exert every ounce of its influence to obtain relief legislation during the present session. Any politician can testify that this is not an influence to be ignored safely. The program embraces measures for permanent recovery in addition to emergency relief, and it is interesting to observe that labor, instead of business or the economists, has taken the initiative. Labor men know from practical experience that such measures can be achieved only through political action—a fact which it might profit the

economists to learn. Under the head of emergency relief, labor demands enactment of the La Follette-Costigan bill appropriating \$500,000,000 for direct aid to States and municipalities from the proceeds of a federal bond issue. As permanent measures it urges passage of the Costigan-La Guardia bill establishing a corporation similar to the R. F. C. except that it would finance unemployed workers instead of banks and railroads, thus stimulating increased consumption and production; and a civil mobilization of national resources for the inauguration of economic planning under the leadership of the President and the Cabinet. After the interminable pouring of public funds down the rat hole of bankrupt railroads and one-way banks, these proposals have a refreshing novelty. I am informed that local labor-union officials throughout the country have been ordered to turn the heat on their Congressmen and Senators, so it is possible that we may see some action. Not expressly included in the labor program, but vigorously favored by labor and by many employers, is the admirable bill introduced by Senator Black of Alabama, which would prohibit the interstate shipment of commodities produced by workers employed longer than six hours a day or more than five days a week. An interesting phase of the hearings on this measure has been the appearance of several enlightened employers who told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the salvation of their businesses depended on the adoption of the thirty-hour week.

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IT is apparent from his conversations here that Roosevelt remains soundly wedded to his idea that farm relief should come first in the program of recovery, and, accordingly, we may look for the enactment of the domestic-allotment bill early in the special session. Although it is open to obvious objections, I cannot escape the impression that widespread misconceptions prevail concerning it, and that it offers more hope than any plan yet advanced. It has this great advantage over the equalization fee and the export debenture, that it places a premium on crop reduction, whereas the others would have encouraged further overproduction. It is true that the plan offers bounties to the producers of certain commodities, but so does the tariff. It is true that consumers of these farm products will have to pay the increased prices received by the farmer, but who else should pay them? If it is admitted that the country cannot be prosperous until agriculture prospers, and that the farmer cannot make a living selling his wheat at thirty cents a bushel, then it seems to follow that we must pay more for bread. It is significant, to this writer at least, that such a mature student of the problem as Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, agricultural economist on the staff of the Brookings Institution, considers the plan the best that has been devised. However, he has repeatedly stated that in the beginning its application should be restricted to not more than two commodities (wheat, if one; wheat and cotton, if two), and I note that Roosevelt has adopted that identical position. If anyone has a better plan, let him produce it.

DURING the boom years it was impossible to excite much indignation over the billions which Uncle Andy Mellon's subordinates were shoveling out of the Treasury in the form of tax refunds. From time to time your correspondent emitted feeble howls on the subject in this place, and Jack Garner publicly charged that refunds were being made to persons who had contributed to Republican campaign funds. But the goose hung high in those days, and the average man was satisfied if he felt he was getting his. However, when it was disclosed a few days ago that the Treasury had granted an abatement of \$5,870,000 and a refund of \$45,000 to the estate of Ogden Mills, father of the Secretary, a shudder of horror ran through Congress. Inquiry revealed a truly amazing set of facts. In the first place, Secretary Mills is executor of the estate, and as such made the return upon which his subordinates based the original assessment. Afterward a claim was made, and the assessment was revised. Consequently, as described on the Senate floor, the procedure was as follows: Executor Mills, acting on behalf of Taxpayer Mills, made the original return. More than a year later Taxpayer Mills lodged a claim with Secretary Mills, representing that Executor Mills had overvalued the estate. Secretary Mills, through his subordinates, examined the claim, decided that Executor Mills had been in error, and ordered that a refund be made to Taxpayer Mills. So far as I know, this is the first recorded instance in which a man won a large amount at solitaire. It seems a pity that those who need it more are not as lucky.

RECENT developments in the Senate "investigation" of the stock market, including the abrupt resignation of Irving Ben Cooper as chief investigator for the Banking and Currency Committee, make it abundantly plain that the committee is prepared to abandon the inquiry with a minimum of ceremony. Cooper's discovery that he was not to have a free hand in investigating the New York Stock Exchange was but the latest in a series of such discoveries by the investigators who preceded him. I see no need to mince words: the fact is that the committee is unwilling to unearth additional facts. Despite the curious light which later evidence has shed on the original testimony of President Whitney of the Stock Exchange, he has not been recalled or asked to explain. Michael J. Meehan, radio "specialist," who was conveniently absent from the country when the committee was looking into the radio pool last year, has returned home, but no effort has been made to subpoena him. When it meets at all, the committee pokes idly into such thoroughly investigated matters as the Kreuger and Toll crash, under the guidance of "counsel" consisting of a former newspaper reporter who is not even a member of the bar but who managed Chairman Norbeck's campaign for reelection last year. Someone has torpedoed the inquiry well below the water line. Discredited and derided, kicked and mauled all over the lot for three long, sorry years, Wall Street still knows a trick or two. But what have such men as Glass, Couzens, Blaine, and Wagner—all members of the committee—got to say for the performance?

The "Revolt of the Masses" in Spain

By BAILEY W. DIFFIE

SPAIN'S subsiding revolt is the fourth strong revolutionary movement since the establishment of the republic in April, 1931. The first of these, promoted by the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Communists, broke out in Seville in the summer of 1931. The second occurred in Barcelona and Catalonia in the first days of 1932. It too was promoted by the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Communists. The third struck principally in Madrid and Seville, but this time it was a movement led by the Monarchists with General Sanjurjo at its head. The recent uprising centered mainly in Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville and was the most determined move yet made by the proletariat. There have been, thus far, three strong efforts to replace the present government with another more responsive to the worker's needs.

Revolts, however, have not been confined to these four movements. A reading of the American papers fails to discover the fact—which is apparent when the Spanish papers are followed closely—that from the day it was declared the Spanish Republic has been confronted with a constant and unceasing revolt. Borrowing the title from one of the most famous of Spain's revolutionaries, José Ortega y Gasset, we may characterize it as the "Revolt of the Masses."

Revolution by the Monarchists was to be expected, for no privileged class has ever given up its power without a struggle. But some explanation is needed to show why the people—the workers—of Spain have carried on an unwavering campaign against the "democratic republic of workers of

all classes." To say that the original rising of April, 1931, merely began the revolution would be to say only what can be said of every revolution. Furthermore, it is the first and most persistent claim of the present government. Every statement and every interview given out by its members reflect the belief that Spain's revolution is marching along at a satisfactory pace, or at least as fast as is consistent with the difficulties of the situation. But there are thousands among the "masses" who do not believe the speed to be fast enough.

Two chief reasons may be cited for the continuance of the disorders: the existence of a small but well-organized proletarian opposition with a theory of government different from that of the present regime; and a general economic *malheur* among the lower classes which the republic has not yet been able to cure. Proletarian opposition to the present administration is centered in a sort of "Triple Alliance" of Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Communists. This paradox needs an explanation, since the Anarchists believe in no government, the Syndicalists in a control by labor unions, and the Communists in the maximum amount of regulation.

Spanish Anarchists have been followers of Bakunin since 1869; anarchism became the first powerful class movement in Spain. Syndicalism entered later by way of France, and finding its natural environment in the industrial region of Catalonia, already occupied by the Anarchists, settled there. These two movements, with the common ground of opposition to all government and the common belief in "propa-

ganda by deed," naturally grew together. Another factor that served to unite them was their stand against political action. The result was that while each continued to have its separate organization, the members were frequently identical, and when the Confederación Nacional del Trabajo was formed, it was in a sense an alliance of the two movements, since its form was Syndicalist and its members were both Syndicalists and Anarchists.

Communism entered Spain after the Russian Revolution. In 1921 the Spanish Socialists sent a delegation to Russia to consider affiliation with the Third International. This delegation rejected the Russian program, and the Spanish Socialists remained outside, but a small group of dissenters joined with the Third International and organized a Spanish section. The gulf between the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Communists was wide, but both hated the Socialists. When the Republican revolution threw the Socialists into the government as the strongest single element, the differences between the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Communists dwindled and they have worked in concert in opposition to those at present in power.

The Communists have used their well-known infiltration tactics; they pointed out to the Anarchists and Syndicalists that while their bitter and far less numerous opponents, the Socialists, were conducting the government, the Anarcho-Syndicalists were still outside facing the guns of the dreaded Guardia Civil, now at the service of the Socialists. The Communists argued that the votes of the combined Anarchists and Syndicalists would have elected a strong delegation in the Cortes and that it would have been easy to seize control of the state. This argument has not been without its effect. The Communists have shown increasing strength, and they have been at the center of the numerous strikes and revolts. While carrying on the propaganda of deed they have also been able to convert many workers from socialism and syndicalism to communism, in preparation for the time when, in accordance with their methods, a crisis would permit them to overthrow the government.

The first cause of the revolts, then, has been the presence of well-organized and well-directed proletarian masses who have followed a policy of violence at all times, and who have not missed a single major opportunity to strike at their enemies in the government—the Socialists as represented by Prieto, de los Rios, and Caballero, and the bourgeoisie as represented by Prime Minister Azaña.

The second cause of the revolts is the presence of general and widespread poverty and unemployment among the masses. Unemployment is relatively small in Spain (the highest estimates are about 2 per cent as against 10 per cent in the United States), but urban poverty and subsistence farming are endemic. The industrial worker in Catalonia, the small farm-owner in Asturias and Castile (Señor Madariaga says that "out of 1,026,412 landowners paying taxes, 1,007,616 'enjoy' incomes below eight pesetas a day; of these, 847,548 landowners have incomes below one peseta"), and the landless peasants in Andalusia have suffered for centuries. They accepted these conditions in comparative silence until the inauguration of the labor movements in the last century. But they were prepared to welcome a new movement, as is demonstrated by the two million members that labor organizations now have.

The republic promised them a "new deal." They have

not got it. The farm peasant of Andalusia expected to receive the land. "The peasant," said Francisco de Cossío, noted writer of Spain, "full of confused ideas, does not distinguish between republicanism, socialism, communism, and syndicalism. They are to him all synonyms. They are reduced to the idea of the *division of the land*, or still more, to the idea that the present owners will become workers and they proprietors." So hundreds of peasant farm workers sought to divide the land, and frequently gathered to survey and allot the lands of their employers. They were prohibited by the Guardia Civil, and it was no comfort to them to know that a Socialist government commanded the soldiers.

Poverty and misery continued in the rural sections. Some efforts were made to raise wages and much was accomplished, but not enough. Soon after the coming of the republic, it was pointed out by Indalecio Prieto, now Minister of Public Works, that the Andalusian farm worker received but three and one-half to four pesetas (now about thirty to thirty-five cents) a day. This wage has been increased somewhat since then, but the standard of living is still entirely too low. Urban workers, too, were bitterly disappointed. They expected to man the factories, take possession of the mines, and reap the benefits formerly accruing to the owners. Instead, they were shot down by the Civil Guard as they were before the republic was set up. Their living costs rose with the fall of the peseta, for much of Spain's food comes from abroad. Fanciful tales of a 40 per cent reduction of house rent were spread and believed, and when no reduction came the people drove rent collectors off with sticks and stones, and for this the police arrested them. The worker of every class had welcomed the republic as the rocket by which he might be propelled from the mire to the millennium, but instead he found himself little, if any, better off. It was impossible for him to understand that Spain, caught in the world depression, was powerless to achieve all the benefits promised.

In the meantime the unemployed saw the budget for armaments increase, while they were told that there was not enough money to carry out the agrarian reform. It is the same story repeated so often before in other countries: to a new government three months, or even three years, is much too short a time to remedy social abuses and economic ills already centuries old. The men of the new order thought the pace terrific, but to the unemployed and underpaid three months or three days was a long wait for a "new deal."

The words of a Seville political leader, Martinez Barros, explain the cause of unrest. "Hunger leads to desperation and violence. For the hungry worker a few inflammatory phrases are a call to arms which leads them to protest although the protest may mean death." The "Revolt of the Masses" in Spain has only begun. If the present regime can solve the economic problems it will maintain itself; but if not, it will fall before the people as Alfonso XIII did. The Spanish Revolution is a people's revolution. The people want economic justice. If it is not given them by Azaña and the Socialists, they will instal the Communists and Syndicalists. It may be said that as long as the army and the Guardia Civil are faithful, the government cannot fall. That is true, but the lower ranks of both come from the proletariat. They refused to fire on the people to support the Monarchists. The time may come when they will refuse to fire on the people to maintain the "Workers' Republic."

Want to Make a Revolution, Missus?

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

I CLIMBED wearily to the top floor of a Bronx tenement to inquire for the Capucci family. There were several women in the halls and on the stairs, and all the doors were open to let in a little air on that breathless August day. From the few words in English and Italian which I overheard I was aware that they were discussing me. "An investigator," they were saying to each other with unmistakable scorn, and they all trailed upstairs after me. Mrs. Capucci could speak no English but Mrs. Albertini was ready. She was the official translator of the tenement. Already she had answered the "same old questions" eight times for Mrs. Capucci, but still her man had not been given a job. She was skeptical now. Had she not answered questions twelve times for Mrs. Giovannini and was not her husband still waiting for his chance to work in Bronx Park?

"I never get time to do my work," Mrs. Albertini stated with pardonable pride. "It's either an investigator or the people who want to make a revolution."

I professed interest in the "people who want to make a revolution." She explained volubly that a committee came to your door. "'Missus, missus,' they say, 'do you want to make a revolution, missus? Sign your name to this paper.'"

"I no want to sign," Mrs. Albertini explained to me. "My man has a job. He is a motorman on a one-man street car. It is a hard job. His pay is cut. He works four days a week. He is tired all the time. But if I make a revolution, maybe he will lose the job. I no want to make a revolution. Now I don't have to get relief and be investigated. Some day, if he loses the job, I'll make a revolution."

"The committee no like it. They say, shame, shame, shame, everybody on this street wants to make a revolution but the people in this tenement. So I say shame, shame, shame, let's go see Mrs. Capucci, maybe she wants to make a revolution. But her man works two days in Bronx Park for the relief. The Work Bureau used to give him three days and pay him \$15. Now he gets \$10 a week. Her children starve and suffer. They cry for bread. But Mrs. Capucci is afraid maybe he'll lose his two days so she no wants to make a revolution."

"The committee says, shame, shame, shame, what's the matter with the people in this house? So I say, shame, shame, let's go see Mrs. Lo Casale. Mrs. Lo Casale no open the door. She says the Home Relief paid her gas bill and promised to pay her rent, she no want anybody making a revolution at her door."

"The committee gets mad, mad. So I say come quick and see Mrs. Farino. Last week she wanted to make a revolution. But Mrs. Farino was washing the clothes and the baby burned his fingers on the stove and she says, 'Get the hell out, I no want to make a revolution today.'"

"After that the committee says everybody in this tenement deserves to starve, but they give me papers and they tell me to listen to speeches in the street. They no come back any more. But every day the children in this tenement cry more and more for bread. What are the poor people

going to do, missus? Missus, do you want to make a revolution?"

Despite the heat and the fact that my next call was ten blocks away, I decided against it. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently. "You have a good job, maybe, all the time bothering the poor people, who haven't got bread for their children."

The neighbors gathered around were indulging in excited, angry conversation. It seemed that they were discussing the tactics of making a revolution. Mrs. Capucci believed that it meant going to street meetings and reading papers. Mrs. Farino, who had joined us by this time, disagreed. You registered for the Democrats so that your man did not lose his job, but you voted for the Communists. Mrs. Albertini insisted that you threw milk bottles at the police. Mrs. Giovannini, whose man had never got a relief job and who had had no home relief despite being investigated twelve times, wanted to go to the Home Relief Bureau and chase out the investigators and take the food tickets.

It appeared to be time to intervene. I suggested that if it were to be that sort of revolution, Mr. Hoover might call out the troops as he had done in Washington against the bonus marchers. Their faces were blank. No one had heard of Mr. Hoover's making a revolution. Some of them could read Italian newspapers, but who had pennies today for newspapers? The children brought home American papers picked up in the streets but they only read jokes to their mothers. All the women became indignant at their children for reading jokes when the soldiers and Mr. Hoover were making a revolution. They lapsed into more excited Italian. As I went downstairs their voices followed me. Mrs. Farino had again decided that she wanted to make a revolution.

In the Driftway

TO the average urban American, the body is a lump of flesh to be deposited at a desk at nine in the morning and taken home again at night, bundled up in overcoats, laced into shoes, and poured into stiff shirts. The nerves and the mind (such as it is) make all the decisions, run all the races. The body, battered into insensibility by the unrelenting pressure of noises, sights, and smells, drags through the days and sinks at night into a sleep of exhaustion that eight years, let alone eight hours, could not wipe away. The Victorians, in their most prudish days, never achieved a more complete separation of body and mind than modern city civilization has unwittingly produced. The urban American is never aware of his body until it gets sick and causes pain. The play of muscles, the satisfaction of controlling and using a delicate, coordinated physical machine—these are pleasures quite remote from the temper and tempo of our life. And D. H. Lawrence was not mistaken when he told us, in no uncertain terms, that even the sex life of moderns is a mental affair. It has more to do with the theories of Freud than with the satisfaction of physical emotions. The fact that we have made no provision for allowing the body to function as it should does not mean that we have done away with the need for it. Since we have no time for any pursuit which does not pay a living wage, those of us who are not professional athletes must get the pleasure of physical control

vicariously, through watching the acrobats who crowd our vaudeville stages or, more rarely, the dancer who uses his body as a medium of art as well as a physical machine.

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TO Shan-Kar and his group of Hindu dancers who are one of the current exotic sensations of New York, the body is an instrument more various and subtle in its possibilities for artistic expression than the keyboard of a Steinway or the range of colors available to a painter's brush. To watch Shan-Kar as he moves through the ritualistic dances of an ancient civilization is to be made aware of the body as a beautifully tempered, perfectly controlled medium of complicated expression. For the harried Westerner, fresh from the raucous depths of a modern subway, it is no easy matter to slip into a world so alien as Shan-Kar's. Indian music—subdued, stylized, minor, and unhurried—falls on the strenuous Western mind like rain on a raging torrent. It is said that the Western ear is incapable of hearing certain notes in Chinese music. Certainly in Shan-Kar's dancing there are half-notes and quarter-notes of physical movement which the Western eye is not capable of seeing. But the spell grows. The dance of the snake charmer, which opens the performance, though it is elementary and explicit and obviously designed to lead the observer by an easy stage into later subtleties, is not simple enough. The mind is not engaged. And yet, so persuasive is the art of Shan-Kar that by the time he dances the Gandharva, which is perhaps the most subtle, the most stylized, and the most completely alien in mood and significance to the Westerner, since it is purely religious, his audience is completely under his sway.

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THE body, as a friend of the Drifter's recently remarked, is all we have. To have created a civilization which is inimical even to mere physical health, not to mention the more subtle satisfactions of physical expression, is surely one of the less amusing ironies in the history of human achievement.

Correspondence

The Sales Tax

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am a little surprised to see that your article on the sales tax in the issue of January 11 shows that diabolical iniquity in a more favorable light than the facts warrant. The sales tax does not "amount to a repudiation of the principle of graduation of taxes," as you state. It simply reverses the principle, placing the highest rates on the lowest incomes and the lowest rates on the highest incomes, while it especially penalizes those who have to support families or other dependents. The sales tax has no other object than to lift the burden from Dives and place it on the back of Lazarus in the hope that he will not know what is being done to him.

With an ambiguous use of the word rate, you state: "It would tax the poorest at the same rate as the richest." The same rate of what? Certainly not income. If my income is \$30,000, and if I spend \$3,000 of this for goods taxed at 2 per

cent, the tax rate on my income is 0.1 per cent. But if my income falls to \$1,200 and my outgo for taxed goods to \$600, the rate of tax on my lower income will be 1 per cent, which is exactly ten times as high a rate as when my income was \$30,000. This point you did not make clear.

I am in the merchandising business in a State whose racketeering legislature taxes the commodity that I sell, and I can assure you that the consumer pays the tax, which is added to his bill as a separate item and also as a contribution to his education.

Bradfordwoods, Pa., January 12

WILLIAM SCOTT

Mr. Thomas and the L. I. P. A.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Norman Thomas's slighting references in your issue of December 14 to the activities of the League for Independent Political Action impel me to request space for an account of our work.

In the first place, our Cleveland convention with its indorsement of Norman Thomas received exceptional publicity over the country. This outstanding boost to the Thomas campaign is acknowledged by many thoughtful Socialists. This was followed during the course of the campaign by over 1,000 newspaper releases. A host of clippings are on file at our office. After the convention the national office of the L. I. P. A. sent letters to its 10,000 dues-paying members requesting them to join the Thomas Committee of Ten Thousand. Hundreds responded and without question contributed hundreds of dollars directly to the Thomas campaign.

Next, we asked our more than 200 branches and local representatives to stage at least two large public meetings, one on the issues of the campaign and the other on Thomas or Roosevelt—For Whom Shall a Progressive Vote? In addition to the large public meetings we stressed meetings in private homes and shops and on street corners. I personally spoke at over fifty and I believe several hundred were held. We sent nationally known speakers into every one of the Congressional districts where candidates were indorsed. John Dewey, Oswald Garrison Villard, Paul H. Douglas, and others of our leaders gave generously of their time, and at least 500 addresses were delivered during the campaign. We also pushed the distribution of literature and a quarter of a million pieces were issued.

Mr. Thomas is apparently not aware of the many contacts of the L. I. P. A. with trade-union elements or he would not have written as he did. One indication of this connection is the fact that the league has several trade-union leaders on its national executive committee.

Norman Thomas was one of three who signed the original call for the conferences that led to the formation of the L. I. P. A. For the first year he served on the executive committee but resigned on March 6, 1931, feeling that there was some danger of confusion in the public mind about his position as a spokesman for the Socialist Party and his position on our executive committee. It was a confusion, he said, that he could always clear up when he explained it, but he couldn't reach everyone to make the desired explanation. "Sooner or later," he wrote us, "the day is coming when we shall all get together in a more unified and aggressive action than we are now undertaking."

This is the time to stress those things on which we agree. Events are rapidly leading toward a united new party. We hope Mr. Thomas and other Socialist leaders will cooperate in the building of a unified political movement based on the immediate demands of the Socialist and L. I. P. A. platforms.

New York, January 1

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS

Lo, the Poor Farmer!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read the excellent article *The Farmer's Bootstraps*, in your issue of January 11. In considering the plight of the farmer the city reader is very likely to overlook the fact that when wheat is quoted at 48 cents in Chicago, freight and commission will reduce this figure by a half. My town is served by two railroads and is only 750 miles, airline, from Chicago. The following table of prices in this town is taken from the local paper.

Thursday, January 5, 1933

No. 1 Hard Northern Wheat.....	.27
Red Durum	.19
Flax	.88
Oats	.04
Barley	.09
Rye	.15
Butterfat	.18
Butter	.16
Eggs	.20

Of course, nobody expects to make the grade, No. 1 Hard, any more. That is produced only in the Yukon territory and points north. Again, there is the little matter of dockage and short weight. If you have no storage room on your farm (dunnage grade lumber is still \$25 a thousand) and the grain is hauled to town by hired help, these items are likely to become notable. And should the farmer elect to store his grain for a possible rise of the market, it will cost him 2 cents per bushel per month.

Naturally, all this sudden concern for the grain farmer is anything but disinterested. The railroads are itching for permission to raise the carrying charges on cereals, which are exempted from the recent rate boost. The farmer is paying no taxes, buying no gasoline, defaulting on mortgages. There are several reasons for the government's sudden compassion for the farmer.

Wilton, N. D., January 12

SELWYN A. ANDERSON

Joe Abrantes, Cigar Worker

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article on Tampa by Anita Brenner which appeared in your issue of December 2 indicated that the activities of the tobacco workers there have not ceased. Nor have the methods employed to suppress them changed. From one of our representatives recently returned from Tampa comes the following story of Joe Abrantes, who was born in 1895 in Cuba. He was brought to this country by his parents a month later and had never been out of it until he was deported last month as an "undesirable alien." Always active in the struggles of the workers in Tampa, he was arrested on January 2, 1932, only to be released a few months later. In September, however, he was again put in jail and after three months deported. He left behind him a wife and three small children aged six months to eight years.

For \$40 Mrs. Abrantes and her children can be sent to Cuba. This sum may seem small. To the Abrantes it is gigantic. Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in helping us to transport this starving family to a worried father in Cuba. Contributions for this purpose will be gratefully accepted by the International Labor Defense, 8 East Eleventh Street, Room 430, New York City.

New York, January 3

ALFRED HIRSCH

What *The Nation* Needs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am puzzled at a failure on the part of the editorial staffs of two of our liberal journals, the *New Republic* and *The Nation*, to apprehend this fact—that a deeply valid, unshakably tenable central attitude toward the problems of our day should be maintained by those journals at all costs. I do not mean by this an adherence to any such concepts as justice, or the highest good for the most people, or equality, fraternity, or the like. That central attitude must be the product of more than a philosophy, more than a science. It must be rooted in instinctive as well as intellectual understanding. Now that may seem to be a paradoxical conditioning of that attitude. It really is not. A scientific determination of the present best possible institutional forms is not at all impossible. A rudimentarily scientific approach to economic problems, say, would reveal, in the world of economic processes, the utterly fallacious reasoning behind recent British financial policy, in which unlimited foreign "dumping" without being particular about credit risks has been advocated in the highest financial quarters as a solution for the British unemployment problem. Taking this sort of problem—this particular one, say—I am puzzled by the fact that *The Nation*, supposedly a leader of intelligent thought, praises or condemns such a course without reference to any fundamental social-economic truth. If you are for it, the reason you would doubtless give is that it would help the unemployment problem; if against it, your reason would probably be that it would hurt the credit structure, or some equally irrelevant statement. You might even say that it was foolish, overlooking the undeniable gains to the unemployed.

Develop a philosophy that your reason can approve and that your instincts will support to the death. Only by so doing can you rightfully expect to lead. Find out what the really fundamental problems of the times are, then hammer away at them. Stop wasting our time and your own with lengthy pros and cons of utterly minor problems. We and those problems will be "overlaid and lost in the general drift" of events if we don't get busy and try to shape the course of those events. I have but briefly touched on attitude, on philosophy; I have not taken up issues or methodology. But regarding issues, the fundamental ones stare us in the face—capitalism, war, free speech, and so on. The methodology should be founded on works of synthesis by our most competent and public-spirited scientists. Your part is the part of presentation; and if you have any convictions, persuasive presentation. But presentation, as somebody or other has said, is a matter of art. That means you must improve the physical make-up and the contents of your magazine. Forget your past emphasis on the reasoned presentation. Remember that emotional responses are as valuable as intellectual ones; that a right feeling must be present among your readers before they will act along the lines you suggest; that action, ultimately, is what you want. In other words, get contributors who are better artists, who can stir your readers.

You are covering, in short, too wide a field. Your multitudinous news notes, book reviews, and so on, serve to absorb the fighting energy of your readers, rather than concentrating their energies on the vital issues of our time. They distract, they confuse; like the howls of a hundred scattered dogs at night, the voices of the proponents of these hundred minor issues disturb the listener but do not arouse him to any specific, any vital attack, defense, or creation.

Begin leading! Find out what you can stand up for, and then stand up for it through thick and thin—loudly, vehemently, if necessary; at any rate, effectively. And make it basic.

Hollywood, Cal., January 1

M.

The Militant Atheist

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was shocked and surprised at the prominence given in your issue of January 11 to the advertisement of the *Militant Atheist*. Naturally I don't deny your right to print the advertisement, but I do question your good taste and consideration for your Christian readers in allowing such license in abuse of their church and faith. The prohibitionists declare that anyone who drinks a glass of beer or wine is a drunkard; the atheist decides that all who hold religious beliefs are fools and liars.

Why this mania to take from others a privilege which we ourselves do not want? If everyone adopted the precept, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," life would be easier and happier for all of us.

New York, January 12

MRS. HEYWOOD BROWN

The Beechers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am at work on a book on the Beecher family to be entitled, "Saints, Sinners, and Beechers." I would greatly appreciate any pertinent information about the family or suggestions as to where such information may be found. My address is 1 Beekman Place, New York City.

New York, January 13

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

University Teachers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An Association of University Teachers has recently been formed in New York, with affiliated members in other cities, to promote: (a) freedom of teaching, research, and publication; (b) freedom to participate in social and political organizations inside and outside the university; (c) protection and, where possible, increase of salaries; (d) better tenure rights; (e) maintenance of the size of teaching staffs. Teachers who are interested are requested to communicate with the chairman at the address given below. An open meeting will be held at the New School for Social Research at 8:30 p. m. January 30, with Mr. Roger Baldwin as guest speaker.

MARGARET SCHLAUCH, Chairman

New York, January 12

A Point of Law Misstated

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In my article in your issue of January 11 on Owen D. Young and Samuel Insull I stated that under the Bankruptcy Act, "if a bank makes a loan to a corporation which goes bankrupt in less than four months thereafter, such securities as may have been deposited as collateral for the loan become not the property of the bank in particular but of the creditors in general." A lawyer and friendly critic calls my attention to the fact that I misunderstood and stated incorrectly the nature of that four-months clause. It does not, as I said, give the trustee in bankruptcy the absolute security for new loans contracted within four months prior to the bankruptcy. It does, however, give the trustee the right to recover for the benefit of general creditors new collateral put up during those four months to secure old loans.

In my opinion, this correction does not affect the validity of the criticisms made in my story, but of course I am eager not to misstate a point of law. Mr. Young was questioned on the date of bankruptcy because of his collaboration with the bankers. The creditors' case for recovery of collateral put up with the General Electric is that Mr. Young and Mr. Swope knew that the Insull companies were virtually insolvent when they lent them \$2,000,000 from the General Electric, and furthermore that they knew or should have known that the Insull collateral was already pledged to debenture holders.

New York, January 14

NORMAN THOMAS

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

BAILEY W. DIFFIE, an instructor in history at the College of the City of New York, has spent some time in Spain.

ANN WASHINGTON CRATON, a frequent contributor to *The Nation* and other periodicals, is connected with one of the emergency-relief agencies.

CLIFTON CUTHBERT contributes verse to various periodicals.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

RAY C. B. BROWN was for many years managing editor of *Musical America*.

M. R. WERNER is the author of "Barnum," "Brigham Young," and "Bryan."

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Equation

By CLIFTON CUTHBERT

Always the threat of darkness lies
Across the roots of growing things.
Always the patterned shadow hides
Against the under sides of wings.

Gentian or autumn crocus, lifting
Its slender-pointed diadem,
Presses a spearhead pyramid
Of shade along the bursting stem.

The stride that cuts the brilliant day
Incites a valor of the mind,
And none disputes what sources feed
The eye that does not see behind.

Sinclair Lewis, Campaigner

Ann Vickers. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN we arrive, as in Mr. Lewis's case, at the twelfth novel of a well-known author, it is almost impossible for us to know what we should think of the book if it had appeared under another signature or were thrown to us as the first work of a new talent. Our inescapable tendency is to view it always in terms of the author's preceding novels, and to plot a sort of fever chart: Is this book better or worse than the last? Does it reveal new and previously unsuspected talents in the author, a steady decline, or a complete collapse? Such questions are always difficult to answer with any precision, not only because of the dubiousness of this ranking system itself, but because, even if the reviewer's judgment were otherwise reliable, it is unavoidably influenced by the order in which the novels appeared and by the vagaries of his recollections. But if I were obliged to pigeonhole the present novel in answer to a direct question, I should say that it ranks below "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith," but above "Dodsworth," that it is, in short, safely in the upper half of Mr. Lewis's work.

And this is to say that it is solid, workman-like, honest, socially significant, and likely to start up another healthy row about the subject with which it deals. "Ann Vickers" is Mr. Lewis's first novel since "Main Street" to take a woman for its central character. It is not merely repetitive in pattern. It does not rely, to the extent that "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" did, on Mr. Lewis's unequaled gifts for verbal mimicry or on his amazing ear for intellectual clichés. In this respect, and in its effort to avoid the mere "type" character, it is closer to "Arrowsmith." It approaches "Arrowsmith," too, in the thorough work of research and documentation that has evidently gone into it. It does for the social worker and penologist what "Arrowsmith" did for the doctor and medical research worker, and "Elmer Gantry" for the ministry. It is not only a novel, in brief, but a vivid and passionate tract. And one more example that, in the hands of a skilful enough writer, a book may quite adequately be both.

True, like "Dodsworth" it gets off to a bad start. For the first hundred pages or so it seems uncomfortably synthetic. The characters fail to come alive, and the figure of Sinclair

Lewis is always among them, delivering little speeches in his own right, the Nobel Prize winner, the self-conscious American Spokesman. He cannot tell us that Ann was a little ashamed of her American provincial origin without adding, "as a British Prime Minister is of his Scottish village birth, or a French Premier of Provence." When he tells us that Ann broke her "cords" with her native village and even her family, he must generalize the statement to apply to "American girls," and add: "If they thus lose the richness and security of European family solidarity, equally they are free from the spiritual and social incest of such nagging relationships." And he cannot tell us what Ann thought as a college junior in 1910 without writing a little editorial on how different and how clear-headed juniors have become now, and how foolish were the "wrecked Odysseuses of the Great War," who "from 1919 to 1929 unceasingly piped, 'Let us eat, drink, and be nasty, for the world has gone to hell, and after us there will never again be youth and springtime and hope.'"

All this embarrasses the reader, but once Mr. Lewis is really launched, his story takes hold of him, and we follow the career of Ann Vickers, as suffragist, settlement worker, prison reformer, mistress of a Tammany judge, with unrelaxed interest. The novel reaches its highest point in the chapters devoted to Ann's experiences as a matron in Copperhead Gap Penitentiary, a prison vaguely situated in the South. The horrors of that prison, from its stinks of sweat, old food, oil toilets, slops, cheap pipe-tobacco, crushed cockroaches, and disinfectant, to the intriguing, dishonesty, cynicism, and criminal cruelty of its jailers, are conveyed to the reader with unrelenting vividness and passion. And yet beneath this passion there is a fine restraint, which keeps the events and the motivation always within the realm of credibility; no one who has read of the Georgia chain gangs and the Florida tortures can feel that this picture of legal savagery in our own day and country is exaggerated.

"Ann Vickers," in brief, is a powerful social document. It is propaganda. It compels the lay reader, who would not dream of opening an official prison report or the essay of a professional penologist, not only to feel that our actual prison administration is desperately in need of reform, but to question afresh, or for the first time, the wisdom of the prison system itself, the very possibility of giving one set of human beings so much power over another without degrading both. "Ann Vickers" is not, perhaps, "literature" in the narrower sense. Certainly there are no caressing cadences in it; the writing, as such, is no better than competent journalese. But it remains an admirable novel as well as a powerful indictment, because, once Mr. Lewis gets past his early tendency to make asides to the reader in his own person, what he has to say becomes implicit in his story, and that story is enacted by a gallery of characters that are varied, credible, and alive.

HENRY HAZLITT

Post-War Germany

The German Phoenix: The Story of the Republic. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

THERE are few Americans as well qualified as Mr. Villard to tell the story of the German Republic. Descendant of German stock, a frequent visitor to the country, a powerful critic of the "wrongs" of Versailles, Mr. Villard brings to his subject not only a deep knowledge but a first-hand intimacy and a warm sympathy which make this book of real importance to those who desire a general survey of the present-day life of the German people.

Mr. Villard is frankly disappointed that the revolution of 1918-19 has been so barren in political and economic results. Today the country is overwhelmed by the problem of unemployment; the eight-hour day has disappeared; the labor unions are losing their members. The old reactionary caste is back in power. He is concerned with the growth of private armies because they threaten internal order; he detests Hitlerism.

At the same time there are encouraging signs. Communism is not making the expected gains. Despite the present setback, Germany has advanced farther toward the state-socialism ideal than any other country save Russia. The gains of the revolution, Mr. Villard feels, are perhaps more noticeable in the social than in the economic-political field. "Beyond doubt the greatest of the German people's gains from the revolution have been the breaking down of the numerous castes which made life in Germany stilted, rigid, and privileged." This change is most evident in the police, who have actually "learned manners and extraordinary patience." The revolution has produced a far more humanitarian outlook in the handling of crime. A new penal system clearly differentiates between professional criminals, who are confined in special prisons, and more innocent offenders, who are treated in institutions with a view to their restoration as self-respecting citizens. Although the revolution produced no change as far as alcohol is concerned, nevertheless the youth movement has set itself against the abuse of drink, and many of its members are entirely abstinent.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of German life is the fact that the universities, far from supporting the republic, are hotbeds of reaction. "Eighty per cent of the German students may be counted as against the existing government." This situation is partly due to the fact that there are 40,000 university graduates, thoroughly trained, who have no chance of finding employment in their chosen professions. On the other hand, Mr. Villard is encouraged by the German youth movement. "It is hard to recall another movement which as nearly approximates the Spartan ideal without, however, the warlike aspect of the Spartan training. If the youth of Germany survives with ideals untarnished and with sound minds and sound bodies, the youth movement and the school hikes will deserve a preponderating share of the credit." Inevitably the condition of woman has changed; she has obtained greater freedom while at the same time she is exposed to greater hardship. Economic conditions explain why there were 30,000 fewer marriages in the first half of 1931 than in the first half of 1930. Despite the efforts of the government to strike at commercialized vice, prostitution and sexual perversion are widespread; 200,000 children are annually born out of wedlock. Undoubtedly these conditions are the product of an unhealthy social existence, which has produced widespread disillusionment concerning any code of morals. Nevertheless, Mr. Villard states that the tendency "is to return finally to a regular and monogamous mode of life." Culturally, Germany continues to be prolific. Although no great play has been written in the post-war era, the Berlin theater is the center of a powerful intellectual and artistic ferment. A genuine revolution in architecture has taken place. German prose and German movies have become articles of export. The book concludes with an interesting chapter on the German press, which the author criticizes for its lack of attention to foreign news.

In an attempt to be fair Mr. Villard does not relieve the German people, or at least the German leaders, of responsibility for their present distress. In his view the revolution of 1918 was not "destructive enough." The leaders "should have torn down more of the old structure before building up. One of the first acts should have been the breaking up of the great estates, the dispossessing of the great landlords, who . . . had been the real rulers of Germany. . . . So, too, with the captains of industry. Against them the weapon of socialization lay close at hand. It was not used. . . . And then there was the Reichswehr.

Had the builders of 1918-19 been wise they would have appointed to it no man above the rank of captain in the old army. . . . They should never have tolerated the rise of uniformed private armies."

At the same time Mr. Villard is inclined to hold the Treaty of Versailles largely responsible. "It needed but one thing in order to recreate Germany along democratic lines—a just and honorable peace, a Christian attitude of good-will and friendship toward the people of whom Woodrow Wilson had repeatedly said that they were but the innocent pawns and victims of their guilty rulers." But how can anyone have expected that the Allies would suddenly become angels of benevolence after the most venomous war in history? This is about as reasonable as to ask the German people, in true Christian humility and submissiveness, to dissolve the Reichswehr, stop cruiser construction, and forget about Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Villard's book would have been more complete had it pointed out that the German problem will not be solved merely by the return of Danzig or the granting of military equality. It will be solved only when the vice of nationalism is eradicated from every country, including Germany. The institution of war inevitably intensifies unreasoning nationalism, and this institution will only disappear with the development of a new international attitude and the establishment of a genuine world order.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Chaliapin's Autobiography

Man and Mask: Forty Years in the Life of a Singer. By Feodor Chaliapin. Translated from the French by Phyllis Mégroz. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

RECOLLECTION and introspection become this artist, who has the faculty of presenting himself and his accomplishments in a perspective distorted neither by vanity nor by adulation accepted at its face value. Conscious of his shortcomings and his merits, he writes about them both dispassionately, reserving his enthusiasms for artistry itself. His own severest critic, he knows how to value the criticism of others. He has attained eminence by incessant reaching for the ideal, never deluding himself into the belief that he has touched it. "Mephistopheles is considered one of my best parts. . . . My interpretation has in a sense become a classic. I must admit, however, that it has been one of the bitterest disappointments of my career. I carry about in my heart a Mephistopheles I have never been able to incarnate, and when I compare this dream-figure with the figure I have made of it, it literally sets my teeth on edge."

Creative imagination is the quality to which Chaliapin attributes his success. Ambitious singers may read with profit the nine chapters in which he shows how he applies that quality in the preparation of his roles, disheartened though they will be to discover that he memorizes an entire opera while studying his own part therein. "I can have no definite idea of the character until I have thoroughly studied the environment in which he moves and the atmosphere which surrounds him." This is only the preliminary step—the intellectual realization of the character—after which the imagination takes charge and "creates" the personality from the material data.

Pertinent to the mask are these chapters in a book which fulfils the author's expressed intention of being "an analytical autobiography of the man and the mask." Many other chapters show the man in his acts, his opinions, and his emotions. The last aspect is perhaps most strikingly revealed in the account of the author's long friendship with Maxim Gorki and the severance of that tie by disagreement over the Soviet regime. "I persist in thinking and feeling that man's liberty in his life and

work is the highest good. Happiness must not be imposed by force. No one knows what constitutes another's happiness. I still love that liberty which Gorki and I once so ardently worshiped."

As soloist to the Czar and as premier singer to the Soviet people, Chaliapin has been honored by both the old Russia and the new. It is with these two Russias, and not with his incidental wanderings from stage to stage, that his reminiscences are mainly concerned. For the mujik, grown to the stature of the artist, is still at heart the mujik who can say unaffectedly: "I sometimes suffer from the homesickness of the simple peasant."

RAY C. B. BROWN

An Artist in War

Sherman: Fighting Prophet. By Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

GENERAL SHERMAN was a rare man among those whose activities have taken a public form: he refused to regard consequences when he believed either a course of action or an ideal to be right. His military career was therefore a series of successes, for men adore to be led by a ruthless leader, and his civilian life was a confusion of embarrassments, for men hate to be told the truth by a forthright person. It was only in his last years that he became acceptable to the general public, whose opinion he never valued except in so far as it afforded satisfaction for the vanity he shared with his fellow-men. General Sherman was born an eccentric and died a popular after-dinner speaker. Lloyd Lewis has written the account of his career with admirable thoroughness, with clarity of insight, and with sympathetic understanding.

Sherman grew up in the Northwest Territory, which was a creation of the national Congress where people felt collectively under the control of the national government and individually free from any control. His foster-father, Thomas Ewing, had been a staunch Federalist, and Sherman accepted respect for the Union in his youth. In 1836, when he was sixteen, his foster-father, then United States Senator from Ohio, gave him an appointment to West Point. The whole idea had been Ewing's, but young Sherman did not object. He went through the academy and married Ewing's daughter, Ellen, who worshiped her father and had great affection for her husband. When the Civil War broke out, Sherman was oppressed with a sense of failure, his own personal failure and the failure of the country to solve its problems. He had been unsuccessful in business in St. Louis, and with a large and growing family had gone to Louisiana to be head of a military academy. At the outbreak of war he felt the bottom dropping out of his effort to train young cadets. But, more important than that, he saw the Southern States sacrificing the Union for animosities capable of compromise. Sherman was fanatical in his devotion to the Union.

In the early days of the war Sherman had hesitated to kill men by sending them into battle, but he soon realized that since war was hell, it was necessary to make it as terrible as possible to the enemy. It then became his fixed policy to ravage the South and to starve its inhabitants into submission. War as a teacher of obedience to law was Sherman's principle, and he offered violence and destruction as an example of the need for order and right. "I would not coax them or even meet them halfway," he wrote for Lincoln's eye, "but make them so sick of war that generations would pass away before they would again appeal to it." Sherman, who was an artist in war, was as sensitive as an artist to its horrors and as ruthless as an artist in his thoroughness. He would have been willing to see the entire South, which he loved, bare and stark rather than not to finish the colossal job for which he was responsible. His justifi-

cation was that the Confederates had appealed to arms, and his answer to the appeal was the most terrible punishment it was possible for him to mete out with all the force of his technique. In that endeavor he proved himself one of the greatest generals who ever lived.

Sherman commanded an army of Westerners, in whose ranks discipline was lax and courage great. His jolly, ruthless, raw, and vigorous troops were not only the scourge of the South through which they marched, but the terror of the more effete East and of the timorous politicians in Washington. In Sherman and in his hordes they did not know what they had released. And after the war both the Easterners and the government at Washington were afraid of the Westerners who had played such an important part in the domination of the South. There were rumors that after subduing the Confederacy the Western armies would turn on the effete Easterners and make General Sherman the dictator—the Napoleon—of the United States. But Sherman—though he was a monarchist and distrusted democracy—had no monarchical ambitions. When the armies came to Washington for their grand review, there were many fist fights in saloons between the Eastern soldiers in their neat paper collars and the ragged, boisterous Westerners, who felt capable of conquering the earth, and willing to try if their Uncle Billy would say the word. But Uncle Billy was wise, shrewd, and humble. It was found impossible to make him President of the United States, even less a dictator, and he countered an attempt at a stampede with the celebrated telegram: "I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected."

As well as a portrait of Sherman, one of the most superb characters the United States has ever produced, Mr. Lewis's book reveals the confusion, the horror, and the pattern of the Civil War. In it there is excellent material which gives one a picture of how men lived through the chaos and the trouble.

M. R. WERNER

Shorter Notices

The A B C of Technocracy. By Frank Arkright. Harper and Brothers. \$1.

This volume, as its name implies, is a mere primer on technocracy. In its ideas, and even in its phraseology, it follows closely the article on the subject by Howard Scott in the January issue of *Harpers Magazine*. As the book is somewhat longer than the article, it cites more figures and examples.

Never Ask the End. By Isabel Paterson. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

Orchestrating the brittle gaiety of the dialogue in her novel with a running accompaniment of retrospective flashes in the minds of her three characters, Miss Paterson has built up, in effect, three typical American biographies. For Pauline, Marta, and Russell, who—no longer young—meet accidentally in Paris, the past, though differing for each in its particulars, represents a common struggle and a common victory. They have each escaped from the economic and cultural poverty, the moral dualism, of their native Midwestern environment. They have all three survived unhappy marriages. By one means or another they have achieved material well-being, and gravitated inevitably to Europe to purchase a cultural background and moral freedom. Obviously ideal material for success stories in their hometown newspapers, they are, nevertheless, inwardly at sea, wearied by the struggle and disillusioned in the victory. It is, however, part of Miss Paterson's skill that the sense of disillusionment is not the ultimate mood of the novel. Though she constantly conveys it to us with a subtle and civilized irony, it is in the behavior of the three characters themselves that the moral of the

tale must be read. Desperately gallant in the routine of passion, "game" and playful in the wearisome adventure of Europe, they have at last hit upon the expedient of substituting wit for emotion. And this, one feels, is not merely the technique of the novel, but a solution that Miss Paterson offers us—a complete philosophy for living in these times.

Out of the Past of Greece and Rome. By Michael I. Rostovtzeff. Yale University Press. \$2.

Professor Rostovtzeff leads us away from the centers of Greek and Roman civilization to those borderlands which played an obscure part politically but an important part economically. In writing that is pleasantly informal he describes the Greek colonies on the Black Sea in whose ports was loaded the corn on which Greece lived, which was paid for with Greek products that were to deposit a layer of Hellenic civilization over the Scythian barbarians; he shows that the Olympian games persisted because they happened to be the only institution of national unity developed in Greece; he dilates from a more human viewpoint than the merely archaeological upon the significance of the ancient cities now being disinterred at Pompeii and Herculaneum; he pictures the old Greek city of Messina in Sicily, whose history, as well as the psychology of its inhabitants, was in large part the creation of Mt. Etna, on whose unstable slope it was set; he traces the sudden, casual prosperity of the two caravan stations at Petra and Palmyra in the Arabian desert, which grew to metropolises and even to empire after trade called them into existence, and which decayed as quickly when trade took other roads. In his final chapter Professor Rostovtzeff reads us some newly discovered papyri, the letters of two big business men, which show the part played by big business in the Greek empire established by the Ptolemies in Egypt. In essays like these the reader feels brought as close to the realities of ancient life as a historian can lead him.

Etruscan Places. By D. H. Lawrence. Viking Press. \$3.75.

Tracing out one corridor in his very complex nature, D. H. Lawrence was persistently interested in the recovery of human consciousness as it existed previous to, or outside, the Graeco-Christian tradition. He was uncannily adept, through the medium of the geographic site, a few artifacts, or (as in the case of the Southwestern Indians) some surviving ceremonies, at reconstructing such states of mind. "Etruscan Places" is an item in a series of such reconstructions. It is not so fine as "Mornings in Mexico" or "Sea and Sardinia," perhaps because the author had less to go on. But it makes an interesting case for certain values of unselfconsciousness, and for what Santayana would call "animal faith," which Lawrence would attribute to the Etruscans. Twenty reproductions of tomb paintings and urn modelings in their lively naivete fairly enough credit his thesis. To what extent the volume is accurate archaeology is perhaps irrelevant; it is representative Lawrence and valuable for its own kind of insight.

A Charter for the Social Sciences in the Schools. Drafted by Charles A. Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Mr. Beard here acts as the mouthpiece of a commission of the American Historical Association investigating the teaching of the social sciences. The present preliminary report is offered as a "charter," but it may be more accurately described as a cry of the perplexed. First of all, says Mr. Beard, the teacher of the social sciences is a scholar. As such he must pursue the ideal of objectivity. He must study the American, French, and Russian revolutions "with the same control over emotions which the geologist exercises when he traces the transformations registered in the great book of nature." He must do so especially since he deals with problems that are enormously complicated. Yet the social scientist cannot turn his back upon current social

realities. The present, indeed, is the greatest era of transition in human history. "We are passing"—Mr. Beard here quotes President Hoover—"from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activities." Yet the teacher of social studies cannot simply conduct a forum for the discussion of "current problems." He must rather attack fundamental tendencies. In this task he must remember "the climate of American ideas." The fact is that "nowhere is the predominating ideal of a progressive society set forth more cogently or with greater authority than in the Constitution of the United States as written and as interpreted by legislative enactment, judicial exposition, and political practice." To break down special privilege is an American ideal. Yet this purpose must be accomplished "without unduly burdening industry or diverting too much capital from productive enterprise."

The Cambridge Medieval History. Volume VII: *Decline of Empire and Papacy.* The Macmillan Company. \$12.

Roughly, this volume is a history of Europe in the fourteenth century. Some of the subjects have their beginnings earlier and some run far into the following century. The period witnessed the decline in power and prestige of the Papacy, which contributed to its own defeats by playing petty European politics as an Italian state, and also of the empire, which in the previous century had dueled with the popes. Concessions by the candidates at each election reduced the emperor's power, which was weakened further by the strong, national dynastic kingdoms developing in England, France, and Spain. Feudalism was also in decline, the nobility being squeezed between the bourgeoisie of the free towns and the increasing might of the king. Europe was ripe for the Renaissance and the Reformation; the Lombard cities and the Hansa towns were inaugurating the bourgeois economy which in time was to become the basis of life throughout the Western world. On the whole this volume maintains the high scholarly standard of the Cambridge series of histories, though it is uneven in quality, as a book by several hands must be. The twenty-seven sections are the work of twenty-three contributors, of whom W. T. Waugh (three articles), Hilda Johnstone (two articles), A. Coville, Prince D. S. Mirsky, Cecil Roth, and Eileen E. Power may be read for pleasure as well as for information. Three of the contributions are mere conglomerations of names and dates, and should not have been included in the volume. The rest are careful pieces of historical scholarship, passably written. This general criticism may be made—that in most of the articles the political point of view is too dominant, to the relative neglect of social and economic factors.

Music

Selling Symphonies

THE nonsense that commonly accompanies broadcast music as explanatory talk has annoyed discriminating listeners ever since music was first sent out over the air. Their charges against the broadcaster have nowhere, to my knowledge, been so well stated as by B. H. Haggin in the *New Republic* for December 7. But simply to blame the broadcasters for not knowing better, and to suggest that all they need to do to improve their ways is to be intelligent men of good-will, is to indulge, I think, in an optimism not justified.

What is the substance of the charges? Briefly: that the broadcasters "sell" the music to the radio audience instead of letting it speak for itself; that they talk about biographical or other extra-musical details instead of concerning themselves with

the music itself, and so hinder the listener, instead of helping him, in concentrating upon the music; that the substance of what they say is often inaccurate or worse.

To those of us who need no salesmanship to make us listen to music, the broadcasters' efforts in that direction are, of course, revolting. That is because we are primarily interested in music and not in broadcasting. But to the broadcaster, highbrow music is simply one of a dozen different kinds of sustaining program from which he gets no direct return; it represents a substantial investment which must pay for itself in habitual listeners who will buy the products his advertisers wish to sell them.

It is doubtless true that if the Philharmonic Orchestra broadcasts were accompanied by no comment at all, the people who really wish to listen to symphonic music would listen just as readily. But if thousands who otherwise would not be interested can be persuaded to listen to highbrow music by salesmanship of one kind or another, the broadcaster cannot afford to neglect this opportunity—especially since those who really want to hear Mr. Toscanini will in most cases not forgo hearing him because they dislike Mr. Downes.

It is a mistake to think that this salesmanship does not work or that the high-toned nonsense the announcers read, the highfalutin accents in which they read it, and even more the enthusiastic indorsements of the critic of the *Times*, do not carry weight with the audience. The pompous nonsense that the broadcasters love is not something they foist on a public that has no preferences; that public is not unlike the personnel of the broadcasting companies themselves, and has similar preferences. If the broadcasters have reason to think that salesmanship in the shape of music-appreciation talks enlarges their audience, they are, as business men, obliged to use it; they can hardly be expected to give the public what it should have, whether it likes it or not.

And is it so easy to say what it is that the public should have? "The remedy follows inevitably from the difficulty," says Mr. Haggin. "For one thing, it consists in setting the music before him phrase by phrase, so that he has detailed knowledge of the work. In addition, as one goes along, one can point out relations among phrases—the fact that something here is derived from something there." I am not sure it can be assumed that the radio public is much interested in relations between phrases—anything like as much as in Mr. Downes's legend, for example, about a theme in the Brahms First Symphony and its derivation from the chimes of Cambridge. And when Mr. Downes attributes the derivation of a theme to Cambridge chimes, he says something which happens not to be correct, but which could easily be, without in any way changing our attitude toward the music. But great theorists often disagree on the relations between phrases, and one conception or another of this sort may definitely affect our listening attitude—for better or worse. Moreover, "setting the music before him phrase by phrase" does not give the listener "detailed knowledge of the work." Only repeated hearings can do that. Unless he has heard the work already, I doubt that an oral analytical foreword is of any benefit to him. It may enable him to recognize a bit of material here and there—but that takes him away from rather than toward the kernel of musical experience.

The Columbia System, in connection with a current series of broadcasts of Bach's entire Well-Tempered Clavichord, has gone so far into musical structure as to announce that "a real fugue is one in which there is no real answer"; that a "tonal fugue is one in which the subject is merely transposed"; that "the counter-subject is used as an answer"; that the C-sharp-minor Prelude in the First Book "does not modulate." Each of these pronouncements is about the opposite of the truth. And yet no spontaneous protest has arisen to force Columbia to talk sense instead of nonsense. Of course not—how many people



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care what the difference between a real and a tonal fugue is? And why should the radio audience be burdened with a distinction it is not qualified to understand? The plain fact is that talking about music is a very difficult business, and the more one confines oneself to biographical and historical material, the less serious harm one is likely to do. Nothing, at any rate, can tell us the most important things about music except music. If the broadcasting systems belonged to the state, as they do in England and Russia, they would, of course, be able to do serious and valuable work. Inaccuracies could be made the exception instead of the rule; pomposities could be deflated. But even if broadcasting were rendered independent of the public's immediate favor, it is not demonstrated that the remedy would follow inevitably and simply from the difficulty. There would always remain basic questions: Shall music be presented for the public to take or leave? Or shall one assume that there are people who don't know that they could like music, and bribe them by comment of one sort or another into finding out that they do? And what form shall such comment take? Difficult questions at best, they are impossibly so as long as program-making remains dependent on fan mail and the whimsical tastes of captains of industry turned "showmen."

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"

PSYCHOLOGICALLY we shall be affected by the film at the Gaiety whether or not we have any sentimental attachment for the British Empire (which would be factitious enough in a metropolitan American audience) or whether our minds can accept all of its episodes as being quite true to human experience as we know it. Here again is the old mesmerism of the theater, which at its best has a way of lulling to rest the finest resistances of our mind and experience. For the time that we spend watching "Cavalcade" we are so carried along by its speed and intensity and cumulative richness of imagery that our judgment is suspended; we are completely immersed in the experience. It answers therefore to at least one of the essential conditions of good art: it is so persuasive as to make us forget its assumptions. The eye is as helpless before its fast-moving procession of images as the ear before the strains of some vast symphony, let us say, whose fundamental emotion may not be valid for us. And all this is but another way of saying that in "Cavalcade" are realized to their full the peculiar artistic elements that we have come to recognize in the cinema medium—the enlarged scale, the increased tempo, and the dramatic symbol.

In a film which undertakes to give us a panorama of English society from the Boer War to the singing in a London night club of a Noel Coward ballad entitled "Twentieth-Century Blues," the most obvious of these elements to look for is of course scale. If Mr. Coward did not actually write his play with a screen version in mind he must be pleased to discover how much his conception gains in every way through the greater enlargement and acceleration of the newer medium. But since neither of these effects was after all lacking in the play, it is probably more to the point to remark on one particular type of effect which is definitely more realizable on the screen than on the stage. Altogether the most perfect scene in the film is the one in which we are given a glimpse of a young married pair leaning over the railing of a ship, their eyes lowered to the water beneath and their voices murmuring of happiness and death and the passingness of love. It is not until they have

moved away that the camera closes down upon the word painted on the lifesaver against which they have been standing. The word is the name of the ship—the Titanic. Here, of course, everything derives from the fact that the scene is resolved without anything being said or done. Through a single visual symbol the whole obvious sequel is eliminated; and by means of the camera this symbol is given an emphasis that it could not have received on the stage. It is unfortunate that the director was unable to substitute such a symbol for the inferior war scenes, which suffer in comparison not only with those in "All Quiet" but with the more recent frieze-like stylization in "A Farewell to Arms."

For such a picture as this credit must be pretty equally distributed among the author, the director, and the players. There is nothing novel or otherwise arresting in the direction of Frank Lloyd, but rather a competent synthesis of elements that have been developed in Hollywood in the last three years. The acting of Diana Wynyard, however, is more than competent: an unerring tact saves her time and again from the easy bistrionism to which her situations lend themselves. As for Mr. Coward, it is no longer possible to dismiss him as a young man in whom cleverness approaches pretty close to genius. The writing in "Cavalcade" is uneven, but the best of it is good dramatic writing from any standard.

"The Island of Lost Souls" at the Rialto hastens the degeneration into the grotesque of the current macabre tradition and represents a further waste of Charles Laughton's fine talents as a character actor. And while "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick" (Europa) is one of the better German films, its humor would be more potent if its director had been less insistent about it, and had emulated René Clair's rapid tempo as well as certain of his minor devices.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama Not Pretty

ONE must not be misled by the title of "Big Night" (Maxine Elliott's Theater). It does, to be sure, concern itself largely with that peculiarly modern institution, the "party," but it is written in no festive mood. Indeed, it is a long time since I have seen so bitterly unflattering a picture of human nature or come away from the theater with a darker taste in my mouth. This is not exactly "passion recollected in tranquillity" but it is a kind of debauched counterpart—namely, the "big night" seen through the eyes of the morning after. Perhaps men and women never seem quite so contemptible to an unjaundiced eye; perhaps even the stupid drunk is not quite so disgusting unless one is indulging the prejudice naturally engendered by a moderate hang-over; but "Big Night" is undoubtedly impressive in its own disagreeable way. It may be a libel on advertising men and buyers, as well as upon the typical American for whom they are made more or less to stand, but it is, at least, a libel uttered with real conviction, and the play is not one which will be easily forgotten.

I am not unaware of the faults which may be urged against it as a work of art or of the fact that the author, Dawn Powell, has overwritten many of her scenes and overexplained much of her action. The advertising solicitor about to lose his job almost forces his unwilling wife into the arms of the "prospect" whom she has always hated, when the whole would have been vastly more effective if she had only caught and accepted a hint which the husband would not make overt even to himself. Time and again one all but loses one's faith in the entire proceedings because the author insists upon making perfectly ex-

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licit things which in real life would probably be felt only below the surface, and thus makes monsters out of persons whose vileness would reveal itself only in ways less open. Yet the capital fact remains that I did sit through "Big Night" in the grip of a horrid fascination, that its realities triumphed definitely over its unrealities, and that its truth hurt more deeply than its incidental falsities.

Theoretically, I have no great admiration for the merely unpleasant play. Usually those dramas which profess to do nothing except tell the disagreeable truth about thoroughly disagreeable people inspire me with only a desire to escape. But this one is mordant enough and original enough to hold one almost against one's will, and to generate a kind of pleasure which is less merely misanthropic than actually masochistic. These vulgar people have gathered ostensibly to make merry. Yet each, hating the other, has his own mean plans to further; and as gin makes each less skilful in hiding his own soul, as well as less capable of judging another, the vilenesses rise one by one to the surface. It is not pretty and it is not pleasant, yet I, for one, could not choose but hear.

Much of the effectiveness of the play may be set down to the acting of J. Edward Bromberg. The whole production is competent and creditable to the Group Theater which put it on, even though Stella Adler seems somewhat miscast as the wife. But Mr. Bromberg's performance as Bert Schwartz, owner of the Fortune Stores, rises far above the level of all the others. Some years before, he had pursued the ex-cloak model with dumb determination and got his face clawed for his pains. Now, when he meets her again at the party, his eyes follow her with what Aldous Huxley so vividly described as the "imbecile earnestness of lust." But as the evening wears on and one appreciates the stubborn, changeless, unconquerable persistence of his desire, one begins first to pity him and then, almost, to admire—at least by comparison with these others whose vices are so much more trivial and transitory and weak. Somehow or other the actor manages to make this lust impressive, to suggest how completely the big clothing-store man has set his heart—such as it is—upon this thing, and thus to give him a kind of dignity. As played by Mr. Bromberg, "Schwartz" is a memorable figure, and one almost regrets the vulgar irony which condemns him to be unable to remember next morning whether or not he had really got what he had so long wanted. "Big Night" is not a play which one likes to recommend without letting one's hearers know just what kind of dubious pleasure they are in for if they accept the recommendation. But I repeat—it will at least not be easily forgotten.

"Foolscap" (Times Square Theater) is a fairly amusing comedy but one which, nevertheless, does not quite live up to the hopes one forms during the promising first act. The author sets Pirandello and Bernard Shaw to collaborating on a play to be performed by the inmates of an insane asylum and that sounds like the beginning of an amusing satire. But only the beginning is really there, and after some fairly obvious fun at the expense of the two famous authors the play ends nowhere in particular. Frederic Worlock, Eduardo Cianelli, and Geoffrey Kerr are good.

"Two Strange Women" (Little Theater) is the kind of play about quaintly sinister mountaineers and wicked city folk which little theaters used to love to give. There is the old grandmother who has not spoken for twenty years, and there is the handsome youth to whom the town-bred vamp says mockingly, "I believe you are afraid of me." Contrary to my custom I left early, and so I do not know who it was that got pushed out the door and down the cliff. But the fact that the cliff was talked about so much and that its height was so frequently emphasized makes me reasonably sure that somebody was disposed of via that route. None of them would be missed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1933

No. 3527

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	133
EDITORIALS:	
Weak Knees and Strong Banks.....	136
Mr. Roosevelt Must Lead.....	137
Hitler in Power	137
Back to the Land	138
ISSUES AND MEN. THE ARMY AND NAVY FOREVER. By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	139
MACHINES AND THE FUTURE. By Archibald MacLeish	140
"BUY AMERICAN!" By Maxwell S. Stewart.....	142
"SAVING" THE THEATER. By Lee Simonson.....	144
THE FARMER AND THE TARIFF. By Wayne Gard.....	146
BEHIND THE CABLES. By E. D. H.....	148
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	149
CORRESPONDENCE	150
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....	151
BOOKS, FILMS, DRAMA:	
To the Powers of Darkness. By Genevieve Taggard.....	152
Common Sense About Physics. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	152
Chamberlain the Radical. By S. K. Ratcliffe.....	153
A Poet Disinterred. By Isidor Schneider.....	153
Barter or Dole? By Wilfrid Harris Crook.....	154
Napoleon. By Albert Guérard.....	154
The Osage Indians. By Eda Lou Walton.....	155
Shorter Notices	156
Films: Movie Cant and Criticism. By William Troy.....	157
Drama: The Prosecution Rests. By Joseph Wood Krutch.....	158

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE AUTOMOBILE WORKERS in Detroit have at last decided to meet the wage-cutting policy of the manufacturers by calling a series of strikes. At first glance it would appear foolhardy for labor to attempt to use this weapon at a time when so many workers are unemployed and in need, but the Auto Workers' Union apparently has organized its campaign with more than ordinary skill. It struck at the very heart of the motor industry by calling out the mechanics in the body plants—workers who are relatively few in number and can be organized quickly and easily. Without a continuous supply of bodies the larger factories must close down. At the time of going to press this strategy had tied up more than half of the industry in Detroit, the Ford plants being completely shut down. Though the strikers did not number more than 6,000, probably as many as 100,000 workers were idle as a result of the walkout. Henry Ford's charge that the strike in the Briggs plant, which makes bodies for his company, was a part of a bankers' conspiracy to ruin him seems to us wholly incredible. The Auto Workers' Union has for months been preparing for this test of strength. It is no secret that the union has been led by Communist Party members, though in the present strike the leadership seems to have been shared by members of other radical and labor groups. The Communists had already won

two or three minor strikes before this latest walkout. If the Auto Workers' Union wins the strike at the Briggs plant, its victory is likely to have important consequences throughout the country. For the indications are multiplying that American workers have about reached the end of their patience.

THE BRITISH REPLY to the Roosevelt-Hoover invitation to discuss the war debts is, on the surface, a disappointing one, particularly its final paragraph. That paragraph was no doubt partly inspired by a desire to reassure British opinion at home that debt reduction would be obtained without costly concessions. Apart from this, the paragraph admits of a dual interpretation. It is obvious that no final "decisions on matters which constitute the subject of the approaching world economic conference and which affect other states" can be reached "before discussions take place at that conference between all the states represented there." From this standpoint the British note states a simple fact. There is no reason, however, why tentative and provisional agreements between the two countries cannot be reached before the general conference; nor should we assume that the British reply bars them. So far as a quid pro quo for debt reduction is concerned, the question is more complicated. A year ago a promise of reduction would have had a high trading value. Our irreconcilables and last-red-centers refused to take advantage of it. Given the new frame of mind to which we have driven our debtors, this trading value now amounts to very little. We want tariff reductions on the part of Great Britain and her dominions, but it is even more necessary that we grant them reciprocal tariff rates. For if the British Empire opens its markets to our goods while we refuse to open our markets to Empire products, then we can only sell goods to the Empire by resuming again our old game of selling on credit, that is, of making more foreign loans which will never be repaid.

INSTEAD of any move to reduce our tariff, however, there is a widespread sentiment in the lame-duck Congress and in the repudiated Administration in favor of raising it even farther. A bill has been introduced to levy a "compensating tariff" with adjustable rates to be used against countries whose currencies are depreciated more than 5 per cent from gold parity. Such a tariff would be certain to discriminate against those countries unduly. For all external currency depreciation there is always some compensating internal rise of prices and production costs, and this compensating rise is greatest in the particular articles which enter into foreign trade. It is ridiculous to ascribe our ills to a "flood of imports" when our total imports last year amounted in value to only \$1,323,000,000, compared with \$2,090,000,000 in 1931, \$3,060,000,000 in 1930, and \$4,400,000,000 in 1929. Imports from low-exchange countries have declined as have imports from all others. In the eleven months ending in November, 1932, imports from the United Kingdom amounted to \$70,000,000, compared with \$126,000,000 the year before; in the same period imports from Japan amounted to \$122,000,000, compared with \$187,000,-

000 the year before. Moreover, the drop of almost 40 per cent in commodity prices has meant an automatic rise in the burden of all specific tariff rates, which cover more of our imports than do ad valorem tariff rates.

THE DEPRESSION, like Scripture, can be cited by almost any Congressman in defense of any pet piece of extravagance. When a majority in the House of Representatives reinserted an appropriation of two and one-half million dollars to maintain the citizens' military training camps at full blast, the unemployment argument was movingly invoked. Congressman Barbour of California thought that in "this year of all years" something should be done "for the young men who have no work and many of whom have no homes." Candidates for the training camps are doubtless not profitably employed—being chiefly boys just out of high school. Most of them have never been at work. They scarcely fit into the picture of the 12,000,000 former wage-earners who are in need of assistance. Giving the boys a month's drill in snappy uniforms at Uncle Sam's expense would be both costly and ridiculous as a gesture of "relief." However sincerely advanced, this type of argument is mere camouflage, either of a national-defense complex or, more important, of the Congressman's individual pork barrel. The existence of a citizens' military training camp in a community means local purchases. A Congressman who permits abolition of a camp without laying an oratorical barrage risks the antagonism of the merchant princelings in his home town. When the real emergency is on the domestic economic front, it would seem obvious that true patriotism lies with the Congressional minority who have been seeking to eliminate these useless expenditures.

CONGRESSMEN eagerly searching every cranny for additional sources of tax revenues reacted none too favorably to the Treasury Department's income-tax refunds of \$80,000,000 for the past fiscal year. These included a refund of nearly \$3,000,000 to the United Fruit Company and four others exceeding \$1,000,000 to such corporations as the National Aniline and Chemical Company, the Reading Company, and the Botany Worsted Mills. The Aluminum Company of America got \$91,495, and its owners, Andrew W. Mellon and his brother, R. B. Mellon, also received personal refunds. It is clear that despite eleven years in office the former Secretary of the Treasury has never quite mastered the intricacy of an income-tax return. Former Postmaster-General Frank H. Hitchcock, long an active wire-puller behind the Republican scenes, and J. Henry Roraback, utility magnate and Republican national committeeman from Connecticut, also received refunds. The Senate thereupon provided for Congressional scrutiny of all refunds over \$5,000; the House raised the limit to \$20,000. But President Hoover vetoed the bill on the ground that it was unconstitutional, attaching an opinion by Attorney-General Mitchell that the proviso constituted an encroachment of the legislative branch upon the executive. The mere layman will be more apt to conclude that the reverse process has taken place and that it is the legislative power which has been trespassed upon by the executive. The Constitution gives to Congress the sole power to levy and collect taxes. Obviously Congress should have the right to know and pass upon the reasons for making tax refunds.

THE IRISH REPUBLICANS were the real victors in the elections of January 24. What they failed to achieve through successive rebellions they now seem likely to accomplish through the more orderly processes of democracy. It is not that Eamon de Valera is likely to proclaim a republic immediately on the strength of his party's surprising success. He is too much of a politician to make such a mistake. During the campaign he frankly declared that the people of Ireland must be "at liberty to determine freely their own governmental institutions and the extent of their cooperation with Great Britain in matters of agreed concern." This is the position he has taken for years, and he has said that this goal can be reached only by establishing an independent Irish republic. England's attempt to check De Valera by raising the tariff rates on imports from the Irish Free State has hurt the Irish people, especially the farmers, but despite the growing economic distress De Valera refused to deviate in the slightest degree from his program. That he had the support of the people is now abundantly clear. Even his chief opponent, William T. Cosgrave, appreciated the strength of the nationalist sentiment and sought to cater to it by making extravagant promises. But the temporary nature of these promises revealed that Cosgrave was simply following an opportunist course for the purpose of catching votes. Having obtained a majority, so that he need no longer depend even upon his allies in the Labor Party, De Valera can now proceed with his patient and considered efforts to free Ireland from the last vestige of English control.

NATIVES IN KENYA owning land in the recently discovered gold fields are to lose their homes and farms without compensation. That is the fact, although it is concealed beneath heaps of rubbish in the form of ordinances and amendments to ordinances and memoranda and proposals by the Colonial Secretary. Basing its comment on early dispatches from Kenya, *The Nation* reported some weeks ago that dispossessed natives were to be compensated by other lands—lands without gold! The Native Land Trust Ordinance, adopted in 1930, provided for such compensation. Adopted at a time of general unrest and apprehension in the native population, after white settlers had gradually usurped their best land, the ordinance guaranteed to the natives permanent possession of the reserves left to them. It also promised that in case of necessary alienation—for public purposes only and after full inquiry—the owner should be paid in land of equal area and if possible of equal value. These guaranties have now been cynically abandoned. The Kenya Legislative Council has opened the country in question—highly cultivated, overcrowded farm country—to a multiplying horde of prospectors who are permitted to seize the land, dig out the gold, and tear down the native huts. The owner of land, meanwhile, continues theoretically to be the owner. But his farm is in the hands of white outsiders who hold it on renewable leases which may run as long as twenty-one years. He receives no compensation; he gets no gold. He is advised merely to move over to some neighbor's land and wait for his own to be turned back at some indefinite time in the future. Naturally the natives are fearful, and angry. A situation which was tense when the Land Trust Ordinance was passed is made doubly dangerous. By law, the minerals are the property of the state. It would seem obvious sense, even from the point of view of enlightened

imperialism, to develop these fields under government control with an honest observance of the rights explicitly granted the natives. Only in this way can certain conflict between blacks and whites be avoided, and the remnants of British honor in East Africa be retrieved.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS that brought down the Paul-Boncour Cabinet in France probably cannot be finally resolved by ordinary political methods. It has already been suggested in dispatches from Paris that while another stop-gap government may succeed that of Paul-Boncour, eventually a non-party government will have to be formed. The Radical Socialists led by Edouard Herriot have the largest representation in the Chamber of Deputies. Therefore they constitute the logical nucleus of any party government. But to form a majority they must bargain either with the center parties on the right or with the Socialists on the left. Both Herriot and Paul-Boncour tried working with the Socialists, and both fell because at critical moments the Socialists withdrew their support. Numerically it is possible to arrange a coalition between the Radical Socialists and the parties of the center, but actually such groups as the Popular Democrats and the Center Republicans are much farther removed in a political sense from the Radical Socialists than is the Socialist Party. The French have in the past remained patient through seemingly endless Cabinet crises. On the other hand, there are significant indications of popular dissatisfaction with the financial policies of the Radical Socialists which may finally crystallize in a demand for a government of "national concentration" similar to the National Union which Raymond Poincaré headed in 1926. The French people remember that Poincaré stabilized the franc in that year after Herriot and the Radical Socialists had failed. Faced with another financial crisis, they are being persuaded, with the help of the press, that the Poincaré methods may have to be resorted to again.

INNUMERABLE LITERARY STUDENTS suffered a real pang when they read the news of Professor Saintsbury's death. Most, of course, knew him only through his many books, but he was that very rare thing, a scholar who managed somehow to convey the flavor of a vivid personality even through the opaque medium of a textbook. Few men of any time had read so much or so enthusiastically. The forgotten books of the past were almost as familiar to him as the surviving classics, and, indeed, he once declared that no book was uninteresting if only the reader brought a proper equipment with him. Scholars of the specializing type sometimes accused him of inaccuracies which only the most special specialist could note, and he wrote in a lumbering style full of parentheses and side remarks too numerous to be fitted easily into any sentence, however long. But even that style suggested the amiable though crotchety old Tory he was.

IT IS A SORRY COMMENTARY on the state of civilization in America that a fair judicial opinion on any case involving a Negro is so rare as to merit special mention. But that fact does not detract from the credit due to Mr. Justice Maxey of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for his admirable decision granting a new trial to William Brown. In February last the body of Dorothy Lutz, eight years old, was found in an empty house in Philadelphia. A

few days later William Brown, a mulatto, sixteen years old, was taken into custody. He was indicted for murder on the basis of circumstantial evidence and a signed confession. At the trial the chief issue was whether the confession had been made voluntarily or under duress. The tale of torture related by Willie Brown was not new—it included curses, a hot room, threats of "a mob," blackjacks, hunger, and thirst. The decision was not new either. The police were given a clean bill and Willie Brown was sentenced to lose his life. The claim for a new trial was based on excerpts from the charge to the jury of the presiding judge, Harry S. McDevitt. One of these, with Justice Maxey's reply, follows:

JUDGE McDEVITT: In the procuring of confessions sometimes nicety of details must be governed by the necessity of circumstances. Circumstances create conditions that justify methods that are employed.

JUSTICE MAXEY: This is error. No principle of the law is better settled than that confessions secured by brutality or by any other form of duress are vitiated.

These two quotations are typical both of the palpable bias of the judge's charge and the "genuine, tender, and reverent solicitude for the dignity and majesty of the law" which distinguishes the overruling opinion.

THERE ARE VERY REAL REASONS for regretting that the Group Theater has ceased its activities for the season and, quite possibly, forever. Most of the other non-commercial theatrical enterprises in New York are excessively unimportant and the Group was the only one which promised to play the role filled from about 1914 to 1925 by such organizations as the Washington Square Players, the Provincetown Players, and the Neighborhood Playhouse. Now that it is gone there is no vigorous organization definitely committed to experiment. The immediate reason for its collapse was the prompt failure of its most recent production, "Big Night," which was not only disliked by most of the critics except *The Nation's* own, but was damned with unusual and not wholly understandable ferocity. Whatever may be thought of that production, however, it can hardly be denied that the Group's record is an extremely honorable one. Several years ago it contributed "Red Rust," last year "The House of Connelly," and this year "Success Story." Each would have been definitely missed from any list of the plays of the year.

AMONG THE DISREGARDED VICTIMS of the depression are some hundreds of lions, tigers, elephants, and other wild animals which were dragged from their native forests to be shut up in municipal or circus zoos that are now no longer willing to feed them. They can't be sold because no one will buy them, and the city of Spokane, for example, has decided simply to slaughter a collection which includes polar bears, buffaloes, and grizzlies. Cincinnati has a better plan, which consists in setting school children the task of selling tickets of admission to the Zoo, but almost any solution is better than that adopted by a showman who sold two lions to a St. Louis eccentric who used them to stage a lion hunt for his own amusement. The spectacle of this man vainly attempting to make the tame beasts leave their cage in order that he might imagine himself a mighty hunter as he shot at them furnished one of the most revolting of the minor grotesqueries of our civilization.

Weak Knees and Strong Banks

SHALL we have pawnshops or real banks? That was the question put before Congress and the country by Senator Glass of Virginia in defending his banking-reform bill which has now been passed by the Senate. Eighty per cent of the 11,000 banks that have failed in recent years, he declared, have been institutions capitalized at less than \$25,000 each, "pawnshops set up over the country, miscalled banks, that have toppled over like tenpins in an alley at every disturbance of business." Senator Glass might have phrased this question differently and so come closer to the heart of the problem. For the real quarrel lies between those who believe we ought to preserve our anarchic system lest by changing it we deliver ourselves into the hands of a few rich men, and those who favor a strong, centralized banking system under adequate public regulation or control. The first group holds that it would be dangerous to allow either Washington or Wall Street to encroach any further upon our tradition of economic freedom and individual initiative. The second is interested primarily in stable and efficient banking. The Glass bill takes an important though modest step in this direction.

Among the difficulties now threatening the American banking structure, two stand out. The first is that instead of one uniform banking system we have forty-nine conflicting and competing systems. In his article in *The Nation* of April 13, 1932, H. Parker Willis recommended "the transfer of power over banking legislation to the federal government" either by means of a constitutional amendment or by agreement between the States. "Without this step," Dr. Willis asserted, "we shall go on with the conflict between grades of government, with the attempt on the part of the States to tempt banks away from their federal charters, with the effort of national administrators to draw them back by laxity in law or in administration, with the craven fear on the part of the Federal Reserve system lest it lose members through uprightness of administration, and with other elements of profound weakness that must ultimately bring even more complete disorganization than that now existing." The Glass bill does not directly touch this important aspect of the general problem, though it seeks to strengthen the Federal Reserve system and thereby overcome some of the difficulties mentioned by Dr. Willis.

Secondly, there are too many banks in the United States, of which the vast majority are small, independent institutions which for the most part are undercapitalized. Under competent management they may survive in times of prosperity, but they fall very quickly in times of depression. When these houses close their doors by the hundreds and by the thousands, not only are the communities they serve deprived of their banking facilities and huge sums in deposits lost or tied up for indefinite periods, but the shock of such waves of bank failures disturbs business and finance throughout the country. A highly centralized system, such as may be found in England or Canada, could afford to absorb the smaller, independent institutions when they are in trouble. It is significant that despite the depression England and Canada have had very few bank failures. In the United

States, on the other hand, we have had failures by the thousands. Here there is no bank or group of banks strong enough to take over the smaller houses and guarantee their deposits. And fear of the power of Wall Street thwarts every effort to strengthen or centralize our banking system.

It is probably true that the public is not prepared for the concentration of banking power in the hands of relatively few houses, especially since we have not yet had sufficient experience with regulatory methods to insure public control of banking that would be adequate to prevent abuse of power. The sensible approach to the problem is through the development of branch banking, leading naturally to centralization. At the same time, by meeting each new problem as it arose, a technique of governmental supervision could be developed. The Glass bill seeks to encourage precisely this sort of evolution. It lays down new rules for banking practice in the national field. It would also permit national banks to open and maintain branches in the States in which they are themselves located, "if such establishment and operation are at the same time expressly authorized to State banks by the law of the State in question." True, only nine States have such laws at present, but others are likely to adopt them in the near future.

It is, however, not sufficient merely to encourage branch banking. There must also be intelligent and expert supervision, and the government body charged with this task must be given punitive power to compel the bankers to abide by the rules and regulations adopted. The Glass bill is designed in part to prevent another stock-market explosion and to stabilize the national banking system generally by restricting Federal Reserve credit in order to keep it out of speculative channels, by compelling national banks to divorce themselves from their security affiliates, thereby preventing these banks from gambling in stock-exchange securities, and by controlling holding companies for bank stocks. But the bill would also broaden the supervisory and punitive powers of the Federal Reserve Board by granting to that body authority to remove officers and directors of member banks who in its judgment engage in unsound banking practices. That is an important step forward.

The weak-kneed position assumed by many of our Western and Southern politicians with regard to branch banking is altogether natural. It is true that the failure of the big bankers in the present crisis has been among the greatest of the tragedies attending the depression. But the people of the South and West should remember that their small local banks, being inherently weak, appear to be doomed in any event if the depression continues much longer. Would it not be better for these communities if the larger banks were permitted to take over the local institutions for the purpose of keeping them open and serving their communities? Obviously this would place tremendous power in the hands of relatively few banks. But with adequate public control, particularly with respect to the activities of individual bankers, this would constitute no great menace to our economic structure. Of course, if public control broke down, as it would do if the bankers were allowed to capture the Federal

Reserve Board, there would be no alternative left except nationalization of the whole banking system. No one will seriously argue that it would be easier to nationalize our banks under the present relatively chaotic conditions than it would be if the banks were drawn together in a strong, centralized system. That is the direction in which we are moving. We have it within our power to decide whether the road toward a uniform and sound banking system is to be strewn with the wreckage of innumerable small, independent banks. The new system could as well be built upon strong branch banks operating in every community and serving the interests of the country as a whole.

Mr. Roosevelt Must Lead

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S statesmanship will be tested immediately upon his taking office. Not since the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln has the need for effective leadership and prompt and vigorous action been more imperative. It may fairly be said that today's problems are more complex and difficult than those of 1861. So steadily has the economic crisis been aggravated that measures which conceivably might have checked the downward trend two years ago will no longer be adequate. The country faces the gravest crisis in its peace-time history.

Within a few hours after inauguration the nation should be able to gauge fairly well whether Norman Thomas's taunt that the political star of Franklin D. Roosevelt would begin to set on March 4 was justified. The selection of his Cabinet, for one thing, will be highly significant. If it is composed of great names—great in the dear departed past—it will indicate that Mr. Roosevelt's policies and program are to be merely a slightly warmed-over Republicanism. His major appointments will provide an acid test of his understanding that we are passing through, not a depression, but the end of an epoch. If, for instance, he appoints Miss Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor, it will demonstrate that her superlative qualifications for that post outweigh political considerations, and that he has been strong enough to resist that type of pressure. If, on the other hand, he nominates Daniel J. Tobin, for many years president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen, and Helpers, it will be evident that the same shortsighted and ineffective policies which have brought about the deterioration of the American Federation of Labor will shape the labor program of the Roosevelt Administration.

Similarly, the appointment of an Attorney-General with the public record and social viewpoint of Senator Thomas J. Walsh or Felix Frankfurter will serve notice that a few score corporation heads will no longer continue to be superior to law and government. A vigilant Attorney-General would have proceeded against Samuel Insull long before his flight to Greece. And there are "blue-sky" practices through which other utility magnates and financiers have robbed the public of millions, that cry aloud for prosecution, so that this plunder shall cease. The Progressives—who have borne the Republican label—should be represented in the Cabinet. It is they who, for a decade, have fought for a "new deal" for the American people. Philip F. La Follette, former governor of Wisconsin, or Bronson Cutting

of New Mexico would greatly strengthen Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet.

The utter futility that has marked not merely the present lame-duck session, but the relations of President and Congress for the four years of the Hoover Administration should be a warning to Mr. Roosevelt that he must never relinquish the tiller. His chances of obtaining and preserving Congressional party harmony—essential for the prompt adoption of relief measures—depend largely on the vigor of his leadership, the definiteness of his program, and the speed with which he inaugurates it. The very gravity of the crisis and the need for action are factors in his favor, if only he will take advantage of them.

Measures which obviously require immediate action—settlement of the war debts, downward revision of tariffs, arms reduction, the recognition of Russia, banking reform, farm and unemployment relief, and necessary government economies. Reemployment is, of course, the overshadowing need. The often proposed several-billion-dollar bond issue for direct relief or for indirect relief through public works, slum clearance, and so on may be a "nostrum" to the spokesmen of the vanished new era who want at all costs to avoid higher income taxes, but their own remedies have been flat failures. The character and direction of the financial relief they extracted from Mr. Hoover need to be fundamentally altered. More important than the bolstering of bankrupt railroad securities and the dumping of large sums of the people's money into insurance companies and banks (which continue to close) is the relief of the hungry and destitute and of farm and home owners, thousands of whom have already lost their properties. Further dispossessions, either because of inability to pay mortgage interest or taxes, must be stopped at once.

For nearly three and one-half years Mr. Hoover and the giants of finance and captains of industry have been in charge of national affairs. The resulting debacle has been complete. Their fiscal and economic policies have been ruinous. The life of the country is at low ebb. Mr. Roosevelt need not fear to try new leaders and new ideas, and to venture boldly into untrodden paths.

Hitler in Power

A DOLF HITLER has at last reached his goal. His appointment as Chancellor of Germany is for him a supreme personal triumph. But does his ascendancy mean that the type of fascism he represents is to rule unchecked? Are the heads of the "republican traitors" of 1918 now to "roll in the sand," as he boasted at the famous Leipzig trial a few years ago? It seems unlikely. President von Hindenburg has conferred upon Hitler the honor of the chancellorship but he has taken pains to prevent any real power from slipping into the hands of the National Socialist leader.

Apart from the personal satisfaction Hitler may get out of the chancellorship, the change in the government brought only one distinct gain to the National Socialists. Hermann Göring, speaker of the Reichstag, was placed in charge of the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, an appointment which gives the Nazis control over the huge and important Prus-

sian police force of 150,000 men. And even this concession was hedged with numerous checks. Former Chancellor von Papen, who has remained on the most intimate terms with President von Hindenburg, was not only appointed Vice-Chancellor, but was also given the post of Federal Commissioner for Prussia. Thus Göring will be responsible to Von Papen, who is opposed to the use of the Prussian police for political purposes. The Nazis also sought control of the Reichswehr, but Hindenburg named one of his own advisers, General Werner von Blomberg, to the Ministry of Defense, which controls the army and is charged with maintaining general public order.

It appears improbable that the Nazis will be able to carry out any of their major economic or social policies under the new arrangement. Baron von Neurath retains the Foreign Affairs portfolio, which makes it certain that there will be no flat repudiation of the Versailles treaty or of other commitments in the foreign field. Count Schwerin von Krosigk, who was reappointed Minister of Finance, is not only conservative and therefore opposed to experimentation of the sort that the National Socialists advocate, but he has customarily acted as spokesman for the big Berlin banks which the Nazis have always denounced. Other members of the new Cabinet, who are no less nationalistic than Hitler but are hostile to his program and tactics, include Alfred Hugenberg, the publisher, and Franz Seldte, head of the Stahlhelm. Hugenberg was appointed Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, and Seldte Minister of Labor.

In the excitement attending the advent of a Hitler Government the fall of General von Schleicher seems almost to have been overlooked. Von Schleicher was the "man of mystery," popularly considered to be adept in backstairs intrigue. He is said to have boasted on one occasion that when he came into power he would remain Chancellor for twenty years. Yet he lasted only fifty-seven days. The cause of the sudden fall has not been satisfactorily explained, but it appears that in Franz von Papen he met his master at the game of political intrigue. Ever since Von Papen was compelled to resign from the chancellorship last November, he has been busy pulling wires. He seems finally to have accomplished his end by coming to terms with Hitler and pulling down Von Schleicher. There is little doubt that Von Papen, with Hindenburg supporting him, will be the real head of the Cabinet.

If the new government is tolerated by the Center Party it may survive for months, perhaps much longer. If the Centrists turn against it, it may fall at once, for no government depending on a parliamentary majority can be formed without their support. Of course, Hitler and Von Papen may choose to dispense with the Reichstag altogether, precisely as Von Schleicher intended to do, but it is more than probable that Hindenburg would not consent to such a frank violation of the constitution. Even if the new government should remain in office, with or without Catholic support, Hitler seems destined to lose much of his following unless he can prevail upon his colleagues to carry out some of his blood-and-thunder promises. That they will do so is entirely out of the question. A majority of them would be only too happy to see the National Socialist movement destroyed, or at least working in harness with the other forces of reaction, but on their terms, not Hitler's.

Back to the Land

IN a recent issue of the *Countryman*, a little English magazine bound in grass-green covers, appears an imaginary conversation between two Londoners. "At twenty," says the first, "you left the farm to come to the city. And for forty years you slave your inside out—for what?" "To make enough," replies the other, "to live in the country."

The movement to the city began no doubt when the second house in the world was built alongside the first; and the movement back to the land began soon afterward when one of the inhabitants of a primeval mud village began to feel crowded. Gregariousness and solitude, like war and peace, are one pair of the opposites of men's desire. History rewritten in terms of these two movements would be more amusing than economic determinism and not altogether fallacious. In this country, as everybody knows, the rush to the cities began when the last frontier was reached. (We suspect that like United States Steel common it reached its highest point in 1929.) The city, too, attained its highest development in the "new era." To men nourished on 1,000 per cent profits derived from an initial dollar borrowed from a bank and invested on margin, the slow increase of nature was unbelievably crude, an utter denial of progress. So they built themselves skyscrapers and hid the offending ground that lies beneath every city with a solid mass of brick and stone to proclaim the impregnability of man's handiwork.

The great wave of inflation, which reached its high-water mark in New York City, has already receded to the lower floors of numerous skyscrapers. Ten thousand empty offices high above the street are lighted at night only by the reflection from some passing airplane, and even at the street level chasms yawn where once the latest fashions or a solvent bank flourished.

Meanwhile the farm and the farmer rise in public esteem. Formerly anyone who stayed in the country when he could get a job in a factory deserved to starve. Now important people are discovering that the farmer must somehow be saved, and former skilled mechanics, when they are able to, are bartering their skill for the farmer's food. The intellectual return to the land began some years ago. From one end of the country to the other in sundry quiet places will be found bored or tired city intellectuals "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade."

We await the census of 1940, and we expect that it will show a movement back to the land. But we shall not look upon the news as final or expect the cities to fall into decay. By the time Russia completes its movement to the city and starts back again we shall have begun another urban inflation. We have just rediscovered certain lines by Thomas Randolph, from an ode to Master Anthony Stafford to hasten Him into the Country.

Come, spur away
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town
* * * * *

'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world goes mad.
These lines were written before 1635, yet London persists.

Issues and Men

The Army and Navy Forever

WHY is it that the army and navy appropriations have become so sacrosanct in Washington? It is true that there have been some pay cuts in both the army and the navy, but the vast total of the outlay for army and navy remains untouched. It is as if a curtain of inviolability had been thrown around them, or as if there were evidences that the country was in danger. The Navy League representatives, of course, have been to Franklin Roosevelt to show him how rapidly we are dropping to third—or is it fifth?—place, while the Chief of Staff has solemnly informed the country that in the matter of land armaments we stand in seventeenth place. Some of the vital services of the government, such as education, are being sharply curtailed. Why is it that there is such hesitation about reducing the army or navy? The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives has reduced the new army bill by only \$60,000,000. Nominally the cut is \$110,000,000, but \$50,000,000 of this amount is accounted for by non-recurring emergency construction which is ending in the present fiscal year. The military side of the War Department's work is actually cut only \$31,584,000. Even this reduction was at once attacked, particularly the bill's suspension for a year of the citizens' military training camps, which have thus far been attended by 377,000 young Americans eager to learn how to kill other human beings and to be supported while doing so. But the bill does not even move to reduce the number of officers in the regular army from 12,000 to 10,000, as last year's bill did, and it does not specify that as vacancies in the lowest grade of the corps of officers occur, there shall be no fresh appointments. Yet the army is dreadfully over-officered compared to the number of men it actually has in the ranks. It has many more colonels than can possibly command regiments, far more generals than ever before in our history, and the retired list is stuffed with many of the temporary officers of the World War.

Now is this necessary? Let us leave aside the fact that for more than one hundred years of our national existence we never had a regular army larger than 25,000 men and officers, and that during most of that time we had one of only 10,000. Let us not dwell upon the facts that we were solemnly assured that we had won the war to end war, and that we have signed the Pact of Paris forever outlawing war as an instrument of national policy. Let us look at the world as it is. What nation could possibly go to war with the United States today? Not Germany certainly, nor Russia, which is obviously willing to let Japan go as far as it likes in Manchuria rather than endanger the very existence of the Communist system by getting into a war. And surely not France. The wildest jingo never suggests that we shall go to war with France. Nor does anybody suggest that Mussolini's fleet is a menace to the United States. England? Well, there is certainly no danger of that in view of the critical condition of Britain's industry, the prostration of most of its basic industries, and the financial debacle of last year which made it abandon the gold standard—to say nothing

of the historic friendship between the two countries and the pledges of eternal friendship we gave when we joined the Allies in 1917. There remains, then, only Japan, which would seem to have its hands full in Manchuria—Japan, whose adventures in China have made that nation so unpopular with the rest of the world that it could hardly expect anything but a united front against itself in the event of hostilities with a Western Power. But, we hear it said, is it not true that there exists an alliance between England and Japan, tacit, it is true, but none the less binding? Would not these two countries be glad to join forces against us?

Well, the answer is that 60 per cent of Japan's trade is with the United States and this would cease on a declaration of war; that the yen has steadily lost ground for the last two years; that nothing would so jeopardize the Japanese adventure in Manchuria and Jehol; and that it would be impossible for Japan to find the money necessary to finance a war with the United States. The first result for England of alliance with Japan would be the loss of India, which would certainly take the opportunity to throw off British control. The simple truth is that there is not a nation in financial condition to undertake a struggle with the United States, and certainly not one whose military officers and financial and economic experts could hold out the slightest hope of gaining anything whatever from war with the United States, whether that war should be successful or unsuccessful. Have we not learned the great lesson of the World War and its aftermath—that the victors are punished as much as the vanquished? But still the Congress acts as if we must not reduce the army by an officer or a man; as if we must not lay violent hands upon our obsolete battleships. And the militarists and navalists are crying out that if there are any reductions in the armed forces, the legions of the unemployed will only be increased. To this the answer is that the discharges could be gradual, and that if necessary it would be better and cheaper for the United States to give these men a bare living sustenance in civil life than to maintain them in barracks. Certainly if unnecessary pensions were cut off, there would be no difficulty in giving these discharged men a dole until such time as they were absorbed by the farm or by industry. As a matter of fact, there was more than one general in Washington last winter who admitted privately that the army would be much more efficient if it had several thousand fewer officers. Whether they were right or not there is today no sound reason why the army and navy appropriations should not be cut by several hundred millions of dollars, as a long step toward that disarmament for which even Senator Jim Watson of Indiana is apparently ready, now that he has introduced a bill for the United States to offer to the rest of the world a 50 per cent reduction in all armaments for a period of ten years.

Quincy Garrison Villard

Machines and the Future

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

NOTHING about the human race is more curious than its passion for believing prophecies of doom—unless it be its passion for destroying the prophets. Any oracle who cares to foretell the end of a civilization can make the front pages from Bushire to Nome. But God must defend him if the details of his divination err.

Mr. Howard Scott, augur of the Technocrats, is the latest example. Like all successful prophets Mr. Scott appeared in a time of tribulation. Like all successful prophets Mr. Scott foretold woe. And like all successful prophets Mr. Scott was widely and resoundingly and hysterically believed. With the inevitable reaction, the inevitable repudiation, and the inevitable relapse. Indeed, Mr. Scott differs from his predecessors among the ancients in one characteristic only. The Roman prophet could not be discountenanced until the event. But Mr. Scott, because he appealed to the great American belief in scientific truth and therefore expressed his dooms in scientific terms supported by scientific findings, was subject to immediate check. And when the check was made, when the devout discovered that the ratio of 1932 electric-bulb production per man to 1914 electric-bulb production per man was 550 to 1 instead of 9,000 to 1, the black ink of rage ran from one end of the country to the other. The customers had been sold. The facts were otherwise. Mr. Scott was a fake prophet. And nothing was necessary to a proper cinematic ending for the whole affair but the repudiation of Mr. Scott by his own disciples. Which obligingly followed.

If no one were concerned in the result but Mr. Scott, the situation would be innocuous and amusing. Mr. Scott would have had his day in the sun and no one but himself to blame for the precipitancy which threw him into the newspapers before he had tested his statistics. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Scott is very far from being the only person concerned. For his name, in part because of his own egoism, and in part because of the fumbling of editors who knew no word to express the corpus of ideas with which Mr. Scott was dealing, has become identified and synonymous with one of the most pressing problems our civilization has to face. Technocracy, whether we like it or not, now stands by substitution for the whole body of social and economic questions posed by the mechanization of industry. And the neglect of Mr. Scott as an individual and of Technocracy as a school ~~is~~ the neglect of issues which we cannot afford to neglect. As the published remarks of the last two weeks abundantly prove. It is not alone left-wing intellectuals, recently converted from Professor Babbitt to Karl Marx and unable with decency to afford a second removal at this time, who have breathed audible sighs of relief over Mr. Scott's discomfiture. It is also the bankers and the episcopal bishops and the societies of engineers and the chambers of commerce and the Professor Fishers. Mr. Paul du Pont put the case neatly when, with unintended irony, he remarked that United States Steel at sixty would put an end to the whole discussion. It would. And these gentlemen hope to see the day.

The rest of us, however, do not. And for two reasons.

Of which the lesser is the certainty that failure to deal with the problem now means a disaster—and a disaster beyond the profit of any revolutionary group—within this generation; and of which the greater is the conviction that the recognition of the technological trend and the acceptance of its significance offer the first ray of human hope since industrialism began. The Technocrats were journalistically clever but humanly obtuse when they made their cause a cause of fear. The real meaning of modern industrialism has no interpretation in terms of fear except for the banking class. For the rest of society it offers hope. Earlier in this century and throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century there was no hope in industrialism but escape. Poets turned aside from it. Philosophers transcended it. Even the Communists who plunged into it to the hair roots, accepting the human categories of economic class it imposed, worshiping the symbolic tractors it produced, and making a religion of the labor it compelled men to perform, were unable to find in industrialism a positive justification and were forced to express their Utopia in negatives—the end of capitalism, the end of exploitation, the end of injustice. But with the third decade of the present century the image changed. Industrialism turned another face. It became apparent that the goal of industrialism was not merely greater and greater production, more and more material, richer and richer bankers, but something quite different from these things. It became apparent that industrialism was moving toward a degree of mechanization in which fewer and fewer men need be, or indeed could be, employed. And that the result of that development must, of physical necessity, be a civilization in which all men would work less and enjoy more. For the alternative to such a choice was a state in which a half or a quarter of the adult population would be unemployed and carried as charity charges by the remainder of the population, and such an alternative was unthinkable. What political or social revolutions must intervene no man could say. But the probable and indicated outcome could be foreseen by any man who was familiar with the figures.

The statistical statement of that prognosis is the heart of Technocracy. And it is there, rather than on the pin's head of particular production figures, that the angels should be made to dance. Technocracy's brick and pig-iron figures may, and undoubtedly do, prove that the Technocrats are exceedingly careless engineers. But in the last analysis the important question is not whether a man can make 9,000 times or only 550 times as many light bulbs now as he could make in 1914, but whether it is or is not true that the mechanization of industry has reached the point where production can increase without a corresponding increase in the number of wage-earners. For if the answer to that question is in the affirmative, then the direction of growth of industrialism has changed, our civilization has turned a corner, and the ancient conception of human work as the basis of economic exchange and of the right to live is obsolete, since the work of machines and the conversion of non-human energy take the human place.

There is no doubt whatever that the answer is in the affirmative. Charts in the preparation of which the Technocrats had no part prove that from and after the year 1919, while the volume of production increased, the number of wage-earners employed in manufacturing leveled off and actually fell, with a loss by 1927 of 3 per cent. And this loss was reflected in actual unemployment totals. Dr. Leo Wolman, whose findings are not subject to the skepticism which meets Mr. Scott's, estimated a minimum of 2,055,000 unemployed outside of agriculture in the boom and booming year, 1927; and the reputable New York State Commissioner for Labor stated that in 1928, with no corresponding slump in factory production, unemployment was as bad as it had been in 1921. Comparison of the years 1923 and 1927, by industries, gives overwhelming support to the conclusion.

Industry	Change in output	Change in employment
Oil: petroleum		
refining	84 per cent more	5 per cent less
Tobacco	53 per cent more	13 per cent less
Meat: slaughtering, packing	20 per cent more	19 per cent less
Railroads, 1922-26	30 per cent more	1 per cent less
Construction, Ohio only	11 per cent more	15 per cent less
Automobiles, 1922-26	69 per cent more	48 per cent more
Rubber tires	28 per cent more	7 per cent more
Bituminous coal	4 per cent more	15 per cent less
Electricity, 1922-27	70 per cent more	52 per cent more
Steel	8 per cent more	9 per cent less
Cotton mills	3 per cent more	13 per cent less
Electrical equipment	10 per cent more	6 per cent less
Agriculture, 1920-25	10 per cent more	5 per cent less
Lumber	6 per cent less	21 per cent less
Men's clothing	1 per cent more	7 per cent less
Paper	0	7 per cent less
Shoes	7 per cent less	12 per cent less

These figures have never, so far as I know, been attacked. Mr. Simeon Strunsky makes much of the fact that the census figures for 1920 and 1930 show an increase in the latter year of 1,280,000 in "manufacturing and mechanical industries," but neglects to explain how these occupation figures are obtained. As Mr. Strunsky knows, the decennial census is a population census and not an employment census. A man will speak of his "occupation" as machinist if he was last a machinist, even though he have now no job. And the tabulator has no choice but to write him down as a machinist. Thus the decennial census throws little light upon the problem. One must turn to the census of manufactures where, on the basis of pay rolls, actual employment figures are given. This census shows a drop from 9,000,000 in 1919 to 8,350,000 in 1927 and 8,839,000 in 1929.

Another device of Technocracy's critics is the use of percentages presented in Chapter VI of "Recent Social Trends," which show the proportion of the population, sixteen years of age or over, gainfully employed to have been 52.2 in 1870 and 57.1 in 1930. But this presentation is a trifle disingenuous since it omits the intervening figures. The peak shown by these percentages was not 1930 but 1910, when 59 per cent were gainfully occupied. In 1920 the percentage fell to 58.1 and in 1930 to 57.1.

It seems impossible to deny the fact of the decline. And if the decline in number of wage-earners in the face of an increase in production is admitted, the case is proved. It would be no answer to argue, as many critics of Technocracy do argue, that the lost population of the factories was taken up in the "services"—the hotels and the bond offices and the gas stations. For a society which wished to take advantage of the potential benefits of the new industrialism would not force its displaced workers into these selling services to swell a new Coolidge-era expansion, but would decrease workers' hours to spread the leisure resulting from technological advance. It is only the present misfit distribution system which makes it necessary for one man to take to the road selling insurance while nine men left in the factory go on working ten hours a day. The "services" from this point of view are merely a buffer margin to enable the present system to frustrate its own genius in the interest of its creditors. And the benefits from swelling the services are, as the present disaster proves, temporary at best. But even were it otherwise, the opposition would still have failed to prove that the services will take up all the slack. Surveys have been made showing that 1,907,000 new positions were created in the twenties in medicine and hotels and restaurants and moving-picture theaters and banks and the like as against the 1,485,000 positions estimated to have suffered technological cancelation in industry. But this result neatly omits the population growth in the interval which should have increased the number of wage-earners by 2,000,000. And the only actual case studies so far made to determine how adequately men displaced as puddlers and cutters are really taken up in teaching and stock and bond offices have signally failed to prove the opposition point. The lag between jobs was found to be serious even when new jobs could be found at all, and the only conclusion to be drawn from these studies is that, however the individual components of the residuum of the unemployed may shift and change, the total body of unemployment remains. In the last analysis the opposition is left with the cold comfort of the orthodox economic theory that men displaced by the machine in one industry *must*, either because of reduced costs and greater demand or the deflection elsewhere of the consumer's money, find work eventually. That theory has never been proved.

If the opposition has failed to make its point on the basis of actual employment figures, it has also failed to make its point on the basis of the rate of change. The significant and fundamental fact which no one has denied is that productivity per wage-earner was almost constant for the twenty years from 1899 to 1919, whereas in the eight years following 1919 it increased by approximately 50 per cent. Critics have suggested that a similar or greater increase in productivity occurred at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. But the eras are not comparable. Change from handicraft to machine production enormously increased output per worker and displaced thousands of men amid dire forebodings. But mechanization was still only an adjunct to human labor. As production increased with the manufacture of cheaper goods, employment also increased. Only now has man become an adjunct, and an increasingly less important adjunct, of the machine. Only in our time has an increase in production been possible with an actual decrease in number of men employed.

Technocracy as a group is far from invulnerable. Its

statistics are shaky. Its utterances have been half-cocked. And its philosophy is merely an infantile doctrine of technological determinism to take the place of the equally infantile Marxian dogma of economic determinism. "All social activity," according to the Technocrats, "must obey the laws of physics." Human responsibility for human action is canceled and nothing is required of a man but that he should submit to the laws of physics, measure his life in ergs, and discard all interests which cannot be expressed in

foot pounds per second. Technocracy, in other words, goes no farther on the philosophic side than to offer to an increasingly childish humanity another mechanical nurse, another external authority, and another absolute pattern. But for all that, the problem which the word Technocracy unfortunately defines is the vital problem of our time and the hope which the word Technocracy obscures is the first human hope industrialism has offered. Those who ignore the problem and those who discredit the hope do so at their peril.

"Buy American!"

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

"ARE you a good American? Are you moved by the distress of your fellow-citizens—twelve million of them unemployed—by the collapse of industry, the decline of trade, the spread of destitution, the halt of progress in your country?" If your answer is in the affirmative, then your duty is clear: "Americans must buy American goods to the exclusion of any other goods, of any other products, of any other services." Prosperity can only be restored by applying "our purchasing power to the resuscitation of the American market." Led by the chain of newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst and ably seconded by the *Saturday Evening Post*, we are in the midst of a campaign of unprecedented proportions urging us to turn our backs flatly upon international trade and to seek to build a self-contained national prosperity. There is much in Mr. Hearst's plea that is deserving of sympathetic attention. Recognition of the fact that the roots of the economic depression extend beyond the boundaries of the United States has led many Americans to feel that a restoration of business stability is impossible unless this country severs, as far as possible, its economic ties with the outside world. The heavy losses sustained by investors in foreign securities and the strong presumption that the war debts will not be repaid have served to strengthen this view. Leading economists have taken the position that a serious mistake was made in developing a dependence upon world trade during the last decade, and have declared themselves in favor of durable adjustments which will restore the former reliance on home markets.

It is only natural, moreover, that we should be primarily concerned with the restoration of American prosperity. Since the onset of the world crisis the law of the jungle has prevailed in the international realm. Every nation has sought to protect its domestic market against the forces of world-wide deflation by erecting and strengthening almost prohibitive barriers against cheap foreign imports. Having found the protection that was afforded by such measures to be inadequate, some forty-five countries have abandoned the gold standard and thereby brought renewed pressure upon world prices. As the chief creditor nation, steadfast in its defense of the gold standard, the United States has, in a very real sense, been left holding the bag. Proportionately, this country has suffered a greater business decline than any other, with the possible exceptions of Germany and Poland.

But even a superficial glance is enough to disclose the fundamental fallacy in the "Buy American" campaign. For more than fifty years the United States has maintained a

"favorable" balance of trade. Even in the darkest days of the depression there has been a relatively substantial surplus of exports over imports. Foreigners can only purchase American products when they are obtainable at world prices and when they can secure the necessary American currency or its equivalent. If the United States should seriously curtail the importation of foreign goods, and in addition, as Mr. Hearst suggests, suddenly discontinue the annual mass pilgrimage to Europe, there would have to be at least a dollar-for-dollar decline in American exports. Moreover, it might turn out to be much worse. If it is patriotic and wise for all Americans to limit themselves to the purchase of American goods, it is only logical for the British, Chinese, and other foreigners to boycott all American goods. In fact, Mr. Hearst heartily commends the "Buy British" movement as a model for us to emulate.

The best that could be hoped for, consequently, would be the reshuffling of existing purchasing power. The producers for the home market would gain at the expense of those who are dependent upon the maintenance of our export trade—with the farmers, as usual, bearing the bulk of the burden. There would be no increase in the total purchasing power of the country. In practice, however, the effect of such a movement, if it could be successfully organized, would be far more serious than a mere reapportionment of the national income. It would give renewed impetus to the deflationary spiral and nullify all the efforts to check it.

Among the many factors which Mr. Hearst has not taken into account, our present position as a creditor nation is perhaps fundamental. For the first century and a quarter of our national existence we were a net debtor by a considerable sum. As such, our commercial policy had very little influence upon the international financial structure, upon prices, or upon the flow of world trade. While tariffs were strenuously debated as an internal issue, it really made relatively little difference whether a given commodity was produced at home or purchased abroad. Such differences as there were could be measured by comparative prices.

Since the World War, however, an entirely new situation has arisen. As the chief creditor nation we must provide for the receipt of interest and sinking-fund payments. International payments can be made in only three ways—by the transfer of goods (including gold), services, or securities. It follows, therefore, that a creditor must either maintain an import surplus of goods and services, or grant new foreign credits to cover the unpaid balance. As the United States

has been unwilling to increase its imports through fear of disturbing the home market and has been at the same time desirous of expanding its export trade, it became necessary during the period from 1919 to 1928 for this country to indulge in a veritable orgy of foreign lending.

The effect of the sudden termination of this lending at the time of the stock-market crash in 1929 is too well known to bear repetition. The pressure upon debtors to obtain foreign exchange to meet impending payments led them to throw large quantities of commodities on the world markets at reduced prices, and to curtail imports drastically. The latter was accomplished by raising tariff rates, by imposing import restrictions, and by the method now proposed for our consideration—buy-at-home campaigns. For the debtors some such action was imperative if they were to meet their obligations, but the contagion spread among creditors as well. The United States passed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act in June, 1930; France imposed drastic import quotas and called in her short-term foreign balances; Great Britain, suffering more acutely than the others at the time, abandoned her historic free-trade policy and suspended payments in gold. Each of these moves served to make the weight of existing debts more burdensome. With world trade reduced to less than half of its previous value and with international lending practically non-existent, the structure of international indebtedness became dangerously topheavy. Even after taking drastic steps to preserve solvency, many countries were forced to default; in others, such as Germany, default was avoided only by the tying up of short-term loans indefinitely.

To the dyed-in-the-wool isolationist this chronicle of the difficulties encountered in the past three years is merely an illustration of the pitfalls of economic internationalism. Why, he asks, should we be so concerned about foreign trade when even in good years less than 10 per cent of our total production is marketed abroad? Why not concentrate on the home market—the richest in the world? If we include Latin America and Canada in our economic sphere, there is no question that the United States could develop a high degree of national self-sufficiency.

While an excellent theoretical case may be made for insulating ourselves from the vicissitudes of the international market, the practical objections are unanswerable. Although this country is less dependent upon foreign trade than any other of the leading commercial Powers, there are many types of agricultural and industrial activity which rely largely upon foreign markets. We normally raise nearly twice as much cotton as is required for domestic needs, while a large portion of our annual production of tobacco, wheat, petroleum, and copper can only be disposed of abroad. Only about 8 per cent of the output of our factories is exported in normal times, but half of the motor cycles, one-quarter of the agricultural machinery, and 40 per cent of the typewriters are sold overseas. No doubt readjustment could be made, but thousands of men and women, skilled and unskilled, would pay a heavy price during the transition period and many of them would probably never find new employment. Moreover, even when a very small proportion of the total output is sold overseas, the price is determined by international conditions. Isolation would have to be complete to be effective. Halfway measures, such as are ordinarily proposed, would be far more destructive than a thoroughgoing system of "autarchy."

Very few of the advocates of national economic self-containment are aware, however, of the full implications of their proposals. Mr. Hearst certainly is not. Cessation of purchases from foreign countries would automatically deprive all foreigners of the means of payment of interest or principal of all loans, public and private, owed to the United States. This would involve not only the cancelation of eleven billion dollars of intergovernmental indebtedness, but of some fifteen billion dollars of private investments as well. Even dividends on direct investments cannot be paid except in goods or services. Offhand, we would say that neither Mr. Hearst nor the *Saturday Evening Post* has exhibited any notable enthusiasm for the cancelation of the war debts.

Various schemes have been suggested for permitting payment in something other than goods or services, but upon examination it will be found that they only defer or camouflage such payment. Even the receipt of gold would be of practically no value unless the gold were used for the purchase of commodities or services. The uses of gold as a metal are strictly limited: it cannot be eaten or worn; additional amounts are not needed for internal currency; and consequently it would lie idle in the vault of the Federal Reserve Bank, a mere shadow of its former glory. Similarly the transfer of ownership of foreign business enterprises or colonies would be useless unless we were willing to receive the benefits in some concrete form. If we were not allowed to travel abroad or even to purchase foreign periodicals in place of the Hearst publications, our economic empire would become worthless—as it is rapidly becoming through the pursuit of our present policies.

It is not likely that the "Buy American" campaign will in itself have any marked effect on foreign trade. Very few persons are willing to inquire regarding the origin of the goods they purchase. In these days, moreover, the average housewife is ruled by the thought of price regardless of other considerations. The fact that Japanese rag rugs can be landed in this country at a cost of six cents each, including duty, while the cost of production of similar articles in the United States is twenty-nine cents, if true, is in reality the best possible argument for buying the Japanese product. But even if the "Buy American" campaign should make more headway with the public than seems likely to be the case, the fact remains that no business concern worthy of the name would pass by a cheap foreign product in order to purchase an American-made article of the same quality at a markedly higher price. The steel industry, for example, is not likely to purchase inferior American manganese if it can obtain a higher quality of Russian or South American manganese for less money. One even wonders whether the pulpwood used in manufacturing paper for the Hearst press is entirely of American origin?

The chief danger of the campaign is not its direct effect, but the possibility that, by befogging the public mind, needed tariff reform will be rendered the more difficult. No lasting relief can possibly be obtained for the world's ills until tariff rivalry has been checked. With the World Economic Conference scheduled to meet before many months, it is important that the United States should be in a position to make drastic concessions to restore international business activity. Such a step is bound to be hindered, if not rendered impossible, if the passions of nationalism are unnecessarily inflamed. Good patriots will not "Buy American."

"Saving" the Theater

By LEE SIMONSON

DURING the last ten years New York's theater managers have turned a system of play producing into nothing less than a system of organized waste. They are at last beginning to realize how high the price of waste can be. Faced with a lack of easy money from "angels" who used to back almost any kind of play and from a public that was willing to pay \$6.60 to ticket-brokers for plays worth \$3.30 a seat—faced, in short, with a difficult business problem, the business men who pretend to manage the theater are indulging in a public exhibition of panic. They gather under a wailing wall to lament the fall of their Jerusalem. The theater is "ruined." It is the fault of everyone connected with the theater except, of course, the managers themselves. The theater has been ruined by critics who are genuinely critical and by stage hands who demand double pay for working on Sundays or until two or three in the morning. The cost of production is "ruinous." The latest villain to be discovered is Henrik Ibsen. The author of "Peer Gynt" and "Rosmersholm" started a vogue for realism; obviously that is the reason why the American theater has fallen from its high estate. It is quite irrelevant that Henrik Ibsen's poisonous realism was introduced in the 1880's and that the producers have been making money even in relatively recent seasons out of such hits as "The Jest," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "The Emperor Jones," "Marco Millions," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Beggar on Horseback," "The Green Pastures," "What's in a Name?" the Music Box revues, and "Of Thee I Sing." If the public is not convinced, more villains will be discovered. The managers, however, who a few years ago pocketed individual profits from their "smash hits" of \$50,000 and up, are prepared to "save" the theater from its villains if only someone will kindly raise money for them and ask no questions. The latest scheme is for some sort of an association of theatergoers—300,000 paying \$5 apiece—who will provide \$1,500,000 for the theater managers to do with as they please.

Bernard Shaw is said to have flabbergasted a movie magnate by remarking: "You see, Mr. G., the trouble with you is you're an artist; I'm a business man." New York theater managers, although they have often encouraged artists and proved to be artists themselves, have seldom been business men. They have been quite as irresponsible as business executives in every other field. During periods of prosperity they connive at every form of speculation and inflation, create a maximum labor turnover, and sky-rocket prices, but fail to provide out of maximum profits enough capital reserves to stabilize their industry. Faced with falling profits they make a state of economic chaos still more chaotic by frantic price-cutting and an attempt to reduce wages to sweatshop levels.

The truth about the "show business" has been told many times. It needs to be stated again at a moment when concerted propaganda is being used to mislead the theatergoing public. Wages and cost of production are high in the theatrical business but the theater managers help to make them so. Every wage, whether of an actor or a stage hand, includes

unemployment insurance. It was only after a bitter strike that managers agreed to assure an actor even two weeks' pay in return for four weeks of free rehearsals. The Theater Guild, which accepted the Actors' Equity contract at the outset, later found that many able actors preferred to work for a lower weekly salary and a fair chance of some share of the profits, in return for an assurance of from twenty to thirty weeks of work a year. But how many managements offered to actors, except a few "stars" with an assured box-office value, a share of profits when there were profits to divide, or agreed to keep their theaters open thirty weeks a year? That would have meant accepting a responsibility. And the typical theatrical manager wants to be completely irresponsible. Stage hands, like actors, are expected to accept a 20 or 30 per cent reduction in wages in return for complete uncertainty as to whether they are to be employed for two weeks a year or twenty.

The cost of overtime is a heavy item in play production. Union men, who prefer to work only eight hours a day, have steadily raised the cost of overtime labor in an attempt to discourage it. But the managers as a body refuse to give them any help. Almost invariably they make up their minds at the last minute, with the result that settings can be got out on time only by having crews of scene painters work until ten o'clock night after night. The building and painting for productions is concentrated in two rush seasons—one in August and September for early openings, and another just before Christmas for openings aimed to get the holiday trade. In order to handle five or six shows at a time, contractors have to be equipped with a great deal of carpentering machinery and large painting lofts. And the managers make it as difficult as possible for the contractors to pay their rent and overhead between seasons on the necessary space and equipment. With a few exceptions, the producers either take months to make final payments or never pay in full. The outstanding debts to some of the principal scene-painting studios in New York are over \$256,000. Several studios have been forced out of business because they could not collect money owed them. One carpenter shop carried an unpaid balance of \$85,000 from one of the most successful managers on Broadway. If one includes the unpaid bills of all the carpenters and property-makers and the amounts due to scene designers—one is still owed \$10,000 and another \$11,000 although their fees average only \$1,000 a production—the outstanding debt of theater managers for productions made during years of prosperity is well over \$500,000.

Naturally the cost of building and painting scenery is inflated, not only by the cost of overtime labor, but by the necessity for carrying this staggering burden of uncollected and uncollectable debts. Carpenters and painters are paid in three instalments. Because they are rarely certain of collecting their last third, their contract prices must be high enough so that the first two-thirds will cover their costs and show some profit. Otherwise they would go bankrupt waiting for the next theatrical season to begin. In a short rush season they must make enough to cover their overhead and

rent for an entire year on the equipment and space necessary to handle the next rush.

The cost of settings could be cut almost a third if enough managers who were planning to open a show in September would start building and painting their productions in April and May and early summer. If they allowed eight weeks leeway during the winter instead of the usual four or less, almost all overtime charges could be eliminated. Will they do this? As a body they refuse. They wail in public over the cost of union labor, and make overtime unavoidable; they continue to demand cash prices while they abuse credit to a point that would have long ago wrecked any other industry.

The other great item in production costs is rehearsal labor. Theater managers have also forced this to a maximum by letting real-estate speculators build their theaters for them with stages so small that almost every piece of scenery has to be handled three or four times oftener than should be necessary. They have shown complete indifference to the idea of installing labor-saving machinery. Three separate systems for handling settings with a minimum of hand labor have been perfected in Germany and have been in use there for the past twenty years. At least two of these would be entirely practical here if stages were built twice as wide and twice as deep as they usually are now. Nevertheless, New York managers have never made the slightest organized effort to get either the stage space or the equipment needed if theaters are to be run economically. They prefer not to invest a cent of their profits either in land or equipment that would permit rehearsal or running costs to be cut. Here, as in every other department, they prefer to let someone else take the risk, and continue to rent stages so small and so inadequately equipped that in order to open a show a large crew of stage hands often has to work twenty-four or thirty-six hours at a stretch.

The typical theater manager persists in being irresponsible. He will do nothing to cut his expenses by improving theater architecture, installing labor-saving equipment, obviating overtime, reducing labor turnover, distributing production, eliminating waste, or minimizing the risk of unemployment. Theaters, carpenters, scene painters, scene designers, stage hands, and actors must keep going somehow until he gets around to using them. He will do nothing to organize the theater; he complains because other workers in the theater have organized themselves into unions and are able to resist his efforts to make them work either without pay or for inadequate pay under working conditions that are often intolerable.

Ten years of unbridled individualism have produced the same wreckage in the theater as everywhere else. The theater can never be wholly organized. With as little as \$10,000 anyone can put on a play which, if it is a "smash hit," may earn half a million dollars or more in a year or two. The lone individual playing his private "hunch" is a necessary figure in the theater and a desirable one. As often as not he brings new ideas and new methods into the theater, keeping novelty alive where stereotypes easily become a habit. But there is no reason why any producer could not experiment even more effectively in an organized theater than in a disorganized one. The insurance companies and trust companies, which now hold so many theaters, both in and out of New York, on which they cannot collect mortgage interest

or rent often enough to pay the taxes, could enforce a reorganization of the theater industry which might put it on a sound business basis. Otherwise they may be forced to liquidate their holdings at twenty cents on the dollar.

Planned and controlled production, with a maximum of social and economic responsibility to both labor and the consumer public, is the way out for the theater as for every other industry. The preliminary steps for the theater are approximately as follows: Demolish at least one-third of the existing theaters in New York and all but one or two in each of the principal "road" cities. Pool the losses, which will be far more quickly recouped by converting surplus theaters to other uses than by cutthroat competition for tenants who do not pay the present cost of housing them. Remodel the stages of the remaining theaters, instal labor-saving scene-shifting and lighting equipment standardized by a board of consultants composed of architects, scene designers, and engineers, and thereby cut labor costs. Instal this improved equipment in all road theaters, so that settings can be built for one system of scene-shifting and labor costs thereby be cut down everywhere. Support the road either by organizing out-of-town repertory companies of the permanent surplus of unemployed actors in New York or by sending New York successes on the road with the original casts after a four months' run in New York. In return ask for a guaranteed sale of seats in road cities, subscribed for in advance. Refuse to rent a theater except to an accredited managers' association which will require that all its members put more capital into their business than the cost of one production, every member either to put up a cash bond for the cost of building and painting scenery, as he now does for actors' salaries, or to agree, under penalty of being disbarred, to settle all bills within thirty days. Build and paint productions at least eight weeks in advance of the opening date and distribute a definite proportion over the summer months. In return get scenery built and painted on a cost-plus basis. Agree to keep all theaters open forty weeks a year, and in return ask for a lowered union wage scale. Instal air conditioning to encourage summer audiences. In return get a reduced scale of actors' and stage hands' salaries for the summer months. Set the scale of theater admissions annually and put the ticket speculator and the cut-rate agency out of business. (This can be done; it was almost done when the theater managers made up their minds to do it.) Resale can be reduced to a minimum by printing a ticket in two parts, the stub, not showing the location of his seat, to be kept by the purchaser. Offer tickets at reduced prices to people who will buy subscription books of tickets of five or ten or more, and give these subscribers preferred locations even on opening nights. Have both the costs and the running expenses of every production audited by a central auditing bureau. Provide funds for organization, experiment, technical research, and unemployment insurance by collecting a progressive tax on profits from \$50,000 up.

These suggestions are entirely practical if the men who pretend to run the theater really want to run it on an efficient and permanent basis. Their chief problem is to find a legal way of setting up some scheme for effective control which nine old men will not declare a conspiracy in restraint of trade or a violation of that amendment of the Constitution originally designed to protect the property rights of newly enfranchised Negroes.

The Farmer and the Tariff

By WAYNE GARD

THE farmer, apparently, has at last had his eyes opened to the realities of the tariff. The overwhelming defeat of the Republican Party in the last election indicates clearly that the farm vote can no longer be held in line by eloquent pictures of the benefits that agriculture receives from the protective tariff. It is true, of course, that Roosevelt promised to retain existing tariffs on farm products. But his definite pledge on this point was made in an Eastern city almost on the eve of the election and did not penetrate to many of the dirt farmers. As a matter of fact, most of the farmers who voted for Roosevelt would have voted for him even if he had threatened to remove farm tariffs. Prices talk louder than speeches, and with some farm crops selling at prices lower than at any time since Elizabethan days, the most persuasive high-tariff Republican would have had difficulty in proving to the farmer that the removal of tariffs on cotton, wheat, and corn would make the prices of these commodities any lower than they were at election time.

There were murmurings among the farmers even in 1928, but these signs of unrest were ignored by the G. O. P. As usual, party hacks were sent through the corn and wheat States dispensing the old Republican soothing-syrup—consisting of promises of higher tariff rates on farm products. And for the most part the farmer swallowed it once more, ■ he had been doing through a long series of Republican campaigns. In 1860, when the new anti-slavery party first swept into office, it tempted the East with promises of ■ tariff wall and it tempted the West with promises of railroads and homesteads. Soon afterwards it discovered that the tariff argument could be worked upon the farmers as well ■ upon the manufacturers. The farmer turned out to be an easy mark; a tariff policy that was upheld by the party of Lincoln, he thought, could not be far wrong.

The promises made in 1928 were made good. In 1930 President Hoover signed the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, which raised the rates on many agricultural products—as well as on almost every other commodity which conceivably might be imported. This tariff boost, together with a shiny new Farm Board, was to cure the farmer's troubles and make him prosperous again. The beneficent effects of the new tariff, the farmers were told, would be felt almost immediately. In June, 1930, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana declared: "I here and now predict, and I ask my fellow-Senators to recall this prediction in the days to come, that if this bill is passed, this nation will be on the upgrade financially, economically, and commercially within thirty days, and that within ■ year from this time we shall have regained the peak of prosperity we lost last October."

By the beginning of the campaign of 1932 the G. O. P. had junked the Farm Board, but it still defended valiantly the Smoot-Hawley tariff as an aid to the farmer, and the maintenance of this tariff was the principal point in the farm program which Hoover enunciated in his Des Moines speech on October 4. An abandonment of this tariff, he declared, meant "destruction at your own firesides." But when he pictured the danger of Argentine corn underselling Iowa corn

in this country, he apparently was unaware that on that very day corn in Argentine was selling at four cents a bushel higher than in Chicago. The farmers were not worried over the specter of being ruined by Argentine corn; their ruin was being accomplished in other ways. The President's alarmist picture of Mexican cattle trying to cross the Rio Grande was scarcely more convincing. "There are this minute," he declared, "two million cattle in the northern states of Mexico seeking market. The price is about \$2.50 per hundred pounds on the south bank of the Rio Grande. It is \$4.50 on the north bank—and only the tariff wall between." But the cattleman knew better than to compare the scrawny, mountain-grazed animals of Mexico with the fine Texas steers that are the result of many years of careful breeding. Moreover, he knew that not all American steers have been selling at \$4.50 a hundred pounds. Idaho ranchers have been getting from \$1.50 to \$2.

An Idaho woman, calling the attention of ■ newspaper editor to this last fact, went on to ask:

How much would a tariff of \$50 a head on steers help the Idaho farmers? Here I can buy the best onions in the world for 20 cents a sack and the best potatoes in the world for 25 cents ■ sack. How much would a tariff of \$5 a hundred on onions and potatoes help the Idaho farmer? With the apple crop estimated at one-third below normal, our farmers find it impossible to continue to pick their Jonathan apples. Neither could they pick their prunes. How much would a higher tariff on apples and prunes help out the Idaho farmer?

The Idaho woman's questions remain unanswered, as do those of Iowa farmers who have been getting from 4 to 8 cents a bushel for their corn. The Smoot-Hawley tariff of 25 cents a bushel on corn has not helped these farmers. Instead, it has led Canada to impose a retaliatory tariff of the same amount and to import large quantities of corn from the Argentine while American ears rot on the stalks. The highest agricultural tariff in American history did not prevent farm products in this country from selling at an average of only 56 per cent of the pre-war level on October 15, three weeks before the election. The tariff did not prevent the drop of wheat prices to new all-time lows and the slump of the prices of grains, fruits, and vegetables in general to new low levels for the twenty-two-year period covered by the records of the Department of Agriculture.

The present situation of the farmer is enough to make him more skeptical of political cure-alls. In 1931 alone the value of his land declined 15 per cent, while the value of his live stock dropped 40 per cent. From 1919 to 1931 the capital valuation of American agriculture dropped from \$79,100,000,000 to \$45,000,000,000, and the total farm income slipped from \$16,900,000,000 to \$6,900,000,000. Under such circumstances the farmer is not likely to believe that he would be even worse off if it were not for the beneficent Republican tariff. He may reflect that he was far better off when tariffs were low and there were duties on only a few agricultural products.

Take the case of wheat. This grain was on the free list during the eight years when it reached its highest prices, largely because of the World War. When the Republicans came back into power they immediately decided to save the wheat farmer by a protective tariff. The Farmers' Emergency Tariff Act imposed a wheat tariff of 35 cents a bushel in 1922. A few months later the rate was changed to 30 cents by the Fordney-McCumber Act, but in 1924 President Coolidge, by proclamation, raised it to 42 cents. This rate was preserved in the Smoot-Hawley Act of 1930.

When the wheat tariff was imposed, the market price was \$1.25 a bushel. For nearly two years now it has been below 50 cents, while the price actually received by the farmer has been, in many places, between 20 and 30 cents. Moreover, wheat exports have declined, and the wheat tariff has been a strong factor in the destruction of something like \$100,000,000 worth of American trade with Canada. On November 3, five days before the election, wheat sold in Chicago at a price actually below the tariff. This meant that the wheat farmer was "protected" by a 100 per cent tariff. But it also meant that at local elevators he was receiving only about 20 cents a bushel for the better grades of wheat, which cost him 80 or 90 cents to raise, and an even lower price for the inferior grades. With this 100 per cent tariff protection, American wheat and flour exports fell to 14,200,000 bushels for the period from July 1 to October 8, 1932, as compared with 43,900,000 bushels for the corresponding period of the previous year. At the same time Canadian wheat exports were running about 55 per cent ahead of those for 1931.

The wheat tariff was effective only as applied to Canadian wheat formerly imported by Northwestern millers. This annual import of Canadian wheat—12,000,000 bushels—constituted only 2 per cent of the American consumption and had practically no effect upon the price which American wheat-growers received. This wheat was largely non-competitive, since it was of a type not grown in this country in quantity sufficient for the millers' needs. It was desired because of its much higher protein content and was bought at a premium. The wheat tariff has served as a virtual embargo against this Canadian wheat, needed in the milling of American flour. Wheat imports from Canada have dropped to less than 1/20 of 1 per cent of the former figure. The American consumer of bread has been the loser, while the farmer has gained nothing. In fact, the farmer has lost, too. The wheat embargo has closed Canada to American corn and has led England to give preference to Canadian over American wheat.

Most of our agricultural tariffs are of the "gold-brick" variety. Since in the case of nearly every farm product the United States is an exporter rather than an importer, the tariffs on such products generally are ineffective; there are no imports against which they can be charged. Thus they are of no value to the farmer. In fact, they add to the irritation of other nations and spur them to erect retaliatory tariff walls against the American farm surplus. There are, of course, a few agricultural commodities of which we import more than we export, and on these the tariff theoretically is effective. The principal products in this category are wool, cattle, and sugar. Yet even on these commodities the value of the tariff is strongly disputed from the point of view of the farmer as well as from that of the consumer,

who may be forced to pay higher prices because of the duties.

The profitable raising of both cattle and sheep in this country has depended mainly upon the availability of cheap frontier land and public grazing ranges. The tariff has had little effect upon ranching, the number of sheep and cattle fluctuating only slightly in response to changes in rates; in fact, the number of cattle has declined under the recent high rates. The current low prices of cattle, sheep, and wool testify to the inadequacy of high tariffs on these products. The production of sugar in the United States has varied more with changes in tariff rates, but in this instance, too, the tariff has been of dubious benefit. The climatic and labor advantages of certain other countries give them a favored position in sugar production which the American high tariff on sugar has not been able to overcome. In the production of cane sugar in this country the development of a disease-resisting variety of cane with a high sucrose content has been far more important than the tariff rate.

Even so, where sugar production has been made profitable in the United States, the profit often has been obtained at the price of labor conditions little better than slavery. One of the supposed benefits of high tariff rates is the maintenance of high standards of living, but this benefit is not noticeable in the sugar areas of either Louisiana or Utah. The Utah sugar beets are grown largely by the toil of impoverished Mexicans and their children, under working conditions outlawed long ago in more civilized States.

The farmer's major grievance against the tariff, of course, is not that he fails to derive the promised benefit from the duties on agricultural products but that he suffers infinite harm from the high rates on manufactured goods. In an analysis of the Fordney-McCumber tariff several years ago, the American Farm Bureau Federation estimated that the farmers gained annually through the tariff \$30,000,000 but lost \$331,000,000, making a net loss of \$301,000,000. The net loss of the farmers from the Smoot-Hawley tariff is of course much larger. Even more important than this direct loss is the indirect harm the tariff brings them in curtailing the foreign market for what they have to sell. This is being done by retaliatory tariffs, embargoes, and favorable trade arrangements with rival nations. When we close our markets to the manufactured goods of nations like England and Germany, it is only natural that they should buy less wheat and cotton and pork from us and buy more from those nations which are willing to take goods in exchange. Here are some facts which the G. O. P. publicity machine failed to mention in the last campaign. From 1921 to 1923 Germany bought from the United States an average of 34,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. In 1929 it bought only 1,674,000 bushels from us. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland used to buy 30,000,000 bushels of wheat a year from us before the World War; in 1929 it bought here only 16,276,000 bushels. The British are now inclined to buy all the wheat they can from the dominions and as little as possible from us. And much of the bacon they formerly obtained from America they now buy from Denmark. American wheat must now hurdle a tariff of 37.2 cents in both Germany and France.

The falling off in American agricultural exports in recent years—despite increased production—does not result wholly from retaliation against our tariff. In some European countries there is a lessening of consumption or an in-

crease in domestic production or both. Yet our tariff, which shuts foreign goods out of the United States, is a weighty factor in closing the European market to the surplus products of the American farmer. Nations, like individuals, prefer to trade with friends. Thus Germany buys corn and wheat in the Argentine because that nation is willing to buy its toys, dyes, and cotton goods. Argentinian exports of corn more than doubled from 1923 to 1927, rising from 128,000,000 to 272,000,000 bushels. The current revival of barter in international trade may be an instructive lesson for some of those who have not yet learned that all trade, in the long run, must be an exchange of commodities. Nearly

forty nations now have barter agreements, and the use of this method of trade appears to be increasing rapidly. The resort to barter should be an indication that if our agricultural surplus is to be marketed profitably abroad, we must be willing to buy from other countries goods of equal value. The better-informed farmers have known all along that the talk of rescuing agriculture with tariffs was political hokum. And now this view has penetrated to the general run of farmers. True, these farmers realize that tariff reform will not in itself restore prices which will make agriculture profitable again. But they have had enough of high tariffs and are willing to try lower ones.

Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

Vienna, January 15

IF things don't go to pot in Yugoslavia pretty soon, most of the political prophets of Central Europe will be out of jobs. An appalling situation in the Serb kingdom seems rapidly to be coming to a head. The country, like its neighbors, is broke, and has had to default on or put off its foreign debt. The new constitution, a

ITALIAN LIONS, fraud and a sham, has turned out to be JUGOSLAV LAMBS almost as unworkable as the overt dictatorship, and the Serb-Croat quarrel is

as bitter as ever. Police terrorism, a blanket censorship, and a gagged parliament blacken the country. The Slovenes and Bosnians, heretofore fairly tractable, have joined the Croats in their demand for federalism, and the king, the chief centripetal force of the state, is apparently no longer able personally to bridge the various widening schisms. It is time for a show-down—or a blow-up, in which all of Central Europe might easily be involved. For a whole series of perplexing foreign irritations has developed, doubtless in correspondence to the ascending domestic alarms. Some Dalmatian hotheads mutilated the old Venetian lions in Trogir. Mussolini bristled in answer. It seems a minor quarrel, until you remember that Italy has not given up its Dalmatian claims, which are chiefly based on just such reminders of old-time Venetian hegemony as the lions. Further south, Italy initiates a new series of commercial undertakings with Albania; Yugoslavia replies by charging an attempt to form an Italo-Albanian customs union. This is not a likely possibility, since Albania has practically no customs; the Yugoslavs used the idea as a trial balloon to alarm the Powers. Proceeding counter-clockwise, we find Macedonia as murderously agitated as ever, and the Bulgar-Yugoslav frontier closed even to peasants who own and have to work property on both sides of the border. Eastward, Rumania, theoretically an ally, is flirting with Italy because she was ditched by France and Poland in the non-aggression negotiations with Soviet Russia. Northward, in Hungary, reports mention squadrons of Italian airplanes arriving in Budapest for the use of the Hungarian army. In Austria a cache of 50,000 old rifles is discovered, Austrian arms captured by Italy during the war and now sent back for "repair," that is, for the use either of Hungary or of the Austrian semi-fascist Heimwehr.

Jugoslavia, thus encircled, succeeded in frightening the Little Entente into organizing a permanent secretariat at Geneva. Hungary answered at once with the appointment of a new Foreign Minister, Kolomann von Kanya, an appointment which the Yugoslavs consider as almost a deliberate insult. Kanya was the man who, as chief of the press department of the old monarchy, slandered the Serbs in November, 1912, by charging that the Austro-Hungarian consul at Prizren, Montenegro, a man named George Prohaska, had been attacked and mutilated by local Serbs. Kanya was also involved, my friends here tell me, in the Windischgrätz franc-forgery plot; he rented part of his Budapest house to the priest, Father Zadravetz, in whose rooms the forged francs were found. Also, the three Hungarians who were to circulate the francs in Holland received their laissez-passers from the Hungarian legation in Berlin, where Kanya was the minister.

King Alexander has, perhaps, a last card up his sleeve in dealing with the obstinate and difficult Croats. He may offer them separatism. He is described as being so fed up with his own country that he is willing to cut it in half. This sounds excessively sensational, since kings do not ordinarily reduce the territories of their realms, but I have it on exceedingly good authority that the idea has been broached. The king is saying, in effect: "If you Croats dislike us so heartily, get out and try to run a country of your own." Svetozar Pribitchevitch, the dissident Serb leader now in exile in Paris, writes that Alexander threatened as long ago as 1929 to "amputate" Croatia if the Croats continued to "misbehave." Pribitchevitch also says, by the way, that the Queen-Mother of Rumania and the Queen of Yugoslavia, in conversation with a man who was recently a cabinet minister in Belgrade, discussed quite openly the possibility that he, Pribitchevitch, might be removed, as was Raditch, by assassination.

Amputation of Croatia would produce a pretty situation. The horror of the French at such wholesale murder of the peace treaties can be imagined; but Alexander and the French are not getting along too well. Politically, it is a clever threat. The Croats could not survive alone, and they know it. They do not want complete independence. They want autonomy within a Yugoslav federation. This Alexander will not give them. He has tried to rule Jugo-

slavia so far through a policy of strict pan-Serb centralism. If he still resolutely refuses to consider what to outsiders seems the normal solution—that is, federalism—then separatism, or amputation, is a final alternative, although an extremely radical one.

I would call attention to the manifesto, which was recently published in England but which did not, I hear, get much attention in America, wherein a group of British publicists appealed to public opinion, and incidentally the British government, in behalf of intervention to force Alexander to modify the terms of his rule and accede to the Croat demands. Otherwise, say these gentlemen, disruption of the Yugoslav state seems inevitable. I do not know another case in recent history in which a group of private persons has similarly taken the initiative to urge international pressure on a foreign Power. But what is particularly amazing is the list of signatories. One would expect to see the names of such staunch liberals as Gilbert Murray, H. A. L. Fisher, G. P. Gooch, and H. W. Nevinson. But another signatory is Lord Cushendun, formerly Ronald McNeill. And two others are Wickham Steed and R. W. Seton-Watson, who were godfathers of Yugoslavia. Things must, indeed, have reached a pretty pass in Alexander's kingdom.

In view of the recent amnesty in Germany I hope that the case of forty-one-year-old Private August Jaeger has received some notice. The Christmas spirit of Von Schleicher is not quite all-embracing. Jaeger has just been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude by the Supreme Court at Leipzig on a charge of treason—for having been

INTOLERANCE captured by the French in Flanders eighteen years ago with a primitive gas-mask on his person! The prosecution demanded fourteen years in jail for Jaeger, and refrained from asking the death penalty "only because the Germans had not been materially injured by Jaeger's alleged disclosures." Jaeger, it was said, was a deserter, and the French found him in possession of an anti-gas contrivance with which the Germans had been equipped in anticipation of their own first secret gas attack. He was arrested on the same charge in 1920, but acquitted; his rearrest followed an article by a French general naming him as a person from whom the French gained knowledge of the German plans. This was in 1915. It is now 1933. It will be 1943 before August Jaeger again sees the light of freedom.

It is also interesting, in connection with the Schleicher amnesty, to note that Dr. Anna Siemsen, a former deputy in the Prussian Diet, has been forbidden permission to lecture in Thuringia because she supported the views of Professor Gumbel, who lost his job at Heidelberg University for having said that a turnip was a better symbol of war than a heroic virgin; that Herr Otto Rossbilt had his passport confiscated as he was preparing for a trip to Copenhagen because he had exposed some of the more obvious indecencies of the arms business in his book "The War Industry"; and that Professor Hans Cohn has been expelled from the law faculty of Breslau University on the basis of two grievous sins—he wrote an article defending Trotzky and he was born a Jew.

The Geneva machine-gun murders of November 9, when eleven citizens were brutally shot by a raw company of army recruits, continue to pile up victims. The latest is

apparently M. William Martin, for many years the foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève* and one of the two or three most distinguished liberal journalists in Europe. M. Martin happened to be in Rome when the murders occurred. But his point of view regarding them may be well imagined. His paper, a wholly reactionary sheet, tried to justify them, and joined the general propaganda seeking to gag such journalists as Robert Dell, *The Nation's* correspondent, who forced the issue into the open. And now I hear from Geneva that M. Martin, who has seemed as much an institution on his paper as is J. L. Garvin on the *London Observer*, is shortly to resign to accept a chair in history at, I believe, the University of Zurich. The world of European journalism thus loses a brilliant figure, but there is compensation for all calamities; I can imagine no reason whatever why any person should ever again read a copy of the *Journal de Genève*.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is not a philanthropist. He has never had anything to give except advice, and his principles are against giving that. Nevertheless, he is going to break his rule for once and pass on the details of a method he has just learned for living on nothing a day—an art which is particularly needed at the present moment. All you have to have is youth, a moderate gift for acting, and a lead quarter.

* * * * *

ITS inventor, now a prominent radical, discovered the method by accident some years ago. Having arrived in this country at the age of seventeen completely broke, he hit upon the scheme of following coal wagons to their destination and then demanding the job of putting the coal in the cellar. Usually he got the job and fifteen cents for his labor. One day, however, in a burst of what happened to be generosity, his employer gave him a quarter, and being hungry as usual, he went to a bakery shop to buy a loaf of bread. After he had put the loaf under his arm the proprietor stopped him with the information that the quarter was lead and that he had better hand over the bread. Hungry and disappointed, the tears came into his eyes and the baker was touched. "It's all right," he said, "keep the loaf." It was not until he was out in the street again that the possibilities of the lead quarter dawned upon the ingenious young man, but as soon as they had, he hied him to a delicatessen store and demanded ten cents worth of liverwurst. The little drama was reenacted, and though the tears did not come quite so easily this time, they sufficed. "Do you know," he concludes, "I lived on that bad quarter for three weeks."

* * * * *

THE story, however, does not end here. The Drifter was unsatisfied. If for three weeks, why not for three years or three decades? Here was the ideal "elastic currency." There seemed no reason why anyone should ever work. The Drifter was almost sorry that he never had and could not, therefore, stop now. But when the subject was

broached, the face of his informant darkened. There were no tears or anything like them, but the sense of a great, never-to-be-forgotten wrong distorted his usually genial features. "One day," he said, "I gave my quarter to a street-car conductor and the blankety-blank-blank gave me back twenty cents' change."

■ * ■ * ■

THUS the Drifter was reminded that there is a catch in everything except drifting and he has gone back to that. It occurs to him that the story of the lead quarter is a modern rationalistic equivalent of the universal folk-tale of the three wishes, but he is convinced that we *do* progress. The two peasants got nothing whatever except a wooden spoon (in an inappropriate place) out of what seemed all that two human beings could want. The modern young man got at least bread, liverwurst, and other desirable things for three whole weeks. He lost the magic charm only when he felt above walking, and that, no doubt, was a punishment for asking more than a philosopher really needs. He would still be living in sweet idleness today if he had only been content with as little as his friend

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Livy's Pictured Page"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a Hellenist may I protest energetically against the left-handed compliment to Greek literature implied in your reviewer's commendation of Burton Rascoe's "onslaught on the Romans, the dreariest bores in recorded history, and their dreary literature," in his "Titans of Literature"? Isn't there enough barbarism rampant all about us at the present time without trying to prejudice "intelligent youngsters" against the people who more than any other, except the Greeks, are the source of such measure of civilization as we possess? To Cicero, more than to any other human being, we owe the wide dissemination of those ideals of liberty, justice, and humanity for which *The Nation* stands.

With respect to his style, a competent critic says: "The perfect harmony of his periods, the exquisite choice of his words, the delicate balance of his cadences, whose sound keeps up an ever-running accompaniment to sense, and the majestic roll of his wonderful perorations are absolutely without counterpart in Greek, or English, or any other language whatsoever, and they make reasonable and true the judgment of Quintilian that 'Cicero is now less the name of a man than of eloquence itself.'"

As to Caesar, it is hard to qualify in any other manner than as crass ignorance the reference to his polished periods as "Western Unionese." It is true that many a boy or girl, through imperfect knowledge of the language or dull teaching, may find the "Gallic War" a bore, but this experience should not be confounded with the actual quality of that celebrated work, which in the hands of the good teacher is, like other great books, "alive and of thrilling interest." And anyone who has ever had the memorable experience of hearing a great teacher, such as the late Professor Greenough of Harvard, read "Livy's pictured page" and bring out the inimitable chiaroscuro of his matchless style will have a higher opinion than your reviewer both of Livy and of professors.

Greenwich, Conn., January 8

E. F. CLAFLIN

Brooklyn Edison

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In view of Jerome Count's excellent article in *The Nation* of January 18, your readers will be interested in a movement which combines the interests of workers and consumers against the power utilities. For the past two years the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor has given its support to the Brotherhood of Edison Employees, who, single-handed, have waged a courageous and effective fight against one of the largest operating electric utilities in the country—the Brooklyn Edison Company. This company, during 1931 and 1932, while increasing its dividends by 40 per cent, or a total of almost \$3,000,000, laid off 5,000 men—40 per cent of the company's total labor force.

The Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor has carried this fight to the Public Service Commission and has established an important victory for utility labor throughout the country by obtaining an order from the commission directing the Brooklyn Edison Company to reinstate the 5,000 employees or justify its entire labor policy before the commission. By this action the Public Service Commission has for the first time recognized that labor conditions within public utilities are a matter for State regulation and control.

Plans have been formulated to organize consumers to back this fight before the Public Service Commission and for direct action against the Brooklyn Edison Company through a voluntary curtailment of electric consumption. This will be a movement of widespread national significance, since the electrical-utility situation is identical throughout the country.

All work has been voluntary and not a single dollar has been expended for salaries or compensation of any kind to active participants. The committee, however, needs substantial contributions from consumers and labor in order to make thoroughgoing preparation for hearings before the Public Service Commission and to carry its fight to the consumer. Contributions should be sent to Francis A. Henson, secretary, 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.

New York, January 16

ELIOT WHITE
FRANCIS A. HENSON
A. J. MUSTE
WILLIAM BEEDIE

Socialists and the Bonus

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

While agreeing with your correspondent, Felix Morrow, in his expression of regret at seeing the name of Oswald Garrison Villard linked with a group of reactionaries in active opposition to prepayment of the bonus, I should like to know who gave Mr. Morrow authority to lump "the liberals and Socialists" together as fighting such prepayment. If he had said "some liberals and Socialists," he would have been fairly correct, as it is quite clear, at least in the case of the Socialist Party, that no formal declaration was made on the bonus question. Norman Thomas himself finally came around to approval of payment of the bonus to unemployed and needy veterans as a step toward a general move for federal aid to the idle millions. Many other Socialists were outspoken in their support of the ex-service men's demands. Apparently Mr. Morrow has the happy Communist habit of bunching all non-Communists together and damning them as "a reactionary mass," regardless of their varying views and acts.

Hollis, N. Y., January 1

HARRY T. SMITH

One Veteran's Story

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At the time of the last war my son Benjamin Arnold Willits of Boonton, New Jersey, was enrolled in the army in Class A. He trained in Camp Dix and Camp McClellan, but did not go over seas—through no fault of his own, since he was held for observation. At the close of the war he was not well, but secured a good position which he held about six months. He then broke down with tuberculosis, and he has been fighting the disease ever since. Now, at the age of forty-two years, he has been told that the disease is arrested and his compensation, which was for total disability, has been cut down to \$50 a month. The premium on his insurance has been raised to \$17.71 a month. This is deducted from the \$50, leaving a small balance for himself and his wife to live on. Both have looked all summer for employment without success. When millions of able-bodied men are walking the streets looking for work, that is to be expected, for my son has only a part of one lung left and has been told by physicians not to let his insurance lapse as no other company will accept him. There are men (unless recently dismissed) in the Veterans' Administration, able to work, who are paid compensation and draw \$1,500 a year for their services. For instance, a man in Buffalo left the army with a light case of tuberculosis which was quickly cured. He found employment and has been working ever since. Notwithstanding this fact he receives a check from the government for \$150 each month. Why this discrimination?

ALICE MAXSON WILLITS

Williamsburg, Mass., December 5

The Theater Union

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Theater Union has been organized for the professional production of full-length plays which are written from the point of view of the interests of the working class. We will consider scripts dealing with all phases of contemporary America, its social conflicts, the revolutionary intellectuals, and so on. We are prepared to give acceptable scripts a competent production. Inquiries should be addressed to 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

New York, January 15

THE THEATER UNION

For India's Freedom

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Indian independence movement is one which challenges the interest and sympathy of all Americans. This fight for liberty is being sustained by millions of oppressed people through unprecedented methods of non-violence which mark an epoch in history; and the spectacle of India's great leader, Mahatma Gandhi, held in prison without indictment or trial, has caught the sympathy of all defenders of justice.

Americans have always been quick to lend support to oppressed peoples. The American League for India's Freedom has been organized "to express American support of Indian independence through non-violence." Its chief source of strength is its association with the English Friends of India, an organization of British citizens headed by Laurence Housman. Our league, like the companion group in England, maintains an office for correspondence with India, publishes a monthly bulletin of news not accessible to the daily press, and holds public meetings and study groups.

The American League for India's Freedom invites all friends of India to join its ranks. Our office is at 383 Bible House, New York City; our secretary is Miss Eleanor Metzel; our fee, which includes subscription to the Bulletin, is \$1 a year and up. Our membership needs immediate extension if we are not to fail Gandhi and the Indian National Congress in the support we have pledged.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, Chairman

New York, January 15

Erratum

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An error found its way into my poem, "Brought as a Sheaf," in your issue of January 25. The third line from the end should have read, "as hosts who shall answer most our sighs," and not "most of our sighs."

New York, January 26

RAYMOND LARSSON

Open Forum

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nation readers on the north shore of Long Island will be glad to know of the open forum inaugurated by the North Hempstead branch of the League for Independent Political Action. The forum will consist of a series of six lectures to be given in the Manhasset High School.

Two lectures have already been given. The other four will be as follows: February 7, "Is Technocracy a Way Out?" by Professor Harold F. Clark; February 14, "Tariffs and War Debts," by Oswald Garrison Villard; February 20, "How to Make Your Vote Count," by Walter J. Millard; February 28, "Who Should Own Our Public Utilities?" by Howard Y. Williams. Lectures begin at 8:30.

MRS. HARRISON THOMAS

Port Washington, N. Y., January 20

Contributors to This Issue

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of "New Found Land" and "Conquistador."

LEE SIMONSON, scene designer and author of "The Stage Is Set," is a director of the Theater Guild.

MAXWELL S. STEWART, author of "The Inter-Allied Debt: An Analysis," is an economist on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

WAYNE GARD lives in Des Moines, Iowa; he teaches at Drake University and writes for various periodicals.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD is the author of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson" and of many volumes of verse.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and lecturer, is a regular contributor to the London *Spectator*.

WILFRID HARRIS CROOK, professor of economics at Simmons College, is the author of "The General Strike: A Study of Labor's Tragic Weapon in Theory and Practice."

ALBERT GUERARD is professor of general and comparative literature at Leland Stanford University.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs" and "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

Books, Films, Drama

To the Powers of Darkness

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

My love for whose ruin we have wept
Tears no one weeps for the dead
Hears no more storms as simple as ours are.
He hears rain never. Nature is not his.
The great sane day of light and genial power
Ceases with him and is the Arctic black.
We weep that none may cheer him any more.
No not even the great sun.

Common Sense About Physics

Where Is Science Going? By Max Planck. Prologue by Albert Einstein. Translation and Biographical Note by James Murphy. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

DURING the last few years the layman has found himself placed in a rather uncomfortable position. On the one hand he is told that the science of physics is arriving at certain revolutionary conclusions of the utmost importance to him as a human being, but on the other hand he is assured that he can never understand the grounds for these conclusions. So far as he will ever be able to see, the universe is a rigidly determined mechanism operating in accordance with the laws of cause and effect. All the phenomena which he will ever be able to observe obey the laws of Newtonian mechanics and justify him in concluding that he understands their operation. But there are other subtle phenomena which only the specialist can either witness or interpret and which necessitate a radically different view of the universe as a whole. Hence the unfortunate layman must disregard all the evidence which he can understand and accept upon the word of the specialist the statement that things are very different from what they seem—that even inanimate matter does not obey established law, that a kind of “free-will” exists among the atoms, and that though God may seem to have left the macrocosm pretty much to itself He is probably still practicing miraculous intervention in the inter-atomic world.

Certain respectable scientists, like Sir James Jeans, have written popular books whose aim seems to have been to bewilder the everyday reader with paradoxes whose explanation is withheld at the last moment on the ground that he could not understand it anyway. It is not, however, from such scientists that the rationally inclined layman has suffered most, but from the new-found arrogance of various unscientific obscurantists and mystagogues who have seized upon these new developments for the purpose of discounting all rationality and of imposing whatever theological vagaries may please them. To any rational objections they reply that all that is a mere remnant of nineteenth-century prejudice and that the “new physics” has done away with everything. The quantum theory and Heisenberg’s principle of indeterminacy are reverently invoked as having made practically anything possible, and they serve as knock-down arguments for the use of persons who have only the very vaguest idea of what either of them means. For the first time since the dethronement of theology as the queen of the sciences, arguments between educated men concerning religion, free-will, the reign of law, and the possible existence of purpose in the universe come down to nothing more than the citation of authorities, and the most widely known popularizers have been on the side of an extremely loose variety of mysticism.

Under the circumstances the present straightforward and perspicuous little book is more than welcome. The theory of relativity and the quantum theory form the basis for most of the current paradoxes, and yet Einstein and Max Planck, respectively the originators of the two theories, here repudiate unconditionally the most important metaphysical deductions which have been made from them. On the subject of free-will Einstein is old-fashioned enough to remain content with the common-sense rationalism of Schopenhauer’s remark, “Man can do what he wills but he cannot will what he will will.” And on the perhaps more immediately important question of the universal validity of the law of causation, the two are agreed. Jeans has insisted that “Planck’s constant” “destroys the case for absolutely strict causation,” but Planck and Einstein agree, in the words of the latter, “that nonsense is not merely nonsense. It is objectionable nonsense.” Einstein further insists that physics has no grounds whatever for accepting what are urged as the metaphysical implications of Heisenberg’s principle; and to the suggestion that Professor Joad mentions him as corroborating the theories of Jeans and Eddington he replies simply: “No physicist believes that. Otherwise he would not be a physicist. Neither do the physicists you have mentioned.”

As the layman now usually knows, the phenomenon most usually cited by those who dispute the law of causality is that which is manifest when a transfer of heat takes place from a body at a high temperature to one at a lower temperature. Physicists have discovered, or seem to have discovered, that in the case of gases an individual molecule may, so to speak, move against the general current, and on the basis of this discovery certain of them have argued that the movement of every molecule is not determined by law, though we can, of course, predict statistically how the majority of them are going to behave. To this argument the thoughtful layman must himself have replied that the indeterminable is not the same as the indeterminate and that, perhaps, the aberrant particle may be obeying forces which are not yet detectable or measurable. He may have added that this latter explanation seems the more probable in view of the fact that causality is seen to operate in the case of every phenomenon which comes within the range of ready or complete observation, and that it is a curious sort of logic which will upset the conclusions drawn from very well-known phenomena because of others drawn from very imperfectly known ones. If he has raised these objections for himself he will be pleased to see that they are exactly the ones raised by Max Planck.

We do not know that loaded dice will always fall as the dishonest gambler intends. We know only statistically that they will usually fall a certain way. But that does not prove that loaded dice have free-will. It proves only that the calculation of the movement of the dice under the impulse given them by a hand involves factors which we have no way of measuring. And it is in precisely the same way that Planck explains the so-called “indeterminacy” of molecules:

In point of fact, statistical laws are dependent upon the assumption of the strict law of causality functioning in each particular case. And the non-fulfilment of the statistical rule in particular cases is not therefore due to the fact that the law of causality is not fulfilled, but rather to the fact that our observations are not sufficiently delicate or accurate to put the law of causality to a direct test in each case. If it were possible for us to follow the movement of each individual molecule in this very intricate labyrinth of processes, then we should find in each case an exact fulfilment of dynamic laws. . . . Here, as everywhere else, we must differentiate between the validity of the causal principle and the practicability of its application.

Planck's book is written for, but not in any condescending way down to, the layman, and one hopes that it will get as wide a reading as have some on the other side. The harassed rationalist who does not happen to be also a technically trained physicist has now two very good authorities to cite. What is even more important, he has two great scientists who recognize the validity of logical criticisms which he is quite capable of understanding and even making for himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Chamberlain the Radical

The Life of Joseph Chamberlain, 1836-1885. By J. L. Garvin. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

THERE is no man in the present public life of England whose career equals that of Joseph Chamberlain in offering temptation to writers or speakers who like discussing the "ifs" of history. If Gladstone had given up the Liberal leadership when he made a feint of doing so after his defeat by Disraeli in 1874; or if he had gone, as the Queen and everyone else expected him to do, within two or three years of making his second government in 1880, the first place must have fallen to Chamberlain, already head of the radical Liberals in the country. If Gladstone, again, on admitting Chamberlain to his Cabinet, had measured the man more justly and had recognized him as the portent he was; if, in 1885, he had made the working out of an Irish settlement a cooperative task among his colleagues instead of treating it as a lonely adventure for himself, the secession of Chamberlain and his adherents might have been prevented and the course of party history and legislation have been correspondingly changed. And finally, if Arthur Balfour, after the Boer War, had been somewhat less adroit—. But what is the use of stating any such ifs? Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be.

And yet the astonishing facts stand. Joseph Chamberlain, half a century ago, was the voice of a new radicalism, the leader of a potential party which looked as if it would make an end, within a few years, of Whiggism and Gladstonian liberalism alike. He was remarkably able and positive. He had perfected a platform style equally far from the contrasted styles of Gladstone and of John Bright, and he was fast gaining power over the industrial workers. He was the first English politician to envisage the urgent needs of the great city, and he had to his credit a fine pioneer achievement of civic reconstruction, in Birmingham. He was a relentless champion of democracy against the landlords, the established church, and the whole structure of privilege; and as a provincial he seemed to embody a social force of the industrial midlands and north destined to overthrow the dominion of London society. In 1880 nothing could have seemed more fantastic than that Gladstone, already past the age of seventy, would remain in control of the Liberal host for fourteen years longer, or that midway in this period the radical leader would transfer himself to the other side and ally himself with the party which hitherto had looked upon him as diabolic. That, however, is what happened. Chamberlain employed his great parliamentary gifts in such a manner as to become the main influence toward the revival of Tory ascendancy and the shaping of a new imperialism—thus helping, among other things, to destroy the chances of a reasonable settlement with Ireland and to make inevitable the surrender of thirty-six years later. It is a story without a parallel.

This first volume of a spaciouly planned record carries Chamberlain to his fiftieth year. With a complete command of the material, a fine sweep of hand, and an energy of narrative

that never flags, Mr. Garvin expounds the dissenter and iconoclast. To those who know the biographer only as editor of the *Observer*, ringing Sunday changes on the themes of democratic conservatism, it may seem strange that he should be able not only to present but to glorify the earlier Chamberlain. As a matter of fact, Mr. Garvin is in his element, one very definite reason being that he is by nature and habit an impassioned anti-Gladstonian. A portrait of the midland radical is and must be a downright anti-Gladstonian document, as we shall see even more plainly when the second volume is reached. The Chamberlains were Unitarians; Gladstone was a high Anglican. Chamberlain knew the England of the large industrial centers, and was close to their problems of slums and land values a generation before the rise of the Labor Party. Gladstone, for all his splendor of spirit, had not, when his great chance came in 1880, come even within sight of the social problem. And Mr. Garvin has the advantage of writing the life of Chamberlain the radical at a time when party politics have been submerged and the social problem has for the great majority of his contemporaries become all in all. His is a challenging and fascinating subject, and he has identified himself so entirely with it that from beginning to end of these 600 pages there is no hint of disharmony between the radical Chamberlain and the most vital and distinguished of Conservative journalists expressing himself in an altered world. The volume is a grand orchestration. It makes an important epoch of English national life glow and march. And, let me add, here are an epoch and a nation with both of which the American reader should find himself in almost full accord.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

A Poet Disinterred

The Complete Poems of John Skelton. Edited by Philip Henderson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

IN one of our modern fantasies there is an amusing scene showing literary men of the future, mining libraries for valuable books as today we dig for ores. As literature accumulates and scholarship elaborates methods of preservation, this notion would seem to be more a forecast than a fantasy. The process may be said to be in action already, for disinterring buried masterpieces has become one of the cherished ambitions of criticism, and may in time become one of its chief functions.

Philip Henderson, in editing this edition of Skelton, judiciously modernizing the spelling and defining obscure terms, deserves credit enough for the venture itself, which restores to us a genuine master; but he has added to this credit by writing an introduction brilliant on all its facets—vivid in its portraiture of Skelton and in its description of his era, and shrewd in its estimation of his poetry. I can do little more by way of a review than confirm his judgment and summarize his principal statements.

Skelton wrote in one of the flattest periods of English literature—the latter half of the fifteenth century. Chaucer had grown remote, a vague memory. The writers who followed him had staled his measures into flavorless conventions. Skelton startled his generation with a poetry extraordinary for the vigor and variety of its rhythm and for the vitality of its matter. Skelton had sharp senses and a huge appetite. Utterly unsqueamish, he was enabled to turn the vulgar, the macabre, and the grotesque into poetry. He wrote with exultant and careless gusto. He antagonized his contemporaries and apparently enjoyed the quarrels. But he was not present to sustain the struggle in later generations. Condemnation grew and permitted his survival only as a figure to whom the learned prurient could look for furtive entertainment. A master of the

meticulous like Pope dismissed him with the epithet "beastly." Warton included Skelton in his survey of English poetry, but only for the sake of comprehensiveness, and rated his drab contemporaries above him because they rhymed more scrupulously and provided morals with their verses. With the romantic revival some appreciation of Skelton began to appear. Coleridge and Wordsworth called attention to him. But our own period, defiant of formulas and decorum, is certain to give him the warmest hospitality.

When examined, Skelton's meters, on the surface so undisciplined, are seen to be of extraordinary richness and versatility. What appears to be abandon we soon discover to be the effect of great dexterity and variety. "Elinor Rimming," with its syncopated effects, has a verse form that is strikingly original and wonderfully effective. "Philip Sparrow" dashes on in swift short measures, out of which, however, nuances and delicate conceits are distilled; everywhere in this poetry are diversity and animation. The predominant tone of it is satirical and the satire is frequently rough and bludgeoning; yet a lyric master is everywhere in evidence.

The restoration of Skelton to the ranks of accessible poets is an event to be thankful for.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Barter or Dole?

The Abolition of Unemployment. By Frank D. Graham. Princeton University Press. \$2.

Unemployment. By Sir William Beveridge. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

"UNEMPLOYMENT has a business, not an economic, basis. It issues solely from dislocated exchange relationships and could not occur in a pioneer society, where every producer is laborer, capitalist, landlord, and enterpriser at one and the same time." Professor Graham, of Princeton and Geneva, gives concise expression to an idea which American farmers have been putting into practice for some years, and many of the unemployed for some months. He believes that if our unemployed were set down in a fertile but undeveloped country they would instantly start to work rather than starve. Such work, he holds, could be organized at once in this country on a self-sustaining basis, with an initial expense that would be trifling compared with our present yearly relief bill.

National prosperity and high real wages depend upon production, not upon unemployment-relief doles or unemployment insurance, both palliatives at best. Further curtailment of production will ruin what business is still functioning, and the rising cost of relief will threaten destruction of the still existing incomes, without solving the unemployment problem. Idle resources, idle plants, and idle men could all be brought together under an Emergency Employment Corporation, a non-profit-making concern. Under such a corporation unemployed workers of all kinds and trades could be set to work to produce goods for their fellow-"jobless." Payment for such work would be in scrip, exchangeable for the goods that these jobless turn out. Such scrip could not be hoarded, since it would lose some of its value each successive month. Goods produced would therefore be rapidly purchased and consumed.

The amount of payment for work would depend upon the amount of goods produced by the corporation, week by week. The valuation basis for labor and for goods produced would be the present market value in terms of the dollar. Once started, the organization would be virtually self-supporting, would provide a much better standard of living for the "jobless" than the present meager relief doles, and would lift from the backs of the struggling business men and workers the present huge burden of relief taxation.

Such an Emergency Corporation would not compete in the wage or commodity markets with existing business and labor, for the unemployed would be working and being paid in a self-contained economy. At the same time Professor Graham would have the corporation rent at low rates many existing plant and distribution facilities, thus enabling business men to meet some of their heavy overhead costs in this depression. This point, perhaps, will be the target of the major part of the criticism called forth by his scheme.

Farmers would gain by the exchange of their unsalable surplus for goods produced by the workers in the Emergency Corporation, and those workers in turn could obtain larger and better supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials from the farmers than would be possible if they had nothing to offer in exchange but their miserable relief doles. The rapid consumption of the farmers' surplus would favorably affect the regular market for agricultural produce. Moreover, with the unemployed the nation over assured of steady work in the Emergency Corporation, much hoarded money put aside by those still employed for money wages would quickly find its way into the normal channels of business and help lift the depression. This is no Utopia. Professor Graham meets many probable objections with careful arguments and data. Workers and farmers in many of the States are already struggling manfully to start such a "barter exchange." The immediate and urgent need is for organization of this movement on a national scale in order to gain the full benefit of the specialized industries of different regions. No heavy bond issue, no inflation of the currency, is needed—just a little courage and plain horse sense. Our pioneer grandfathers would have known how to proceed. One can scarcely believe that their descendants have become utterly incapable.

Professor Graham indicates that his scheme is a temporary emergency plan which reviving business would gradually reduce to a mere skeleton, to be retained, perhaps, for future periods of unemployment. Your reviewer takes a more gloomy view of the capacity of even revived business to absorb anything like the mass of those now unemployed. For that reason he welcomes the more warmly this plan for a sane alternative to present conditions, where vast natural surpluses rot and idle men decay.

"Unemployment" is a reprint of Sir William Beveridge's classic of 1909, with seven valuable chapters, added in 1930, bringing up to date the vicissitudes of British unemployment insurance. Sir William describes the deplorable change "from insurance by contract to relief by status" that has resulted from the successive pieces of legislation. The major fault with the British and other unemployment-insurance schemes does not lie in the temptation to "loaf on the dole," a glib allegation thoroughly disproved. The real peril lies in the demoralization of "governments, employers, and trade unions," in that they "take less thought for the prevention of unemployment." On this point Beveridge and Graham are in absolute agreement.

WILFRID HARRIS CROOK

Napoleon

Napoleon. By Jacques Bainville. Little, Brown and Company. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. \$3.75.

The French Revolution and Napoleon. By Leo Gershoy. F. S. Crofts and Company. \$5.

BAINVILLE is a royalist and a nationalist. In his "History of France" he wore blinkers and colored glasses. In this book he is miraculously free. Most historians start with haughty claims to impartiality, Bainville makes no such promise and is better than his word. His great superiority is that he does not attempt to define Napoleon. Neither at the beginning of his work nor in his conclusion do we find a glitter-

ing formula, like Taine's *condottiere*. No man is a theorem; he is a bewildering complex of aspirations, most of them frustrated. The alleged "will" of a hero is a resultant which baffles analysis. And that will, such as it may be, is only one element in the man's career, far less potent than two other factors, necessity and chance.

Necessity (in Napoleon's own terms "the force of things") appears in Bainville's book under the guise of England. Europe could never accept the sudden and tremendous extension won by France in 1795; England, the only country that could not be coerced into acquiescence, embodied that refusal to the end. Napoleon was committed to the defense of impossible conquests for which he was not responsible. His military genius, the united resources and the enthusiasm of the French, the incompetence and divisions of the European sovereigns deferred the inevitable solution for nearly twenty years. But sooner or later the treaties of Basel were to be torn up by some Waterloo.

The thesis, which is not new, is plausible but not fully convincing. Bainville exaggerates the determination of the British and the importance of Antwerp, "that pistol aimed at England's heart." Prussia and Russia kept for well over a century conquests more extensive and more unnatural than those of the French Revolution. The peace of Amiens was popular among the masses across the Channel. It could have been preserved but for the insatiable and unscrupulous ambition of Napoleon. But there, again, Napoleon was merely following an example. It was the helpless and megalomaniac Directoire that sought adventure, pelf, and trouble beyond the Alps and beyond the Rhine. The circle of "protected" republics—Batavian, Cisalpine, Ligurian, Roman, Helvetian, Parthenopean—was an adumbration of that splendid phantasmagoria, the Grand Empire of 1810. Resolutely on the defensive within her so-called "natural" frontiers, France might have held them indefinitely.

Bainville's narrative never strives for eloquence, pathos, or picturesqueness. Yet it is constantly fascinating. A keen, energetic mind, earnestly and fearlessly seeking a path, affords a finer spectacle than all the pomp of empire. But the obvious dramatic power for which Bainville does not care clings unsought to his pages. His sober allusions evoke the glittering pageantry of triumph and the somber magnificence of epic downfall. And although he never "explains" Napoleon, we close the book with the feeling that we have been brought closer than ever before to the primitive, histrionic, and tormented soul of the Conqueror.

Professor Gershoy's book seems excellent of its kind. But for its kind—the magnified college textbook—I personally have very little liking. This volume is an able, up-to-date summary of research in an enormous field. But compilation is not history. First-hand information, like Gottschalk's "Marat" or Bruun's masterly little "Saint-Just," is history; and every honest monograph is at least history in the making. Interpretation, never losing sight of the facts, like Bainville's "Napoleon" or Carl Becker's "Heavenly City," is nearer the finished product. But an enormous collection of facts at second hand, without personal philosophy and without personal style, is of doubtful value except for sophomore cramming.

The nemesis of such a book, heaping together the spoils of a hundred research workers, is that it can never be wholly consistent in thought or even in the presentation of details. Professor Gershoy tells us in the same paragraph that Napoleon was "a profound statesman" and that "from the first he did not know whither he was going." A profound statesman would have read much earlier the plain sign: "This way madness lies." Fouché, Talleyrand, and even Madame Letizia had read it without effort. The brief summing up of the Peninsular War is wholly misleading: "Against that dogged commander [Wellington], Napoleon was to send his best marshals and 300,000 of his grizzled veterans, but nothing availed him. . . ." Pro-

fessor Gershoy forgets that in 1812 Wellington, who had reached Madrid, was sharply defeated, and had to retreat post-haste all the way to Portugal, "the officers having lost all command over their men." If in 1813 he was able to pursue the retreating French, it was only because "twelve hundred miles away the Grand Army was dead."

The bibliography is extensive, valuable, but not always critical. General Ballard's naive primer had best be consigned to oblivion. Kirchsen's is called "the best one-volume study since Fournier." Professor Gershoy must have been impressed by the appalling bulk of Kirchsen's other contributions to Napoleonic scholarship rather than by a careful evaluation of this particular opus; the quantitative test is not a reliable one. But we must repeat that the faults of Professor Gershoy's large and handsome volume belong to the type—a type for which there exists a large demand, and which our strictures are not likely to injure. For the painstaking and lucid work of Professor Gershoy himself we have nothing but sincere respect.

ALBERT GUERARD

The Osage Indians

Wah'kon-tah. By John Joseph Mathews. University of Oklahoma Press. \$2.50.

THE author of this book is a member of the Osage tribe of Indians, a graduate of the University of Oklahoma with a degree in natural science from Oxford. He has spent most of his life on the Osage reservation and he knows his own people. His story begins in 1878 when the late Major Laban J. Miles came as agent to the Osages, and it is based on careful notes left by Major Miles. The tale ends with the coming of the white men, when oil was discovered on the Osage reservation and the Indians became wealthy. It has to do chiefly with that period in the history of the tribe when the Indians, although they were under the United States government, still held to their simple customs and to their faith in *Wah'kon-tah*, or, in translation, to "that which the children of the Earth do not comprehend as they travel the roads of the Earth and which becomes clear to them only when they have passed on to the Great Mysteries."

Mr. Mathews's book is valuable as anthropological material in that it covers a period during which Indian customs and beliefs and rituals were slowly undergoing an inevitable change under the growing influence of the white man's civilization. It is a very interesting account of the workings of the Indian mind, long disciplined and learned in ancient lore, when brought by necessity into contact with a whole new set of ideas belonging to another people. Major Miles, intelligent and very sympathetic, is the mediator between the Indians and the white cowboys, traders, and exploiters. His is the central figure in the drama; to him come all the perplexed leaders of the Indian tribes. He must explain to these chiefs laws which they cannot understand, a system of ethics not their own, ideas in medicine utterly foreign to their curative practices. The story of this period in the development of the Osage nation ends with the death of Major Miles.

Mr. Mathews writes very well indeed. He has an extremely accurate ear for Indian speech and is able to translate the poetry of that speech into English. He understands perfectly the Osages' poetic feeling about their country, their customs, their religious beliefs. Through an incident, a bit of drama, a conversation, a descriptive sketch of the country, he gives us a sense of the dignity and intelligence of this tribe. Because he is himself an Osage, he does not, as so many white writers incline to do, romanticize or sentimentalize his material. He allows the facts to speak for themselves, but he is able so

to interpret the facts that we are left with a conviction: these Osage Indians were a people so completely at one with their environment, so beautifully able to express the meaning of the setting in which they dwelt, that the coming of the whites and the consequent breaking down of Indian culture must seem a tragedy.

"Wah'kon-tah" is one of the best of several studies of the Indian mind. We have at last come to realize that to have any record of the Indian mind before it perishes entirely, we must collect quickly the stories of such old Indians as remember the past. We value highly, therefore, this sympathetic, intelligent, artistic interpretation of the Osage.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

The Mirror of Fools. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Readers looking for entertainment will find it in "The Mirror of Fools," wherein they need not fear to see their own reflections. The book has no satirical intent; the characters are caricatures put together for no moral purpose—only the clown's purpose of making us laugh. Here is burlesque from belt to buttock, all grinningly unrefined. It is the story of an enormously fat and sensual princeling of the Holy Roman Empire and his cadaverous and ascetic chamberlain who knock about Germany in the sixteenth century, floundering through a cleverly invented mess of misadventures. However, in spite of Neumann's ingenuity and skilful workmanship the book cannot be accorded a very high rating. It succeeds in being amusing, but it has no integrity of its own. It passes lightly out of the mind, unlike its great sources, Don Quixote, Tyl Eulenspiegel, and Pantagruel, whose materials it so deftly reworks.

The Last Adam. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

Since Main Street has become a term of opprobrium, a synonym for small-town bigotry and hypocrisy, Mr. Cozzens's demonstration that the simple and heroic life may still be lived in a quiet New England village has at least the charm of rediscovery and reaffirmation. But it is precisely this emphasis on reaffirmation that constitutes a serious limitation to his work. In tracing the destinies of the residents of New Winton, chief among whom is Dr. Bull, a heroic and Rabelaisian practitioner of the old school, Mr. Cozzens gives us the feeling that he is neatly solving a theorem, with the Q. E. D. that there is after all a good deal of human nature in mankind—even when the species happens to inhabit a small town. But this conclusion is not enough. Dr. Bull is drawn only in outline, with bold strokes, and has a rather official epic quality. What the story chiefly lacks is the element of surprise—not the unexpected turn of plot, but the turn of character, the pleasurable surprise of detail and individualization.

The Orient in American Transcendentalism: A Study of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. By Arthur Christy. Columbia University Press. \$4.

Mr. Christy does in greater detail and for a broader field what Frederic Ives Carpenter undertook in "Emerson and Asia" (1930). He sets out "to tell why Concord men read the Orientals and to what end; and most important of all, the sources from which they took Oriental ideas and ornamentation for some of the classic pages of American literature." The monograph puts the Concord group in a new relation to world literature, underlining a fundamental generalization to which

all students have agreed—that the Transcendentalists were eclectics par excellence. Mr. Carpenter laid down the proposition that Emerson approached the East through Neo-Platonism and Mr. Christy accepts the point without laboring it. He goes on to show, in the light of a very intensive study and from the vantage-point of an exhaustive knowledge of Oriental thought and Oriental studies, just how and what the three men borrowed from the literatures of India, China, and Persia, leaving the Zoroastrian question to one side. Borrowed is the proper term for what they did, the definition of Emerson's method applying to them all: "He was fascinated with them and used them abundantly, sometimes with a purpose quite contradictory to that in the Oriental mind. But however they were used they reflected his own moods, impulses, and spiritual experience." Emerson was of course most hospitable to the literature of India, as were Alcott and Thoreau. Mr. Christy thinks the influence of Confucius was greater than that allowed by Mr. Carpenter, but agrees that the Persian influence was expressed mainly in poetic method and diction. Thoreau is discussed chiefly as a Western exponent of asceticism, while Alcott is viewed as a popular propagandist for Oriental doctrines. A major contribution is the definition of the Oriental strain in Emerson's optimism. Altogether the book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the origins of a major American literary movement.

Zola. By Henri Barbusse. Translated from the French by M. B. and F. C. Green. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

M. Barbusse makes no new revelations concerning Zola's life, the last private details of which were made public some years ago by his heirs and indicated few enough and reasonable enough vices. It is regrettable, moreover, that he "novelizes" the life in a form which has become curiously popular in France, thanks to the transient successes of Maurois. We are given a succession of impressionistic scenes and glimpses of the great man and his milieu, from the time when he began his Rougon-Macquart series of novels to the day of the Dreyfus case. Sometimes these impressions are based on documents, new and old; sometimes on simple conjectures of the biographer; but nearly always they have the effect of making the subject remote and the historian disagreeably immediate. What M. Barbusse does exceedingly well, however, in the whole second half of his book, is to drop the "novelizing" and interpret the interior drama of Zola in terms of our own time. During what can only be called a revolutionary crisis Zola, the worthy bourgeois, emerged from his study and threw himself into the political struggle on the side of humanity and decency. With "J'accuse!" as M. Barbusse trenchantly phrases it, the "man of letters" had become the "man." On the subject of Zola's courageous example and his conversion to socialism M. Barbusse, who is a Communist, speaks with the utmost conviction and forthrightness. What of our own writers, he asks, in a time of social debacle, of the foreseen agony of an international empire? Will they remain silent, which is to say complaisant, or will they take their stand?

The Congressional Follies. New York: The Abbot Press. \$1.50.

For years H. L. Mencken has been boosting the *Congressional Record* as the most hilarious periodical in the country. Now some anonymous hand has made a compilation from its pages which is published under the very appropriate title "The Congressional Follies." Unfortunately, however, the extracts are only occasionally funny. The best one is a list of bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture, which include "Principles of Window Curtaining," "Children's Rompers," "How to Dress for a Sun Bath," "Where Sheets Wear Out," and

"Vitamins in Relation to Salad Dressing." For some incomprehensible reason only the *Record* of the first session of the Seventy-second Congress has been drawn upon. There is thus still room for a truly choice collection based upon a long succession of Congresses.

The Growth of Literature. Volume I: *The Ancient Literatures of Europe.* By H. Munro Chadwick and N. Kershaw Chadwick. The Macmillan Company. \$6.50.

This is the first volume of a work which, according to the authors' plans, will require three volumes for completion. It is a comparative study of five literatures—Greek, Anglo-Saxon, Irish, Welsh, and Norse—in the period before they were set down in writing and subjected to influences that disintegrated their native qualities. The purpose of the authors is to follow the growth of literature and the elaboration of genres, and to trace the operation of general principles in this growth. The authors reserve their conclusions for the final volume, but the tone of the present work forecasts them. It seems clear that they will demonstrate that, given similar conditions, peoples remote from each other will develop similar literatures. In the course of their work the authors turn up some curious and fascinating data, but the book as a whole, in obedience to the scruples of scholarship, is too inclusive of detail to make interesting reading.

Films

Movie Cant and Criticism

MOVIE criticism, although it is too new to have set up any really solid standards or even to have found for itself an adequate vocabulary, has already managed to establish in a certain section of the public mind a body of a priori judgments which can only be described as cant. I suppose what we usually mean by cant nowadays is the adoption of some opinion or point of view whose implications of superiority depend largely on its being at variance with the popular (or should we say vulgar?) point of view. Now the essence of current movie cant is fortunately summed up in a single definitive and invariable dictum: that nothing worth while ever has or will or can come out of Hollywood. If one shares this conviction, the whole problem of discrimination in the films is of course very much simplified. It is only necessary to make sure that the picture seen was made in Germany or Russia or Czechoslovakia to be relieved of the always difficult task of critical analysis and comparison. An unqualified admiration for foreign films, therefore, not only becomes a mark of good taste but also represents, in an age of hard thinking, a considerable economy of mental energy.

The truth is, of course, that it is much too early to make any generalizations about the films on a merely national basis of comparison. If a fair-minded jury were to draw up a list of the ten best films produced to date, it is fairly certain that at least four countries of the globe would be represented and each of them to about the same extent. And one of these countries would certainly be our own. The movie, in so far as it is a characteristic phenomenon of the age, is an international medium; and the perfect movie, when it appears, is as likely as not to be a synthesis of elements now being separately developed all over the world. We need only point, for example, to the obvious fact that such a director as René Clair owes just about as much to Hollywood as Hollywood owes to René Clair. And in the more recent German films one sees an increasingly fruitful assimilation of American and other foreign influences.

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Certainly these remarks have no very particular application to the unpretentious French film at the Little Carnegie. "Sous la Lune du Maroc" is, first of all, a rather charming travelogue of Fez and other spots in North Africa. It is also a rambling, poorly accented melodrama about five Europeans suffering under a trumped-up sorcerer's curse in the same region. Between the setting and the melodrama, however, there is no inevitable connection; the excellent photography is not integrated with the narrative. Many of the effects—such as the checkerboard shadows beneath the lattice-roofed streets—we have already seen in Von Sternberg's "Morocco." The important difference is that while in the one these have only a photographic value, in the other they had a dramatic value as well.

"Woman's World," at the Acme on Fourteenth Street, is somewhat below the level of recent films from the Soviet Republic. The difficulty here again is not that the picture is pure melodrama or melodrama based on propagandist values which one may or may not accept, but that it is, for an American audience, unsuccessful melodrama. For such an audience melodrama is made effective only by a speeding-up of its psychology of response—a condition that apparently does not apply to a Russian audience. The still-photography throughout has of course a certain independent beauty of its own.

The Film Forum opened triumphantly with an uncensored newsreel of the march of the unemployed on Washington last summer and an uncut version of Fritz Lang's "M." "Hunger" was interesting as a social document but not as interesting as it should have been as a photographic treatment of the event. The Forum should be congratulated on its choice of "M" for its initial offering.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

The Prosecution Rests

ELMER RICE'S sociological drama "We, the People" is an indictment pure and simple. The twenty scenes which pass rapidly across the stage of the Empire Theater summarize vividly the case against contemporary society and conclude with a series of speeches directed straight at the audience. No previous effort of the same sort has been anything like so ambitious, and none has been, within its limitations, so effective. The most convinced defender of the status quo could hardly fail to feel the force of the indictment, and several times the audience broke out into mingled applause and hisses. Here are clarity, logic, and an intense sincerity, plus a very unusual gift for dramatic writing.

And yet, if the truth must be told, a certain sense of disappointment is mingled with the admiration one feels. It was to be hoped that Mr. Rice would do more than state a strong case strongly; it was to be hoped that he would be technically inventive, that he would advance the art of the sociological drama by making it more satisfactory as drama. But that is exactly what he has failed to do. Perhaps it would be unfair to say that "We, the People" is merely "bigger and better" in the conventional American sense. But it would be, at least, to state a part of the truth. The play stands out because it is ambitious, elaborate, and complete. It is not essentially new, original, or inventive. Like all the other plays of its kind it is interesting almost wholly because of its subject matter. No one could possibly call it a good play after it had ceased to be relevant to existing conditions, and it will be admired precisely to the extent that the individual spectator happens to be on the author's side.

Great propaganda must manage in some way to hold even

those who do not want to hear, and that "We, the People" will fail to do. If he is honest with himself, even the most delighted spectator will realize that he is thinking chiefly of what the play is going to do to his opponents rather than of what it is doing to him. The prosecution is summing up and summing up well, but it is stating nothing which has not been stated before. The dispossessed family, the riot at the factory, and the condemnation of the agitator are typical; so too, perhaps, are the attitudes of the industrial magnate and of the "liberal" college president who dismisses the troublesome professor. But they are too little more than merely typical. We expect of a drama that it shall tell us something we do not know, give us some insight we did not have, or, if it deals wholly with the familiar, that it shall arouse and then discharge our emotions in some effective way. If it does none of these things, we may still "approve" as we approve "We, the People"; but we shall remain, nevertheless, unsatisfied.

This particular sort of thing will hardly be better done than it has been done here, and that means, I think, that the contemporary drama of protest has yet to find a suitable method. It has already discarded a great many conventions, but that is merely a negative achievement. It scorns neat structure, which, for example, Mr. Rice himself knows so well how to use in plays of a different kind, and it scorns also that emotional reconciliation which, in tragedy, takes the place of the happy end of comedy. Since its avowed purpose is not to reconcile the audience to life but to exasperate it into action, it refuses to resolve its own discords and it ends upon a dissonance. Unlike the drama as it has usually been known, but like the classical oration, it ends with the question: "What are you going to do about it?" And its true last act is, I suppose, that revolt at the polls or that riot in the street which would furnish the only conclusion either logically or emotionally satisfactory. But when the revolt or the riot does not take place the spectator merely finds himself with emotions undischarged. That is not aesthetically satisfying, and for that reason it is unsuccessful propaganda. It provides no attraction for those who need its arguments to convince them, and if it pleases at all it pleases only those who are convinced already.

"Art is a weapon." If I understand aright those who announce this dogma, they recognize and proclaim their departure from the whole tradition of the "classics." But if they do, then they have taken over far too many of the methods suitable only for a different purpose, and they too often challenge comparisons which result unfavorably. They need styles as revolutionary as their intentions, and they have not developed them. Despite the fact that it is broken into many episodes "We, the People" is enough like a conventional play to arouse the conventional anticipations. It engages our sympathy for a group of individuals and then plunges them into a series of difficulties which we follow with concern. But it does not provide the satisfaction which such a drama ordinarily provides. Not only does it take abrupt leave of these personages, but it fails to make the characters as such anything like so interesting as the characters in more conventional plays. Since they are intended to be typical they lack individuality, and they tend to sink to the level of mere puppets—to become merely a workman, a college professor, and so on. Yet the process of typification is not carried far enough to make them pure symbols. Doubtless the drama of social forces must deal with generalities, but if it is to do this effectively, then it must do it so clearly that the human beings involved will seem to us more than merely rather colorless individuals. And that is a good though simple example of what I mean by saying that if such plays are to revolutionize the drama, they are not yet revolutionary enough. They still challenge comparisons unfavorable to themselves and still suggest intentions which are not realized.

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draws in the audience it intends to convince, and it may do that in either of two ways. It may, like the comedies of Bernard Shaw, be so diverting that the bitter is swallowed for the sake of the sweet. It may, on the other hand, be so original, so surprising, so obviously a work of genius, that the enemy comes—either because he is genuinely interested in supreme excellence of any kind or because, snob-like, he must be *au courant* with things artistic and intellectual. Unfortunately, the revolutionary drama of the moment has not found either its Shaw or its Ibsen. One does not have to go.

"Pigeons and People" (Sam H. Harris Theater) is an almost indescribable entertainment in which George M. Cohan, the author, plays the role of a mysterious park-bench philosopher whose directness and sincerity completely befuddle a rich young man determined to befriend him. It is an extraordinary *tour de force* for Mr. Cohan, who is on the stage continuously for an hour and a half before his single brief absence from it. It is also well worth seeing both for the amusement it provides and for the insight it gives into the mind of a remarkable American original. Sometimes Mr. Cohan's "philosophy" suggests the plaintive lyrics of the life-is-a-funny-proposition-after-all school. At other moments it is elevated by a patent sincerity into something almost profound. "Pigeons and People," with its sometimes childish and sometimes intriguing metaphysical ingenuities, might have been written by a self-educated Pirandello.

I must add a word of belated praise for the incredibly deft marionettes performing at the Lyric Theater under the title of "The Piccoli." Nothing deflates the human being more effectively than the malicious realism of these puppets, and the gestures of the great or dignified cannot fool us any more. It is done with strings.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

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DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. To be reviewed next week.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

PIGEONS AND PEOPLE. Lyceum Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

WE, THE PEOPLE. Empire Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1933

No. 3528

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	161
EDITORIALS:	
John Galsworthy	163
Hitler's Role	164
"Compensating" Tariffs	165
ISSUES AND MEN. SECESSION IN THE WEST. By Oswald	
Garrison Villard	166
THE DETROIT STRIKE. By Samuel Romer	167
TROTSKY AND REVOLUTION. By Benjamin Stolberg	169
THE COMPANY ROOSEVELT KEEPS. By Paul Y. Anderson	171
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	172
CORRESPONDENCE	173

MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

THE BEST PEOPLE'S BEST NOVELIST. By Clifton Fadiman	175
SONNET. By Mark Van Doren	177
TO THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN. By Genevieve Taggard	178
LITTLE CAESARS. By Horace Gregory	178
BOOKS:	
Ludwig and Mussolini. By Gaetano Salvemini	178
Gentleman Seeks Regeneration. By Gerald Sykes	179
Stanley and Africa. By Isidor Schneider	179
Too Early in the Morning? By Arthur Warner	180
Australian Pioneering. By C. Hartley Grattan	181
Tempests and Music. By Mark Van Doren	182
Mary Wollstonecraft. By Mary Colum	183
Violence and Reform. By John Chamberlain	185
FILMS: The American Homeland. By William Troy	187
DRAMA: What This Country Needs. By Joseph Wood Krutch	187
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	188

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

GENERAL AUGUSTO CESAR SANDINO, for nearly six years a rebel against marine rule in Nicaragua, characterized as an unprincipled "bandit" by marine officers and the United States government, has made his peace with President Juan Bautista Sacasa. The terrible bandit flew into Managua, embraced a member of the National Guard, spoke soft words of brotherly love, declared he bore no enmity toward the American people, and did not even demand a post in the new government. He sounded more like Gandhi than a fire-eating chieftain from the wilds. The marines who unsuccessfully struggled through fever swamps and lofty cordilleras to destroy him must be a trifle chagrined at the manner in which he flew peacefully into the hand of authority as soon as they had left. Were it not for its tragic antecedents, this outcome would appear almost comic. Sandino is reinforced as the hero of a continent and a half, and will doubtless have a few more streets and plazas named after him in Latin America. For a figure in the public eye of that part of the world, he has shown remarkable consistency. When *The Nation's* correspondent took his life in his hands to interview him in 1928 at the height of the marines' campaign against him, Sandino promised—as was recorded in the columns of this weekly—that if the ma-

rines were withdrawn, he would lay down his arms and accept no public office in return. He has faithfully carried out those promises, and had General Feland accepted Sandino's pronouncements at that time, the country would have been saved five years of bloodshed and the present evidence that the activities of the marines were largely futile.

SANDINO HAS ASKED for lands for his soldiers, further carrying out his 1928 statement that when the marines finally left, his men only wanted a chance to work honestly. The Nueva Segovia region where they will settle is for the most part an untamed frontier. It will require relentless effort to bring such mountainous jungle country under cultivation. As for Sandino, it is hardly likely that a man with such courage and such popularity will fail to play an important part in the future destiny of his country. The United States has had to eat humble pie a number of times in connection with Nicaraguan affairs. After opposing Moncada, dumping his ammunition into the swamps, and harassing his operations in every way possible, Washington was obliged to stage an election to enable him to become President. After calling Sacasa a Bolshevik and denouncing him as a puppet of Mexico, we were obliged to receive him as ambassador to Washington and then to recognize him as President. It will be still more amusing if some future Stimson has to stretch his legs under the same conference table with Sandino. Let our government's experience in Nicaragua be a lesson to us.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has promised to keep Congress informed of the progress of his war-debt negotiations with Great Britain. This was the sensible thing to do. However, it is important to note that Mr. Roosevelt's statement was prompted by recent speeches of Senators Lewis of Illinois and Reed of Pennsylvania. The two Senators intimated that if Mr. Roosevelt follows the precedent set by Woodrow Wilson and keeps Congress in the dark with regard to negotiations with foreign countries, the agreements eventually arrived at may meet the fate of the Versailles treaty. It needs to be pointed out that the present situation is not comparable to that which President Wilson had to face. Then the President was forced to deal with a hostile Congress; Mr. Roosevelt's party has an overwhelming majority in both houses. Ratification of the peace treaty could be and was blocked by a one-third minority in the Senate; the debt negotiations, which require only a simple majority vote of the two houses, cannot be blocked by a minority. If Mr. Roosevelt is at all successful as a party leader, he should have no difficulty in finding a Congressional majority. We believe strongly that Congress and the public should be kept informed at all times concerning the progress of the debt negotiations, but we also believe that Mr. Roosevelt would be making a fatal mistake if he were to allow himself to be influenced by the unsupported threats of the new irreconcilables in Congress. He is in an excellent position to assert his leadership boldly and firmly, to win Congress over from its present isolationist attitude. This should be his chief purpose in taking Congress into his confidence during the debt negotiations.

MANY PEOPLE are discussing the possibility of a revolutionary crisis resulting from the rebellion now sweeping the farm States. This appears to be extremely far-fetched, though it must be conceded that several elements necessary to the development of a revolutionary crisis are to be found in the unrest of the farmers. Their organized defiance of the constituted authorities is particularly significant. In many communities the farmers have taken the law into their own hands; in other communities they have adopted a decidedly indifferent attitude toward law and government. Defiance of the law and apathy toward government, as history shows, are two of the conditions which invariably precede revolution. Whatever the farm rebellion may portend, it is being taken with justifiable seriousness by State officials and mortgage-holders. The legislatures of a dozen States are considering radical measures to reduce the indebtedness and interest burden of the farmers and to place agriculture on a sound economic basis. Some of these measures are themselves revolutionary in that they would employ the power of the State to interfere with private contracts. The insurance companies, which hold 20 per cent of the farm mortgages in the country, have responded by declaring a general moratorium on such loans. This, however, leaves mortgages worth \$7,000,000,000 or more in the hands of local banks and individuals. A general default on these obligations would greatly aggravate the situation. President-elect Roosevelt and the Democrats in Congress are exceedingly wise in placing the farm problem at the top of the list of jobs to be tackled early in the new Administration.

THE RECENT CONVICTION of Angelo Herndon in Georgia appears at first glance to have been as fantastic as it was cruel and partisan. Herndon was sentenced to spend from eighteen to twenty years in prison. The charge against him was incitement to rebellion and the statute on which the indictment was based was written before the Civil War—to provide against uprisings of slaves—and was revived after the war in the struggles that marked the reconstruction era. It has not been invoked from that troubled time until this; but as the result of its recent resurrection a Negro boy of nineteen faces half a life in a Georgia chain gang, and six others—men and women, black and white—are awaiting trial on similar charges. Herndon, a Negro and a Communist, was defended by Negro counsel before a white judge and jury. Those facts taken together were sufficient to insure the verdict. But it is idle to argue now whether or not his chances would have been better if his counsel had been white. Perhaps they would; but under any circumstances the trial would equally have been a dramatic example of class and race justice. Perhaps the old statute served as well as would any newfangled criminal-syndicalist law to express the facts of the situation. The judge and jury were not interested in the contentions of the defense: that Herndon had been arrested on the basis of radical literature which had been seized in his room without a warrant; that the barring of Negroes from the jury rendered a fair trial impossible; that the Communist Party is a legal political organization in Georgia. Putting constitutional rights aside, they concentrated on what after all was the real issue: a Negro Communist had come into the State of Georgia and had helped to organize and arouse the unemployed workers of both races. Herndon was on trial as a menace to the dominant class and race. And this, in a modest degree, he was. The law was on his side. But what is law in the face of class and race fear?

IT IS PROBABLE that whatever action New York State takes in balancing its budget will be closely followed and perhaps imitated in many other States. It is therefore doubly unfortunate that Governor Lehman included a proposal for a tax of $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent on retail sales in his first annual budget message. Such a tax has all the objectionable features that a federal sales tax would have, and raises special administrative difficulties. Nor are the Governor's income-tax recommendations free from objections. It is logical that he should follow the new federal law in lowering the exemptions for a single person from \$2,500 to \$1,000 and for a married person from \$4,000 to \$2,500. But he proposes further that all persons with taxable incomes should pay in addition to their regular tax a flat rate of 1 per cent on their entire income with no personal exemptions allowed. This last provision is quite unjustifiable. If, instead, a rate of 2 or 3 per cent were levied on incomes in the higher brackets (in addition to the present graduated tax rising to 6 per cent) it would be unnecessary to disallow personal exemptions. The increase in the gasoline tax to 4 cents, while regrettable, is sound; and the Governor is to be especially commended for his proposal that no deductions shall be permitted for capital losses. If the same rule had been followed in fixing the new federal income tax, the revenues from that tax would increase enormously.

IT IS TIME WE STOPPED expecting a recovery in business for the wrong reasons, particularly when the reasons are precisely those that have so signally failed to prove effective in the last three years. Mr. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, made the front pages by predicting a recovery in business this year on the ground that the railroads "have put off renewals for plant and equipment for at least two years" and "that by the middle of next summer extensive renewal of equipment will have to be made—and I think that holds true of industry generally as it does of the railroads." Mr. Loree, in other words, tells us that the railroads need equipment, which nobody doubts, but does not tell us where the purchasing power is to come from. In the first year or so of the depression it was constantly argued that the up-turn would begin when people could no longer put off buying new overcoats, new automobiles, and so forth; but the event has proved that the millions on shrunken incomes or totally without employment do put off these purchases. The renewal of capital equipment no less than the purchase of new consumers' goods comes from those who have the purchasing power and not from those who have merely the need. How long will it take us to learn this first principle—to stop looking for "automatic" recovery by "natural" processes while neglecting the fundamental maladjustments that only political action can correct?

THE COMMITTEE OF NINETEEN by agreeing to recommend that members of the League of Nations refuse recognition to Manchukuo injected a note of firmness into Geneva's attitude toward Japan just when it was degenerating into complete futility. It is further announced that the committee will report that a settlement of the Manchurian question must be based upon the recommendations of the Lytton report. To be sure, the report of the committee has not been committed to cold print, and even if the final draft submitted to the Assembly is as firm as it ought to be, the Assembly debate will doubtless dull its sharpest points. But the

gesture has already had some effect on Japan. The same Yosuke Matsuoka who was threatening world war on Saturday was on Monday circulating reports that the League's conciliation draft might be accepted by Japan even though it bars recognition of Manchukuo. It is true, moreover, that the Committee of Nineteen made bold to talk back to Tokio only after Sir Eric Drummond had made it clear that they could do so without committing themselves to the application of sanctions. Whatever the reason, it is to be hoped that Geneva will have the courage to follow up this first step in developing a firm stand against Japan's threat to world peace.

THE PRUSSIAN DIET has been dissolved and the last fragment of Prussian state autonomy wiped out as the result of a presidential decree replacing Otto Braun, the Socialist Premier, with Vice-Chancellor von Papen, who cast a controlling vote in the Cabinet overriding the decision of the Diet against simultaneous elections with the Reich. At the same time press restrictions of unprecedented severity were announced in another presidential decree. In addition to the regulations now in effect it lists as offenses any "incitement to general strike or a strike involving a vital industry," and the dissemination of "deliberately false news" whose publication would be likely to "jeopardize the interests of the state." This last clause can obviously be used to suppress any opposition newspaper. Public meetings may be forbidden if they are regarded as "dangerous to the public order," or dissolved by the police if speakers make remarks which, if they appeared in a newspaper, would result in its suppression under the new law. Hitler now controls all the organized avenues of communication with the German people, including the government radio and the movies. Nazi gangs freely break up even informal groups of Socialists and Communists, and murder and assaults continue unchecked. The Communist Party expects to be outlawed before the elections in March. Germany is under worse than martial law; it is under mob law supported by all the powers of a reactionary centralized authority.

CONGRESSMEN are prepared to talk economy until they are blue in the face—so long as the contemplated economies do not affect their own pocket-books. They can lop off the appropriation for such bureaus as the Federal Trade Commission without a qualm, but let anyone suggest that they cut their own salaries and they will rise almost as one man to condemn the idea. On February 4 the House of Representatives voted down amendment after amendment to the legislative appropriation bill which would have reduced Congressional salaries from the present rate of \$10,000 per annum to \$7,500 or \$5,000. The opposition, which included all but a few Southern Democrats, contended that the amount involved—\$1,327,500 in the first case, or \$2,655,000 in the second—was so small that it was not worth while writing it into the budget. Presumably the huge appropriation for the Veterans' Bureau was so large that it was not worth bothering about. In any case, just the day before they considered their own salaries the members of the House wasted many hours debating items involving only a few thousand dollars and passed without a record vote and without slicing off a single cent the \$956,800,000 appropriation for the veterans. There must be economy, of course. The Democratic Party, which already controls the lower House, has promised to cut expenditures at least 25 per cent. Where do they propose to begin?

TWO WEEKS AGO we remarked editorially that it was still too soon to state definitely whether or not the termination of certain New York theatrical managers to reduce their prices would justify itself economically. We are glad now to be able to say that two meritorious productions which were about to close enjoyed such an increase in gross receipts as a result of the new scale that both have indefinitely prolonged their engagements. During the month of January business tended to improve all along Broadway, but that means only that about half the theaters are lighted and that about half of those enjoyed capacity business even on Saturday night. Meanwhile the Paramount-Publix Corporation—which controls the largest group of moving-picture theaters in America or the world at large—has gone into the hands of a receiver. That means, in effect, one more business which the government is not going to keep out of.

John Galsworthy

DURING the course of his sixty-five years John Galsworthy enjoyed most of the possible rewards of a literary career—critical esteem, great popularity, considerable financial profit, and the Nobel Prize. Writing must, besides, have come fairly easily to a man who published at least forty volumes, and "The Forsyte Saga" shared with Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" the honor of being one of the two novels usually chosen to head lists of the "ten best" of our generation. And yet Galsworthy also paid one of the penalties of a long literary career: he outlived his generation to the extent, at least, that the worship of new heroes detracted somewhat from the fame which had once been his. Plays like "Justice" and "Strife" had definitely receded into the past; even "The Forsyte Saga" was less and less often cited as the most significant work of fiction written in the twentieth century.

The form of his novels had something to do with the fact that the more "advanced" critics sometimes professed to be bored by them. They were regular, systematic, explicit, and carefully rounded. Thackeray or George Eliot would have understood their method, and, indeed, Galsworthy may some day be classed as the last of the great Victorian novelists in the sense that he was the last to cultivate the Victorian form. But there was also in his attitude and spirit something too judicious, tolerant, and conciliatory to please a more violent generation, to whom, sometimes, he inevitably seemed sentimental. The early readers of either his sociological plays or of "The Man of Property" would have thought it fantastic to classify him as a conservative, and yet by comparison with younger writers that is what he came to seem. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing of the revolutionary about Galsworthy. Patriarch by birth and in appearance, his sharp and trenchant criticism of the privileged class was criticism from within and was motivated primarily by a sense of *noblesse oblige*. Far less radical than Shaw or Wells and with less interest or faith in political schemes, he was a humanitarian rather than either a political or an economic radical. To him the dispossessed were objects of pity and the victims of wrongs, but he had none of that romanticism of the revolutionary which enables the latter to idealize the workingman or to make him, like Rousseau's Noble Savage, a reservoir of uncorrupted strength and

virtue. Essentially Galsworthy was merely asking that those who have should be more just and more generous in their dealings with those who have not.

At the end of the play "Loyalties" one of the characters defends himself by saying that he has kept the faith and played the game. Another replies, "That is not enough," and this fragment of dialogue sums up better perhaps than anything else he wrote the essence of Galsworthy's criticism of English society. That society prided itself upon its honor, its justice, and its sense of fair play. Its code was rigid and it generally lived up to the code. But it never criticized the rules of the game it played, never asked if the rules themselves were reasonable or just. Galsworthy did ask that, and he rebuked, even if he did not damn, those who refused to ask themselves the questions which he asked them.

Many radicals of today would reply to Galsworthy in the very words quoted above: It is not enough. Nevertheless, it is probable that at least "The Forsyte Saga" will be long remembered, both because of the completeness of the picture which it gives of a certain class and because of the clear logic with which it analyzes and condemns the respectable ideals of a whole generation. The nineteenth century in England was preeminently the time when the idea of property as the central reality of life, the source of honor and dignity and privilege, reached its full development. "The Forsyte Saga" is the real saga of the owning class.

Hitler's Role

EACH of the recent chancellors of Germany seems to have had a special role to play. It was Heinrich Brüning who first spoke the word that ended forever the annual payment of "tribute" to the victorious Powers. It was Kurt von Schleicher who achieved military equality for his country, at least in principle, by simply asserting that if equality was not granted, Germany would rearm. It has not been generally recognized, except by the nationalist press of France, that these two gestures in effect destroyed the Versailles system. Germany has already won its most important battles in the foreign field and now has only to consolidate these victories. What, then, is there left for Chancellor Hitler to do?

It has been suggested that the bankers and industrialists have temporarily elevated Hitler to power for the single purpose of frightening the American creditors of Germany into scaling down the huge private debt of the country. It is considered significant that the fascist leader was taken into the government at the very moment when the debt negotiations with the American bankers were beginning. It has also been suggested that Hitler will help to expedite the "liberation" of Central and Eastern Europe from French political control. However, his real mission appears to lie in the domestic field.

The election manifesto issued by his government clearly indicates what Hitler's role is to be. Ever since 1919 the industrialists, bankers, Junkers, and militarists have been fighting, by sabotage and other means, not only the republic but also that which they call "Marxism." Since June, 1932, when Franz von Papen became Chancellor, this fight has been conducted openly and without shame. What these groups mean by Marxism is not the socialism of Karl Marx but the state socialism inaugurated by Bismarck and taken over with very few changes by the democratic parties that came into

power with the revolution of November, 1918. The reactionary industrialists and Junkers want to go back much farther than 1918; they want to go back at least a half century. They want the workers to submit patiently and meekly to a form of reactionary rule in which labor would have no voice whatever. Neither the Von Papen nor the Von Schleicher Government could gain this end so long as a large and important nationalist group, the Nazis, opposed the parties in power. But the followers of Hitler were dangerous and had to be purged of their socialistic inclinations. The reactionary elements could not hope to do this by propaganda—the Nazis had been fed too long on Hitler's demagogic promises. Nor could the goal be attained by setting the loyal Reichswehr against the Brown Shirt army, for that might open the way to communism. The only remaining course was to capture and tame the leader of the National Socialist movement, and this the reactionary groups seem to have accomplished.

The rank-and-file followers of Adolf Hitler must have received with mixed emotions the manifesto he read over the radio two days after he had accepted the chancellorship. His denunciation of communism sounded natural enough. But where were the other grandiose promises they had been hearing for years—the pledge to drive out the international bankers, to destroy the power of the liberal press and the big department stores, to restore the prosperity and property of the middle class through national socialism, to rehabilitate the small farmer by breaking up the estates of the landed gentry? Instead, the Nazis heard their leader vaguely promise that his government would set to work at some indefinite date on two four-year programs, one designed to help the farmer and the other to eliminate unemployment. Only one line in the manifesto had real, concrete significance. "To the pillars of this program," Hitler declared, "belongs the idea of compulsory labor service."

Compulsory labor service? In a society based on the profit system and controlled by bankers, industrialists, and militarists such service could only mean slavery of the worst conceivable sort. Are the dispossessed members of the middle class who make up the bulk of Hitler's following, not to mention the millions of Socialists and Communists, to be delivered into servitude for the greater glory and profit of the industrialists and military rulers of Germany? No other interpretation can possibly be placed on the manifesto. This is clearly the task for which Hitler has been chosen.

It remains to be seen how the Socialists and Communists will react to this terrible threat from above. The Hitler Government seems to have no fear of a general strike, the only weapon left to the radical workers. And there is some justification for this confident attitude. Last July Chancellor von Papen found it ridiculously easy to bluff the Socialists into surrendering control of the Prussian government. There is abundant evidence that he was afraid his bluff would be met with the same weapon the workers used in defeating the Kapp Putsch in 1920. But when the Socialists submitted to the July coup with only a feeble murmur of protest, Von Papen and his colleagues knew that they were safe. They suppressed the Communist newspapers for a few days, and found that nothing more was necessary to hold the workers in line. In the present situation they are following the same course. If the reactionary leaders, working through Hitler, succeed in these tactics, the German working class will without question be reduced to a state of servitude of a sort unknown to modern industrial history.

"Compensating" Tariffs

IN a wave of hysteria accompanied by a gross distortion of facts, there seemed grave danger last week that Congress would pass and the President sign what would surely have proved to be one of the most disastrous pieces of legislation of the last four years—the so-called "compensating" tariff. This is at present embodied in the Hill bill, which proposes that where any currency is depreciated by 5 per cent or more from its former gold parity the Secretary of the Treasury may impose a "compensating" tariff in addition to the regular tariff against the goods of that country. Speaker Garner, fortunately, has spoken against hasty action by this session, but the question is certain to be raised again in the next session.

It should be pointed out, to begin with, that the absolute amount of the depreciation of any country's currency has no bearing whatever on its supposed ability to "undersell" its competitors. A drop of 50 per cent in the value of a country's currency does not help it in foreign trade if internal prices and costs have risen 50 per cent—as they eventually would—to offset this depreciation. The "advantage" in foreign trade of countries with depreciated currencies is thus entirely a transitional advantage. The Hill bill, it is true, attempts to take account of this by permitting the Secretary of the Treasury to allow for increases in prices and wages in the countries with depreciated currencies. But an allowance of this sort on any equitable basis is impossible, because it would be based on the relation of the depreciation to the average price level in the exporting country, and in this case the average price level is meaningless.

When a nation's currency is depreciating, commodities with an international market—those commodities, in other words, which mainly enter into foreign trade—rise first within the country, and their rise, in many cases, immediately offsets the depreciation in the currency, so that any added tariff on such goods would not merely be unnecessary, but would unduly discriminate against the country with the depreciated currency. Prices of many internal goods, on the other hand, would not rise at all, and though these goods would not enter into foreign trade, their failure to rise would keep down the "index numbers" of prices in that country. This fact in itself would make any "compensating" duties against that country on the basis suggested by the Hill bill altogether too high. In addition, the Secretary of the Treasury would constantly be under pressure from special interests to keep out foreign goods by prohibitive tariffs. This pressure would so greatly exceed any pressure on the other side that it would be almost impossible for him not to give way to it.

Wholly apart from such questions, however, and in spite of the long-standing and almost universally accepted myth to the contrary, it is simply not true that a country with a depreciated currency is able to flood other countries with goods. We have now before us the figures for trade with individual countries for the full year of 1932. These show sharp declines in imports from practically every country, compared with 1931. France sent us only \$45,000,000 worth of goods in 1932, compared with \$79,000,000 worth in 1931, a decline of 43 per cent. Germany has sent us only \$74,000,000 worth in 1932, compared with \$127,000,000 worth in 1931, a decline of 42

per cent. The exchange rate of both of these countries is still at gold parity. But one would certainly suppose from all the propaganda of the last year, that England, at least, had increased her exports to us. We find, however, that the United Kingdom sent us only \$75,000,000 worth of goods in 1932, compared with \$135,000,000 worth in 1931. This is a decline of 44 per cent, which, it is interesting to notice, is even greater than the decline in imports from the two principal European countries still adhering to the gold basis. Even from Japan, whose currency has fallen far more than that of Great Britain, and which appears to be the special hobgoblin of the compensating-tariff propagandists, imports fell in 1932 by 35 per cent compared with 1931, at the same time that our exports to Japan fell by only 13 per cent. While Japan sold us \$134,000,000 worth of goods in 1932, we sold Japan \$134,500,000 worth.

Not only have countries with recently depreciated currencies failed to increase their sales to us, or even to prevent sales to us from declining, but contrary to popular belief even in these countries themselves, depreciated currency has never really stimulated exports. In the five-year period from 1921 to 1925, for example, which roughly covers the period of the German inflation, Germany was shipping to the United States an average of only \$132,000,000 worth of goods a year, and was buying from us \$383,000,000 worth. B. M. Anderson, Jr., pointed out last November that France's proportion of exports to imports in the year 1919 to 1926, her period of inflation, was 74 per cent, whereas in the years 1927 to 1930, following stabilization, it was 92.2 per cent. Italy's ratio of exports to imports in the years 1919 to 1926 was 55.6 per cent, whereas in the years 1927 to 1930 the ratio was 71 per cent. Belgium's ratio of exports to imports in the same years prior to stabilization was 71.9 per cent, whereas it rose to 90.6 per cent in the years following stabilization.

The "flood" of goods from countries with depreciated currencies is a complete myth. The contrary impression is produced by a few isolated examples of increased sales of relatively unimportant items, which are given a fantastically exaggerated importance by special interests. But if imports from depreciated-currency countries were a real menace, the advocates of higher tariffs might stop to ask themselves what it was that threw those countries off the gold basis. To a large extent it was the tariff policy of the United States. We insist on debt payment; we refuse to allow our debtors to pay in goods; we compel them to pay in gold; this depletes their gold reserve and forces them off the gold standard; this makes us fear that they are going to flood us with goods, whereupon we raise our tariff further; this further depreciates the foreign currency, and so on.

No recovery can be hoped for as long as this economic insanity continues. Our troubles are not the result of a flood of imports. The truth is the exact opposite. They are to an enormous extent the result of our policy of making imports—which pay for exports—increasingly difficult. The record of our imports in the last four years tells its own story:

1929 . . .	\$4,400,000,000	1931 . . .	\$2,090,000,000
1930 . . .	\$3,060,000,000	1932 . . .	\$1,323,000,000

Issues and Men

Secession in the West

I RECENTLY stated in an address in Boston that the day of revolutions had passed because of the tremendous increase in the power of any government of a highly organized industrial country to suppress revolt. Modern instruments and methods of warfare, notably the wireless, poison gas, tanks, airplanes, high-powered artillery, and the machine-gun, have strengthened the hands of those in control. Good roads, too, have made a vast amount of difference. What would not cement roads have meant in our own Civil War, in which both armies calmly went out of business when the weather got cold and waited until spring came round again! Of course, when the government decays and loses control of the army and navy, and when the bulk of the people are ready for a change, any government will collapse as did that of Spain, with little or much fighting. But somehow or other I have not been able to visualize a section of this great country organizing an armed secession from the federal government as did the rebels of 1861.

Could there be peaceful secession? A friend of mine who lives on Cape Cod has for some time past been telling me that the secession of the West from the East is inevitable. He even believes that it will come within our lifetime. He harps upon it, produces fresh evidence every time he appears, and never fails to say that it is being engineered by Great Britain—which has always added to my skepticism about his thesis. But now from the Legislature of North Dakota comes a resolution which will certainly convince my friend on Cape Cod that the hour of secession is near. This resolution was introduced by State Senator W. E. Martin on January 16. In a long preamble it is stated that "since the close of the Civil War the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey, because of their dense population and consequent dominant power in Congress, have manipulated Congress and Congressional legislation that said States have become rich at the expense of the rest of the Union." The resolution goes on to say that the Eastern States, through their manipulation of tariff laws, have protected their manufacturing industry at the expense of the agricultural producers who have been without such protection, in consequence of which there has grown up "a financial oligarchy, with Wall Street as the center of the financial power of the Union." These Wall Street interests, it appears, are now seeking by means of the chain-banking system to obtain absolute control of the nation "with the purpose in view evidently of making the people of the thirty-nine States financial peons." More than that, the New York Stock Exchange and the house of Morgan are guilty not only of gambling in stocks, but of making "huge, unnecessary, and uncollectable loans to every country on earth"; and they have "induced the government of the United States to lend money to foreign governments which were then and are now unable to pay." These financial interests were also "the first in this country to talk war and demand that our young men offer their lives to protect their money." For these reasons the

people of North Dakota are now fully and unalterably convinced that "said States have not and never will have the best interests of the rest of the nation at heart," and therefore they recommend that the remaining thirty-nine States "secede from the above-named States, carrying with us the Star-Spangled Banner, and leaving them the stripes, which they so richly deserve; let them continue to prey upon their own people and give them a free hand, but they must keep off us. All we will demand is that our remaining territory have no treaty or trade relations, no agreements or understandings whatsoever, no business or social connection" with them.

Now this sounds altogether ridiculous. Most people will set it down as the usual, wild-eyed Populist stuff out of the corn-fed West. It should not be dismissed so lightly. Extravagant and, from the practical point of view, ridiculous as it unquestionably is, it none the less is symptomatic of the tremendous feeling against the East throughout the West. Vast numbers of the people of the Western States believe everything stated in this preamble: that they have been exploited, robbed, and plundered by Eastern financiers; that, as becomes more and more apparent, the bankers had a great deal to do with putting us into the World War to protect their investments abroad; and that we achieved nothing in the war but the loss of 50,000 American lives and about \$21,000,000,000. Much of this feeling is obviously well grounded in fact. More than that, the pressure of economic conditions in our Western States is terrific. The East does not begin to know what is actually happening there. Any honest newspaperman will tell you of the "stuff" that is thrown away in the metropolitan newspaper offices—stories of violence, distress, and action against the constituted authorities. The prevention by force of the sale of mortgaged farms, because it has assumed the proportions of a great popular movement, is now being reported in the New York papers.

Unfortunately, the average Eastern newspaper editor is unaware that any portion of the United States lies beyond the Hudson River. The editorial writers of our Eastern dailies rarely go West. If they do venture into the "wilds" they seldom go beyond the large cities, and even less often journey into the strictly agricultural communities. It may be alleged in reply that the Westerners do not know us, and do not understand the complicated questions of finance and international trade, which seem to them a magnificent conspiracy against their interests. That may be true, too, but the fact that I wish to stress in this article is that the feeling in the West against the East is growing so tremendously as to be a genuine cause for alarm. If the President-elect is wise he will give a great deal of attention to this situation. Certainly if things continue to go on as they have been going, the hostility of the West to the East will be something to be reckoned with, absurd as it is to talk of a break-up of the Republic.

Dwight Garrison Kilgus

The Detroit Strike

By SAMUEL ROMER

Detroit, February 2

AT nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, January 11, a worker at the main tool-and-die-making plant of the Briggs Manufacturing Company was told by his foreman to step into the office and receive a wage cut. Instead, the worker went to the head of his shop committee and then, along with the other workers in his department, from floor to floor, announcing that a strike against wage cuts had been called. There were only about 450 men working in the plant then—but every one of them put away his tools and walked out. So began the first major labor struggle in Detroit since the period immediately following the war.

Today there are between 10,000 and 14,000* workers on strike at the four plants of the Briggs Company and at the Murray Manufacturing Company's plant. The huge Ford factories all over the country have shut down—admittedly because they cannot get bodies from the two factories crippled by the strikes; the Hudson Motor Company has shut down; and the Chrysler Motor Company plant is working on part time when ordinarily it would be operating at the peak of production. The story of these strikes is the story of how manufacturers seeking "low production costs" slashed wages, disregarding or dismissing the possibility that the victims might revolt, and of how unorganized workers spontaneously struck at a time when, according to the estimate of the Mayor's Unemployment Committee, there were more than 175,000 jobless in Detroit. It is a story of remarkable unity, not only between the strikers and the workers at other plants, but also between the employed and the unemployed. Incidentally, it exposes the class character of the Detroit daily newspapers.

Detroit in the past ten years has won renown among chambers of commerce as an open-shop area second only to Southern California. Advertisements by the various industrial associations boasted of an "open-shop paradise," while the vested interests were able to prevent effective enforcement of such social legislation as was passed by a reluctant legislature. Nevertheless, during the war period and immediately after, there was a strong Auto Workers' Union in Detroit. It boasted some 20,000 dues-paying members and was growing rapidly. But anti-red hysteria and the split in the Socialist movement caused the union slowly to lose strength, until in 1925 it was completely broken as the result of an ill-advised strike at the Fisher Body Corporation. The Auto Workers' Union became merely another Communist paper union.

The Detroit workers, in contradiction to the widely advertised Ford gospel of "high wages," were never really well paid. The automobile industry is a seasonal one. The factories slacken production during the fall months in order to prepare for new yearly models; and the automobile worker had to stretch the "high wages" of eight months to cover the full twelve-month period.

The automobile market collapsed with the crash of 1929, and the period of steady work was cut to three and four months or even less. In the mad scramble of the manufacturers to

grab a slice of what little market there was, labor costs were slashed and slashed again. The workers took the cuts apathetically. They grumbled, it is true, but they were also aware of the fact that there were plenty of men ready to take their places if they did not care to work. The Auto Workers' Union endeavored to organize the men, but because of the powerful spy system in the automobile industry, the union had to function underground and it met with little success. A strike was called at the Fisher Body plant in Flint last year. It was greeted with cries of "red" and police brutality. The strike was lost and the few men who had harbored any idea of an automobile workers' revolt gave up hope. Wage cuts continued, the conveyor belt was stepped up, and conditions in the factories became increasingly worse. Men reported for work daily, waited around for hours, and if they were lucky, secured two hours of work. In one instance a worker received for two weeks the munificent sum of 49 cents. His total wage for the two weeks was \$2.49, but \$2 was held out by the company for factory insurance. During the two weeks, however, he had been called to work six times, spending 12 cents car fare each time. His net loss, therefore, was 23 cents.

It was after a 15 per cent wage cut at the huge Mack Avenue plant, which was regarded as a preliminary to cuts in the Briggs Company's other factories, that the men in the Vernor Highway plant began talking strike. Accepting the advisory leadership of the Auto Workers' Union, they elected shop committees and decided to meet the expected cut with a walkout. The cut came in less than a week and the men walked out. After a futile attempt at arbitration, the strike was called and a picket line established. The mere calling of the strike had immediate reverberations. In the Mack Avenue plant the cut was rescinded. At the Hudson Motor plant, where a 10 per cent wage cut had been posted, the cut was shortly after withdrawn.

At the striking plant, after fifty-two hours of picketing, the cut was rescinded—the first victory for strikers in Detroit since 1920. This victory was due to several causes, among them the refusal of tool-and-die-makers in other plants to accept the Briggs dies and the fact that pressure was undoubtedly brought to bear upon the Briggs Corporation by the Ford Company to hurry production in order that Ford might get his share of the market.

The daily newspapers carried not a word of the strike at the Vernor Highway plant, although every city desk was informed of the strike by telephone. During the strike one small item appeared to the effect that Briggs was hiring men, but the settlement was reached before any concerted attempt was made to break the strike. Despite this total lack of publicity, news of the victory spread among the workers like wildfire. And on the Thursday following the victory of the Briggs workers, between 900 and 1,400 employees of the Motor Products Company, manufacturers of automobile parts, walked out against a 15 per cent wage cut which had been announced January 1. Strikers said that girls working at the plant were getting as little as 8 cents an hour and men 17 cents. Under the slogan, "Give Us a Living Wage," the strikers drew up a list of de-

* The strike committee claims that 14,000 men are out; the company puts the figure at 10,000. Both estimates are given since it is obviously impossible to ascertain the exact number.

mands which included rescinding of the wage cut, minimum wages of 40 cents an hour for men and 30 cents for women, recognition of grievance committees elected by the workers, and no discrimination against strike leaders. After an attempt by the Briggs Company to send its employees into the Motor Products plant and the refusal of these men to scab, the company granted not only each of the strikers' main demands, but also a 15 per cent wage increase!

The daily newspapers at the beginning published nothing about the strike. The men had appointed a publicity committee to deal with the newspapers, but at the strike meeting the publicity committee naively announced that it had no report to make since the newspapers had published nothing. Their ire aroused, the strikers elected a committee to call upon each city editor and threaten him with the picketing of his newspaper office if publicity were not given. Immediately following this action the newspapers grudgingly printed one-inch and two-inch items buried on inside pages, and even after the strike had been won, they mentioned only the fact that the men had gone back to work. The victory was not reported.

Following closely on the heels of the Motor Products strike, between 2,000 and 4,000 workers at the Highland Park plant of the Briggs Company and between 4,000 and 6,000 workers at the Mack Avenue plant of the same concern walked out in protest against low wages and "dead time." "Dead time" is the name given to the time spent by the workers in waiting between busy periods or in going from one part of the factory to another. The two strike committees joined forces and agreed not to go back separately. They were heartened by the news that the workers at two other plants of the Briggs Company, the Vernor Highway plant and the Meldrum Avenue plant, had walked out in sympathy and had declared their solidarity with the strikers in the other plants.

The strike committees established picket lines a thousand strong at the various plants, and then drew up their demands. These included abolition of what the strikers called "rackets," such as health and accident insurance, a minimum rate of 40 cents an hour, a nine-hour day and five-day week with time and one-half for overtime, abolition of "dead time," no victimization of strikers, and abolition of the vicious bonus piece-work system. The picket lines included not only strikers but many unemployed. Both the Unemployed Councils and the Unemployed Citizens' League had pledged their solidarity with the strikers and were using their influence to keep the jobless from strike-breaking. At the Murray plant, which has interlocking contracts with the Briggs Corporation for Ford and Lincoln bodies, the men decided to strike. Instead, the company locked them out. The men, nevertheless, formed strike committees and decided not to return until demands similar to those of the Briggs workers were granted. In Grand Rapids more than 450 workers walked out against a wage reduction of 25 per cent in the Hayes Body Corporation plant, which manufactures bodies for Continental Motors.

Little was said about the strike in the newspapers until the Briggs Company officials decided to break it. While they refused to meet with the negotiations committee elected by the men or to deal with them collectively, they offered a jumbled pay scale and the abolition of "dead time." Immediately the *Detroit News* ran a huge two-line scarehead: "Briggs Raises Rates; Will Open Tomorrow." Over the radio the word went out too—"The strike is over, the company has conceded the demands of the workers and will begin production tomorrow."

What both the newspapers and the radio failed to mention was that the strikers in a mass-meeting had voted down the proposed settlement and had declared that they would go back only as an organized body.

The Briggs officials publicly gave as their excuse for not dealing with the strikers in a body the alleged fact that the strike was Communist. The men, however, vehemently denied the charge and pointed to the fact that they had picketed with American flags and had excluded known Communists from the strike committee. The newspapers played up the proud announcement of the Briggs officials that, contrary to certain rumors, they had never paid workers less than 25 cents an hour—despite the fact that picketers were showing checks ranging from \$3 to \$8 for two weeks' work, which the strikers maintained meant rates of 8 cents and 10 cents an hour, and that strikers from the sewing department declared that the girls working there on a piece-work basis averaged from 3½ cents to 5 cents an hour.

In what strikers declared was an effort to turn public sympathy away from them, Ford announced the closing of his plants throughout the country and the consequent laying off of nearly 150,000 men. This story, of course, gained the front pages of the papers. That the strikers' contention was in many ways correct may be deduced from a leading editorial on the strike which appeared in the *Free Press*, organ of reaction in Detroit. After conceding that the conditions were bad, the writer declared: "They [the strikers] should remember, too, that they owe consideration to their fellow-workers; and that if they remain idle after securing the ratification of their principal grievance [abolition of "dead time"] they will be depriving more than 150,000 men and women in other plants of the means of livelihood, by forcing those plants to remain closed through lack of construction material."

When Briggs officials asked for workers from the welfare rolls and the employment bureau of the Mayor's Unemployment Committee, both the welfare department and the committee refused to send workers over after they learned of the strike. The Briggs Company has had great difficulty in recruiting workers to break the strike, although it maintains that it has smuggled 1,000 workers into the two main plants. The strikers feel secure in the knowledge that such key workers in the plants as the electricians and the tool-and-die-makers are striking solidly.

The strike has been orderly and the picket lines have been well disciplined, especially in view of the provocation offered by the presence of literally hundreds of policemen, deputy sheriffs, special deputies, and State troopers. There have only been a few minor cases of violence against strike-breakers. Although the police in general have let the pickets alone, in Highland Park they arrested about twenty of them on charges of disorderly conduct because the pickets dared to yell derisively at strike-breakers or went through the lines encouraging the men. If the present strike is won, it undoubtedly will mean the organization of nearly the entire automobile industry. The mere fact of the strike has already resulted in a tremendous surge of workers toward the Auto Workers' Union. But even if the strike is lost, as long as low wages remain, as long as the speed-up exists, so long will walkouts against wage cuts and bad conditions take place with ever-increasing frequency. Only the return of prosperity and the restoration to the workers of a minimum living wage will stop this unrest. And prosperity is not in sight.

Trotsky and Revolution

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

THE official Communists, with neurotic venom, dismiss Trotsky as a "counter-revolutionary." Middle-class critics, unless they too are afflicted with the incompetence of hate, do not deny that his work is brilliantly imaginative, vastly disciplined, felicitous in insight and "invective." But objectivity, they add, is of course impossible to him. This is now the reaction to his "History of the Russian Revolution."* It is fascinating polemics, we are told, important, to be sure, because Trotsky wrote it. But, of course, it isn't history.

To me the "History" is the most objective, the most passionately objective, study of revolution I have ever read. It has a creative objectivity. Trotsky evaluates not "facts," but their social origins and direction within the historical perspective which inspired and guided the revolution. It is not a filing cabinet in book form. It is the proud story, too proud either to defame or to boast, of a great social epic. Since there is no way of bringing out the truly poetic objectivity of Trotsky as the historian of the revolution without relating his own role and morale to its theory and nature, I shall briefly attempt such an estimate. From it a review of the study itself follows so naturally that the barest epitome will suffice.

II

Most revolutions, as in Latin America, are fakes. The outs try to shoot their way in. Modern history can show very few authentic revolutions. The seventeenth-century revolution in England, the American Revolution, and the Civil War are genealogically connected. The French Revolution, a cousin of our own, is continued in the Russian. The revolutionary labors in each culture differ profoundly, a point rather neglected by our latter-day Communist Adventists. But the social consanguinity is there. The lesser shocks of 1830, 1848, 1871, the long and critical confinement of the German revolution since 1918, the counter-revolutions of Mussolini and MacDonald, the desperate crisis in capitalism—these may all be significantly viewed as the fruits of the same social family tree, which like all trees is materially conditioned. That is, its adjustment to its natural resources determines its life and health. Marxism says just that. On this theory, ponderously known as "dialectical materialism," is based the Marxian philosophy of history. Trotsky, in discussing the tactics of the revolution, implicitly, illustratively, illuminatingly moves within this historical conception. He forever dwells on this "organic nature" of social change.

Into the warp of its philosophy Marxism weaves the threads of its economics. Its economics, of course, is socialistic. It is the well-known critique of capitalism, pointing to its final socialization. The philosophy and economics of Marxism are integral. Together they form its ideology. Trotsky never steps out of it. A born writer, he superbly directs his vast and meticulously documented material within this ideol-

ogy, which so consciously, and hence "objectively," guided the victorious revolutionary party. Such is the "inner logic" of history to which he constantly refers.

The Marxian ideology is, on the whole, accepted by all Socialists; increasingly even by middle-class economists, as can be seen in "Recent Social Trends." The controversy really rages about the Marxian politics. It is the politics of revolution, it is the method of guiding the class struggle, which causes Socialist sectarianism and excites the modern world. To this revolutionary strategy the clearest and the ablest contribution is Leninism. It clarifies not merely Bolshevik doctrine but the historic role of every other social force. Leninism may or may not have correlated these forces too sharply on the international scale. But be that as it may, it was Leninism which mastered and directed the Russian Revolution. And within this Leninist strategy Trotsky was the great and undeviating tactician. Any other "objective" criterion of Trotsky's revolutionary contribution is irrelevant, for there was none.

III

Leninism proper consists of certain theoretical corrections mainly in the politics of Marxism, not in its ideology. It also consists in the creation of a revolutionary ethics. The main Leninist correction of Marxism holds that the best way of attacking capitalist imperialism is indirectly, through its more primitive and semi-colonial tributaries. In short, Lenin created an apologetics for the social revolution in Russia without waiting for it in the more highly developed West. The natural corollary to this doctrine is the theory of "permanent revolution," now known as Trotskyism, which was developed by Lenin and Trotsky together between 1915 and 1917. It is the belief that a successful social revolution "in one country" is necessarily only partial and therefore must keep on until it gains international victory. Trotsky discusses the tactics of the October revolution strictly within these Leninist principles, which, be they true or false, none the less determined that revolution.

But for the psychological understanding of Trotsky, both as leader and historian, it is even more essential to grasp the nature of the Leninist social ethics as a guide to revolutionary tactics. The tragedy of revolution lies in its moral dilemma, in the deep conflict between the great aim and the desperate means. The aim is a new society. Accordingly the means must defy the culture in which the revolutionary lives and is forced to act. Such defiance may either ruin the revolution or cause the revolutionary to deteriorate, or both. One of the major problems of every great revolution has been the spiritual need of protecting itself against the disintegrating effects of its means. Lenin resolved this conflict. He could do so because the Marxian ideology furnished the revolution with a "program." Cromwell, Jefferson, Robespierre—all had a theory of revolutionary destruction, but they had no clear program of social construction afterwards. Cromwell had to compromise with feudalism. The old Jefferson already could see the dusk of democracy. Robespierre stood

* "The History of the Russian Revolution." Volumes II and III. By Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. \$3.50 a volume.

at the top of the Terror, but from there he had no place to go and so he fell under its knife. It was the Marxian critique, based on these prior revolutionary experiences, which enabled Lenin to forge his social strategy. From the Marxian sociology he constructed a new social ethics. From its revolutionary determinism he deduced a consistent body of revolutionary sanctions. It was a true revaluation of values. And Trotzky's "History" moves entirely within this revolutionary ethics; which goes with the Leninist strategy; which, you will note, is derived from the Marxian economy; which in turn is part of its philosophy of history. It is this inner symmetry which makes Trotzky's "History" the great work of art it is.

Trotzky's psychology of leadership can also be best understood in his relation to Lenin's role in the revolution. It is precisely because Trotzky was not an "old" Bolshevik, not a revolutionary sectarian before 1917 and a revolutionary yes-man after that, that he and Lenin developed their uniquely supplementary leadership. For his destiny Lenin had such a perfect inner balance that he finally merged with it. He had the supreme gift of converting ideas into convictions and these into an organon of action. In time all his qualities became purely strategic. He became implicit in the revolutionary process. He rendered it conscious. His personal psychology became indistinguishable from the sociology of revolution. That was the secret of his seeming simplicity. In short, Lenin lost himself in the revolution. As Lenin lost himself in the revolution, Trotzky found himself in it. This unique correlation in leadership can be traced way back to 1902. Lenin was always behind the scenes. Trotzky was always magnificently visible. Lenin became organic to the revolution. Trotzky was its great actor. Lenin is all ideology. Trotzky is the Great Idea. Lenin made the revolution and Trotzky led the insurrection. But throughout strategy and tactics were integral. This tactical genius in Trotzky, extraordinarily aware of every larger implication, explains his journalistic gift and the epic quality in all his writings, especially in his "History."

The revolution, both in fact and under his historical analysis, intensely clarifies and sifts the rush of social forces. Throughout the three volumes we can watch the tug and pull of class relations, right and left. The revolutionary danger strains men and events almost to the bursting-point. And under its pressure the invisible forces of society, for the moment, are forced into plot and counterplot. Life becomes a terrible and obligatory melodrama. And leaders are driven almost in spite of themselves to act according to their natures and their class affiliations.

Kerensky, the little bourgeois lawyer who all his life had sought publicity in libertarian movements, and had even flirted with "socialism," is thrown to the top, and in three short months his inner weakness becomes positively macabre in its strident meaninglessness. Zinoviev, a really marvelous demagogue, Marat-like in his sensitiveness to every mood of the masses, finally fails in "revolutionary character" as the day of insurrection nears. Stalin, whose strength of character Trotzky readily admits, votes with Lenin for the coup d'etat, yet as editor of the *Pravda* subtly plays with Zinoviev and with Kamenev. The eternal centrist in his case is not hesitating. He is waiting. Miliukov, Rodzianko, Kornilov, literally hundreds of personalities, are shown under the revolutionary searchlight. By far the most tragic figures are those old

revolutionaries—Cheidze, Tseretelli, Martov, Kropotkin—with years of imprisonment behind them, who wavered, compromised, and were lost.

IV

Russia had had no prior revolution, no Cromwell, no reformation, no eighteenth-century revolution. The year 1905 was but a dress rehearsal for 1917. Accordingly, the Russian Revolution, from March to October, 1917, had to recapitulate in its social embryology all these historic experiences. The February revolution, which supplanted Czarism with a liberal government, really lasted until June, when hostile mass demonstrations made an official bourgeois government impossible. Kerensky, who had had Socialist connections as a member of the Labor Party, moved up from the Ministry of War to the head of the government. With the "July days" of increased mass unrest, the second volume of the "History" begins.

Lenin arrived in Petrograd on April 3, and the next day he promulgated the famous April Theses. In the midst of the compromise revolution he drove toward the social revolution. On May 4 Trotzky came, and joined Lenin. But in July the great task of the Communist Party was to put the brakes on the Petrograd masses lest the revolution run away with itself. The Bolsheviks had the extraordinarily difficult task of simultaneously leading the masses, yet holding them back. The masses still had confidence in the Kerensky Government, which they expected to complete the social revolution. The Bolsheviks had to wait until the middle-class character of that government became too obvious for such a hope. It was the relation of the government of Kerensky to the counter-revolution led by Kornilov which finally compromised the Kerensky regime.

The Kornilov affair is one of the most bizarre incidents in history. Kerensky put Kornilov, a half-illiterate Cossack general, in command of the army at the front to keep Russia in the war. When the social revolution seemed imminent, he called on him to crush it. Kornilov, of course, planned his own dictatorship. Kerensky vaguely hoped to beat him to it. Their strange half-dealings with each other read like a chapter out of "The Brothers Karamazov." Finally Kornilov was defeated by the revolutionary situation. His drive on Petrograd was doomed to abort in a *Putsch*. The armed forces were almost completely revolutionized. The peasant in the rear "with revolutionary barbarism was wiping out the barbarism of the Middle Ages." The urban workers were rushing to the left. Having "defeated" the white reaction, Kerensky now turned against Bolshevism.

From mid-July to mid-September he gathered around him for an attack on the left all the forces arrayed against the social revolution—the liberals, the Mensheviks, the Right Social Revolutionaries, the Anarchists. But the primitive and stunted Russian middle class was played out. Lenin saw his chance. From mid-September on he pleaded and begged and fought in the inner councils of the party for the insurrection. Finally he had his way. And Trotzky, as chairman of the Military Revolutionary Committee, took charge of the coup d'etat. The "ten days that shook the world" lasted from October 16 to October 26.

The world was dazed. The international social revolution seemed to have begun. Now we know better. Russia merely took the next great step in the modern revolution.

The October revolution swung back; and then started out on a long career of state capitalism, of which the natural managers are Socialist functionaries and politicians. The Third International today is the agent of Russian nationalism, not of the international revolution. Its counter-revolutionary influence is only too visible in the antics of the American Communist Party, for instance, which quickly "liquidates" the least effort of our indigenous radicalism.

So, after all, Lenin did not resolve the dilemma of the "permanent revolution." What he did not know was that he was great enough to found a church. That is how the man whom he intellectually most distrusted inherited his "mantle." While his most intimate revolutionary comrade is now a "counter-revolutionary" exile.

Trotsky reads like a master of English prose. One need say no more of Max Eastman as his translator.

The Company Roosevelt Keeps

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 4

HAPPY days are not here yet and there will be ample time after they arrive to burn Roman candles, but Roosevelt certainly performs as if he desired to give the country a civilized Administration. I judge him mainly by the company he has been keeping of late. He was acting of his own free will when he sought the friendship and cooperation of Norris, Johnson, Cutting, and La Follette. Since his party will have large majorities in both houses of the next Congress, his deliberate fraternizing with the Progressive Senators is hard to explain except on the ground that he has progressive aims of his own. For my part I am thoroughly convinced that he entertains the ambitious hope of merging the Progressive movement with the Democratic Party. From the day he was nominated, the power trust feared the worst, and fear froze into conviction when he visited Muscle Shoals with Norris. He has accorded what was diffidently described as "a sympathetic hearing" to the hunger-relief bill now pending in the Senate, thus signifying that "rugged individualism"—Hoover's celebrated formula for slow starvation—is to be scrapped in favor of common decency. Much that we hear about the probable composition of the Cabinet is equally encouraging. Henry Wallace and Miss Frances Perkins would be ideal appointments. The choice of that iron rod of righteousness, Senator Walsh, as Attorney-General would be sufficient proof that the new Administration harbored no conscientious scruples against enforcement of the anti-trust laws. In fact, I am told there was a time when ex-Governor Philip La Follette was seriously considered in that connection—a thought sufficient to send cold shivers down the spine of big business. The appointment of Senator Cordell Hull as Secretary of State, which now seems possible, could be explained on the ground that Roosevelt wanted someone to negotiate his proposed reciprocal tariff agreements, Hull being an authority on the tariff. In addition, however, he is a man of the very highest character, possessing a fine intelligence and identified with no private interest which could influence him in the discharge of his duties. To the suggested line-up there is only one serious objection: if Roosevelt puts Walsh, Hull, and Carter Glass in the Cabinet he will deprive his party in the Senate of three of its ablest members, who will be needed in putting through any broad program.

* * * * *

THERE, of course, we come to the heart of Roosevelt's problem. With the best intentions, and with excellent assistants, he can avoid disaster only by appearing on the job with a comprehensive program for licking the depression. He

must be prepared to render emergency relief to the millions in actual physical distress. He must be prepared to create jobs for the millions who are able to work. He must be ready with measures calculated to expand export trade—which should include prompt recognition of Russia. Some form of currency inflation appears to be the only alternative to a general scaling down of private debts and interest rates. Obviously, the public debt should be refunded on more favorable terms at the earliest possible moment. Above all, it is imperative to adopt a scale of income and inheritance taxes which will correct the appalling maldistribution of wealth which makes millionaires of a few and paupers of a majority. The new President will find conditions auspicious for the enactment of a broad program. The very desperateness of the situation will be an aid. The country plainly is ready to try anything that offers a ray of hope. Congress will follow almost blindly. The one indispensable thing is that President-elect Roosevelt shall have a program.

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DURING the last ten days the daily press has almost ignored one of the most significant pieces of news that have "broken" in Washington in years. In testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee John P. Frey, secretary-treasurer of the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, charged that a few New York banks are rapidly establishing a dictatorship over American business through interlocking directorates and financial intimidation. The evidence was startling. He gave the names of 855 corporations, including many of the largest in the country, in which directors of the Chase National Bank hold interlocking directorships. He showed that the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, through its own partners and through banks over which it exercises a dominant influence, has representation on the boards of railroads, insurance companies, mines, and corporations engaged in the manufacture and distribution of everything from locomotives to radio tubes and two-pants suits. The ramifications of the National City Bank made a similar picture. Frey produced evidence to show that these bankers are deliberately forcing employers to reduce wages. Many employers had told him they were helpless under the dictation of the banks. What is happening seems obvious enough. Through a merciless squeezing process, piously described as "allowing the depression to run its course," these twentieth-century Huns are reducing the whole of American industry to a state of economic peonage, and if permitted will soon succeed in establishing a degree of concentrated control heretofore believed impossible. To tell

them that they are pulling down the temple on their own heads is useless—you might as well tell a hog to diet. I once remarked in this place that a moron could always learn something in this country, no matter how many millions he had. That was a mistake. If all persons having incomes of \$1,000,000 a year and over, together with their lawyers, were placed in iron cages and cut off from all communication, it is my solemn belief that conditions would start to improve within ten days. The theory has been advanced by McConnell, Cram, and others that many members of *homo sapiens* are not true human beings, but merely bipeds. It gains much support from the social morals of bankers.

* * *

IT will be observed that the main benefits accruing to the public from the present session of Congress are the result of Senate investigations. One is the exposure of the banking conspiracy; another is the public airing of R. F. C. loans to the railroads. Infuriated by what he pronounced an effort by R. F. C. directors to mislead him in an earlier inquiry, Jim Couzens went into action with all guns blazing, and the result is that some of our most interesting suspicions have been confirmed. For instance, it now appears that of more than \$270,000,000 lent to the railroads by this benevolent agency of Uncle Sam, nearly \$200,000,000 was to enable them to pay their debts. In other words, a vast sum of public funds has been provided to support rotten capital structures that are in obvious need of being squeezed out. Here again, as Commissioner Eastman remarks, the evil in receiverships lies in the fact that the bankers invariably seize the initiative and formulate reorganization plans to their own profit. Drastic reforms in procedure are needed to protect the public interest. Still another Senate investigation which promises well is that which Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, has demanded in connection with the granting of air-mail contracts to private aviation companies. This pleasant little graft—running to upward of \$10,000,000 a year—has wanted investigating for a long time. When Senator Robinson undertakes the job he might be rewarded by answers to the following questions: What former officials of the Post Office Department are financially interested in companies enjoying air-mail contracts? What former public officials represented those companies in their negotiations with the Post Office Department? Did the Republican Party in the last two Presidential campaigns receive substantial contributions from persons financially interested in air-mail contracts? Have certain companies been unduly favored with "route extensions" during Postmaster-General Brown's term of office? Have the air-mail subsidies been apportioned in a manner calculated to promote the development of air lines, or have they actually aided certain large companies in destroying their competitors or forcing mergers? If Postmaster-General Brown possesses a head commensurate with the silk hat which he was unable to get into an ordinary Lincoln limousine, he should have all the answers at his finger tips.

* * *

WE are, thanks to Senator Norris, approaching the end of the last lame-duck session it will ever be our lot to suffer. I am impressed by the unanimity with which the newspapers rejoice over this fact. But among the editors who now find the lame-duck Congress so loathsome, how many took the

trouble to denounce the Longworth-Tilson-Snell leadership of the House during the ten-year period in which it blocked submission of the constitutional amendment abolishing such sessions? I should just like to know.

In the Driftway

THE theater program of "We, the People," Elmer Rice's new play, reprints the following comment on the behavior of New York theater audiences from the New York *Mirror* of October 13, 1932:

The character of the audience has much improved lately, yet still there are outrages on good breeding such as are unworthy of a refined people. Gentlemen will wear hats in the boxes, even before ladies. . . . Noises interrupt the performance. . . . As for those worthy personages who can wantonly destroy the effect of a finely acted scene, they are, we fear, below reproof. . . . We can only recommend the better informed, when sitting near such persons, to guard their pockets, which, if ever, must be then in danger.

It is an amusing coincidence that these lines appeared in the program of a play which aroused the audience to such demonstrations as would have shocked the *Mirror's* commentator, no doubt, beyond expression.

* * *

AN average contemporary New York audience is not given to expressing its feelings beyond the conventional clapping of hands or appreciative laughter. But Mr. Rice's attack upon the complacent and the well-fed was so direct and so forceful that his well-fed, fur-coated audience could hardly be expected to remain complacent. The excitement began when a hundred-per-cent American on the stage asserted in ringing tones that foreigners should pay their debts. A wave of handclapping rose from what the Drifter will call the right benches. Whereupon the left hissed a mighty hiss; and for several seconds the audience neglected Mr. Rice's drama for their own. Through the whole evening the audience was on its toes, and while the ermined ladies in the front rows did not actually talk back to Mr. Rice, the Drifter had the distinct impression that the violent applause and the cries of "Author" which went up when the curtain went down might have arisen either from intense approval or an intense and perhaps unconscious desire to lay vindictive hands upon a man so disrespectful in his attitude toward the best people.

* * *

MR. RICE'S play, as everybody knows, is an indictment of those forces which seem to him responsible for hunger and injustice in present-day America. He minces no words in illustrating his thesis, and the last scene, the appeal for justice, though it is set in a public auditorium, is in fact addressed to the audience itself. It was stirring and effective. Complacency, the Drifter reflected as the crowd dispersed, could not persist under the impact of Mr. Rice's reality. Two overheard remarks broke the spell. Said Mrs. Moleskin, "Mr. Rice must feel very strongly about these things." "It was awfully good," said Mrs. Mink, "but a little depressing, don't you think?" To which Mr. Rice might have replied, "It is."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Isn't It Too Bad?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

So Technocracy is dead. Henry Hazlitt's annihilation of the data and conclusions of Technocracy came as a welcome reinforcement to those of us who had stood dazed before the miracle of Technocracy's publicity value.

But isn't it a little too bad? After all, what the Technocrats aimed at was a planned economy on a national scale. Their crazy figures caught the public imagination. But is that not because for 99 per cent of the people of the country planned economy is the only hope? And because Howard Scott rigged up a man of straw which enemies and friends of planned economy alike rejoice in tearing down, will not the voting millions once more shy away from all planned economy, with the idea that they have been fooled into thinking and won't be caught again?

New York, January 27

HENRY WILLCOX

Life and Art

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As one who has been a teacher of young children for a short time in the past and who hopes to join that profession again in the fall, I should like to challenge the remarks of Elizabeth C. Wallach in a letter published in *The Nation* of January 11. She maintains that "we should teach our children that literature is not an escape from their environment but an aid in conquering it." She does not approve literature that offers no help for "the present problems of youth"; she condemns the "impulse, not confined to children, to avoid actuality and revel in a jolly world." At almost any other time, since people are generally disregarding of the importance of "sexual, social, and economic" problems, it might be well to remind them that it is a wholesome thing to face reality and try to understand it. But in these days, when reality is starkly and grimly revealed to everyone, almost without distinction, it seems to me that occasional escape from the world is very valuable.

Does Miss Wallach mean that art can never be its own excuse for being? Are we always to read with the object of finding a solution to our problems and difficulties? I do not mean to deny that art may be of great value in relation to the lives of men. It must be or it would not endure. But is it not permissible to read for appreciation, or love, or just for fun? I should certainly think twice before discarding Dorothy Canfield Fisher, or depriving children of Mother Goose.

Oberlin, Ohio, January 23

DOROTHY PARSONS

By Any Other Name

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Gabriel Heatter, in an Open Letter to Norman Thomas in *The Nation* of December 14, contends that millions of voters would rally to a new liberal party if it were "sufficiently divorced from socialism as they understand it." But could not the opponents of socialism who got the "farmers, laborers, and small merchants" to understand that socialism is an "alien philosophy of government which includes everything from atheism to the nationalization of women" easily get them to understand the

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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

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1933

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same things concerning a party bearing any other name? An electorate which is stupid enough to be misled in regard to the aims of socialism will be misled in regard to the aims of any other party, of whatever name.

Many of my acquaintances throughout the country who a few years ago would have replied to any suggestion for social betterment by indignantly saying, "But that is socialistic, I hope you're not a Socialist," are now saying, "Something has just got to be done for the common people." When I reply, "But that's socialistic," they say, "I know it is, but I've come to think the Socialists are pretty nearly right about that."

East Orange, N. J., January 10

J. B. R.

Miners on Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The areas of hope in this country today are those communities where workers have taken their courage and the lives of their families into their hands in striking out for themselves against conditions which are beyond human endurance. In Illinois the miners have organized themselves into the Progressive Miners of America. Some operators have settled with the union, but the powerful Peabody-Insull coal interests around Taylorville and Springfield look to the exploited Kentucky coal region to break the strike of the miners in Illinois. Miners at work—most of them work only part time—contribute one dollar each pay day to their relief fund. During the winter months accidents increase because the ordinary hazards underground multiply. The cost of burial of the dead and help for the injured takes away much of the funds. At least 10,000 miners and their families in central Illinois today are utterly dependent on the money and clothes our committee can send them.

In West Virginia the union is in friendly alliance with the Progressive Miners. A strike at Coalburg waged during this last month of snow and cold is the forerunner of another and larger strike which may become unavoidable in the early spring. In the tent colonies all over the Kanawha Valley babies die by the score. Before a child is a year old in these camps it has run the gauntlet of every form of disease. The whole population is hungry and sick. Still farther south, in Wilder, Tennessee, coal miners are carrying on a lone battle against the company and a community which fails to sympathize with them in their plight.

Our plea is simple and direct. We know in your own midst there is suffering which must be assuaged. But friendless miners, sometimes lacking in hope, shut up in their tents or little houses crowded with children, need money and clothing in their struggle against the organized operators. Please send money and clothing at once to Room 1105, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. Make checks payable to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, to Norman Thomas, chairman, or to Reinhold Niebuhr, treasurer.

New York, January 16

NORMAN THOMAS

Congratulations

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent attack on the Edison Company. It is time that a representative periodical such as *The Nation* took a courageous stand against individual companies as well as against the whole electric industry.

As a Manhattan consumer I hope that a similar investigation will soon be made in this borough.

New York, January 12

LENA RABINOWITZ

Hailed in England and America David Garnett's New Novel POCAHONTAS

By the author of LADY INTO FOX

FROM ENGLAND

"This true and lovely book."—*Times Literary Supplement*

"A disciplined work of art."
—*Spectator*

"A stirring novel, an exciting story filled with lively action."
—*New Statesman and Nation*

IN AMERICA

"A book which grows more, not less important after its covers have been closed. It stays in the mind."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A historical novel of exceptional quality . . . packed with adventure, with stories of Indian warfare and tribal customs."
—*N. Y. Times*

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By the author of WILLIAM and MISS MOLE

One more unforgettable character in the E. H. Young gallery—Jenny Wren, who, with her mother and sister, moves through a story fashioned with the subtlety, humor and shrewdness that are part of E. H. Young's highly individual artistry.
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The story of the sepoy rebellion of 1857—"essential reading for any one who wishes to discover the hidden feeling of Englishmen toward India."—*William McFee in the N. Y. Sun.* \$2.00

Talcott Powell's TATTERED BANNERS

A thorough examination of the abuses of government aid to war veterans, containing the confidential government report which was suppressed. "Written from authentic sources . . . a brilliant study of great importance to the American people."—*N. Y. Times* \$2.50

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Midwinter Book Section

The Best People's Best Novelist

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

IT is a matter for sincere regret that his once large and enthusiastic audience has fallen away from Mr. Hergesheimer; and that vanished are those Cytherean days when reputable critics guaranteed "he need have few fears of rivalry for his position as America's foremost novelist." With admirable energy and determination Mr. Hergesheimer has now worked himself into a position of considerable obscurity. But this obscurity should not be accepted at its face value or be permitted to overcast his real importance. To the thoughtful reader he must appear one of our most interesting writers.

For twenty years Mr. Hergesheimer has written novels, short stories, and even autobiographies about people who do not work for a living. In the mucilage of his style he catches every detail of the life of the leisure class, omitting, indeed, only the comparatively minor matter of the effect this class has had upon the negligible rest of us. It is no mean achievement: to have been the Sargent of the modern American novel. And now history comes to lend even greater point to his work. The class to which for twenty years he has dedicated himself with almost fanatical devotion—even to the martyr's gesture of binding himself to the *Post*—is apparently disappearing or changing into a quite different thing. He is the chronicler of a disappearing Atlantis—and therefore a writer of great historical interest. As the only contemporary romancer whose relevance ceased with the stock crash of November, 1929, he will be to the literary paleontologist of the future a figure of primary importance.

What gives Mr. Hergesheimer his supreme position as a pre-depression novelist is not merely the completeness of his survey of the aristocracy but its rigorous unity. Just as the Greek drama depends upon a particular theology, so Mr. Hergesheimer's work is, in every slightest detail, dependent upon still another theology—that of money. His masterpiece, "Cytherea," contains a chiseled phrase referring to "the undistinguished evils of improvidence"; but aside from this slight lapse, there is never any vulgar relaxation of Mr. Hergesheimer's social sympathies. Money polarizes every one of his characters; they are free to act and feel only in accordance with the liberty with which their bank balances endow them. Mr. Hergesheimer's most glamorous heroine, Linda Condon, trades herself in (though still unused) for fifty thousand a year; the flight of Lee Randon and Savina depends for its effect on the money they are able to spend while making their escape from the vulgarities of the upper middle class. It is a measure of her exquisiteness that the slightest discomfort destroys completely Savina's equilibrium. "Savina's bottles on a dressing-table were engraved crystal with gold stoppers: it was all as it should be."

Mr. Hergesheimer's world of gold stoppers is a world of complete logic and exclusiveness, an architecture erected upon the excellent foundation of stocks and bonds. Of all the writers of his time Mr. Hergesheimer has the clearest and most consistent view of the presuppositions of life. He

knows on what terms life must be met—profitable terms only. Thus after the uncertainties of Dreiser or Anderson it is sheer relief to fall back on Mr. Hergesheimer's gold stoppers and feel that all is as it should be.

However, even the best of all possible worlds may have to yield to a new one. Mr. Hergesheimer's closely knit universe is passing. And because it is passing, Mr. Hergesheimer's pages become of greater and greater value. For these pages are unstirred by the foul intrusion of any breath save the wind blowing through the musical colossus of Mammon. They distil the pure essence of conspicuous waste. Can any of Mr. Hergesheimer's contemporaries present as proud a claim?

In the preface to "Quiet Cities" Mr. Hergesheimer muses upon one of his characters, Nicholas Elliset of the Boston of 1840:

Above all, I was engaged by his frank contempt for writers. He regarded them, and not without justice, as a sort of paid entertainers. They were not, then, very highly paid, they couldn't have Bulfinch build their houses, and so his attitude was comparatively easy to follow. It had the support of a general recognition. No one today could lay down his clear social lines; no one today, the truth was, wanted to. The orchestra had been moved to the dinner table. The necessity for constant amusement, amusement at any price, had taken the place of a strict social integrity.

Such passages exhibit Mr. Hergesheimer as a genuinely modest man. He is under no illusions as to his status as a writer. He feels the justice of Mr. Elliset's view of the writer as "a sort of paid entertainer." He confesses, with admirable candor, that up to 1917 (the year of "The Three Black Pennys") "the note of popular sentiment still evaded me." There is no nonsense about Mr. Hergesheimer. This clear conception of his role and its complete coherence with the spirit of his books give him his special integrity of character. He is an entertainer, the jongleur of a—regrettably—modern feudalism.

But Mr. Hergesheimer, with proper pride, continually reminds us that he is not merely an entertainer but a paid entertainer. Unlike the jongleur he is himself a member of a privileged class endowed with certain inalienable rights—among them the right to the life, liberty, and happiness of others. Thus, while Mr. Hergesheimer has no false vanity about his art, he is justly proud of the feudally aristocratic position his art enables him to maintain. He is beyond any doubt our best gentleman writer, the one with the clearest apprehension of what it is that differentiates him from vassal and serf. In the words of Savina Grove: "All law and order were made for the mob. I don't need the policeman I see in the street."

It is extremely important for us to understand this feudal viewpoint, for otherwise Mr. Hergesheimer's work cannot be fully appreciated. Of late, for example, he has

shown a tendency to satirize his own class. But we must remember that Mr. Hergesheimer is more royalist than the king. Today's aristocrats do not come up to snuff. That is because they have relinquished their snuff-boxes. They have been spoiled by a democratic association with the lower classes. Accordingly, in his endeavor to express the true gentlemanly ideal, Mr. Hergesheimer is frequently forced to return to the past, to feudal or semi-feudal states of society. Hence, in his stories of the past—"The Three Black Pennys," "Java Head," "The Bright Shawl," "Balisand," "Quiet Cities"—he condenses his most telling criticism of the shortcomings of the present. The structure of modern capitalism is too shifting: where are the fixed classes and positions, for example, of pre-Civil War days? For real breeding one must go back to pre-Revolutionary times, to duels and to knee breeches. (Does this, by the way, account for Mr. Hergesheimer's own pure passion for plus-fours?) His feeling for the days when the bearing of arms was a mark of honor is not that of a romantic antiquarian, as some critics have basely asserted. For Mr. Hergesheimer the duello is a very real thing; it is not mere romance, but the true sign of a gentleman. In "Balisand" the duel is taken, as it should be, with the greatest gravity, not at all as a mere convention of the costume novel. In "Balisand," too, the politics of federalism are not exhumed for the purposes of historical coloring, but because Mr. Hergesheimer is a genuine, perhaps the only living, Federalist.

And more than that: he is a dependable pro-slavery man. Contemplating one of the stories in "Quiet Cities," he writes:

As I considered Natchez and Sylvester Dering and his momentary friend Damaris Vaun, I was conscious of a certain sympathy for the institution of slavery. It seemed to me to be neither inhuman nor inappropriate. I wasn't convinced of the existence of the brutalities asserted to belong to it by the different North.

He ends on that delicately philosophical note which really underlies everything he has written: "Most men, anyhow, were slaves." All this is no idle gesture on Mr. Hergesheimer's part; he is far too honest to indulge in mere rhetoric. There is a sentence in "From an Old House" (describing the delights of building a Colonial mansion and tastefully illustrated with photographs of Mr. Hergesheimer's bedrooms) which indicates that for him the Civil War was a trivial skirmish: "*Cypress shingles, cut by a crew of niggers in a Louisiana swamp, hand split and drawn. How was it possible for me to have any other?*" A statement that deserves to go down in history with Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake."

Mr. Hergesheimer is not the man to evade the logic of his own position. His finely phrased disdain for the generality of people leads him inevitably to the high worship of things. Among all the writers of our time he is the only one who may be said really to have put things in their proper place. And to his love of things we, his readers, owe our own insight into Mr. Hergesheimer's character. In "From an Old House" we follow his furniture-collecting career more and more breathlessly until at last we reach the almost unbearable triumphant climax: "I had what I was convinced was the only very early high-posted walnut bed in existence." A sentence like this is as revealing as anything in the "Confessions" of Rousseau.

Mr. Hergesheimer's high regard for beautiful things runs through every one of his books. Two of his most characteristic novels are, indeed, hardly concerned with people at all, except indirectly. One of them revolves about a doll (expensive); the other about an evening dress (from Paris). His ability to deal with the inanimate is so masterful that frequently the characters recede into complete banality as compared with the rooms they inhabit, the jewels they wear, the chairs they sit upon. Let us take a typical Hergesheimer passage:

They were at lunch in the Feldt dining-room, an interior of heavy, ornately carved black wood, panels of Chinese embroidery in imperial yellow, and a neutral mauve carpet. The effect, with glittering iridescent pyramids of glass, massive frosted repoussé silver, burnished gold-plate, and a wide table decoration of orchids and fern, was tropical and intense.

After this description of the Feldt dining-room, who could care about the Feldts themselves? A banal sentence such as "Clara moved to the fireplace and looked at her watch" takes on warmth and meaning when translated into Hergesheimer:

Clara moved at once to the fire burning in a small open fireplace set in an ornamental Georgian frame of imitation stone. She looked at the minute watch bound on her wrist by a band of platinum and diamonds.

Mr. Hergesheimer's technical resources have never received adequate tribute. He can arrange and serve a dinner with more aplomb than the suavest captain at the Colony. No one can do a better genre picture of an attractive lady slowly dismembering an artichoke; describe a hotel lobby with greater fire and enthusiasm; convey more precisely the interior of a hairdressing salon, each waver and wire rendered with the clarity of a Vermeer. His knowledge of women's underwear, exhibited modestly but firmly in a dozen books, is that of a trained connoisseur: some of his most admirable, if not most exciting, sentences deal with the delicacies of "insertions" and "foams of ribbon and lace." He is, in fact, a past master at dressing women.

Because he loves nice things it was perhaps natural that he should establish with George Horace Lorimer the *entente cordiale* which has helped to make the *Saturday Evening Post* what it is, in the opinion of many people, today. Let us remember that it is not enough to call attention to the best things in life. It is important to show that the best things in life are not free. This Mr. Hergesheimer's stories and novels do with unmatched finesse and conviction. It is impossible to estimate how greatly the antique business was stimulated by his notable series of tales dealing with early American furniture. His characters toss off slogans which even Barron Collier would envy: "*The most expensive corsets are the cheapest in the end.*" His descriptions of interiors are not merely aesthetic exercises, but, like good Communist literature, create the impulse to action, to purchase. "The ice was frozen into precisely the right size; and the cigars before him, a special Corona, the Shephard's Hotel cigarettes, carried the luxury of comfort to its last perfection. Mrs. Grove smoked in an abstracted long-accustomed manner." Compared to the delicate lure of such phrases, the shrieking tobacco billboards are inefficient and behind the times.

Mr. Hergesheimer's novels show his mastery of one of

the major principles of salesmanship—the appeal to the gentler but more prodigal sex. His most attractive heroines possess, as one of their dominant characteristics, the ability to make their men spend money on them. Young but ambitious Bailey Sandby, suing for the hand of the charming Vigné, says: “But of course I’m not going to be poor, not with Vigné. Nobody could. She’d inspire them.” Again and again he creates, as in Linda Condon, women single-minded in their desire to give little and get much—and any advertising executive will tell you that this sound American upper-class female trait is responsible, to a very respectable degree, for keeping the wheels of industry turning. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation might do worse than devote a small subsidy to the exploitation of Mr. Hergesheimer’s novels.

His women, of course, represent Mr. Hergesheimer’s major claim to immortality. If his works are ever collected as a set, I should suggest as a general, if somewhat clumsy, title: “A Chronicle of the Omnipotence of Really Glamorous Women.” For, when you get right down to it, his books *are* his women, enigmatic creatures always on the lookout for something beyond passion. (On the other hand, one must not forget the flaming insight which gave us the memorable cries of Savina Grove: “I want to be outraged!” and “I want to burn up with a red flower in my hair and not cool into stagnation.”) Mr. Hergesheimer himself has uttered the last word on all his heroines, whether they be Manchu princesses or ladies-in-waiting from the English court:

They were created delicate and charming, impracticable in cambric and chiffon, for my personal reassurance and pleasure. I wanted them that way and there they were. Later, when I met delightful women, I discovered a secret they shared with each other and with me: what I had always wanted them to be they wanted to be—delicate and charming in cambric and chiffon, tender and faithful and passionate.

To expect these creatures, impracticable in cambric and chiffon, to be subject to the emotions of ordinary women would be a social error of the most heinous variety. It is true that a sentence such as “Every little while a specially insinuating melody became apparently entangled in the women’s breathing, and their breasts, cunningly traced and caressed in tulle, would be disturbed” would seem to indicate the contrary. Yet, one realizes at once that a single magical touch, the tulle, immediately lifts the scene above the level of ordinary sensuality into the more refined domain of lingerie.

We have mentioned previously the necessity Mr. Hergesheimer has been under, in his endeavor to depict an ideal aristocracy, of relying upon the past. Particularly of late he has shown a certain lack of confidence in the society he ornaments. This is not to be attributed to any lack of esprit de corps. With all Society’s faults he loves it still. Yet his misgivings make for a kind of ambiguity in his approach to his material which lovers of his fine consistency will be the first to deplore. In “Cytherea,” for example, he devotes four lapidary pages to the description of a fox hunt—and at the end the reader is troubled with some slight doubt as to the seriousness with which Mr. Hergesheimer takes this high ritual. The novel itself, it will be remembered, deals with the revolt of Lee Randon against the comforts of country-club life and the endearments of a good woman. For a moment it would seem that this revolt might be part and

parcel of a deeper rebellion against what wild young radicals would call the System; but this is a superficial judgment. At bottom, it is clear, Lee Randon is fleeing his forty-seven years. His virility, urged into activity by the doll Cytherea, makes its last stand with Savina Grove. Together they float into a travel-bureau paradise of special compartments, luxury liners, Daiquiri cocktails, and gold stoppers. Still even this *voyage en Cythère* betrays a kind of failure of nerve, a hint that all is not right with the best people.

His latest book, “Tropical Winter,” a super-epic of Palm Beach, serves to emphasize this impression. Here Hergesheimer turns Cassandra. The real Palm Beach aristocrats were stricken by the market crash and only the dross, the *nouveaux riches*, remain. The wealthy are faced with Æschylean tragedy (one poor lady is left with a mere \$3,000 a year for life), and the only humor to be extracted from the whole deplorable situation lies in the amused contemplation of those vulgarians who either have not enough money really to get by or who, even if rich, cannot possibly know the ropes. In this saddening book Hergesheimer’s chosen people have succumbed to boredom; some are even homicidal; all appear to be dipsomaniacs. These stories are Mr. Hergesheimer’s contribution to the literature of the depression: meeting his artistic responsibilities nobly, he offers this ten-act Palm Beach tragedy as his reaction to the social crisis which confronts the world. His next book, he tells us, will follow the careers of these pitiable “new poor” in Biarritz, Nice, Monte Carlo, and St. Jean de Luz. Mr. Hergesheimer is fundamentally sound; he intends—and more power to him—to stick to the end and shame the rats by going down with the sinking ship.

Lest the reader imagine that his dissatisfaction with his colleagues conceals any growing revolutionary ardor, I append a short reassuring passage:

It was appropriate for the young to be socialistic, since youth was in essence a splendid, if temporary, revolt; but I had passed that age; I wanted pleasantness and security . . . an occasional half-hour choosing neckties.

And there, engaged in the charming pursuit of selecting cravats, it seems, to use Mr. Hergesheimer’s admirable word, “appropriate” for us to leave him.

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

I said: It will not blow this way again;
The branches of my life too soon are old;
The wind is kind to early-withered men
Lest they remember and confess the cold.
I said, and scarcely knew that it was I,
Hanging my leaves there in the springless year.
I said; and did not listen to a high,
Loud sound of March that filled the woods with fear.
Then it was all around me, till at last
Love like a hurricane of hate was blowing—
Bruising me everywhere. Yet I was fast,
And stood among the ruins of his going.
Only the after stillness came and showed
These blossoms on me everywhere, like blood.

To the Queen of Heaven

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

(*Athena speaks*)

Maiden in love with Possibility,
Seducing from the Void, the Event,
Look, curiously virginal creature, look on me
On whom the void lies barren and frequent

Storms of small meaning pass and sadden; send
Some fate unique, locked in some bosom; make
Of nothingness a substance, Mother; lend
Me Thy archaic smile, the blind gaze of the bacchante
For my sake,
Amen.

Little Caesars

By HORACE GREGORY

And did you see his face:
the wide Augustan eye
that rivets stellar space?
Gaze deeply on this face
whose features never die
but are restored again
from bronze and curried stone:
nostril and broad cheek bone
carved out of memory—
the face of other men
whose swift mortality
discovers them again
engraved in bronze, in stone.

Put Charles the Bald in that corner of the museum:
the brain so light, the limbs so heavy
no horse could carry him;
and over there, Napoleon's son
whose eyes held midnight in two spheres,
the two lost kingdoms his.

Hail him, inheritor
of millions—

Was it men
or stocks or acres or . . . ?
Count all his wealth again.

Intangibles of power are written in ticker tape
on private yachts: ring them up on the cash register,
cable them from Maine to Singapore
around the world tonight.

Remark the stallion eye
the white-lipped masonry,
the mouth endures beyond
brass-written monuments
where sleepless deserts lie.
And did you hear the name?
Each with a different name
but the anatomy,
limbs, torso quite the same;
the head erect, secure,
the face rolled toward the sky.

Books

Ludwig and Mussolini

Talks with Mussolini. By Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

HAVING revealed the most intimate secrets of Goethe, Napoleon, Bismarck, William II, Schliemann, Lincoln, Frederick the Great, Leonardo da Vinci, Stanley, President Wilson, Lenin, and even Jesus Christ, thanks to the art of mental analysis, Emil Ludwig decided to perform the mental analysis of Mussolini. In eighteen cross-examinations Mussolini kindly consented to submit to this delicate operation.

Ludwig once again describes with religious fervor the famous hall, sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and forty feet high, where il Duce receives his visitors; the crossing of that ocean before reaching the harbor of the writing table; while beyond this historical table the Duce sits meditating profound thoughts. Near him on a high stand is an open atlas showing the map of Europe. Mussolini scrutinizes Ludwig with "his dark eyes which gleam like black satin in the half light," "thrusts forward his chin," raises his "beautiful" hands, "turns his chair," "knits his brows," "lays his arms on the table," "leans forward," "rests his chin on his hands," "sets his jaw," "pulls down the corners of his mouth," "the sound of his low-pitched voice recalls that of a distant gong"; and Ludwig takes notice of all these physical postures with the all-inclusive concentration of the little nun who receives the vision of her mystical spouse.

Mussolini explains how he organizes his days in order to take better advantage of his time—a problem which every sensible person solves in his own way; and Ludwig becomes enraptured: "You describe a Goethean technique." Mussolini modestly confesses to feeling "akin to Dante," because of his partisanship; and Ludwig trembles with delight: "You remind me of Bismarck." Mussolini says that he does not need an opposition because he creates an opposition within himself. President Hoover would say: "What a pity that it was not given to me to rid myself of Mr. Roosevelt, creating to my own liking my own internal opposition"; but Ludwig is carried away by a wave of enthusiasm: "I seem to be listening to Lord Byron." Mussolini wrote a description of his youth; and Ludwig, with a tremor of excitement up and down his spine, compares Mussolini to Trotzky. Mussolini explains how he prepares his speeches; and Ludwig immediately counteracts: "Lenin must have fashioned his speeches in much the same way." Mussolini expounds the principle—indeed, not a very original one—that "if one sets out from certain principles, one must not shrink from the logical consequences of these"; and Ludwig: "Your logic is Napoleonic and I have nothing to say against it." Ludwig speaks of Plato; Mussolini stretches his arm, and there are Plato's "Dialogues." Ludwig speaks of Caesar; Mussolini stretches his arm and presents to Ludwig a copy of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." "I have just been reading 'Julius Caesar'"; and Ludwig does not stop to think that on that very day he had had to wait for well over an hour before being received because Mussolini had a lengthy business meeting with a commission consisting of about thirty people: had he been reading Shakespeare's tragedy just while he was discussing business with those thirty people? Ludwig reads those verses by Goethe in which the centenarian Faust dreams of a new humanity, redeemed by the arts of peace and freedom—verses which everyone in Italy knows by heart since they are sung at the end of Boito's "Mephistopheles"—and Mussolini is "very much struck" by the parallelism which Ludwig establishes between Faust and Mussolini, and "slowly reads the German verses

aloud." In a succeeding conversation, however, Mussolini asserts that he has thoroughly studied Goethe's works, "above all 'Faust'—both parts"; and Ludwig does not ask him how he happened to be so very much struck by those verses that he wanted to read them slowly and aloud, as if he had never known of their existence, when he had studied the "Faust" so thoroughly.

Blinded by his enthusiasm, Ludwig avoids every embarrassing question. Nay, more; he suggests—in the very act of questioning—the most appropriate answers: "When on your way to Rome, were you in the mood of an artist or that of a prophet?" "Artist," Mussolini is happy to answer. "I advocate movement," Mussolini says; and Ludwig: "Is your movement undulating, or is it, rather, like the ascent of the Alps?" "Climbing an Alp." Ludwig cannot help speaking at least once of Matteotti: "When all the power of the state is concentrated in the hands of one man, it may well happen that undesirable things take place *in spite of the autocrat's will*: don't you think that such things are more likely to happen in a dictatorship?" Thus Ludwig *a priori* solves the problem of whether the murder of Matteotti really occurred in spite of Mussolini's will, and Mussolini can triumphantly answer that "political crimes occur just as frequently in democratic states. You will remember a notorious instance under Napoleon III." Ludwig thinks of everything except of asking Mussolini whether the empire of Napoleon III was a democratic state, and whether it is common practice in democratic states for those who instigate a murder to be the most intimate collaborators of the Prime Minister and to receive from him a pardon without his being turned out. Mussolini subjugated Ludwig, made of him his propaganda agent, and tells us—through Ludwig—only what he wants us to believe.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Gentleman Seeks Regeneration

The Coloured Dome. By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

EXTRAORDINARY praise was given to Mr. Stuart's "Pigeon Irish" and is now being given to "The Coloured Dome." This is likely to prove embarrassing to him and perhaps injurious. In the first place, it will not help him with perceptive readers, who, having heard such phrases as "the most noteworthy example of Irish literature in twenty years," will be astonished to come upon a romance in the tradition of Stevenson that would be outweighed by the most hastily written tale by Liam O'Flaherty, to stop short of greater names. The plot of "The Coloured Dome" turns on the Shakespearean convention of disguise: Tulloolagh, the secret leader of the Irish Revolution, is in reality a woman; her troops and fellow-conspirators are fooled by her deep voice and derby hat. Another romantic revival is the prevalence of only the noblest motives: the street hawker would not think of taking money for his little boxes, he wants to give them away; the hero and heroine have but one wish, to die for their ideal as soon as possible. One does not have to be a grim realist to know that the story is absurd. Near the end an attempt is made to redeem it with satire and a religious idea; but the satire is painfully schoolboyish and the religious idea a naive steal from Dostoevski.

In the second place, the stupid praise given to Mr. Stuart may do him harm, because beneath his present deficiencies there are a warmth of heart, a liveliness of impression, a hunger of soul, which might lead him, if not hindered by nonsensical compliments, to develop considerably. The religious idea embraced at the end by his hero is that of self-immolation, of humbling himself among outcasts, of losing in order to find. Mr. Stuart himself is a young gentleman of Ulster-Unionist parentage and Rugby education who went to jail for fighting on the unrespectable side of the Irish Republicans. The autobiographical

material is the most interesting part of his book; like his hero he seems to be seeking regeneration through identifying himself with the disesteemed and oppressed. His novel, however, remaining derivatively and thinly in the ether of ideas, is no more than a spiritual slumming party, a well-bred peek into the lower depths. For all his dissatisfactions and yearnings Mr. Stuart seems to continue to be a most unimpeachable gentleman. Whether he is to go farther in the realization of his wishes, both religious and artistic, will depend greatly on whether he listens to his admirers or his friends.

GERALD SYKES

Stanley and Africa

Bula Matari: Stanley, Conqueror of a Continent. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Liveright. \$3.

WASSERMANN wrote this biography with a good deal of self-consciousness. He reports long conversations in his preface, conversations to justify his project to his friends. It is a relief to turn to the matter of the book, which handsomely justifies itself. But the self-consciousness persists like an undertone, breaking out now and then into shrill "psychographic" demonstrations which mystify more than they explain.

In Wassermann's youth Stanley's explorations were the sensations of the Occidental world. Their glamor has survived in his memory with an insistence which, had he been an adventurer, he might have met by, let us say, a crossing of the Gobi Desert; but being a writer, he has met it by penning a book. Certainly Stanley is a hero worth the attention of any literary monument-builder. He was the first white man to traverse the interior of Africa, an explorer unmatched in courage, endurance, and sheer human effectiveness. Stanley was one of the men whom a cruel childhood prepared for a career of strenuous greatness. An illegitimate child, his first years were spent in a workhouse where the children were under the care of a sadist subsequently committed to an insane asylum. His experiences there developed his endurance but left him for the rest of his life shy and uncomfortable in society. The solitude of the African jungle, so mercilessly indifferent to human life, offered adjustments to a personality solitary among men.

After wanderings in his youth, during which he tasted all the brutalities visited upon the casual worker, he found himself serving aboard a Northern ship during the Civil War. Letters he wrote to a newspaper describing a naval battle were so well received that he entered with immediate success into journalism. His first African expedition—the search for the missionary Livingstone who had penetrated into the jungle and been unheard from for years—was a newspaper assignment given him by James Gordon Bennett. His second expedition was undertaken to complete the work of Livingstone, who had descended a river which he believed to be the head-stream of the Nile, but which Stanley proved to be the Congo. His third expedition, under the joint auspices of an American and an English newspaper, was organized to bring relief to Emin Pasha, an officer under Gordon, who had escaped with a small Egyptian army from the conquering Mahdists.

All these expeditions were spectacularly successful, and Stanley's own stamina and capacity may be measured by the tragedies of most of his subordinates, who died or, failing in their lesser tasks, became nervous wrecks. To his generation his achievements seemed incredible, and armchair geographers ridiculed him. When he had vindicated himself, doubt turned into the belief that he had succeeded only by inhuman treatment of his Negro carriers.

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No one could then foretell what the outcome of his explorations would be. Stanley had the naive nineteenth-century faith in civilization and progress. He thought himself a bearer of civilization, and went begging among the governments of Europe, trying to interest them in the development of the Congo region, sincerely believing that it would bring advantages to the native populations. Had he foreseen the vast and ghastly sweat-shop the land would become under the exploitation of that royal sharper Leopold of Belgium, he would have felt worse betrayed than by the libels that pursued him to the end of his days.

Except for the self-consciousness which I have mentioned, Wassermann's biography is vigorous, well proportioned, well paced—a very good piece of work. In trying to find almost occult stresses of personality in the meetings with Livingstone and Emin Pasha, and especially in trying to analyze the processes of a "poet of action" he strains his talents and the reader's attention. Action is best expressed in its own terms; and Wassermann could have made his effective book more effective by using the space given to psychological analysis for describing more of the incidents of the expeditions.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Too Early in the Morning?

The Years of the Locust (America, 1929-1932). By Gilbert Seldes. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

ONE gathers from the first chapter that the primary purpose of this volume is to discover the emotional ups and downs of a period which so far has been considered chiefly in financial and industrial terms. In pursuit of this idea the author has introduced a "fever chart." Taking the Standard Statistics Company's wriggly black line of stock prices from 1929 onward, he has superimposed a red line to record roughly the "psychological temperature" of the depression years. It is one of those whimsies which are delightful when tossed at a group of friends after the second cocktail but which rarely seem as realizable the next morning. Unfortunately, Mr. Seldes went ahead and realized it, and in spite of the flaming scarlet of his fever line, it is pallid, unsubstantial, and a trifle absurd beside the hard, sober finality of the black mark.

Probably the chart is not intended to be taken too seriously, and the book is not without discriminatingly gathered facts and thoughtful criticism, but the promise of the first chapter is not fulfilled. Mr. Seldes includes too much of the newspaper material of the past three years—material which a decade hence may be picturesque but just now seems merely a little stale—and too little on that most important question, the loss in moral and mental values which has been a distinguishing feature of the present depression as compared with others in America's history.

The author concludes that the intellectuals have suffered as much in prestige from the depression as have the capitalists. "Long separated one from the other, each fell for lack of support. It is remarkable that after the first six months or so, hardly an authoritative voice was spoken in defense of the capitalist system." But Mr. Seldes is impressed not so much by the fact that "a few excellent writers have become Communists" as by the fact that a great number have "begun to feel a certain insignificance in their work." It is "a kind of depression pessimism," founded on the theory that this is "no time for the parasitic activities of art." It had been a common—and lamented—belief that America had no past, Mr. Seldes continues, but no one questioned its future, "and there was something unmanly in the prompt enthusiasm with which we leaped overboard the moment the ship struck a reef. The capitalists and the intellectuals were both being highly romantic in the sense that neither was willing to contemplate things as they are."

Maybe we have had so many histories lately in the manner made popular by Mark Sullivan that we are tiring of the method; maybe the author of this volume, finding himself sinking instead of swimming in an ocean of material, grabs the reader and pulls him down too; maybe it is too soon to attempt an interpretation of the depression. A history of the debacle published only three years after it began—and heaven knows how long before it may end—is like an evening newspaper on sale at 9 a. m. One surmises that at the end of the epoch—if there is a definite demarcation five, fifty, or one hundred years hence—not much importance will attach to the efforts of the ambitious Nimrods who got up at dawn in order to shoot the depression on the wing before breakfast.

ARTHUR WARNER

Australian Pioneering

Pageant. By G. B. Lancaster. The Century Company. \$2.50.

THE subject of Miss Lancaster's "Pageant" has a great fascination for American readers, for the idea of pioneering is deeply fixed in the popular imagination as something highly romantic and adventurous. This is an entirely natural result of the persistent overstress placed upon these aspects of the process by writers of historical romances. On the other hand, a school of American critics has sought to impress exactly the opposite idea on its readers—the intellectual and emotional cost of pioneering. In either case there has been an exaggeration of a single aspect of the situation rather than any effort to recover a sense of actuality, of complexity, of contradictoriness. It is one of the outstanding merits of "Pageant" that all the elements of the pioneering era in Australia are present, and while Miss Lancaster has integrated her story around the fortunes of the "aristocracy" she has not failed to indicate the counterbalancing group which paid a heavy price for the success of the undertaking.

"Pageant" interests me far more in its sociological implications than as a work of fiction aesthetically considered. Australian fiction is usually most profitably approached from this angle, for the literature of the country has not yet become "literary"; it still retains a good deal of pristine vigor. "Pageant" tells the story of successive generations in Tasmania from the original pioneering representatives of a family that came out from England after the Peninsular War, down through the years of change, to the scattering of the younger people on the mainland, which became the theater of the great developments that we now associate with Australia. We find in its pages the main facts which distinguish the Australian story from that of pioneering in the United States.

We discover, that is, that there was no important conflict between the white invaders and the aboriginal population; that the story is not one of small proprietors, but of the immediate development of great sheep stations manned by convict labor; that underlying the pseudo-aristocracy which immediately developed was an oppressed class, the convicts, which supplied the needed labor power; that the conflict between the two classes issued in bushranging; and that the political history of the country is, roughly, a story of the struggle of the aristocracy for the right to rule themselves and escape the power of the military sent out to govern the convicts. We see the struggle to end the convict system when there came to be a dangerously large surplus of labor, and the gradual entrance into the picture of the trading class, the small farmer, and, by implication, the industrial workers who, in collaboration with the agricultural and pastoral laborers, form the basis of the present day Labor Party and give the country its tone. The history of Australia is a history which follows these steps—aristocracy, bourgeoisie,

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labor, with the second group the weakest of all. In America the cycle has been, roughly, small bourgeoisie, big bourgeoisie, and a large question mark to indicate the future.

"Pageant" is, I should not neglect to mention, a fascinating story and undoubtedly will interest more readers than my sociological summary would indicate. Placing it against the background of Australian literature, I should rank it with the work of Miles Franklin, Barnard Eldershaw, and Brent of Bin Bin. It is another well-wrought swan song for the aristocracy, or what the Australians call the squattocracy, but it is not the classic swan song. That is being written by Brent of Bin Bin and is slowly being published in England. All who read "Pageant" should be excellently prepared for Brent's tremendous chronicle.
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Tempests and Music

The Shakespearian Tempest. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. \$4.25.

THIS is the fourth volume which Mr. Knight has published about Shakespeare's symbols, and though it is neither the best nor the worst of the four it seems suddenly, while continuing to reveal the great critical virtue of Mr. Knight, to reveal also his cardinal defect.

His virtue—rare these days—is that he addresses himself solely to the consideration of Shakespeare as a great poet. Nothing else about Shakespeare even faintly interests him. Questions of source, authenticity, and technique are left quite out of an account which has only to do with the one question: How did Shakespeare's imagination work? In his new volume, as formerly in "Myth and Miracle," "The Wheel of Fire," and "The Imperial Theme," Mr. Knight answers the question by saying that Shakespeare's imagination worked in a marvelously consistent and at the same time copious way with a host of themes or symbols which may be reduced, and here are reduced, to two: tempests and music. The two are in reality one, since they express an opposition, and since Shakespeare is concerned from first to last with setting forth this opposition in divers terms. The histories and the early tragedies are swept by tempests of civil disorder through which only now and then sound the sweet notes of peace and music. The early and middle comedies are "plays in which tempests are but the condition through which are attained the dreamland melodies of romance." The great tragedies are entirely given over to "a minute analysis of disorder [tempest] in all its forms"; though "in these plays, too, against tempests sounds still the siren music of peace and love." Finally, in the romances Shakespeare abandons himself to pure image, which becomes the poem and makes the plot—most notably, of course, in "The Tempest" itself.

Mr. Knight writes so richly and passionately in defense of his thesis that one does not know how to stop him and ask him a question. Not that one has a question, perhaps, bearing directly upon the material which the thesis considers. No, Mr. Knight is quite clearly the master of that material; the imagery of Shakespeare is not likely ever to be studied to such good purpose again. But what if one wants to know whether Shakespeare can be understood in any other way? Mr. Knight's answer, given over and over in the preface to this book, is such a humorless and priestlike No that now at last the reader—hitherto hypnotized by Mr. Knight's eloquence and poetic learning—has the clue to his defect. His defect is that he believes he has none. For does he not present in these pages "the hitherto neglected Shakespearian essence"? Has he not the amazing privilege of pointing out, now in this year 1933, "the only final unity in Shakespeare"? Has he not a unique

advantage over every other commentator—over him, for example, who explains the plays through their characters? To isolate a character distorts the play, says Mr. Knight; to isolate a symbol clarifies it. Which is another way of insisting that Mr. Knight is the only critic among all the ten thousand who holds or ever held the true key to Shakespeare. Which, fortunately or unfortunately, is nonsense.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mary Wollstonecraft

Mary Wollstonecraft. By H. R. James. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THIS sketch of Mary Wollstonecraft, by a man well known in connection with the struggle for liberty in India, is a very excellent account of her mind and work. The unpretentiousness of the essay and its informality have the effect of putting her activities into relief, so that we get a clearer view of the astonishing social revolutionary she really was than we might get from a more accomplished work. Mr. James lays the emphasis on what she achieved and on the extent of her influence rather than on her complexes and drawbacks. The book, however, is in no sense a biography; the author never comes to terms with the personality of Mary, for he never quite comprehends her combination of quixotism and practicality, eighteenth-century devotion to abstractions and a Celtic impetuosity and combativeness, all centered in a very attractive and warm-hearted human being. There have been few belonging to that most slandered order, women of genius, who have been more thoroughly slandered than Mary Wollstonecraft. She presented to calumniators a personality that could be attacked front, flank, and rear. An independent and fearless thinker, she had scant respect for the sacred rights of property, for the British constitution, for the marriage laws, for hereditary rights and social distinctions. Her writings were so thoroughly alarming in her own day that it was probably only owing to the great personal charm of their author that they were ever published at all. For this early champion of the rights of women and the rights of the proletariat seems, from the accounts of those who knew her, to have fascinated everyone with whom she came in contact: she was handsome, she was high-spirited, she was warmly affectionate; in fact, to our cold-blooded age, all her friendships seem to have the intensity of love affairs, for she gave herself extravagantly—to her family, to her friends, to humanity, to her two lovers—the American adventurer, Imlay, and afterwards to that splendid revolutionary thinker, William Godwin, who, undiscerningly, is always spoken of in a niggling way, chiefly because, in default of an income or a patron or of regular royalties from a publisher, he had often to apply for loans.

Though Mary Wollstonecraft's best-known work is her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which is generally regarded as having started the movement for the emancipation of women, she first became famous in her own day by the reply she made to Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France." This was her "Vindication of the Rights of Man," which has frequently been described as one of the most dashing political polemics in the language. She was aroused to furious indignation by that appalling passage of Burke's about the rights of property and the proper attitude of the bulk of people to property: "They must respect that property of which they cannot partake. They must labor to obtain what by labor can be obtained, and when they find, as they commonly do, the success disproportioned to the endeavor, they must be taught their consolation in the final proportion of eternal justice." "It is possible, sir," Mary wrote in her reply, "to render the poor happier in this world without depriving them of the consolation which

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you gratuitously grant them in the next." "In that sentence is latent by implication," writes the author of this essay, "all the legislation for social betterment of the nineteenth century and after." On the heels of this reply the slanders began. "Security of property!" she had said; "Behold, in a few words, the definition of English liberty!" And the sentence staggered everybody to whom any attack on the status quo was alarming; in addition, it seemed more than indecent for a woman to handle a famous statesman so harshly and with such high temper. However, Burke was a good fighter himself, and though he wielded the rapier more elegantly than Mary, and was, which she was not, master of a magnificent prose style, there is in their methods of attack and even in their mentality something akin which was, perhaps, due to the same racial inheritance—Mary was born of an Irish family in England. They both had a passion for liberty, though the liberty they fought for was of different brands—he, as was perhaps natural in a statesman, thought that liberty came out of order, while she had the more daring idea that order came out of liberty; they had the curious Celtic quality of being revolutionary and conservative at the same time; both were powerful pamphleteers. She has been snappishly referred to by anti-feminists as "a she-philosopher," but that is exactly what she was; Mary Wollstonecraft was, like Burke, a social and political philosopher, with the difference that whereas many of the great Edmund's ideas are now embalmed like flies in amber—the amber of his wonderful prose—Mary's have helped to make the modern world, and have provided rallying cries for present-day movements. He of course surpassed her on the speculative plane and was a great writer, which she was not; Saintsbury was right in leaving her out of his "History of English Literature." Whatever were his real reasons for doing so, Mary Wollstonecraft's contribution is not to literature or art, though Mr. James takes her seriously as a writer. It is to political and social reform, and it is only owing to the unorganized condition of literary history that she is described as a woman of letters. She was a constructive thinker, but she never really learned to write any more than Madame de Staël ever learned to write. She wrote hastily, in a state of high excitement, for the purpose of forming opinion, and her method of expression was effective enough for that. Like some of Burke's, her writing was of the pamphleteering order, but she was among the greatest of the pamphleteers. The business of a pamphleteer is to conduct a propaganda, to advance a cause, and advancing causes was Mary's work in life. The chief causes to which she devoted herself, human liberty in general and the emancipation of women in particular, though they have been greatly legislated about since her time, have not yet caught up with her conceptions.

She had a more human and a more workaday political philosophy than Burke's, for she had come to grips with life in a way that had never come within the experience of that Ciceronian statesman. She was a personality who was not limited to the round of experience that normally falls to women—the experience of sex, motherhood, and home—though she had all that, too: all classes of people were known to her; she earned her own living and helped to provide for her family; she nursed the sick and succored the poor; her travels, for that age, were extensive and included Portugal, France, and Scandinavia. She was in Paris during the revolutionary period and saw the king from her window as he went to his death in a hackney-coach surrounded by the National Guards. Burke polished his ideas about the French Revolution in his study, and always with due respect to that bulwark of the British constitution, the sacred rights of property. Mary's final ideas were painfully formed from emotions felt and observations made on the spot. Her instinct for obtaining a first-hand knowledge of events is shown in her letter to her publisher written from Paris, in which she says: "I labor so continuously to understand what I hear that I

never go to bed without a headache, and my spirits are fatigued with endeavoring to form a just opinion of public affairs."

There were at the time many Americans in France, and she frequented their society. With one of them, Gilbert Imlay, a gentlemanly cad from New Jersey, she had the passionate love affair that was really her undoing, for it may be said that from the time she met him her useful life ended. The chapter in which Mr. James deals with her relationship to Imlay is the best and most extensively documented in the book. Mary entered into a union with Imlay with the firm belief in its seriousness and lastingness, for when it came to falling in love this wise and brilliant woman was as easily fooled as a village girl. After having made use of her in every way, including making her his business envoy to Sweden, where she had to look after his interests though in a miserable state of health after childbirth, he deserted her and her child under, for her, very tragic circumstances, and a whole sequence of tragic dramas ensued. She attempted suicide and was barely saved by a rescue from the Thames, her physique badly damaged; her daughter, Fanny Imlay, later, actually ended her life by suicide. The elopement with Shelley of her second daughter, Mary Godwin, brought about the suicide of Harriet Westbrook, the poet's first wife. But after the intensity of the distress caused by Imlay's desertion it is a trifle startling to find her sufficiently recovered emotionally to marry William Godwin two years later, a union legalized before the birth of their daughter, which event cost her life, for Mary Wollstonecraft, like Charlotte Brontë, died in childbirth. As the Brontës brought a dash of Celtic intensity and untamedness into English literature, she brought the same intensity, the same untamedness into political and social affairs. She was a revolutionary, not in the plain and sane English way, but with the impetuosity, the *saeva indignatio*, and the personal passion of the Celt, and it is these qualities in her which, in spite of his fervent admiration for her, make her seem a little indecorous to Mr. H. R. James.

MARY M. COLUM

Violence and Reform

Moral Man and Immoral Society. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

ACCEPTING the thesis, curious in a Union Theological Seminary teacher, that violence per se is not necessarily immoral provided it leads to a greater measure of justice in the world, Mr. Niebuhr traces the implications of his assumption by an appeal to history. Certainly he proves conclusively that the privileged classes, which are the ones to discountenance violence as a matter of dogma as long as they are in control of the state, have never hesitated to use force in the maintenance of their power, even when a menace has not taken the form of armed revolt. Mr. Niebuhr comes to a final distinction: that violence is not justified in the guise of imperialist war, but may be resorted to by oppressed minorities and by the disinherited of the class struggle if peaceful suasion notoriously fails to work. It comes a little hard for Mr. Niebuhr to admit that the end sometimes justifies the means; the time for violence he leaves to the conscience and intelligence of revolutionary strategists, hoping that reason will serve to temper any necessary struggle.

In the course of his demonstration Mr. Niebuhr makes some very shrewd analyses of conditions which give rise to fascism, of the snares held out by nationalism for Socialist leaders who cling to parliamentarianism, of the attitudes of privileged classes, and of the proletarian class. "Moral Man and Immoral Society" is, on the whole, the triumph of the psychologist, recognizing the human animal for what he is, over the preacher, who puts his faith in a miraculous change of heart.

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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Films

The American Homeland

WHEN the archaeologist of the future begins his task of reconstructing the physical background of American life in the early twentieth century—the streets, the houses, the garages for two cars—he will have at least one advantage over his predecessors. Unlike the Egyptologist with his tattered bundle of hieroglyphic papyri or the Hellenist with his “two gross of broken statues,” the student of our Middle American period will have at his disposal a whole library of flyblown celluloid which will need only to be exposed to the light to unfold, like Proust's madeleine, the whole rich, variegated, and preposterous life of our time. These long rolls of preserved sights and sounds, whether or not they will afford the entertainment for which they were once intended, will provide a vision of the past more complete than any procession of dancing figures on a vase, more vivid than any fragment of song or story, more articulated than any handful of bones on a hillside. So much, theoretically, would seem to be the great boon for posterity made possible by the cinema.

The only difficulty is that the twentieth-century American himself, in watching these same rolls unfold, is all too often at a loss to relate the backgrounds represented on them with any particular background of his acquaintance. If he is a New Yorker, for example, he is likely to be disturbed by the unmistakable vision of a palm-tree in the front yard of some Fifth Avenue mansion. The old New England farm of the pictures rarely resembles the real thing: the mountains are too high to be the Berkshires and there is a suggestion of cactus in the distance. Who is there that can fix the exact point in space occupied by the ironic parables of Charlie Chaplin? The city, the street, the house, the lamp-post—these have no local habitation and name. They are everywhere and nowhere. They are the mere abstractions of places and things. And they are recognizable only in so far as they are somehow profoundly typical of our life and time. It may be that this quality of abstractness in most Hollywood pictures is the result of an inept grafting of stories with different settings on the uniform California landscape. Or it may be, as it probably is in the Chaplin films, the result of a conscious stylization of material. But the fact remains that so far there has been in the films very little of that particularization of background which has been the main tendency in American fiction in recent years.

The most important thing about “State Fair” at the Radio City Music Hall is that it marks a possible tendency of the same sort in the films. Not since Wallace Beery's “The Champ” has any American picture striven so hard for a feeling of place. The choice of Phil Stong's novel was of course an excellent one for the purpose. Certainly nothing offers a better opportunity for the localization of distinctive American types, situations, and *mores* than a Middle Western state fair. There is a stretch in which we follow a typical American family riding at night along the corn fields, which has something of the beauty we admire in Russian films. Another group of shots of typical American faces at the fair gives us a notion of what may be done in this line as soon as our directors become more objective toward their material. Unfortunately, the presence of Janet

Gaynor in the cast infuses just enough of the Pickford tradition into the picture to cancel some of its best effects and prevent it from being as good as it should be.

"Whistling in the Dark" at the Capitol is an effective comedy-thriller which owes rather too much to the straight legitimate technique of Ernest Truex. The scenes between this comedian and Una Merkel would be good on stage or screen; and this is of course equivalent to saying that the picture contributes nothing to the advancement of its own medium.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

What This Country Needs

IT is obvious enough by now that the theatergoing public of New York does not want what by logic it should.

Certain popular economists may have ridden to wealth on the crest of the depression, and pamphlets on technocracy may have saved the book trade from imminent collapse. But so far at least, the theater has made no profits out of protests or plans. Doubtless audiences have undergone their reverses and read their books, but the result of their suffering and their meditations was, apparently, only a growing conviction that what this country really needed was a play by Noel Coward, written for himself and the Lunts. In any event, that play had hardly been announced before a suppressed excitement began to make itself felt, and before the curtain rose on the first performance success was taken for granted. It made no difference that the box-office price was \$4.40 a seat, or that practically all the tickets had mysteriously made their way from the box-office to those agencies which cannot be expected to resell except at a profit. An enthusiastic public considered itself lucky to get them at any price, and during the coming months it is generally expected that a definite class distinction will be drawn between those who have and those who have not seen "Design for Living" at the Ethel Barrymore Theater. The ghosts of several Barrymore heroines must shudder nightly as Messrs. Coward and Lunt descend the modernistic stairway of a pent-house apartment in pajamas which do not fit them for the very good reason that they belong to the husband of the lady who returns in satisfactory fashion the ardent and unplatonic affection of both of them.

I must, however, not forget to say that the evening provided is really amusing in an inconsequential and rowdy way. This time, to be sure, the play is decidedly not the thing and, indeed, I am inclined to suspect that even its "sophisticated" audience would be a little bit shocked if it were allowed to realize just what is going forward. We have got used to the triangle composed of two women and one man. It has been contemplated from all possible angles and treated alternately as deplorable, sentimental, and amusing. But for some reason or other we have shied off from the other triangle composed of two men and a woman. Quite irrationally, no doubt, the general feeling still persists that though a gentleman may divide his affections for an indefinite time, a lady who doesn't choose, at least after reasonable experiment, just isn't a lady. In sentimental romance "reasonable experiment" means only adequate attention to the claims put forward by her suitors. In more sophisticated tales it may include certain additional activities of a less completely symbolic kind. But in any event, choose she must. And yet it is exactly the necessity for choice which the heroine of Mr. Coward's play is original enough to deny. Such scruples as there are come from the male side, and the funniest moment of the piece is that in which Mr. Lunt,

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somewhat alarmed at the consequences of his rationality, exclaims: "What we need is some standards, something to hold on to"—and then looks wildly about as he realizes quite clearly that none of them have any. But the lady is less disturbed. After betraying the first man with the second and then betraying the second man with the first, she comes to the sensible conclusion that there is no use continuing that indefinitely, and so the design for living has been worked out at last when the final curtain descends upon the three of them rolling around together on a couch—obviously prepared for what has previously been described as "a nice, spontaneous little tumble in the hay."

It is not wit which persuades the audience to accept this unconventional conclusion. The play is, indeed, rather deficient in bright lines, and the pleasure which it gives is due rather to the general high spirits of the playing than to anything inherent in the text itself. What really counts is that New York has taken the Lunts to its bosom. It is ready to meet them rather more than halfway, and the effect is visible in their own playing. They romp around the stage in the full knowledge that a crowded house is ready to admire them, and that knowledge gives them a gaiety almost irresistible. "Design for Living" is hardly to be judged as a play; it is a festival for all concerned, and it warms the heart as any success not obviously undeserved is almost sure to do. Audiences come, I suspect, partly because they are happy to contribute to some enterprise which is booming along with a good nineteen-twenty-nine sort of boom; and the success of this play was predestined by the stars—in more senses than one.

"Bad Manners" (The Playhouse) contains a great deal of talk about sex. It is smart comedy which is not quite smart enough, with a serious undertone which is not quite serious enough. The heroine says things like "You have a creative mind and that is the only sort I really respect."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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SAMUEL ROMER, who has been active in Socialist Party work for some years, is now editing a Socialist newspaper in Detroit.

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The Nation

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1933

No. 3529

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	189
EDITORIALS:	
The Department of Labor: A Challenge	192
The Mortgage Problem	193
Doctors and the Public	193
Purity at the Port	194
ISSUES AND MEN. RACINE: A DENTIST, A SALESMAN, AND A PRIEST. By Oswald Garrison Villard	195
WHO STANDS BEHIND HITLER? By Ludwig Lore	196
AN IOWA FORECLOSURE. By Charlotte Hubbard Prescott	198
SOVIET DEPORTATIONS. AN EXPLANATION OF RECENT RUSSIAN EVENTS. By Louis Fischer	200
MACHINERY AND UNEMPLOYMENT. By Leo Wolman	202
SANDINO KEEPS HIS WORD. By Carleton Beals	204
SONNET. By Mark Van Doren	205
GEORGE MOORE'S BURIAL. By S. K. Ratcliffe	205
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	206
CORRESPONDENCE	207
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	208
BOOKS, DRAMA, MUSIC:	
Birch. By Ruth Lechlitner	209
Culture vs. "Life." By Henry Hazlitt	209
Germany During the War. By G. P. Gooch	210
The Unhappy Queen. By Babette Deutsch	210
The Youth of Arnold. By Lionel Trilling	211
Mazzini. By Arthur Livingston	211
Safe for War Profits. By Oswald Garrison Villard	212
Leisure and Civilization. By William Seagle	212
Shorter Notices	214
Films: French Luxury. By William Troy	214
Drama: The Queen of Song. By Joseph Wood Krutch	215
Music: Two Kinds of Radicalism. By Arthur Mendel	216

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FOUR YEARS AGO it was Herbert Hoover who was to perform miracles. Today it is Franklin D. Roosevelt. This feeling may not be prevalent throughout the country, but in official and journalistic circles in Washington it is running very strong. There are already rumors of an economic rehabilitation program on a titanic scale, involving billions of dollars, of which the ambitious Muscle Shoals program recently announced is but a single detail. It must be said for Mr. Roosevelt that he is making no extravagant claims. Nevertheless, these reports have upset many conservative commentators, who also are looking with suspicion upon the fact that the President-elect has of late been associating with such progressives as Senators Norris, La Follette, Cutting, and Hull, while noticeably avoiding public contact with conservative Democrats such as Senator Robinson, Newton D. Baker, Governor Ritchie, and former Governor Byrd. That the Roosevelt Administration, at least to begin with, will be unashamedly radical—in so far as the Senate liberalism may thus be termed—is now apparent. There is evidence, too, that the 124 new Democratic members of the House will as a group be found standing even farther to the left than the new

President. Some of these members-elect have already visited Washington and made known their views, which sound as if they might have been lifted in part from the Socialist Party platform. We have not forgotten that as a miracle-worker Mr. Hoover proved a complete failure, and it must also be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt will be under constant pressure from the conservative elements within his party to modify his views. But at the moment the outlook in Washington is the most encouraging it has been since March, 1929.

AT LAST the issue is joined between Japan and the League. The Committee of Nineteen has faced the obvious fact that procrastination and debate and the search for face-saving formulas have produced no solution in the affairs of China and Japan. It has demanded of Japan "the discontinuation of Manchukuo" and of the campaign already under way against Jehol. And Japan has apparently abandoned sophistical evasions and replied with similar directness that Manchukuo must be maintained; while that kidnapped province itself has issued a statement asserting its independence and its "nonchalant" attitude toward the pronouncements of the League. The conquest of Jehol will be pushed unless the Chinese troops withdraw. These proceedings suggest no safe or simple method of solving the problem of the Far East, but at least they have had a clarifying effect. The world is faced now with a clear-cut issue. Will the League maintain the position its committees have formulated, so gradually and with such reluctance? Will the United States and Russia support the League in its opposition to Japanese imperial aims? And if Japan resigns from the League, what steps will the nations pursue to render effective their condemnation of its action? These questions must be answered within the next few weeks. The position of the United States may not be made clear until after Roosevelt takes office, but the President-elect has indorsed the Stimson doctrine and the arms-embargo measure now under consideration in the Senate, and is known to favor cooperation with the League in support of existing treaty obligations. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude, together with Litvinov's remarkable speech defining aggressive action and supporting the idea of a consultative pact and the use of economic sanctions, has no doubt done much to create Geneva's new mood of resolution.

OUR OWN HOPE is that the recommendations of the Committee of Nineteen will be accepted; that the United States and Russia will cooperate with the League in determining a united course of action; and that such action will be based upon a policy of limited economic sanctions against Japan. To cut off war supplies and war funds would cripple Japan's capacity for aggression without seriously injuring its population. No doubt the international munitions ring will oppose such action (as the United States munitions and aircraft makers oppose the Senate measure giving the President power to declare an arms embargo), and it will run counter to other powerful commercial interests in the countries concerned. But it is also obvious that the weight of general interest in the Western world has begun to tip the

balance the other way; Japan's imperial ambitions have apparently alienated or frightened even its former supporters in France and England. It is important, however, that the policy adopted by the nations be expressed in terms so clear and so dispassionate that even Japan can find no excuse for assuming the role of the martyred country facing a hostile world. The method of non-intercourse can succeed only if it is deliberately planned as an alternative to war, not ■ ■ hostile act. The nations adopting such tactics must proceed in ■ passive mood; they must simply refuse to aid or abet an international crime. For more than a year Japan has listened to arguments and expostulations from the League; but it has gone straight ahead with its imperialist schemes knowing that it could turn to the very nations that talked the loudest and buy from them the arms and munitions necessary to carry out its plans. This cynical paradox can only be ended by international agreement to enforce an embargo on war materials.

MEANWHILE the proposal to give the President authority to lay down embargoes on munitions shipments to countries at war or threatening to go to war is meeting with obstacles in Congress. This authority would be used only after the United States had obtained "the cooperation of such nations as the President deemed necessary." The most obstinate opposition to the measure comes, of course, from the makers of war materials. The empowering resolution passed the Senate without much difficulty during the confusion attending the Long filibuster, but it has since been recalled for reconsideration upon the motion of Senator Bingham of Connecticut. It cannot be entirely accidental that Connecticut is the home of several large munitions factories. The manufacturers of airplanes have now blocked action on the resolution in the House. Its adoption, they maintain, would divert business to other countries; to quote Guy Vaughan of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, "no country would buy from us unless she could be sure she could continue to get parts and replacements for her planes as she needed them." This is the burden of their complaint. Apparently, they consider it sufficient merely to assert that adoption of the resolution would interfere with their profits.

A SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN does not, as yet, exist in Russia, though Stalin recently outlined its general character. But Moscow has published—and the Moscow correspondents have duly ignored—the Soviet program for 1933. Industrial production is scheduled to rise 16.5 per cent. Capital investment will amount to 18,000,000,000 rubles. Nine million tons of pig iron are to be produced, 8,900,000 tons of steel, 6,200,000 tons of rolled steel, 16,300,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity (compared with 1,900,000,000 in 1913), 84,000,000 tons of coal—coal production was 28,900,000 tons in 1913, 59,000,000 in 1931, and about 66,000,000 in 1932—and 24,400,000 tons of oil. Corresponding increases are expected in the output of machines, chemicals, consumers' goods, timber, and homes. Individual productivity in industry, according to the 1933 plan, will be raised 14 per cent and wages 9 per cent. This is an impressive undertaking, which indicates that even though the Bolsheviks have shifted the direction of industrial advance and moderated its speed, progress will continue to be rapid. In a world of unemployed millions, idle factories, and descending curves of production, such a program insures the support of the masses, who, despite present

hardships, see improvement on all sides. Poverty which accompanies progress is less disheartening than poverty in the midst of plenty. #

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to find ■ more completely disingenuous report than that made by Secretary of Commerce Chapin to the House Ways and Means Committee urging "compensating" tariffs for imports from countries with depreciated currencies. *The Nation* last week published the official figures which show that imports from Great Britain, for example, last year fell even more compared with the year before than did imports from France and Germany and other countries with currencies still at gold parity. It showed also that last year the direct trade relations of Great Britain and Japan with the United States were even less favorable to those countries than in the previous year. None of these facts is mentioned in Mr. Chapin's memorandum, and they can only be surmised from his various apologies. He remarks that what is important, anyway, is not the dollar value of imports, but the quantity of them. But even when we allow for a price decline of 13 per cent during the last year, the decline of 44 per cent in the value of British imports, for example, still indicates a very heavy decline by quantitative measurement. Mr. Chapin remarked that 232 commodities were imported in greater volume in 1932 than in 1931, but it turned out under the questioning of the committee that he did not know how many of these commodities came from depreciated-currency countries and how many from gold-basis countries. It further developed under questioning that the imported dutiable products in which increases were shown in 1932 amounted altogether in value to \$76,800,000, or less than 6 per cent of our total 1932 imports. What this means is merely that the other 94 per cent of our imports must have shown an even greater average decline than 37 per cent. In its juggling with figures the Hoover Administration is running true to form to its last gasp.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, whose resignation as Nathaniel Ropes Professor of Political Economy at Harvard is announced, has been a rare type of academician. His researches have had direct and practical effect upon the economic and social conditions which he has investigated. The foremost American authority on transportation economics, he was among the first to attack the abuses in railroad finance. Later he became a critical student of corporation practices in other fields. He was the pioneer in uncovering the increasing dissociation of ownership from control in corporate affairs. His "Wall Street and Main Street," published in 1927, after magazine publication of some of its material, was a direct attack on financial practices which have continued unchecked and today are recognized as in large degree responsible for our economic debacle. Professor Ripley was subjected to scathing counter-attack as a destructive and reckless critic who would put shackles on our progress and prosperity. Had his warnings been heeded, had a vigilant Administration followed his recommendations and enacted adequate statutory safeguards, the corporate structure would not have been built so high and so flimsily, and its crash would have been less ruinous. At this time, when the wreckage of enterprise and investment strewn the land, when the financial "widows and orphans" weep for their departed dollars, when suits against directors are being instituted everywhere in the hope of quickening assets long

since dead, the extent of Professor Ripley's contribution may be recognized. It is to be hoped that his health, the impairment of which caused his retirement, may be restored and that his mind and pen will long continue in the service of the American people.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION of New York has been asked to assume jurisdiction over the labor policies of the Brooklyn Edison Company. Thirty customers have filed a formal complaint that the discharge of some 2,300 employees impairs the "safe and adequate service" which under the law every public utility must furnish, and that power-house accidents have increased 100 per cent. The company replies that the commissioners have no more jurisdiction over its labor policies than over those of a department store or a hotel. Under a rigid and reactionary interpretation of the public-service statute, this may conceivably be maintained. Chairman Milo R. Maltbie, while asking for additional briefs, pointed out that the courts have ruled that the commission has no jurisdiction except such as is expressly conferred. He recalled that when the Public Service Commission was established in 1907, exclusion of labor questions from its jurisdiction was taken for granted. But that very contention justifies a new stand by the commission. A quarter of a century's experience has shown that regulation, even within the limited field prescribed for the commission, has proved inadequate. Service, on the whole, is satisfactory, but rates have continued excessive, owing chiefly to the limitations imposed upon commissions by the courts. Worker and investor—surely two other "parties at interest"—are wholly without safeguards. Counsel for the plaintiffs, Jerome Count, finds in the public-service law adequate ground for an interpretation sufficiently broad to include regulation of labor policies. It is high time that this issue be joined. If the commission rules that it has not this power, the law needs prompt revision to include protection of both worker and investor, as well as strengthening to provide true protection of the consumer. The companies will be well advised to cease opposing the extension of regulation, for public ownership looms as the imminent and only possible alternative.

BUT WHILE STATE REGULATION has been largely ineffective, "pitiless publicity," of which we heard during the last Democratic national Administration, has begun to produce results. The data assembled during the last four years by the Federal Trade Commission have furnished citizens and groups in hundreds of communities with the factual ammunition needed to attack high electric and gas rates. The one invaluable service rendered the consuming public during the Hoover Administration was that performed by the Federal Trade Commission. Yet, paradoxically, the branch of Congress dominated for the first time in seventeen years by Democrats—the party now committed to a new deal on the power question—has just voted a crippling cut in the appropriation for the Federal Trade Commission, \$510,000 against the budget recommendation of \$1,109,550. Already, as a result of curtailment, four volumes of testimony, including that on the Insull and Associated Gas and Electric systems, cannot be printed. The projected chain-store and stock-market investigations will have to be abandoned. Instead of reducing the appropriation of the Federal Trade Commission, Congress should double it and speed the work. The trifle over

a million dollars spent annually has already resulted in rate reductions which have saved the American electric consumer many times that amount. And the full force of the commission's findings has not yet been realized—thanks to the tenderness of the press for the power companies. Fortunately, the Senate threatens to hold up the entire appropriation bill unless the item for the Federal Trade Commission is restored.

THE BOARD OF TAX APPEALS has just written a learned and entertaining essay accompanying its refusal to grant Miss Lenore Ulrich the right to deduct from her taxable income \$11,129 allegedly spent in entertaining critics and other newspapermen. (The board digs into history to report that the custom of feeding the influential is old, and that Shakespeare is said to have died as a result of a dinner offered to certain rival poets; it then turns to anthropology to cite the fact that cannibals are often placated by a gift of salt; and, finally, it arrives at the great psychological truth that "the potency of donated favors, especially of food, in securing adherents is recognized." Nevertheless, it says no in the end, and Miss Ulrich is exposed to the rage of the principal New York critics, who tell the reporter of the *Times* that they were neglected. John Mason Brown denies that he ever got eleven thousand dollars' worth of entertainment from Miss Ulrich off stage or on; Burns Mantle complains wistfully that the story only confirms what he has long feared—namely, that he is not meeting the right people; while John Anderson is sure that nobody takes the trouble to entertain critics these days—not even the producers. When consulted, *The Nation's* own dramatic editor insisted that his failure to receive even a sandwich from the star of "Lulu Belle" was only another example of the penalty he has to pay for his well-known incorruptibility.

"DO YOU KNOW," writes a friend from the Middle West, "that people are riding up to relief stations in high-powered motor cars, getting food, and then driving off with it? What have you got to say to that?" Well, we have to say that people who live some distance from town and who have no other means of locomotion are going to hold on to their cars just as long as they can. It would not be economical for them to sell their cars—for which they could get almost nothing—and to buy a horse with the proceeds, for the animal has to be kept alive and a wagon must be purchased as well. For hundreds of thousands of people the automobile has become an absolute necessity. It is not a luxury, but the only means by which they can go from farm to farm, or to the village to swap, to bargain, to borrow, and sometimes to buy. In every town in the Middle West there are now rummage stores to which people bring all sorts of odds and ends that they can possibly dispense with in their homes in the hope of realizing thereby a few cents. Often the trip to the rummage store is made after the children have been deposited in the district school. In cases like these, the cost of gasoline, which in many places is as low as eight cents a gallon, must be figured in as a necessity of life, unless relief committees or towns establish delivery service. In several States, notably in Iowa and Indiana, the State authorities have put off the date for renewing licenses for 1933 in order to help the people who have no money but must drive. There is also a movement on foot in the legislatures to help the farmer by reducing the cost of drivers' licenses and car registration, whereas in New York the demand is for higher fees and licenses.

The Department of Labor: A Challenge

RECENT press reports declare that Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins of New York has told President-elect Roosevelt that she does not wish to be considered for the post of Labor in his Cabinet on the ground that the opposition to her appointment by organized labor would handicap and embarrass the coming Administration. Assuming the report to have some foundation—for the offer of the post to Miss Perkins is known to have been made—it raises pertinently the question of the purpose, scope, and potentialities of the Department of Labor. To make this department, for the first time in its brief and not too creditable history, a worthy and important administrative branch of the federal government, rendering real service to the millions of American workers, is one of Mr. Roosevelt's great opportunities.

Just how deeply rooted the purely political concept of government has been in America is proved by the fact that Cabinet posts dealing with the now admittedly overshadowing economic problems are of very recent origin. The Secretaryships of State, Treasury, and War, the offices of Attorney-General and Postmaster-General date from the beginning of our constitutional government. The Secretaryship of the Navy followed closely, in 1798. President Zachary Taylor, who played so large a part in extending our territory, created the Department of the Interior in 1849, when the nation, stretching now from ocean to ocean, became conscious that it had an interior. President Cleveland established the Department of Agriculture in 1889, a date that corresponds roughly with the disappearance of free land in the United States. President Roosevelt, in 1903, when the United States had become a world Power and was beginning to ship the dollar overseas, established the Department of Commerce and Labor, and made George B. Cortelyou its first Secretary. A private secretary, a lawyer, a merchant, and a lawyer successively held the post. Then Woodrow Wilson, imbued with ideas of the "new freedom," created two departments where but one had existed, and named as the first Secretary of Labor a man who had known at first hand the problems of the worker—William B. Wilson.

The World War gave labor an artificially favored position and, through the collaboration of the Wilson regime with Samuel Gompers, endowed the American Federation of Labor with a brief prestige. The Administration, however, ended in the red haze of the "deportations delirium" of 1920 in conjunction with the hysteria of Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, against which Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis F. Post alone battled gallantly, and not wholly in vain. Then came "normalcy." As evidence thereof, the organizer of the Loyal Order of Moose, with the distinction, carefully publicized, of having labored as a puddler, became Secretary of Labor—for ten years. It mattered little who filled this tail-end Cabinet job. In those gilded days A. F. of L. leaders sat on festive boards with bankers and magnates—indeed, became bankers and industrialists themselves—while the open shop and the company union, rechristened "the American plan," flourished. William Nuckles Doak, with no appreciable record of having labored but with a quarter-century's career as a labor-union official, followed Davis. And today, with

labor in the United States stripped of illusory advantages, its effectiveness long since undermined by the personal ambition of so-called leaders, its ranks disintegrating, the cry goes up from the federation officials that they must control and head the Department of Labor! What is there in the history, in the achievement, in the service of this clique of self-perpetuating labor bureaucrats that validates any such claim? Even if they may fairly be said to represent the 2,500,000 who still retain their A. F. of L. cards, what is this trifling number compared with the 40,000,000 wage-earners who are American labor, and for the last twelve years have been virtually unrepresented in the administrative councils at Washington? And what is there in the record of the federation candidate, Daniel J. Tobin, to justify his appointment? Like his predecessors, Wilson and Davis, he is an example of an immigrant who has risen to success. For twenty-five years he has been president of the Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen, and Helpers at a salary in excess of a Cabinet officer's.

We know of nothing in the career of Daniel Tobin that compares with the wide experience, the diversity of interest within the broad field of labor and industrial relations, and above all the superlative personal achievement of Frances Perkins. Since the completion of her studies, first at Mount Holyoke, then at the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University, Miss Perkins, working unceasingly for better conditions of life and labor, has to each assignment brought high intelligence, courage, vision, and practical efficiency. She has been secretary of the Philadelphia Research and Protective Association, executive secretary of the Consumers' League of New York, executive secretary of the State Committee on Safety, director of investigations of the New York State Factory Commission, during the war executive director of the State Council of Organization for War Service, New York State Industrial Commissioner, director of the Council on Immigrant Education, member and later chairman of the New York State Industrial Board. Both theory and practice are hers to a unique degree. With her own eyes she saw the ghastly Triangle factory fire. As factory inspector and as head of the New York Committee of Safety she has labored unremittingly and successfully for the elimination of industrial hazards. The bare official record gives no adequate picture of the patient, steadfast labor in education, administration, and diplomacy which has enabled Frances Perkins again and again to reconcile the conflicting interests of employer and employee.

For twenty years the Department of Labor in Washington—with the shining exception of the Children's Bureau, so ably presided over first by Julia Lathrop and now by Grace Abbott—has been a convenient repository for a few political legatees. During the days of boost and boast that mattered less. Today, with labor shattered and demoralized, a tremendous task in organization and coordination confronts the Department of Labor. To correlate with federal efforts the scattering activities of forty-eight States and countless cities, to recreate employment and restore decent standards of labor—these are major tasks of the government. The new Administration could make no better beginning than to enlist the devoted and expert services of Frances Perkins.

The Mortgage Problem

AS the seriousness of the farm-mortgage situation becomes increasingly apparent, there is some danger that well-intentioned but only half-thought-out legislation may be passed which will create evils greater than those it seeks to cure. It is above all necessary to keep constantly in mind the complex nature of the problem, and the secondary consequences of all suggested remedies.

Most of the solutions so far proposed fall into two main divisions. The first group would have farm mortgages taken over in one way or another by the federal government. It is proposed, for example, that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation pay the whole or some part of a defaulted mortgage to the mortgagee, and become itself the holder of the farmer's mortgage. (This is a mere extension of the perilous policy of subsidy that the government has already been pursuing with the banks and the railroads. The government, in effect, would be called upon to validate many unsound loans made by present mortgagees; in the long run the taxpayer rather than the mortgagee would be compelled to take the loss. Meanwhile the result would be a further extension of the government's debt and a consequent restriction of its possible borrowing power for other purposes, such as direct relief. Nor would the government as a mortgage-holder be likely to prove very effective as a collection agency. It is probable that government-held mortgages on farms would be whittled down from time to time by various legislative measures and special pleas.

The group of farm-mortgage remedies more often proposed, and already partially in effect, involves some sort of moratorium either with the voluntary consent of the mortgagees or through the united action of farmers. The most frequent suggestion has been for a complete moratorium for a period of two years. But apart from legal difficulties, such a general moratorium, if it involved payments of interest as well as principal, might have extremely serious social effects. It has been estimated that about 15 per cent of all farm mortgages are held by farmers themselves, most of them retired farmers, while other individuals hold about 15 per cent more. Among these individual holders are certainly many who depend almost entirely on their interest for a modest living. Under a general indiscriminating moratorium they would be forced for two years to accept nothing, even though many of the farm-owners could afford to pay something. The remaining 70 per cent of farm mortgages are held by federal land banks, joint-stock land banks, commercial banks, mortgage companies, and insurance companies. The effect of a general moratorium would certainly be to bankrupt many of these, ruining depositors in commercial banks and still further reducing confidence. It would not even do much toward solving the problem of the debtor, for at the end of the two-year period there would be an immense amount of accumulated interest to be paid.

Such considerations need not lead us to reject completely all moratorium or even all government-aid proposals, but they reveal how necessary it is to keep constantly in mind the dangers likely to be found in any simple, sweeping remedy. Any proposal must be elastic enough to allow for the capacity to pay of various individual debtors, and even for the position of the creditor. Some of the problems involved could perhaps

be most satisfactorily adjusted by special local committees.

But there is one general step that could and should be taken immediately, and that should apply not merely to farm mortgages but to mortgages on urban homes as well, and perhaps to those on all real estate. This is legislation which would compel the holder of a mortgage, upon the request of the home- or farm-owner, to renew for at least two years more any mortgage falling due, say, within the next two years. Such legislation might further provide that for several years following this period the holder could not demand payment of the principal of his mortgage at a rate of more than 5 per cent a year. This step would protect all the essential rights of the mortgagee; it would assure his continuity of income so far as the law can assure it, as well as his power for redress where interest payments are not continued; and it would mitigate, if not prevent, the chaotic situation that is otherwise almost certain to develop. The value of real estate in general has collapsed violently, and there is no reason to suppose that the major part of this collapse is a temporary one. This means that all mortgagees will be anxious to call their mortgages, or drastically to reduce their capital amounts, at the earliest opportunity. It would be impossible for farmers or urban home-owners to raise the capital sums demanded, and they would lose their farms or homes even though they were able to continue to meet interest payments. Nothing can stop a general reduction and liquidation of mortgages. Only legislation of the type proposed can help to make that liquidation orderly rather than a disorderly and cruel one.

Doctors and the Public

IF the doctors of the country had deliberately framed a plan to antagonize the public and goad the American people into a demand for some form of state medicine, they could hardly have acted with more effect than they have since the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care made public its report last December. The tactics of the more vocal physicians seriously threaten the future independence of the whole profession. There can be no question whatever that the public is increasingly insistent on protection against the economic hazards of illness. Too many persons—especially in these desperate times—have been financially devastated by doctors' and hospital bills. In response to this demand the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, after a thorough canvass of the whole field of medical economics, issued the report which has so generally aroused the medical profession. To be sure, the report exonerated the doctors of profiteering—for which service the profession might have shown more appreciation than it has—and proved most conclusively that the financial burdens of illness are hard to bear, not because doctors are overpaid, but because the expenses come unexpectedly and often in staggering doses.

To remedy this situation the committee has proposed "group payment." It has urged that the costs of medical service be met by the annual payment of small fixed sums by large groups of people, whether they are sick or well, rather than in big and unpredictable amounts by individuals when they happen to be ill. All of the twenty-five physicians on the committee approved of the group-payment principle, though eight urged control of such plans exclusively by the medical pro-

fession. The committee also recommended that costs be reduced and service facilitated through an extension of "group practice." None of the twenty-five doctors on the committee disapproved of this principle, although a small minority pointed out certain dangers and limitations. The entire committee agreed that taxation should be resorted to to defray the expenses of medical care for those who could not afford to pay fees. Eight out of the forty-eight members of the committee said that the industrial States should "plan for legislation" to require "persons in certain income groups, certain occupations, or certain areas to subscribe for health insurance." But the committee was unanimous in urging that the group-practice and group-payment methods be applied voluntarily and by private medical agencies—not by state compulsion or under government control.

In spite of the plain letter and intent of the committee's report, those who speak for the medical profession have played it up as a demand for "state medicine." (Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the official *Journal of the American Medical Association*—who never practiced medicine in his life—is engaged in a campaign of editorials and stump speeches before medical societies in condemnation of the report. He views it as a combination of mass production, socialism, and revolution. The issue, as he has phrased it, is "Americanism versus Sovietism for the American people." (Several of his stock arguments are summarized in a letter to the editors printed elsewhere in this issue.) Local medical organizations in various parts of the country have passed incendiary resolutions against the report; a particularly imposing set adopted by the St. Louis Medical Society on January 17 contained these words: "The majority group [of the committee] now offers to medicine . . . a cup of gall, an incitement to revolution, disorganization, separation, heretical practice, and the abrogation in principle of the general practitioner." Dr. Logan Clendening, who discusses medical matters in his syndicated newspaper articles, argues against group payment on the ground that someone who is "mentally diseased" might "eat his insurance certificates" and there would be "no way to prove he is entitled to medical care." Dr. Samuel Kopetzky, editor of the *New York Medical Week*, delivered a radio speech under the auspices of the New York Academy of Medicine in which he asserted that "representatives of the small group that has made millions through capitalism" (meaning, presumably, the foundations which financed the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care) advocate "state medicine" and "medical socialism"—a surprising anomaly, if it were true.

All this sound and fury betrays a state of mind as natural as it is easy to understand. The medical profession realizes that some sort of change is imminent. In these desperate days many doctors would undoubtedly welcome a plan of organization which could be counted upon to yield them a steady, even if limited, income. But the self-appointed spokesmen of the profession and most of the medical societies look upon any concrete proposals for change with a suspicion born of conservatism and fear. They resent the investigations and oppose the recommendations of "outsiders." Yet no enterprise was ever more clearly "affected with a public interest" than is the practice of medicine. If under private ownership and operation the medical profession is unable to provide good care at prices which the people can pay, some sort of state control is inevitable. The doctors know this and look with suspicion upon any suggestion that even points toward socialization. The

majority report of the committee offers the only plausible alternative to such control that we have heard of: voluntary organization to cut costs and ease the burden of payment. In their own interests, the wise and moderate members of the profession should halt the attack that is being led by their vociferous representatives.)

Purity at the Port

THE current issue of the Catholic weekly *America* contains an excited article urging upon its readers the duty of prosecuting the publishers of certain current books "dripping with the virulence of sex." The author, Father Francis X. Talbot, sketches the plots of several novels and promises later to describe for the delectation of the pure similar publications in Germany. But though campaigns of this sort doubtless still titillate the imagination of those to whom only the vicarious indulgence in evil thoughts seems permissible, the fact remains that the influence of the vice crusader has suffered an eclipse hardly less near to totality than that of the Anti-Saloon League itself. Speakeasies do, as a matter of fact, still keep up a pretense of secrecy, but even the more esoteric of erotic classics like the "Venus in Furs" of Sacher-Masoch are quite openly displayed in drugstore windows. This is an age of hard drinking and plain speaking. It is not even worth one's while to discuss whether or not the emphasis contributed by the crusaders made it drink a little harder and speak a little plainer than it would otherwise have done. But it is perfectly clear that law has been incapable of controlling the customs to which it is now gradually giving its consent.

For several years no reputable publisher has been successfully prosecuted, and the chances are that the test case now pending will establish the right of Joyce's "Ulysses" to circulate freely. But there is nothing which illustrates more strikingly the conscious weakness of the censors than the strange behavior of the customs authorities, who admit their unwillingness to allow the validity of their decisions to be tested by the courts. Six years ago a presentation copy of George Moore's "A Story Teller's Holiday" was seized at the port. Recently a copy imported by Dr. Ernest Sutherland Bates was passed—simply because it was known that the National Council for Freedom from Censorship planned to question the authority of the Customs Bureau to keep it out. But that is not all. When asked if this action was to be considered a precedent, the bureau replied frankly that it was not, and it implied that the book might be barred whenever the importer was not prepared to question the decision. Thus a novel by a contemporary author may be a classic on Monday and indecent on Tuesday.

The situation is not made any more logical by the circumstance that an American edition of the same book was printed and disposed of, but the really significant fact is simply the willingness of the customs authorities to play fast and loose with their own rules. The artful dodge and the legal technicality are supposed to be the resource of the malefactor rather than of constituted authorities. One expects the smuggler to temporize and to escape the test of the courts as often as he can. But one hardly expects the representatives of the law to be concerned only with what they can get away with.

Issues and Men

Racine: A Dentist, a Salesman, and a Priest

RACINE, Wisconsin, is a fortunate city. It has a self-constituted clique of guardians who are determined that there shall be no treasonable utterances within its limits, and that no unworthy persons shall be allowed to speak there. So, of course, when it was announced that the contributing editor of *The Nation* had been invited to speak in Racine these censors rose in their wrath. The society of the Forty and Eight, a subsidiary of the American Legion, passed resolutions that no such bolshevik and Communist and pacifist as Oswald Garrison Villard should be allowed to appear in Racine; and the Episcopal rector who had offered a hall hastily withdrew it. The Elks, when asked, said they would gladly grant their hall to "anybody except Mr. Villard." The beautiful memorial hall erected to the memory of Racine's soldiers in all our wars since Bunker Hill was, of course, denied. It remained for the Danish Brotherhood to offer theirs when, the original committee of invitation having disbanded, representatives of the Socialist Party invited the offender to come to Racine in shameless defiance of the patriots' fiat.

When I arrived in Racine I called upon the commander of the Legion, Dr. W. H. Gearan, veteran of a dental company in the World War. He was suave, oily, diplomatic. He explained carefully that the matter had not originated with the Legion, but in the Forty and Eight, and that the Legion had merely approved the action of its subsidiary in a perfectly perfunctory way. Had he ever read a word that I had said or written? He had not. Had he made any effort to verify the facts in the fatal dossier which was the basis of the action taken? He had not. Had it occurred to him that in fair play the matter might be taken up with the offender and he be given a chance to answer to the indictment? It had not. Was he aware of the fact that the Constitution of the United States guaranteed to every citizen, however wicked, the right to free speech, besides saying something about free press and free assembly? He believed that there was something in the Constitution to that effect, but he reiterated that the responsibility for this action rested with the Forty and Eight; the American Legion had merely gone along. Naturally he could not agree with me in my belief that American citizens who undertake of their own free will to override the Constitution of the United States and to nullify it are bad citizens, and that their organization is an unworthy one.

This worthy tooth-puller slipped up, however, in that he did not immediately telephone to his confrere, the head of the Forty and Eight. I found the latter to be a plain, uneducated salesman, rejoicing in the fine old New England name of George Admadt. He let the cat out of the bag. It was the soldier-dentist himself who had introduced the resolution in the committee of Forty and Eight, and urged its passage upon that organization! Mr. Admadt admitted that he had himself had the resolution put through. What was in the indictment? He could not remember a single word. Had it ever occurred to him that there might be another side? It had not. Could he not remember a single one of the offenses alleged? Not one. But he was certain they were proved to the hilt.

Was he aware that the Constitution of the United States had been amended? No, he did not know that there had ever been an amendment to the Constitution. Then he was not aware that the Constitution guaranteed free speech, free press, free assembly? No; with unfeigned surprise he stated that no one had ever told him this in his entire life. After all, he had merely done what the wily and dodging doctor had asked him to do. But he was certain that everything done was exactly right, that the Forty and Eight was a patriotically virtuous association, and that it could not possibly have violated the dictates of the Constitution or the traditions of the Republic.

Next I sought the priest. That shepherd of the community had attended the first meeting of the committee and had been told that the meeting was to be addressed by the contributing editor of *The Nation*; everybody else heard the statement, but when the American Legion acted, the shepherd, remembering the Scriptural injunction to do unto others what one would have done unto oneself, promptly withdrew the use of the hall. He had not understood that it was that dreadful man, Villard of *The Nation*, who was to be invited; probably he had supposed that it was another journalist of the same name. The priest could not be located, so it was not possible to ascertain his understanding of the Constitution. Amusingly enough, he himself rejoices in the Anglo-Saxon name of Roth. It is German for red, but plainly he wears another color. As for the terrible dossier, it lies before me. It appears that I was once a member of the American Association for Medical Aid to Russia; that I once conferred "with an agent from Moscow" with the result that there arose the Federated Farmers' Labor Party (news to me!); that I am a member of the Association for Old Age Security, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, whose purpose is "the wiping out of color lines," and, despite my sex, the Women's Peace Society!

Now, I am perfectly well aware that American liberties would not crash nor the world stand still if Oswald Garrison Villard were to be barred from every hall in the West instead of having been welcomed in many on a long speaking trip just ended. But the principle at stake is so important that I have violated my rule and written about myself in the best manner of our daily columnists. Also, it seemed as if our readers ought to know something of the mentality, the character, and the ignorance of the self-constituted censors, who, in the guise of patriots, are preparing the way to the best of their ability for a fascist overthrow of our American institutions. In Racine the net result was, of course, much publicity and a splendid audience, about twice as large as it would have been had the censors held their peace. That is what always happens when you try to suppress free speech. But patriots of the Racine type are not mentally able to grasp this simple truth.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Who Stands Behind Hitler?

By LUDWIG LORE

ELECTIONS to be held on March 5 for the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet and on March 12 for all Prussian municipalities will decide, not the fate of the Hitler-Hugenberg Government, but whether that coalition is to continue in outward conformity with the constitution or the recognized dictatorship of a national minority. Adolf Hitler has already announced that Reichstag elections are being held "for tactical reasons," and that their outcome will "in no way determine the course of the present government," even if the election fails to give a majority to the reactionary coalition. Regarded objectively, this announcement is not so revolutionary as it may appear. The Reichstag long ago ceased to play a role in German government. For two years, under Brüning, Papen, and Schleicher, the country has been governed by presidential edicts, in form if not in essence in accord with that provision of the Weimar constitution which permits the President to use dictatorial power in situations of extreme emergency. Republican in form Germany's government may be; in content it has been as autocratic as any under Hohenzollern rule.

The new German Cabinet is made up of two distinct groups which, though they agree in fundamental aim and outlook, differ, often widely, in tactics and in the social and economic interests they represent. The German Nationalist People's Party, the political expression of the Junker aristocracy and a certain influential group of industrialists, is led by Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, millionaire owner of a large string of conservative newspapers and the Ufa film-production company. It was he who induced his party to adopt a frankly monarchistic platform. Several years ago his political organization sent more than 100 deputies to the Reichstag. Since then its representation has fallen to 41, rising to 51 under the wing of the Papen Government after the election in November. The party owes much of its popular following to the "Steel Helmets," world-war veterans of the conservative, reactionary type, well-trained, experienced soldiers. Under the leadership of its commander and founder, Franz Seldte, a well-to-do liquor manufacturer of Saxony and an important figure in the Nationalist Party movement, which he represents as Labor Minister in the Hitler Cabinet, the Steel Helmet has been an effective force against the labor movement. In the Rhineland, in Hamburg, and in Saxony bankers and manufacturers constitute an important adjunct to Hugenberg's party. The ideology of the Hugenberg-Seldte group is further expressed in the Cabinet by Neurath, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron von Schwerin Krosigk, Minister of Finance, Baron Eltz von Rügenach, Minister of Post and Transport, Dr. Grüttner, Minister of Justice, Dr. Gereke, Reich Commissioner for the Creation of Employment, and General Werner von Blomberg, a military man who has hitherto played no important part in party politics. Papen, Vice-Chancellor and Commissioner with dictatorial power for Prussia, at one time member of the Centrist Party, made his peace with Hugenberg a year ago and is today probably his most intimate adviser.

The National Socialist German Labor Party has only three representatives in the new Cabinet: Adolf Hitler, Chan-

cellor; Wilhelm Fricke, Minister of the Interior; and Hermann Göring, President of the last Reichstag and now Secretary for the Development of Germany's Air Forces and Minister of the Interior for Prussia. But in the hands of these three has been placed control over the police force of Germany and Prussia and the appointment of all Reich and Prussian officials. The growth of the National Socialist movement during the three years that have passed since local elections were last held in Prussia will be reflected in a tremendous increase in fascist votes. It is already accepted as a foregone conclusion that most of the large cities, industrial centers, and provincial districts will be dominated by National Socialist majorities after March 12. This is important not merely because it gives that party complete control of Germany's largest state. It also assures the Nazis of a majority in the State Council of Prussia, which is elected by the provincial councils and which, in turn, elects the members from Prussia to the Reichsrat, the upper house of the national government, in which five smaller states are already represented by National Socialists. Should the election produce a Reichstag that will stand behind the coalition Cabinet, the Reichsrat, which ratifies all laws passed by the Reichstag and sanctions government proposals before they are submitted to the lower house, will become an important factor in national affairs.

Nationalists and National Socialists will, because of a fundamental similarity of outlook, be able to cooperate for a time. Both parties are composed of extreme nationalists, monarchists, and militarists who dream of the return of their country's pre-war greatness and believe in the possibility of its regeneration through a youth trained to military service and obedience to the state, and an army and navy that will restore to the Fatherland the territory and colonies it once possessed. The two parties are also at one in their determination to end unemployment by a system of universal labor service under which the nation's youth is to be enrolled for a stated period in a disciplined working army for the performance of public construction and reconstruction work. The National Socialists first promulgated the idea of compulsory labor service for Germany. Their party maintains a special labor-service department and regards it as the patriotic duty of every German youth to contribute his services to the upbuilding of the nation. Volunteer labor camps established by National Socialists, the Steel Helmet, and the state furnish the basis on which this forced labor service is to be built. In them the work soldier receives maintenance, housing, clothing, and pocket money of from 30 to 50 pfennigs (7 to 12 cents) a day. Labor Minister Seldte, discussing the immediate program of the new government with the press, announced its intention of proceeding at once with labor conscription. For the present this labor army is to be used chiefly for the reclamation of swamps and unfertile tracts, for the building of power stations in connection with a widespread system of flood protection, for the extension of the country's road system, for the building of airdromes and air-traffic stations, and for reforestation work. The financing of this costly project, the government believes, can be accom-

plished out of the sums now expended for unemployment relief. German labor unions see in this new step an instrument for wage reductions, a menace to labor's right to collective bargaining and wage agreements, a threat to its arbitration system, its social services, and its right to strike for better working conditions.

Their mutual devotion to the monarchist cause constitutes another firm bond of sympathetic understanding between the parties of the "Harzburg coalition." To the Junker the nation exists for the wealthy landowner and powerful aristocrat, subservient to a rock-ribbed monarchical government. With the growth of international commerce and industry these landed reactionaries were forced to admit rich bankers, industrial magnates, and merchants to their hallowed circles. Their younger sons, forced by circumstance, were permitted to enter the offices and homes of these "capitalist upstarts." But they are as arrogant as ever in their assumption of a God-given superiority and a heaven-sent right to direct the destinies of the nation. "Presidents die," exclaimed Friedrich von Winterfeld, Hugenberg's successor on the executive committee of the German Nationalist People's Party, when the election campaign was opened, "but the king lives forever."

The National Socialist Party is less outspoken in its attitude toward monarchical restoration, although its program, too, states that "Germany must be ruled by one man." Moreover, Hitler's close association with the highest aristocracy and the Hohenzollern princelings speaks for itself.

Notwithstanding the similarity of their aims, a deep gulf divides the world outlook of the Nazis from that of the aristocratic leaders of the Hugenberg wing. These National "Socialists" are motivated, as their meretricious name would indicate, by a mixture of under-dog resentment and Nietzschean nationalism of the crudest type. They lack the cultural background, the bred-in-the-bone self-assurance, and the disdain for the lower classes that dominate their brethren-in-arms. Their nationalism has a vociferous aggressiveness that appeals to the masses because it can be expressed in action; the Nationalist is more inclined to use diplomacy and to appeal to the traditions that centuries of monarchist education bred into the German people. The same difference in viewpoint marks their approach to the problem of the Jew. Both are anti-Semitic. The contempt of the old Prussian conservative for the Jew is proverbial. The Semite was not tolerated in public office and could not become an officer in army or navy; permission to marry a Jewess was granted to penurious army officers only in exceptional cases, where the great wealth and social position of the bride became an extenuating circumstance. Under the Hohenzollerns it was practically impossible for a Jewish immigrant to become a citizen. But neither the Conservative Party nor its present successor, the German Nationalist People's Party, discriminated against the Jew in their official programs. They took anti-Semitism for granted. National Socialists, on the other hand, emphasize the anti-Jewish position, often to the exclusion of all other issues. Theirs is the anti-Semitism of the middle class, a hatred that is born out of bread-and-butter considerations. They hate the Jew as the successful competitor who has crowded the tradesman to the wall with his department-store and chain-store establishments, against which both Nationalists and National Socialists are waging a campaign for governmental restriction. The recent announcement by "a spokesman of the government in the Foreign Office" that nothing will be undertaken against the Jew is a bid

for favorable public opinion until such time as the government shall be firmly entrenched. Wilhelm Fricke, the official spokesman of the Nazi Cabinet group, announced in an interview that measures will be taken in the interest of the unemployed to expel all "unnaturalized foreign workers and other undesirables," the latter term referring to those Eastern Jews who were naturalized in the Republic and whose presence has always been particularly obnoxious to the National Socialists.

Germany, like every other European Power, is confronted with the urgent necessity of increasing its trade balance, which, though exports still exceed imports, is dropping to lower levels from month to month despite stringent import regulations. National Socialists and Nationalists propose to solve this well-nigh unsolvable problem by a policy of national self-sufficiency. The Nazi press and propaganda literature preach a return to the Spartan life of Germany's forefathers and rail against the weakening influence of foreign luxuries on Germany's manhood. Hugenberg's party, while it does not support the Hitler platform of *Autarkie*, demands prohibition of all imports except raw materials—a sound basis for the development of industry and commerce.

Are the days of this reactionary Cabinet counted? I doubt it. The forces that stand for democratic and liberal government outside the labor movement are practically nonexistent. The Centrist Party with its Bavarian annex, the Bavarian People's Party, is at present opposed to the new government. But this opposition cannot be taken very seriously, the Center having negotiated for weeks with Hitler for the establishment of a coalition Cabinet. The largest labor party in Germany, the Social Democratic Party, in spite of two years of uninterrupted Nazi growth, had such confidence in Hindenburg that it would not believe that the "grand old man" would intrust the chancellorship to the National Socialist chief. Unfortunately, it held to this unfounded conviction to the end and therefore neglected to prepare a solid and united phalanx of labor against this eventuality. In Cologne, on February 6, Wilhelm Sollmann, one of the party's most influential and conservative leaders, called upon Moscow to conclude a non-aggression pact with the German Social Democracy such as it had signed with France and Poland, a counsel that comes late, if not too late to unite Communists and Socialists, who were but yesterday waging such bitter warfare against each other that their mutual hostility and distrust were hardly less than their feeling against the real enemy of the worker. The Socialist Workers' Party of Germany, a small but active secession movement from the Social Democracy, has been urging on both parties the necessity of a united front against fascism, as the only means whereby the National Socialists can be defeated. But Communists as well as Social Democrats turned deaf ears to their pleadings. The Communist Party will be suppressed, the protestations of Göring and Dr. Fricke to the contrary notwithstanding, and is probably prepared for an underground existence. But it is as yet, in part because of its unrealistic methods, not strong enough in following and influence to fight the terror of a government that will stop at nothing to abolish the constitutionally guaranteed rights and liberties of a people, the freedom of movement and action of labor—a government that has made the individual the helpless tool of autocracy and despotism, that has replaced culture and progressive thought with bigotry and fanaticism.

The future of the German people is dark indeed.

An Iowa Foreclosure

By CHARLOTTE HUBBARD PRESCOTT

EARLY in January at Le Mars, in northwestern Iowa, a mob of a thousand farmers seized the attorney for an insurance company, dangled a rope before his eyes, and threatened him with immediate lynching. They held the judge of the district court a prisoner in his chambers and defied the county sheriff. And they got what they wanted—the withdrawal of foreclosure proceedings against one farmer and the defeat of a deficiency judgment against another. It was the opening engagement between an organized rural population and established authority—social revolution in the corn-fields of Iowa.

This is startling news, but the incident at Le Mars was no sudden or isolated outburst. The dissatisfaction of the Middle West is profound and widespread. Over two years ago the agent for a farmers' loan company told me: "Unless you get out into the country, you don't know what's happening there. The farmers aren't making even a bare living, most of them. And men don't see their families going hungry without doing something about it."

They began doing something about it last summer. Their first gesture against things as they were was the "cow war," in which farmers refused—with shotguns—to have their cattle tested for tuberculosis. Then came the far more important Farmers' Holiday movement, an attempt to raise the price of farm products by keeping them on the farm, by force when necessary. The attempt was unsuccessful. Prices are even lower than last year when they were the lowest in history. Through delinquent tax sales, the foreclosure of farm and chattel mortgages, and deficiency judgments the farmer is facing the loss not only of his farm but of his grain, live stock, and machinery as well. His home, his tools, and his place of business are all threatened.

A Farmers' Council of Defense has recently been organized, composed of ten leading farmers of Iowa and South Dakota. This heads a large organization of farmers which stems directly from the Holiday movement. The council acts as a judiciary body to decide upon the grievances of the farmers. If it decides, for example, that the foreclosure of a certain farm mortgage is unjust, it passes the word along to a thousand farmers—and the foreclosure is halted.

"You want to talk to me?" The whiskered little old man wearily closed one eye, as if it had looked at the world too long, and gazed at me out of the other. He was a lawyer who had lived in Le Mars for fifty years. "Yes," I said, "I want you to tell me, if you have time, about the farmers' revolt."

We were standing in the lobby of the hotel which has long been a landmark for the 5,000 inhabitants of Le Mars. The little old man sighed and seated himself in a worn leather armchair, while he pulled on a pair of overshoes which zipped to his knees. Then he rose and adjusted a sealskin cap over his eyebrows. "I never have any time," he said, "so you may as well come across the street to my office now."

We climbed a steep flight of wooden steps and settled ourselves in his office. "I tell you," he began, "the farmer's

slide to ruin really started a long time ago, but it speeded up considerably soon after the war. The farmer was urged to raise all he could and he got big prices for his crops. All sorts of companies sprang up. Potash companies and packing houses and oil companies—two or three oil companies right here in northwest Iowa.

"A salesman would say to a farmer, 'You're getting 4 to 4½ per cent on your government bonds. Well, our company pays 8 per cent.' So away would go some gilt-edged liberty bonds. Farmers bought everything under the sun. All kinds of farm machinery, one, two, three, four automobiles, and all the land they could get their hands on at three or four hundred dollars an acre.

"Things went along pretty well for a while, until the prices of farm products went down and farmers began borrowing money on their farms. It was easy to borrow. Then came the crash in Wall Street, and Eastern companies called back their money and started foreclosing the mortgages they held. Often the farmers had deficiency judgments rendered against them. When a farm is sold after a mortgage is foreclosed, if the amount it brings doesn't equal the amount of the mortgage—I told you that the money was borrowed when farm land was sky high—the court issues a judgment to cover the difference and attaches the farmer's grain and live stock and machinery. What makes it worse is that the mortgagee can send a receiver out to the farm right away to run it and collect the amount of the judgment, so the farmer is done out of the year of redemption after foreclosure that he's always been allowed before in Iowa. You don't have to be a radical to sympathize with the farmer. I've lived in this community fifty years and I know the people around here pretty well."

I questioned one of the county officers in the red sandstone courthouse. "Last week's battle?" he answered, "I tell you it was mighty serious. You see, according to the law here in Plymouth County when a mortgage is going to be foreclosed, the sheriff announces the sale of the land and the sale has to take place outside the north door of the courthouse." There were red pillars at the entrance, I remembered, and a steep flight of stone steps leading to it.

"Last Wednesday a sale had been advertised and crowds of farmers began to gather along about nine o'clock. When the sheriff and the lawyer for the insurance company came out on the north porch, the lawyer made his bid. The trouble with foreclosure sales nowadays is that the folks who hold the mortgage are usually the only ones who bid and naturally they aren't going to bid very high.

"Well, the lawyer bid somewhere around \$30,000 for 320 acres of land. Good land, you understand. Used to be worth \$300 an acre. That left about \$3,000 deficiency. Someone in the crowd yelled, 'You bid the whole amount of the mortgage!' He said, 'I can't bid any more than I'm told to bid.' Then they hauled him down the steps. After they got him down in the yard, they told him again to bid the full amount of the mortgage, and he said again he couldn't. The sheriff tried to get over to him, but he's a slight fellow. Any-

way, what could he do against so many? Someone had cut a piece of rope from a swing in the courthouse yard and they said they were going to put it around the lawyer's neck and hitch it to the back end of a car and if he couldn't keep up it would be just too bad.

"Finally they asked him if he'd send a telegram to his company in New York. He said he would. So they dictated a telegram to him. I didn't see just the wording, but it wound up, 'My neck is in danger.' Everyone felt sorry for the man who was losing his farm. We call him one of the 'good Johnsons.' He's seventy years old, and his folks broke the ground on his farm with a pair of oxen. At his age it would have gone pretty hard with him if he'd had a debt settled on him besides losing his farm. I suppose, as it is, he'll rent his farm from the insurance company. Oh yes, Lawyer Lampson got word back to bid the full amount of the mortgage." He paused as a cheerful-looking woman entered unannounced. "This is my wife," he said. "Mary, you tell this lady your view of what happened here last week."

Mary took up the story, settling her pince-nez firmly in place. "When the mob started yelling at Ed," she said, "I was right out on the steps with him. Ed's the lawyer they were after. I've known Ed all his life and I used to work for his father. There was one man in the crowd who was a sort of leader. He stood up against one of the pillars. When he hollered, 'Make him bid!' they crowded up around Ed and the sheriff. And when he yelled, 'Let's take him for a ride!' they all yelled, 'Let's take him for a ride!' and hustled him down those eighteen stone steps. After Ed had sent off the telegram, he came right back and mingled with the crowd. Brave? I should say he was brave!

"But I'm sorry for the farmers. What I say is, if the farmer has to take a big loss, why shouldn't the company that lent him the money take one, too?

"Well, that gave them a taste of blood. Saturday, they gathered here again. They went to the Farm Bureau agent's office and told him to get out. They said, 'We're the law here! We're in the majority!' You read in the paper, didn't you, about how they kept the judge 'incomunicado' while they were threatening Ed and the sheriff? John, here, was with the judge when it happened."

John flicked off the keys of his typewriter with a substantial hand. "I thought he might need a little help. A gang of farmers came into the judge's chambers—sixty or seventy, I guess. They told the judge not to sign any more foreclosure decrees or they'd have a necktie party and he 'wouldn't need his hat.' The judge said that he was only doing his duty as he'd sworn to do and they asked him, 'Is your oath more important than women and children?'

"Then they rounded up all the lawyers and put them on the spot in the judge's office. Made them sign an agreement for a moratorium on mortgages for thirty days. The judge was called on the 'phone. Someone grabbed him by the collar and said, 'You stay here until we're through with you!' Then they all began making speeches. One man said: 'We're going to draw a line at the Mississippi and have our own country west of it. Have a capital at Des Moines or somewhere. Make our own laws, make our own money.' They talked about everything, even the gold standard. There was an old man right in front of the judge and whenever anyone made a point, he'd pound the table. 'Get that!' he'd holler to the

judge, 'get that!' The toughest ones weren't farmers at all but riffraff, you might say, hangers on. But the leaders were mostly good men. Square shooters."

Henry van de Stegen has an office on Main Street. He has thirteen farms of his own and looks after thirty more. Last year he collected \$500 from his farms and paid \$2,600 in taxes. Twice he has been called before the Farmers' Council on the complaint of renters and both times he was told that he had been more than fair.

"The deficiency judgments that the farmers are holler-ing about," he told me, "are perfectly just. Supposing I sell you a horse for \$100 and take a mortgage for the amount. On the way home your horse breaks his leg and has to be shot. You bring me back the dead horse. The hide is worth \$2.50, so I'm out \$97.50 unless I can collect a deficiency judgment from you. I shouldn't have to suffer for your misfortune, should I? And when I make a loan on land valued at \$400 an acre, should I be left holding the sack because the land goes down to \$100?

"Remember, I'm for the farmer 100 per cent, but this violence shouldn't be allowed to go on. We'll have mob law and the farmer in a mob is a dangerous man. A fellow who's used to shoving 1,400-pound bulls around isn't timid and is apt to be pretty husky. The Governor had better be sending the militia to this county unless he wants to have a civil war on his hands."

A tall, raw-boned Scandinavian in regulation working clothes—overall thrust into the tops of heavy rubber over-shoes, short sheep-lined coat, and battered felt hat—lounge-d in the sunshine before the door of the farmers' grain elevator. As I came up, I said that I was hunting for a certain member of the Farmers' Council.

"I guess I'm him," he grinned. "What say? Was I at the courthouse the day we stopped the deficiency judgment against Gus Johnson? I'll say I was. We're showin' 'em we mean business. Our organization's got committees in the four corners of the State and in the middle. The main thing right now is to stop the tax sales and keep the attorneys from foreclosing on our farms. Before we can pay anybody anything we've got to have better prices for our stuff. My God, I should think they could see that!

"The domestic-allotment plan? Well, I haven't studied it. I don't take much stock in federal legislation any more. Congress has passed a lot of bills and the farmer is getting the lowest prices he ever got. But something's got to be done quick or there's going to be trouble. I'm telling you."

The fight goes on. Since the demonstration at Le Mars 700 farmers at Logan, Iowa, have prevented the eviction of a farm owner because of a \$700 deficiency judgment. In central Iowa a group of farmers returned to the owner live stock which had been taken from him on an attachment writ. A sheriff in southeastern Iowa left at the point of a rifle without serving a writ. At a chattel-mortgage sale in Wisconsin hogs were purchased for 25 cents and horses for \$1 and immediately returned to the original owner. At Tipton, Iowa, and at Appleton, Wisconsin, foreclosure sales were postponed. Throughout the Middle West crowds of farmers are preventing any bids from being made at delinquent tax sales. These are straws which show the way the wind is blowing.

Soviet Deportations

An Explanation of Recent Russian Events

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE wholesale transplanting of tens of thousands of Russian peasants from their native villages to distant regions, the introduction of a passport or citizens' registration system in larger cities—which may have the effect, in Moscow alone, of forcing thousands of people to find homes elsewhere—the grain tax, the mobilization of peasants for timber-cutting in the Archangel district, the Kremlin's decision to restrict construction and stimulate production of consumers' goods, the gradual scrapping of the ration system, and the new spirit of tolerance in literature and art may, if viewed as isolated measures, puzzle or annoy or do both. But they are closely related parts of one well-integrated policy which can only be understood against the wider background of general Soviet development.

The first Five-Year Plan was inaugurated in October, 1928. By 1930 the operation of the plan had absorbed all idle hands. In 1931 the absence of unemployment grew into an acute shortage of labor. In 1932 the Bolsheviks were faced with a technological famine. Their labor reserves were exhausted and construction had to be checked. This is the central fact of the Soviet situation today.

A number of huge new apartment houses were being erected around my home in Moscow all last year. Under my very window, so to speak, the Five-Year Plan was being carried out. I could observe the peasant girls straight from the village, still wearing their wide pre-war cloth skirts and their picturesque blouses ballooned at the shoulders. They were buxom and jolly, rude tasks came easily to them, but they knew nothing about work. They were clumsy, wasted a lot of motion, dropped things, got into one another's way, and frequently made a complete mess of their particular job simply because they lacked experience and had never seen such work done before. They had milked cows but could not pile bricks.

As construction activity progressed, boys who could not have been older than sixteen—though they told me and their superiors that they were eighteen plus—came on the scene. The labor reserves of the country had touched bottom. I would lean over my window-sill every day and observe these youngsters. They played a lot, and work seemed to be a lark for them. But how inefficient they were! For several days, at one stage, they had to move boards from one part of the street to another. The boards were about fifteen feet long, eight inches wide, and one inch thick. A boy would approach the stack and place two planks on his shoulder. Before he had proceeded far the boards would cross and he would have to stop and wriggle his shoulder and neck to get them back into position again. Then his load would begin to seesaw; one end would go up and then the other. Each time he would be forced to halt to reestablish the equilibrium. If two boys had taken four boards, however, they could have run with them if necessary. Any sensible layman could have told them that, and a foreman should have. But there was no foreman. The lack of foremen plagues Soviet industry. In the Amo motor-truck plant in Moscow the president of an American automobile com-

pany pointed out to me how much time and energy the common-sense advice of a foreman might have saved. At that same factory a young man of nineteen with only eighteen months' practical experience was operating a most expensive die-cutting machine, which in America would be run by the best mechanic in the plant. These instances illustrate a general problem.

The Bolsheviks have constructed so many new cities and so many new industrial units during the last five years that the supply of even slightly skilled labor is exhausted. Indeed, things have reached such a pass that there is no choice but to hire altogether unskilled workers and court the inevitable resultant harm. On the eve of the second Five-Year Plan the Bolsheviks have undertaken to remove these serious difficulties.

The real reason for the intensive industrialization that marked the period from 1928 to 1932 was the pressure of surplus village population on the undeveloped Russian city. For several centuries the backward countryside with its primitive agriculture had borne the burden of a considerable amount of excess humanity. Migration away from the hungry, crowded village was always the rhythm of Russian economic life. Czarism sought to meet this problem by territorial expansion. From the time of Peter the Great the monarchy tended to acquire new agricultural lands by advancing first into Siberia, the Ukraine, and the Caucasus, and then, during the second half of the nineteenth century, into Turkestan. Czarist expansion was longitudinal and latitudinal. It took place by extension. Simultaneously, of course, a weak bourgeois class endeavored to industrialize, and the results were not negligible, but on the whole Russia remained predominantly agrarian.

When the geographical and material limits of this development had been reached, the Romanov regime, having lost the faculty of growth, began to wither and decay. Soon it died. Russia needed bolshevism to give her vigor. But Bolshevik expansion is intensive rather than extensive. It is based on the increasing utilization of all available resources. This is why urbanization, industrialization, and modernization are the essence of Soviet policy.

The function which history has assigned to bolshevism is the industrialization of Russia. Instead of finding new farming land for crowded peasants, the Soviet aims to create new city jobs for them. The Communists must absorb and employ the village emigrants. This process has a cumulative effect: industrialization at the expense of the peasantry makes the village even less attractive than before; more peasants pour into the cities; the government is compelled to find more jobs for them; the forces making for industrialization are thus still further accentuated. These forces induced the mad tempo of the first Five-Year Plan. The consequences were that (1) millions who formerly had grown food ceased to produce it in the village and began, instead, to consume it in the city—in the matter of food supplies there was thus a loss on both sides of the ledger; and (2) the supply of even partially skilled labor was exhausted and it became necessary to employ untrained personnel at skilled tasks.

These two circumstances will mold Bolshevik policy for the next few years. They are the framework in which recent and current changes in Russia must be fitted to become intelligible. The Soviet Government is now called upon to slacken the speed of urban growth. Blind population pressure must not compel the state to engage in further rapid industrialization before the plants constructed between 1928 and 1932 are mastered and assimilated. It would be ideal if the passport scheme, which many people in crowded Moscow and Leningrad enthusiastically welcome, were to drive back to the villages and provincial towns the workers and employees with least experience and training. In the last year Moscow and other cities were swollen with peasants who came to buy and sell and to speculate, but also to work on new construction projects and in factories. They filled the street cars and stations. They crammed the apartments. They broke traffic rules and made the life of motorists an unmitigated hell. In 1932, in Moscow alone, there were probably no fewer than a million transients or residents of less than a semester's standing. No one blames them. They were impelled by economic forces. Now the bureaucracy is sending them back home. Citizens' registration, a more rigid control of cooperative membership, a restriction of the centralized ration system, the discharge of slackers and of poorly equipped workers, the rationalization of office work through the dismissal of extra personnel—these measures, together with the food shortage, should, after a period of adjustment marked by chaos and cruelty, achieve the threefold purpose of relieving congestion in the major cities, directing a new reserve of labor to smaller cities which now languish for want of an adequate supply of workers, and bringing many peasants back to their villages. This means that the cities are being made less attractive until they can adjust themselves to the vast influx of the past years, that the provincial towns and huge neglected areas in the north, in Siberia, and in Turkestan will witness a very considerable development, and that the village, finally, must be made much more attractive. The fascination of the Five-Year Plan induced a concentration of attention on industry and a neglect of agriculture. The peasant paid and the city grew. Collectivization was sometimes regarded as a magic wand which would automatically improve village conditions. Having completed the Five-Year program, the Bolsheviks can now turn their eyes to the problems of the countryside.

The grain tax recently introduced is the most important legislative measure adopted by the Bolsheviks since 1929 and is calculated to make the peasant stay at home and raise more food. Only with this tax in effect will it be possible to form a preliminary judgment on the practical benefits of collectivization. For heretofore excessive grain procurements have marred the picture of agrarian socialization. Its theoretical advantages are obvious, and there were certain concrete gains despite the requisitioning of what amounted, in practice, to an average of 30 per cent of the mujik's crop. But the great revolution which collectivization implies was checked and diverted by these confiscatory tactics. Today the ground is cleared for further Soviet progress in agriculture.

Collectivization, to be sure, puts the Bolsheviks on their guard. Peasants organized as Russia's World War army made the two 1917 revolutions. The peasants are today organized in the *kolhozi*. Of course, the peasant soldiers were inspired, awakened, and led by the proletariat, and the proletariat would now oppose rather than guide any move against

constituted authority. Nor is such a move at all likely. The collectives will merely remind the government that it must show greater consideration for peasant needs instead of flying too frequently in the face of economic realities. This is all to the good. Recent draconian measures notwithstanding, an observer more interested in larger trends than in sensational manifestations must discern the very gradual recession of revolutionary lawlessness. I think the Communist Party is slowly beginning to realize that arbitrary measures and violence have their place but must not become the permanent substitute for wise civil administration. In 1931 this realization induced a more friendly policy toward engineers and intellectuals. In 1932 the RAPP organization, official watchdog of Soviet literature, whose terroristic activities depressed all intellectual life, was dissolved. In January, 1933, the grain tax replaced the procurement process, which required police methods and superimposed fiat. All these changes, plus the new Bolshevik acceptance of the principle of decentralized organization, testify to the emergence of forces which prefer automatic economic and social controls to dictation. Because of the uneven balance between proletariat and peasantry the course of all Soviet events must be a zigzag, and in this field, too, a tug of war will go on between the protagonists of ruthlessness and the friends of conquest through persuasion plus an appeal to self-interest. It is interesting that this struggle already shapes more and more of Moscow's acts.

The cynic may wonder how liberal tendencies can be discovered at a time when ruthless measures seem to multiply. But the grain tax was decided upon just when the violence incident to procurements rose sky high. RAPP was dispersed just when its aggressiveness became most objectionable. That will always happen in Russia. Evils attain their maximum and then burst. At this very moment, of course, thousands of peasants are being exiled to lumbering and mining areas or to distant agricultural districts which are just now entering upon their pioneering stage. This is part of a big colonization movement which other nations would probably conduct with less rigor. It is especially intended as a means of exterminating the last champions of capitalistic agriculture. During the autumn the Bolsheviks discovered that many *kolhozi* were controlled by former officers of Denikin's, Machno's, and Petlura's armies. In the Ukraine the chief bookkeepers in dozens of collectives were found to be active Petlurists. The policy of procurements was wind in their sails. Village Bolsheviks played their anti-Bolshevik game. Today Moscow is striking these people down mercilessly. Simultaneously, however—and this is another characteristic of Soviet tactics—it caresses those who remain. In the North Caucasus, Cossack recruiting ground of most of the white armies of the civil war, whole villages have been depopulated and shipped off. At the same time the government is granting the entire region huge subsidies of machinery, seed, and food. It is easy to say, "We would have done it differently." But in Soviet Russia no situation is as simple as it appears.

The most imposing feature of the great policy shift which marks the transition from the first Five-Year Plan to the second is the relative ease with which it is being accomplished. All the cards are in one hand. What may, with some accuracy, be described as the present Soviet crisis is very different from the crisis in capitalist countries because the Bolshevik leaders know its causes, have planned the cure, and are already applying it. All factors of the situation—except the weather—are

under control. In times of difficulty the virtues of national economic planning have proved as valuable as in periods of buoyant progress.

The progress under the first Five-Year Plan has been enormous. And yet the biggest lesson of the plan is that the rate of revolutionary advance will be slower than most people

had expected. The Bolsheviks must learn patience. In the next two years the Soviet Government may be expected to catch its breath and rest. Soon enough, its freshly trained technical cadres, the products of its numerous factories, and the fruits of a more rational agrarian policy should enable it to make another spurt.

Machinery and Unemployment

By LEO WOLMAN

CURRENT discussion of what has popularly come to be known as "technological unemployment" still appears to disregard the fact that measurement of the phenomenon, not to mention the explanation of it, is a vastly complex and technical matter. Measuring the changing productivity of industry and the efficiency of labor, on the one hand, and estimating the changing volume of unemployment and accounting for the causes of the change, on the other, are related economic problems on which a tremendous amount of work has been done during the past fifteen years. Beginning with the index numbers of the physical output of 1920, the work of E. E. Day, Woodlief Thomas, Carl Snyder, F. C. Mills, and many others in this field has made available a great fund of additional materials and constant refinements in the methods of interpretation. In the measurement of unemployment, likewise, rising popular interest in the subject and the eagerness of students to examine anew the effects of machinery have produced the invaluable studies on the volume of unemployment by M. B. Givens, Paul Douglas, and Ralph Hurlin, and the particular inquiries on displacement by machinery by Isador Lubin, Ewan Clague, W. J. Couper, and Elizabeth Baker, together with the remarkable series of investigations conducted since the early twenties by the staff of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics.)

(The material, then, on both the output of industry and the volume of unemployment exists now in greater abundance than ever before.) But there is still wide difference of opinion among close students as to precisely what has happened, say, in the last twenty or thirty years. These differences of opinion, moreover, are not the result of hair-splitting but of real difficulties which cannot be disposed of by any amount of argumentation. Exhaustive treatment of this whole question, assuming I were prepared and competent to undertake it, obviously cannot be attempted within the compass of an article. I shall, therefore, limit myself to the consideration of a few of the problems connected with measuring, first, output, and then unemployment.

At the outset there is the question of the appropriate general method of attack. The preparation of a list of labor-saving machines, or processes, however interesting such a list may be, cannot serve the purpose of adequately describing the experience of the past and estimating the probabilities of the future. In the analysis of this kind of problem, the economist, the statistician, and for that matter the engineer are concerned with aggregate and average changes and results. The collection of an exhaustive list would require enormous funds and the exercise of the most meticulous care in the job of investigation. The results of such an enumeration might well be spectacular, as they probably would have been during

many periods in the industrial history of this country since the Civil War. But it would be the sheerest accident if they faithfully and accurately reflected the aggregate trend.

(So far as the basic data for the measurement of aggregate changes in the physical output of industry are concerned, they are still defective in quality and in comprehensiveness. Statistical devices must frequently be employed which are of dubious value and uncertain meaning. Since, also, one obvious purpose of current investigation of these questions is the discovery of comparative historical developments—to determine, for instance, whether the current rate of industrial output is faster or slower than it was at some time in the past—it must be remembered that defects in the current data are often multiplied many times the farther back we go with the same or similar series. Long-time comparisons, consequently, must be accepted for what they are, as reflections of the best measurements possible under the circumstances and not of instruments of unquestioned precision. More detailed work on the earlier series, particularly with reference to the experience of specific industries, may, in my judgment, produce results greatly at variance with some of the conclusions now widely held.

Finally, the economic characteristics of the last twenty years have in so many respects been unusual that no valid interpretation of any important feature of the period is possible without taking these unusual conditions at least partially into account. The rise of the automobile and kindred industries after the war, the great growth of purely war industries and their rapid demobilization between 1916 and 1920, and the dilution of labor attending the diversion of men from industry into the American army are a few of the more important factors affecting both the productivity of industry and the volume of unemployment during this whole period. In the face of forces of this magnitude, the events of the relatively few years from 1922 to 1929 may to a much greater degree represent the resolution of temporary forces, originating directly and indirectly in the war, than the unfolding of persistent, long-time trends.

With these cautions in mind, it should be possible to examine the data on the physical product of several categories of American industry with some appreciation of the limitations of the available measures and of the accidental or temporary character of what has happened. Before presenting illustrative data, I should say that inspection of a great mass of material leads me to the conclusion that the physical output of industry and the physical output per worker increased at a very rapid rate in only a few of the years after 1920.) By how much this rate exceeded the rate of change in single years in the past it is almost impossible to determine. But it

is certainly the case that the conclusions drawn from the available data are often powerfully influenced, if not determined, by the purely technical fact of the length of the periods chosen for comparison and the character of the terminal years in each period.

A recent and authoritative survey of the advance in agricultural technique is found in the chapter on agriculture in "Recent Social Trends," by O. E. Baker of the United States Department of Agriculture:

The five years from 1922 to 1926 [he writes] are in several ways the most remarkable in the history of American agriculture. Agricultural production increased about 27 per cent, while crop acreage remained practically stationary and labor engaged in agriculture declined. . . . Nevertheless, production per person engaged in several types of farming has not increased as rapidly as is commonly assumed and there is a wide margin available for further advance. The increase in efficiency has been notable principally in the production of the small grain and hay crops. Cotton today is picked by hand, as it was a century ago, most of the corn is still husked or snapped by hand, and practically all the fruit is picked by hand, while much of the fruit has to be sprayed also, which was not done a century ago.

Estimating the future effects of the *universal* (italics mine) mechanization of agriculture, Mr. Baker concludes that the average production per labor year would in the future be increased by 33 per cent "for the nation as a whole." "This," he states, "is about the same percentage increase as has occurred during the past thirty years."

In the bituminous coal industry, output per man per day increased a fraction less than 100 per cent in the forty years from 1890 to 1930. During the last decade, 1920 to 1930, or one-fourth of the whole period, per capita output measured in the same way rose slightly more than 25 per cent. The productivity of labor in the anthracite industry, however, actually declined from 1920 to 1930. Viewing the whole mineral situation from the standpoint of productivity and costs, F. G. Tryon, in the most valuable summary of this question it has been my good fortune to see (in "Recent Social Trends"), forecasts the future in these terms:

Considering minerals as a whole, the outlook in the next ten years is for ample supplies available at declining cost. . . . In the long-time outlook [however] the outstanding facts are the growing difficulties of mining and the prospect of an ultimate increase in cost. The tendencies are unmistakable, and the experience of England shows how early in the exploitation of a mineral resource the stage of increasing cost may arrive.

On the railroads the per capita output of labor increased 14 per cent from 1899 to 1909; 25.5 per cent from 1909 to 1919; and 20 per cent from 1920 to 1930. Here, then, is the measurable record of productivity in three basic industries. While the changes recorded since the war are noteworthy and afford substantial evidence of technological progress, they are still far from representing an unprecedented or revolutionary development.

What the really difficult problems of measurement and interpretation are, is most clearly revealed in estimating the course of total and per capita output in the heterogeneous group of manufacturing industries. In this group the per capita output of labor ■■ measured by one competent student increased 7 per cent from 1899 to 1909; declined 1 per cent

from 1909 to 1919; and then increased 49 per cent from 1919 to 1929. In view of these data, which have in reality been the source of much of the current belief in the widespread displacement of men by machinery, the rapid advance in the efficiency of labor after the war appears unquestionable. But there are many good reasons, technical and logical, for accepting this conclusion with considerable hesitation.

In the first place, the rate of the post-war rise in the productivity of manufacturing labor is in part the result of an apparently slow rate of increase in productivity in earlier periods. This condition can be illustrated in two ways. Among the four groups of industries here considered, the productivity of manufacturing industries showed the slowest rate of increase from 1899 to 1925. Thus the increases in this period were 53 per cent in agriculture, 56 in railway transportation, 99 in mining, and 42.5 in manufactures. Between 1909 and 1919, furthermore, the per capita output of labor actually declined in manufactures, whereas it increased substantially in each of the three other groups. It requires no profound knowledge of statistical method to see how the decline in productivity before 1919 helps to explain part of the rapid increase in manufacturing output after 1919.

The post-war rise in manufacturing productivity was also neither continuous nor uniform. During the years from 1923 to 1929 there were only two occasions when the annual increase was striking, one from 1924 to 1925 and the other from 1927 to 1928. In all other years of this period the changes were so small as to be hardly noticeable. This is an important fact to bear in mind before the conclusions drawn from the experience of so brief a span of years are accepted as unmistakable evidence of a powerful and permanent trend. Professor Frederick C. Mills, for instance, in a recent encyclopedic study of post-war and pre-war economic changes ("Economic Tendencies"), concludes that the annual rate of increase in per capita physical output in industry was twice as great in the post-war as in the pre-war period. For this comparison Mr. Mills chose 1922-29 as the post-war period, and 1901-13 as the pre-war. Although the choice of periods must always be to some extent arbitrary, it is clear that the results derived by Mr. Mills are in a measure determined by certain formal features of the periods he has elected to use. The pre-war period is thirteen years long, the post-war only eight. In economic series longer periods are almost certain to include more years of business recession than shorter periods; and in years of business recession per capita output usually, though not always, declines. If, then, the post-war period were extended to include the years since 1929, all of which have so far been years of business depression, the results would obviously be quite different.

These comments on the measurement of productivity apply with added force to the estimates of the volume of unemployment in this country. The specific studies of the displacement of men by machines are meager samples of a vast and complicated economic system. The observed decline since the close of the war in employment in mining and railroading is in large part due to the competitive rise of new industries which have absorbed a great amount of labor. In the manufacturing industries, where the situation is confused by the influences of the war, the official figures for 1929 show that the numbers employed in manufacturing increased from 1909 to 1929 by 38 per cent, while during the same period the population of the country, ten years of age and over, in-

creased by precisely the same amount. For the rest, every novice in economic statistics knows that it has been quite impossible to derive anything like an accurate measure of the volume or rate of unemployment in the United States, particularly since it has been only since 1928 that anything like comprehensive employment data have become available for several of the most important American industries.

Direct estimate, finally, of the extent of technological unemployment must be made by measuring the joint effects on employment of changes in the volume of business activity and in the efficiency of labor. So far as I know, the only attempt to apply this method is to be found in an article by David Weintraub of the National Bureau of Economic Re-

search in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association* for December, 1932. It should prove valuable in this connection to present one of his major conclusions. "So far as manufacturing industries are concerned," Mr. Weintraub states, "the evidence based on the comparatively short period, 1920-31," does not "warrant the statement that the increased output per man-hour has resulted in a permanent displacement of workers. In fact, the analysis indicates that during the period 1920-26 a number greater than that displaced by the increased output per man-hour was absorbed by the increased physical volume of output," while in the years 1926-29 only 0.1 per cent of those displaced through greater efficiency failed to be reabsorbed in manufacturing industry.

Sandino Keeps His Word

By CARLETON BEALS

THE marines had hardly arrived home from their holy crusade in the jungles of Nicaragua when the rebel General Augusto César Sandino laid down his arms with appropriate words about brotherly love. Not our bayonets but our honorable retreat brought the terrible "bandit" to terms. This happy conclusion could have been attained at any time during the past five years; instead, stiff-necked army pride and State Department dignity preferred to create, and combat, a fictitious ogre, like Don Quixote laying about him among the wine skins, save that the blood was real. Now, the Nicaraguan stew, which has simmered merrily for twenty-four years, has been served up on the banquet board of good-will and peace. Now, as the local Indian legend of a future Utopia relates, "the cotton will grow already dyed many wondrous hues, and the ears of corn will be so big that a man can carry only one ear with difficulty." I doubt if the fundamental problems of the country are anywhere near a solution, but with most of the world in confusion, it is a relief to discover that sanity has prevailed somewhere, if only in such a swampy corner as Nicaragua.

And now at last the marines have come home. After twenty-odd years of civilizing Nicaragua at the point of the bayonet they are back with an assorted collection of tropical diseases, parrots, native wives, newsreel bows, but otherwise, as Colonel De Courcy remarked of the French soldiers evacuating Mexico with Marshal Bazaine in 1867, with little more than "eighteen hundred leagues of country on the soles of their boots." Their withdrawal is one of the most creditable acts of the Hoover Administration.

When in 1928 I rode over the mountains of Nueva Segovia and through the Coco River jungles as correspondent for *The Nation*, in company with Sandino's troops, I discovered them, for the most part, to be simple, honest folk, fiercely imbued with the idea that they were fighting for the liberty of their country, and at the time I quoted some of the songs of freedom they sang around their bivouacs at night. Pedro Altamirano, whom the marines branded as the most blood-thirsty of all the Sandino "bandits," was a rugged, courteous, honest man, with ever a kindly thought for me—one of the "hated Yankees"—and for his men. General Girón, whom the marines captured and shot as a "bandit," was a cultured gentleman who had studied in a European military school, and

was probably far better versed in literature, the arts, and contemporary affairs than General Feland, whom I later interviewed in Managua. Colonel Echevarría was a poet of standing and asked me about the verse of Sandburg and Lindsay. Those men knew far better what they were fighting for than did any of the marines with whom I talked.

These contacts prepared me somewhat for the direct honesty of Sandino when I rode into his camp in San Rafael del Norte on a cold night in February, and they enabled me to understand the great and self-sacrificing personal loyalty his followers felt for him. A bit of a braggadocio about his military achievements, he nevertheless had a definite philosophy of personal courage. "Death singles out him who fears death," he used to tell his men. He gloated over the fact that he had brought two captured marines to camp, fattened them up, and then sent them back to their units, to show the American *machos* that the Sandinistas ate well. I later learned that the two men were court-martialed for desertion because the marine officers refused to believe their story.

Though he was living in the wilderness and hedged around by bayonets, Sandino was conversant with the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress then in session in Havana, and with Coolidge's attempt to offset the wave of hatred for the United States which had engulfed Latin America because of our policy in Nicaragua. Sandino was well acquainted with the whole Latin American scene and the relation of Nicaragua to it. He wished at that time only to stress the question of national autonomy and the withdrawal of marines, but that autonomy, he felt, could not be achieved without economic independence, freedom from control by foreign bankers, and the education and economic betterment of the common people of Nicaragua. Neither he nor any of his followers, he assured me, had any desire to win government jobs: "We are all humble artisans and peasants; we only want peace, land, and a chance to labor. We do not need charity from anyone; and when the foreign invader is driven out, we will return to our homes to till the soil."

He has kept his word. The "bandit" has asked that his guns be exchanged for agricultural implements—all Nicaraguans, now that the foreign invader has been driven out, should be brothers. On arriving in Managua to tender peace, he embraced with words of affection a member of the National

Guard, the organization created by the marines to continue fighting him, and he sent greetings to the American people, even inviting them to his country to work, but not to be "bosses." His words may seem a bit naive to our sophisticated ears, his idealism unwarranted in our cynical and bellicose world; but Sandino and what he represents are the only moral victors in the Nicaraguan struggle.

The facts may defeat his hopes. The problems of Nicaragua remain unsolved. True, the country is largely freed of foreign indebtedness, every cent of money having been squeezed out to attain this end and to pay off millions of dollars' worth of claims. Nicaragua has her railroad back and owns her national bank. But the basic support for this new independence has not been established. Managua has been paved; its water supply has been purified by adding so much chlorine that it tastes like ipecac; a few bad roads have been built at high cost to help the marines chase Sandino; the high-salaried experts have been paid off; the country has been provided with an up-to-date currency system (*colón* par with the dollar) which makes it possible for Nicaraguans to buy many American products more cheaply than Americans can, though native products find difficulty in reaching the world market; we have provided the people with a constitution and an electoral law in line with the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, though from the standpoint of Nicaraguan realities these documents are more naive than any put forth by Sandino. On the other hand, our intervention has done nothing for education and it has blocked the economic development of the country. Zelaya had already started the railroad to the Atlantic coast, without which political stability is impossible, when we intervened; today there are fewer miles of railroad in operation than when Philander C. Knox started us on our long goose chase in 1909.

Nicaragua has many serious issues to solve, and it is to be hoped that some progress will be made in that direction while the present harmony prevails. It seems improbable that the country will not call upon Sandino's services in the future, for he is by all odds the most outstanding personality in the country. Let us hope that he will refuse to become "civilized" in the manner of the political sycophants who clung to Uncle Sam's coat-tails and looted and betrayed their country. May he remain a good "bandit"!

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

No wonder-deed done in the oldest time
Whose whiteness burns oblivion away,
No miracle of grass, whose muted rhyme
Outsings the dawn and silences the jay,
No fiend's invention, no good man's endeavor,
No other tale of love is so untrue
As this one of my heart, that empties never,
But fills even as you take, and still is new.
It cannot be there is more love to come;
Yet, coming on, love tells me I have lied.
So I must learn to listen and grow dumb,
Believing in a heart that never died—
Believing then in you, who like a dream
Draw out of me this ever-waking stream.

George Moore's Burial

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, January 26

A SUNNY winter day of North American freshness and a peculiarly English scene. A few automobiles are in the yard of the crematorium at Golders Green close to Hampstead Heath, and stragglers are making their way into the chapel. One pair of companions is most conspicuous—Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of England, in everyday dress, and Augustus John, most renowned of British painters, his remarkable tawny head surmounting a rough tweed overcoat of a glaring check pattern. Under the portico a little knot of reporters may be seen. They keep strictly to the English custom at funerals, even of the great and celebrated. That is to say, they are not interested in the occasion itself. They are intent only upon collecting the names of those attending. No descriptive writers are here, either English or American. There is no sign of the press photographer.

The small chapel, with its quiet brick interior and plain oak pews, is nearly full. Ramsay MacDonald and Augustus John are seated together and apart in the front row on the left; members of the family, together with a nurse, housekeeper, and secretaries, on the right. It is not easy to explain the presence of at least half the people in the unreserved pews, mostly women, some of them young and nearly all in deep mourning. A few who are unable to find seats stand at the back. Clearly this is not a gathering of men and women of letters. Actually the painters outnumber the authors: Sir William Rothenstein and Wilson Steer; Henry Tonks, recently retired from the headship of the Slade School; D. S. MacColl, who belongs to both camps. He was formerly director of the Wallace Collection and, much earlier, art critic of the *Saturday Review* when Frank Harris was editor and Bernard Shaw was splitting the coteries with his weekly onslaught on the London stage.

The writers of distinction are very few. Here, unmistakable in any assembly, are the cavalier figure and fine silver head of Henry W. Nevinnson; Charles Morgan, of "The Fountain"; Evan Charteris, the biographer of Edmund Gosse; young David Garnett, appointed literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation* just as the reviewers are being called upon to appraise his "Pocahontas." One sees no others whose names are known. It is astonishing, inexplicable, unless one should choose to lay emphasis on the fact that "our dear brother here departed" was a writer who quarreled lustily through sixty years and found continuous delight in forging and launching the hardest insults at his fellows. No representative of the company of great prose writers whose fame was made in or near the dead man's prime has come to bid him goodbye. There is not one of the younger critics who have been glad to exercise themselves over his technique; no member of the Irish group which made the gossip of literary Dublin more entertaining and more malicious than that of any other capital during many years before the war. Of course the names just recorded imply a sprinkling of men illustrative of English genius, and eccentricity; but would anybody assert that the funeral of a writer whose fame has gone out into all the world could be conducted amid circumstances similar to these in any country save England?

The organ has been playing softly. A full voice begins to

intone, "I am the resurrection and the life," as the bearers step toward the broad bare metal slab, at one end of which are the copper doors opening into the furnace. The officiating clergyman is a burly Anglo-Irish canon, whose utterance is surely as strange a mingling of resonance and inaudibility as any among us have ever heard. He makes a brief and skilful selection from the burial service, altering here and there a word in the rubric and avoiding the long Pauline argument about corruption and immortality from the Epistle to the Corinthians. He reads no prayers until he comes to the Lord's Prayer, in which no one audibly joins after the opening sentences. There is no mention of the dead man's life or work. He is not even named. Death in England is more than a leveller; it confers anonymity. We continue standing while the organist plays the all-familiar tune of "Abide with Me," with a very short variation. And then we follow the Prime Minister out into the sharp, bright midday air.

Such is the strange burial (if the word is permissible) of the man who wrote "Esther Waters," "Evelyn Innes," "The Brook Kerith," "Abelard and Heloise," "Avowals," "Hail and Farewell!" The scene on January 25 could perhaps have been described only by the author of "Vale" himself. He sprang, as we know, from an old Catholic family of the County Mayo, but ignored the church after his schooldays. Long afterwards, when he was approaching elderhood in Dublin, a newspaper called him a Catholic novelist, and he vowed that he would put a stop to this kind of thing by formally joining the Church of England. His friends, he said, "were all men of the world and they would understand." Hence, as you see, the appropriateness of the Anglican liturgy at his last farewell.

George Moore was an extraordinary being. His career as critic, novelist, and author of imaginative autobiographies which are described in Dublin as examples of Irish comic fiction is without parallel. I doubt whether anyone among us would care to risk a prediction as to how his work is likely to stand up fifty, or even twenty, years from today. Charles Morgan is to write his Life. Its substance, no doubt, will be as remote from the record to which he applied the principle of self-determination as anything could be.

In the Driftway

IN a moment of abandon—his normal state—the Drifter lately expressed the belief that the craze for speed might be nearing an end and that, in consequence, the steamboat might experience a rebirth. Only two exceptions can be taken to this statement: first, the premise is not demonstrable; and, second, the conclusion does not necessarily follow. But why bother to predict the inevitable? The only virtue in prophecy lies in a reasonable content of uncertainty.

WHEN he predicted a waning of the craze for speed, the Drifter specifically excepted travel for business purposes. Persons going somewhere just to get there will continue to demand speed—as much, that is, as they can afford. But after a quarter of a century of rush, noise, and danger, the Drifter surmises that a wiser generation may swing back toward more rest, quiet, and security in its travel for pleasure. Of course the airplane is likely to engage more and more

persons both professionally and as amateurs, but it is well to recall that its progress has not been so fast as is commonly supposed. Although almost as old as the automobile, the airplane is still in its infancy in point of use, while the former has reached adulthood, if indeed senescence has not begun. The head of a leading motor-manufacturing company said at the time of the recent automobile show in New York City that 2,300,000 old cars were discarded in 1932 as against only 1,400,000 new ones bought. This may be ascribed to the depression, but even if prosperity emerges presently from around the corner, a new fashion may have congealed. It is possible that motoring for pleasure is losing its prestige. Roads are getting too crowded and they have been robbed of their charm by commercialization and the insistence that they be speedways.

IN contrast to our much-injured roads, our inland waters remain what they always have been—our most spacious, most beautiful, least spoiled highways. Nor have they been abandoned to the extent which some suppose. In spite of romantic articles on the passing of the steamboat on the Mississippi River, more tonnage is moved on that stream today (thanks to the barge) than ever before in history. Of course there is a difference between old traffic and new. The steamboat carried passengers and way freight, usually with frequent stops over a short route. The modern barge carries no passengers and specializes in through bulk freight over long distances. Yet even the steamboat is holding its own tenaciously on certain routes, and in some instances has been helped substantially by the desire, born of the depression, to keep down carrying costs. In one kind of passenger traffic the steamboat has never lost its hold. When two sizable cities are separated by about the distance which a steamboat can travel in a night, many persons elect to go that way, for economy and comfort, as witness the water services between New York and Boston, New York and Albany, Baltimore and Norfolk, Louisville and Cincinnati, San Francisco and Sacramento. What the Drifter hopes for is a greater amount of day service over some of our beautiful water routes, supported by discriminating tourists.

ANYHOW the Drifter discovers that some agree with him in thinking it not impossible that the public is in a mood to look with favor on slower, cheaper, and safer means of travel—especially for pleasure. Some think of the bicycle as practically extinct, but in the Netherlands there are special bicycle paths on the highways and almost half as many bicycles as inhabitants. Even in the United States there still is a Cycle Trades Association, which meets annually in convention assembled. At the recent convention it was voted to introduce bills in various State legislatures calling for the setting aside of three or four feet on public roads for the use of cyclists. The Drifter has long wanted pedestrian paths, both in connection with and apart from our highways. For the present, at least, bicycles and pedestrians might use the same paths. The steamboat is an idyllic and the bicycle a delightful means of travel, but the human leg was the primeval method of locomotion and when not afflicted with arthritis at the knee, remains incomparably the best one.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Literary Duel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation enjoys an excellent reputation for the quality of its literary criticism. That reputation entails a considerable responsibility on the part of both its editors and its reviewers. I feel it my duty to protest against your having allowed Cuthbert Wright to review my book "The Ironie Temper" in your columns. I am protesting, not because Mr. Wright judged the book unfavorably, but because he revealed himself quite incompetent to judge it at all. His article in *The Nation* is inspired by prejudice of the grossest kind, and his estimate of my book is founded on a grotesque distortion of its main thesis. I charge Mr. Wright with the following:

1. He flaunts a hatred of Anatole France so intemperate that it renders him irrational and foolish. His insults and insinuations are of a kind that one dares make only when one's opponent is safely under the ground.

2. His knowledge of the subject is so sketchy (or his temper so malicious) that his brief review is full of inaccuracies and deliberate misrepresentations. He takes for granted, for instance, the fact that Mme de Caillavet was France's mistress, for which there is not the slightest proof. He makes the gratuitous insinuation that France's only motive in siding with Dreyfus was the fact that his own "mistress" was of Jewish extraction. Almost every statement Mr. Wright makes is either to be flatly contradicted or is subject to serious reservations. But more than any of his critical ineptitudes, the niggling, self-righteous tone of his writing condemns his whole review as a childish performance.

3. Mr. Wright either has not read my book or else suffers from a curious mental derangement. He makes the book out to be a defense of Anatole France. He calls it a "work of piety," "a two-hundred-page eulogy on the irony of Anatole France." It is nothing of the kind. It is, on the contrary, a condemnation of that irony and an analysis of its destructive effect upon France's character and work. Only the most absolute irresponsibility could have made Mr. Wright miss this point of view, which is present both implicitly and explicitly throughout the book. As it is this basic misinterpretation which sets him off on his incredible rodomontade, the entire review is thereby invalidated. I am glad Mr. Wright enjoyed the illustrations. I trust the next book he reviews will be a picture-book.

Berkeley, Cal., December 10 HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It would be easier to give Mr. Chevalier satisfaction for my review of his study of Anatole France were he himself able to justify his displeasure with me on any other grounds than that (a) he disapproves my review, and (b) he disapproves my not approving of Anatole France. I submit that he must have better grounds than these before he puts himself in such an obvious state of rage, and also that both (a) and (b) are well within the rights of anyone who considers himself a critic of literature. I propose, however, to answer his objections such as they are in the small space allotted to me.

1. I deny that I have flaunted an "intemperate hatred of Anatole France." One is permitted to dislike a writer without dealing in "insults and insinuations" of a kind that "one only dares to make when one's opponent is safely under the ground." Anyone who reads my review and then reads this part of Mr. Chevalier's letter would agree that it is not I who have written "irrationally and foolishly."

2. I never took for granted that Mme de Caillavet was

France's "mistress" in the physical sense of the word. That she was his platonic mistress, his Egeria, is sufficiently well known. I did not insinuate that her Jewish origin was his *only* motive for becoming ■ Dreyfusard, but it is well known that it was *a* motive.

3. In conclusion Mr. Chevalier "insinuates" in his turn that I never read his book, or suffer from mental derangement. It is a habit of the Dunciad to suppose that an unfavorable criticism of one of their works constitutes mental derangement, or moral collapse, but I can assure Mr. Chevalier that I read his book with considerable pleasure and profit. I understood perfectly that he disapproved largely of the late Anatole's famous irony, and my calling his study on the whole "a work of piety" ought to please one who is evidently an admirer of his obsolete hero. Finally, I do not consider my strictures on that gentleman to be any more "niggling" or "self-righteous" than those expressed in print by Barry Cerf, Joseph Delteil, Bernard Fay, Philippe Soupault, and many others whose names are probably familiar to so capital ■ student of contemporary French literature as is Mr. Chevalier.

St. Andrew's, Tenn., January 1

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Dr. Fishbein Takes the Stump

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On January 16 Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, addressed the New Haven Medical Association on "The Costs of Medical Care." The audience was quickly won over by an easy and unscrupulous display of wit. Dr. Fishbein first described the long step from the black bag of the general practitioner of 1890 to the Mayo clinic, ■ outstanding example of modern group practice. And the audience agreed that it was very funny that when a case history was sent to the home of Will Mayo, it happened to be of such dimensions and to have had so many holes punched in it in the course of indicating the diagnoses that Mrs. Mayo mistook it for a new roll for the player piano. Such anecdotes, coupled with Dr. Fishbein's conception of it as the application of Ford methods to a "tonsil factory," disposed of group practice. The high point in his account of the tonsil factory came when the patient reached the end of the "tonsillotomy belt" and was charged by the cashier "what he had in his pants when he came in." That deserved ■ laugh and got it.

He next disposed of current notions about adequate medical care. This was done by a *reductio ad absurdum* which purported to trace the care given to an obstetrical case from the preliminary consultation with the physician several weeks before conception to the final big event, which took place in a "luxurious palace" (hospital) in a room with fancy decorations, radios, dietitians, and so on. Dr. Fishbein went on to assert that 90 per cent of our ailments today can be adequately treated by the black-bag method, and that "determinations of non-protein nitrogen, basal-metabolism rates, and electrocardiograms" are frills which can usually be dispensed with. Dr. Fishbein made no mention of the contributions to medical science of either the Mayo clinic or the "frills."

The larger part of his discussion of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was centered on the choice of people for the committee, the alleged "selection of cases" by the committee, and the lack of publicity given to the minority report. The audience responded with a satisfied titter when Dr. Fishbein pointed out that Evans Clark was director of the Twentieth Century Fund which financed the committee; that, further, Evans Clark was the husband of Freda Kirchwey, "the editor of two conservative magazines like *The Nation* and the *New Masses*," that obviously the gentleman in question was bound to be influenced by his wayward wife. The reliability of the majority report was further thrown into question by the significant observation that

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University of Pennsylvania Press: Philadelphia

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
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The Group Theater, Sunday, 8:30 p. m.

Birth Control, Monday, 5 p. m.

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Hendrik Van Loon, Friday, 8:15 p. m.

no one of the members changed his mind as to the future of medical practice during the five years of intensive investigation.

The conclusions of the majority report were summarily disposed of. It was pointed out that this report recommended the practice of group medicine, supported, possibly, either by taxation or voluntary insurance. Dr. Fishbein held that since further taxation was impossible, we should have to fall back on voluntary insurance. Voluntary insurance, he held, inevitably becomes compulsory insurance. And finally, the failure of social insurance in France, Germany, and England was held up as an object lesson. Dr. Fishbein's conclusions coincide with those of the main minority report. His advice is to preserve the 3,000-year-old traditions of medicine, namely, to care for the patient first and to advance medicine as a science afterward. Adequate medical care is to be provided for each man "according to his station." He pointed out that the railroads do not worry because some people ride in drawing-rooms while others ride in lower berths. When there is an attempt to have everyone ride in the same conditions, the whole transportation system breaks down—witness Russia! An additional grievance of the profession is the free services expected of it in the cause of preventive medicine.

It is thus seen that Dr. Fishbein considers organization no boon. But he stresses the fact that if there is to be organization it must be done by physicians, who understand the practice of medicine, and not by economists, sociologists, and such. How the second of the traditions, the advancement of medicine as a science, is to be maintained without utilizing the results of medical research, which to a large extent require organization and group cooperation, he did not explain. There seemed to be no realization of the fact, further, that treating each individual "according to his station" neglects completely the social implication of disease.

And there was no discussion.

New Haven, Conn., January 18 TWO MEDICAL STUDENTS

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LORE was formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*.

CHARLOTTE HUBBARD PRESCOTT, a native of Iowa, is a member of the staff of the *Sioux City Journal*.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

LEO WOLMAN, professor of economics at Columbia University and research director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, has recently been appointed a member of President Butler's committee of seventeen to investigate the present economic crisis.

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Porfirio Díaz," contributed a series of articles, With Sandino in Nicaragua, to *The Nation* in the spring of 1928.

S. K. RATCLIFFE, British publicist and regular contributor to the *London Spectator*, has recently come to the United States to lecture.

G. P. GOOCH, joint editor of the *Contemporary Review*, is the author of "Studies in Modern History," and "Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy."

BABETTE DEUTSCH is a poet and critic whose most recent book is "Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates."

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is an authority on Italian literature and politics.

WILLIAM SEAGLE, author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship," is an assistant editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*.

Books, Drama, Music

Birch

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Where the green plumes of willow blow
And cloudy herons lift
The lilac shadow of slow wings,
Where the wild geese drift—

Brittle and broken at the foot
Of the stony hills they face,
The gleaming skeletons of birch,
Through boughs that interlace,

Arch their pellucid, Gothic ribs,
Shiver with phantom fears,
And gently at each other thrust
Their rigid ghostly spears.

In tournament pale unicorns
On some enchanted night
Might so have locked their slender horns,
Pierced light with white,

Leaving their shining weapons crossed
Bone-naked and bone-neat
When virgins like May lilies sprang
From the dark earth at their feet.

Culture vs. "Life"

The Modern Theme. By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

THE extravagant praise lavished by critics here upon Señor Ortega's former book, "The Revolt of the Masses," is puzzling, and it might be well to inquire into some of its causes. Ortega's merits as a stylist are undoubted: he knows how to manage a sentence; he can combine in a remarkable degree subtlety with vigor; and he always appears to be about to say something revolutionary and profound. He does succeed in stating ideas in a fresh and attractive guise, so that they have nearly always the outward semblance of novelty; and he is, in addition, constantly assuring us that they really are very new. It may be so; but I emerge from "The Revolt of the Masses" and "The Modern Theme" unable to say precisely what leading ideas I have encountered in either volume that I had not met before.

The thesis of the mass-man, born into a civilization which he did nothing to create and which he does nothing to forward, accepting this civilization with no sense of gratitude to the minds that made it possible, recognizing none of the insecurities in it, no sense of obligation toward it, seizing all of its privileges and deriving from their exercise a false sense of inherent strength, remaining self-satisfied, glorifying the commonplace, condemning anybody who does not think like everybody, attempting to impose his vulgar standards universally—the thesis, in brief, of hyperdemocracy, of "the vertical invasion of the barbarians," is set forth in "The Revolt of the Masses" impressively and dramatically, though the total impact of the argument is reduced by digressions and contradictions. The book is a brilliant restatement rather than an advance into new territory.

The three main "influences" in Ortega's style and thought are apparently Nietzsche, Bergson, and Spengler; although Nietzsche is mentioned only once or twice, Bergson not at all, and Spengler mainly for the purpose of expressing disagreement with him. "The Modern Theme" is a less impressive volume than "The Revolt of the Masses," and Ortega's weaknesses as a thinker are more evident in it. I find it difficult to summarize its thesis at all, for the author develops it confusedly, its very statement depends upon the acceptance of leading terms in special and very dubious senses, and when these special senses are granted, the argument becomes a mere insistence on the obvious. Ortega attacks "rationalism," or any culture that ignores "life." He insists that "uncultured life is barbarism, devitalized culture is byzantinism"; that "pure reason cannot supplant life"; that "it is culture, reason, art, and ethics that must enter the service of life":

Is it not an alluring idea to reverse the present attitude completely and instead of looking outside life for its meaning to turn our attention to life itself? Is it not a theme worthy of a generation which stands at the most radical crisis of modern history, if an attempt be made to oppose the tradition and see what happens if instead of saying "life for the sake of culture," we say, "culture for the sake of life"?

Now most of us will agree with all the propositions I have quoted—so thoroughly, indeed, that we may wonder whether it was necessary for Señor Ortega to shout them so often and with such an air of discovery. Who does not believe that it is culture, reason, art, and ethics that should serve life, rather than the other way round? To believe otherwise is hopelessly to confuse means and ends. But what is "life"? Are not culture, reason, art, ethics, themselves parts or phases of life? Would an ethics that failed to serve life be ethical? Would a reason that failed to serve life be reasonable? Or is Ortega merely trying to say that animal lustiness is itself a value? If he is, does he mean to imply that it remained for him, or for the present generation, to discover this?

It would have been difficult for Ortega to write this book in "answer" to anything or anybody unless he had begun by building up an elaborate caricature of "rationalism" or "reason." "Pure intellection, or reason, is nothing else but our understanding functioning in the void, without let or hindrance, in contact with itself, and controlled only by its own internal standards." This is not a definition of reason, but of a misapplication of the deductive method, without inductive impetus or confirmation; it may perhaps apply with some justice to the concept of reason held by Descartes, for example, but it is a little late to be refuting him. The same criticism must be made of the passage in which Ortega declares that "reason is not capable of dealing with qualities," and hence that "color is irrational." *Mathematics*, of course (not reason generally), ignores sensuous color, but only because it is usually advisable to deal with one question at a time. Three plus five equals eight, whether we are talking of red billiard balls or white ones.

Ortega, in brief, seems to me to be not a real thinker, but a rhetorician-thinker. The type abounds in Europe—Keyserling, Croce, Valéry—and always makes a deep impression here, perhaps because we have so few comparable specimens of our own; Waldo Frank is about the nearest approach. Spengler belongs to it, but transcends the others with his staggering erudition and his pyrotechnic prose. Writers of the type have much in common: they will appeal to science and to common sense where these seem to support them, but whenever such criteria become prosaic or embarrassing, they fall back upon a poetic metaphor, a meretricious paradox, or frank mysticism. Nearly all of them are full of egotism. The combination is impressive, and many readers seem to find it charming.

HENRY HAZLITT

Germany During the War

Fall of the German Empire: 1914-1918. Selected and Edited by Ralph Haswell Lutz. Stanford University Press. Two volumes. \$12.

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the value and interest of these two stout volumes, which form the first instalment of a series of publications on Germany since 1914. Though our sources of information on the origins of the catastrophe are almost embarrassing in extent, our knowledge of the diplomatic history of the years of conflict is still very limited. The great collections of German and Austrian documents stop at the outbreak of hostilities, and the British and French will follow their example. Russia alone has published a mass of material on the war years and is about to publish more. Fresh light from any quarter on international relations during the struggle is therefore peculiarly welcome, and it is the chief merit of these volumes that they provide it. Everyone has heard of the Hoover War Library of Stanford University, and now we are privileged to share in its treasures. The editor's Introductory Notes to each chapter are brief and clear, while the full table of contents, the chronology, and the index enable the reader to find his way without difficulty through the labyrinth. We are told where each of the 523 documents, published or unpublished, is to be found. The print is clear and the price is moderate. Students all over the world will be grateful for this encyclopedic work.

By far the larger portion consists of material already known, though for the most part untranslated and difficult to find. Where can the ordinary student procure the official debates of the Reichstag, the Prussian Parliament, and the Berlin City Council, or the complete files of the German newspapers? How is he to lay his hand on army orders, departmental regulations, expert memoranda, strike proclamations, lectures, and pamphlets? Here he will discover exactly what he needs in order to reconstruct the life and thought of a great nation at the crisis of its fate. The variety of the feast is suggested by the titles of the chapters: the outbreak of the war, war guilt, propaganda, censorship, internal policies, submarine warfare, war aims, peace proposals, conversations with Herron, the army, the navy, Belgian relief, the control of foreign affairs, negotiations with Bulgaria and Italy, the kingdom of Poland, the peace of Brest-Litovsk, the treaty with the Ukraine, negotiations with Rumania, Turkey, and the Baltic states, the League of Nations, the Socialists, industrial development, Mitteleuropa, the food problem, war loans, strikes, the crisis of July, 1917, the Reichstag in 1917-18, the Prussian electoral reform, the armistice negotiations, the abdication of the Kaiser. Thus there is something for us all.

For the student of war diplomacy Chapter 9, entitled *Conversations with Herron*, and filling over a hundred pages, is the most novel and the most valuable of the whole work. The activities of Dr. Herron in Switzerland began in the last year of the war, and his reports reached not only Washington but London. Switzerland was the meeting-ground for official and unofficial representatives of the belligerents, and no one strove more earnestly than he to prepare the way for a peace of reconciliation.

I really did make Europe believe in Wilson, and to what proved to be an amazing degree—far beyond any hope or expectation I had when my erstwhile purely private and journalistic propaganda began. Thus there grew up the legend, which no effort or denial of mine was ever able to counteract or diminish, that I was Wilson's personal spokesman and interpreter in Europe and his intimate friend.

It was true, however, that his opinions were highly valued by the President, and, indeed, he received confidences from men who could never have spoken freely to official representatives of an enemy Power.

The most important of the conversations were with a Bavarian, Dr. de Fiori, who was said to be the personal agent of Ludendorff. Since the German envoy requested that his utterances should be conveyed to the President, as they would be to the Chancellor, Herron proposed that they should be taken down in shorthand. The correctness of the reports was recognized by De Fiori, and we may therefore accept the picture painted in June, 1918, as an accurate presentation of the aims of very influential Germans just before the ebb of the military tide began on the battlefields of France on August 8. Germany was still undefeated, and Herron urged that the German government should do something to redeem itself in the eyes of the world by proposing "a peace that will make possible the Society of Nations." No one detested more than he what was generally described as German imperialism, which he held responsible for the war, and he was ready to continue the struggle indefinitely rather than accept its triumph. But he longed to end the carnage, and he believed that the Wilson program would be to the advantage of both sides. His pleadings were in vain, for the conflict was decided by the sword; and the Treaty of Versailles was the natural result of a savage fight to a finish. No one was more horrified than Herron himself, and its condemnation by such an ardent Wilsonian is a measure of its unwisdom.

Next in interest to the Herron reports are the selections from the papers of the late Dr. Kanner, the Viennese journalist who denounced the policy of the Ballplatz as sharply as Förster condemned the Wilhelmstrasse and E. D. Morel the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey. It is also a boon to find a translation of some of the documents of the Bulgarian Yellow Book on the entry of that country into the war, which have hitherto been available only to the few who can read the Bulgarian language. Among other items of interest we may note a telegram from Erzberger revealing the active part played by the Pope in the attempt of the emissaries of the Central Powers to prevent Italy from joining their enemies. It is, however, impossible in a brief notice to call attention to, much less to discuss, all the additions to our knowledge provided in these volumes. The reader must sample and study them for himself.

G. P. GOOCH

The Unhappy Queen

Marie Antoinette. By Katherine Anthony. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE history of this unhappy queen is a comedy to one who thinks, a tragedy to one who feels, and Miss Anthony does both. As she follows Marie Antoinette from the bedroom in the old Viennese castle where her mother instructed her in the duties of the dauphin's wife, through the lonely bewildered years at the court of Louis XV, up the velvet carpet to the throne of the greatest kingdom in Europe, and down the cobbled street to the guillotine, the biographer, grieve as she may over the ruin of this innocent life, has still a wry smile for the vain and stupid and selfish creatures who destroyed it. Indeed, the charm of this book is that combination of shrewdness and sympathy which one has come to expect of Miss Anthony in her treatment of those ladies who have engaged her critical attention. She observes the French queen less with a historian's curiosity than with a woman's fellow-feeling. As a result, one is less conscious of Marie Antoinette as a pawn in Maria Theresa's game of empire than as the unfortunate daughter of a domineering, unimaginative mother. One sees

her marriage spoiled not merely by the loutishness of her royal husband but largely by the attitude taken toward this daughter of the Hapsburgs by her Bourbon relatives-in-law—her husband's father, his brothers, and his aunts. One is asked to regard her death not as an inevitable and trivial incident of the revolution, but as the miserable end of a woman at the mercy of those whose weakness had overwhelmed her own strength. History is merely the backdrop for the staging of this personal and pathetic drama.

Miss Anthony spares nobody in her effort to magnify the charm, the fastidiousness, and the common sense of the much-maligned queen. Not only the inadequate Louis XVI and the venomous Cardinal de Rohan, but even such an accepted hero as Lafayette is touched off with an acid pen. Indeed, the only man whom Miss Anthony heartily approves of is the one who best served the interests of Marie Antoinette—her lover, Axel Fersen.

Excellent as her characterizations are, one regrets that the biographer did not make more of the march of events outside of the palace. Certainly she has a discerning eye for something beyond the play of personalities. One notes it in her observation that the cynicism of Henry of Navarre, who "made treachery smart," and who, in throwing Protestantism overboard, failed to drown the protestant spirit, was one of the agents of the revolution. One wonders whether Miss Anthony omitted a fuller chronicle of the origin and progress of that revolution lest the stature of her heroine be somewhat diminished thereby. However that may be, she has written a lively, half-ironic, and wholly tender account of the life of one whose misfortune it was to be the daughter of an ambitious empress and the wife of an unambitious king.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Youth of Arnold

The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough.
Edited with an Introductory Study by Howard Foster Lowry. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

THE action of the Arnold family in putting at the disposal of Professor Lowry all available papers pertaining to Matthew Arnold seems to have finally destroyed the single romantic possibility of his life, the real existence of "Marguerite." For among all the papers, Professor Lowry declares, there is no clue to her. Yet this volume of letters to Clough, the first of a series of documents Professor Lowry is to publish, is a highly dramatic book. To our intellectual understanding of Arnold it adds perhaps less than later matter will: we see the inception of certain characteristic points of view; we learn how great was the reliance Arnold put in Spinoza and of his devotion to Oriental philosophy. But the chief interest of these letters lies in their record of the personal changes in a man as he struggled to establish himself spiritually in the modern world.

The Arnold of Russell's two-volume edition of letters, published in 1895, the dull, unsparkling person of mediocre emotions, did not always exist. At college Arnold was very different—a wit, a dandy, a persifleur, a reader of French novels, a singer of French songs, a misser of expected Firsts. He addressed his friends as "my darling," and when he was introduced as the son of the great Dr. Arnold he would pose as a sporting man just come from biting off bull pups' tails. It is this Arnold, shortly after he left college, who begins the present series of letters. The man of whom Lord Acton was to say that he had less personality than any man he knew tumbles his phrases about with the eccentricity of a Carlyle or a Sterne. He is irreverent; he uses strong language; he is frequently ribald—notes the size of Jenny Lind's "obverse," and refuses Biblical criticism a third place with "eating and copulation" as a natural function of man. He is enormously and attractively alive and unhampered.

He changed to become the unattractive person of the Russell letters, and the crisis that occurred in his friendship with Clough is the symbol of that change. In 1853 Clough wrote from America to complain of coldness and neglect. Arnold, reluctant to discuss the matter, tried to dismiss it—he had merely, he said, been occupied with marriage and an onerous job. But Clough presses him, and Arnold speaks out. "You certainly do not seem to me sufficiently to desire and earnestly strive toward assured knowledge—activity—happiness. You are too content to fluctuate, to be ever learning, never coming to see knowledge of the truth. That is why, with you, I feel it necessary to stiffen myself—and hold fast to my rudder." Clough was the symbol of Arnold's youth, and Clough, with his fluctuant doubts, was inviting the world to kill him, spiritually and materially, while Arnold was trying to make himself at home in that world.

For Arnold the charm of the classic ideal lay in the sense of human security that it gave; the basis of his criticism of the romantic poets was their inability to be secure. And classicism meant the abrogation of personality. When Acton used the phrase cited above, that Arnold had less personality than any man he knew, he meant it, of course, in praise; it was a tribute to Arnold's attempt to carry his own mind and the mind of England away from the personal and the eccentric toward the perfect and centric—the classic. When Arnold "stiffened" against Clough, he was stiffening against the romanticism that Clough represented. He was abrogating "personality" in Acton's sense of the word—intellectually. But for some reason he found it necessary to go farther—to abrogate personality in our modern sense of the word as well. The gaiety and freedom of expression disappear, and the Arnold of the Russell selection of letters begins to appear at the end of this collection of Professor Lowry's. The break with Clough—for, though affection and contact continued, the friendship was no longer alive—was Arnold's break with his own youth, with its poetry, and with personality in both senses of the word.

LIONEL TRILLING

Mazzini

Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe. By Gwilym C. Griffith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

BORN in 1805 and dying in 1872, Mazzini lived through the great florescence of democratic enthusiasm in Europe, the high tide of which we may place around 1848. His thought is a fully evolved conception of citizenship in a democratic world; his state is a natural organism formed around nationality by the will of an educated, morally conscious, and morally responsible citizenry; his world is a loosely organized community of free and morally conscious peoples. He lived late enough, after the era of the Enlightenment, to see the polemic of popular rights give way to education concerning popular duties; and late enough to see the sentiment of nationality come to the surface in the great ebullition of revolutionary emotions as the one constructive principle. He lived still too early to see that the struggle between proletariat and bourgeoisie could not be solved with the theories of liberty which had grown out of the struggle between bourgeoisie and feudalism; and too early to see that the formulas of what he called "morality" were not adequate to solve the new problems posed by the Industrial Revolution. He lived just long enough to see that in all his restless thinking, in all his tumultuous adventures in revolution, patriotism was the sentiment that really demanded satisfaction, and that in the attainment of Italian unity his work could be called done. And, in fact, what have we seen in six decades that have followed his death? His republicanism has become a dead issue in virtually all countries in Europe; "liberty" is reconcilable with any form of government; "tyranny" is reconcilable with any form of republicanism. His bourgeois "morality"

has been battered to pieces under the attacks of capitalist, socialist, syndicalist, and now communist and fascist ethics. The great countries which incarnate his principles of free nationality have not instituted heaven on earth, but represent merely another and rather grim moment in the endless unfolding of the truth that life is struggle. Mazzini belongs to the past.

This, more or less, is the Mazzini that we have known. Mr. Griffith's volume does not alter this conception in any essential particular. Perhaps it obscures it a little, by trying to see in Mazzini's world picture a certain "prophecy" of the League of Nations. It certainly obscures it a good deal by a fallacy that is common to nearly all British historical writing, where the dominant idea seems to be that the purpose of life on this earth is to gain the moral approval of the "better elements" in London society. Mazzini's revolutionary methods, says Mr. Griffith, are "morally obsolete." Supposing one should say instead that they are "immorally up to date"? London society would probably shiver with disapproval and reach for another cup of tea. And history would go on as before. What does it mean to say that "Mazzini stands or falls" as a prophet? Supposing he stands, or supposing he falls—the problem of understanding him still remains, made only a little more difficult, perhaps, by an irrelevant and substantially meaningless moral attitude.

If Mr. Griffith's criticism of Mazzini the thinker is not up to the "state of knowledge," he makes many amends by the attractiveness of his narrative, where the picture of the moral man and the record of his doings leave little to be desired. Particularly vivid is the description of Mazzini's life in England, and of his struggles and final success in trying to make himself one of the outstanding "Englishmen" of a day when Carlyle, Thackeray, Morley, Tennyson were holding the spotlight. They struggled manfully, these Italian exiles, to rise to the great ideal of the English gentleman. I note one unforgettable touch: Agostino Ruffini, as a tutor at Edinburgh, wrote across the pages of his textbooks: "Ruffini, don't gesticulate." Wretched historians from any objective standpoint, these English writers are unsurpassed when it comes to giving the spirit of an age of gentlemen. And, perhaps, after all, that is the more important thing.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Safe for War Profits

Death and Profits: A Study of the War Policies Commission. By Seymour Waldman. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$1.50.

THIS is a very useful volume. It is a careful analysis of the hearings held by the War Policies Commission from March 5 to May 22, 1931. Its purpose, as directed by Congress, was to "study and consider amending the Constitution of the United States, to provide that private property may be taken by Congress for public use during war and methods of equalizing the burdens and to remove the profits of war, together with a study of policies to be pursued in event of war." The real purpose of this commission was to consider how private property might be drafted in war time to prevent undue profiteering. The original impetus came perhaps from the American Legion and as a result of the Capper-Johnson Universal Draft Bill to "take the profit out of war and to conscript capital." Mr. Waldman attended every hearing of the commission, and brings out very clearly the complete breakdown of the effort to secure the United States in the event of war from a repetition of such scandalous profiteering as enabled the Utah Copper Company to make 200 per cent on its capital stock in 1917 and 150 per cent in 1918, while the Calumet-Hecla Mining Company made 800 per cent on its capital in 1917 and 300 per cent in 1918. The commission was packed for the military and governmental side by the appointment of the Secretary of War, Patrick J. Hurley, as chairman, Secre-

tary of Labor Doak, and four other members of the Hoover Cabinet as well. The only liberal-minded and anti-militaristic person on the commission was Congressman Ross A. Collins. It is hardly necessary to add that the War Policies Commission decided that the drafting of private property should not even be considered by Congress. The only recommendation was that the President be empowered in war time to stabilize prices at a level which would "minimize inflation." The report gives complete security to the profiteers in the next war.

Mr. Waldman's book ought to be in every library in this country as proof of the alliance of big business with the war-making forces. It is as melancholy a record of a completely abortive effort to make the next war unsafe from the profit standpoint for munition makers, bankers, and other big business men as could possibly be imagined. Mr. Waldman would have made his book more effective, however, if he had shown his own bias less constantly, and had let the facts and results speak more for themselves, as they do loudly enough. A later edition would also profit by stylistic revision. None the less, the book is indispensable in any collection which would cover the field of war-makers and war profiteers.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Leisure and Civilization

Leisure in the Modern World. By C. Delisle Burns. The Century Company. \$2.50.

SINCE the triumph of the Industrial Revolution there has been a great deal of preoccupation with leisure. But all too frequently it has been divorced from the greater problem of industrial civilization. One often finds no more than disquisitions upon the rather obvious connection of leisure with the automobile, the movie, and the radio. A book that considered leisure largely as the problem of filling spare time would be particularly irritating at present, which is no period of boom psychology but of involuntary leisure for millions.

Mr. Burns, however, pursues rather the elusive interstitial transformations which have been wrought in the fundamental character of modern society by not only the quantitative increase but the qualitative change in leisure made possible by machine civilization. He inquires into the conditions of daily labor because these affect very directly the possible uses of leisure: an exhausted worker cannot utilize his leisure. The home, too, is a factor in the spending of leisure hours, for "the way one lives at home . . . makes a difference to one's tendency to seek entertainment elsewhere." The machine's standardization of goods, particularly of clothing, has lessened the importance of external signs of wealth, so that the various classes tend to become indistinguishable in their leisure-time pursuits: "You cannot tell a butcher from a bank clerk, at least in his leisure hours." By facilitating the mingling of classes the increase of leisure has thus had a leveling social effect. But even more important, it has helped political democratization, and has played a particularly large part in the emancipation of women. Leisure time, created by the machine, has been used to push political demands more vigorously, and all sorts of social movements have been advanced. In short, there has been brought about a new experimentalism in daily life and an increase of political and social equality. Civilization is no longer dependent upon a leisure class, but may arise from the leisure of those who also earn their living.

Mr. Burns shows great acuteness in following many of the obscure tendencies of social change. Undoubtedly not only revolutions but little things play in the long run a tremendous part in altering civilizations. But every now and then Mr. Burns goes too far. It may not be possible to tell a butcher from a bank clerk after working hours but even a Dr. Watson could tell him from a banker. Mr. Burns, too, underestimates the devitalizing

Fewer Horses—Fewer Flies

Devious are the workings of technical progress—and strange are its repercussions.

The motor at the curb is obvious enough. Its effect on health, through adding to the number of maimed and crippled and also, conversely, by providing week-end airings, occurs to every observer. But the automobile makes a more obscure contribution to our common health. The President's Research Committee on Social Trends reveals it.

Communicable diseases, we are reminded, sometimes travel via the fly. The horse is an important factor in the propagation of the genus fly. It follows, then, that more automobiles mean fewer horses—that fewer horses mean fewer flies—that fewer flies mean fewer free rides for germs—that fewer hitch-hiking germs mean fewer . . .

The outlines and the influences of machine improvement—of tariffs and utility costs—are not so obvious. But we cannot doubt that their effects are at least as real and at least as great.

To see these outlines clearly and to give them proper weight is fairly important. We urge you to see and weigh—and offer you The New Republic to help you do it. Its pages may not always offer you analyses so diverting as the matter of the horses and the flies. But they constantly offer you facts at least as necessary to an understanding of our common problems.

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effects of many types of machine labor, and practically ignores the speeding-up process in modern industry. He seems to be writing rather with reference to the middle class of his own experience than with reference to the proletariat. He is often depicting not so much leisure in the modern world as the future of leisure.

Yet the most remarkable feature of Mr. Burns's treatment of leisure is its freedom from what may be termed sociological puritanism, that is, the "scientific" rationalization of bluenose dogmas. The middle class that arose as a result of the English commercial and industrial revolutions had no conception of leisure. It believed that "the devil finds work for idle hands to do." Leisure was simply an opportunity to rest for more work. Nothing dies so hard as puritanism, and when extensive leisure became possible for many, sociologists began to worry even more than the early Calvinists. They thought of leisure as a threat to the all-but-perfect state, and began to think of the problem in terms of crime and juvenile delinquency. The modern Mr. Burns's philosophy of leisure is, curiously, Greek. Fortunately, he does not worry too much about organizing leisure-time activity. He even concedes as legitimate the pleasures of gambling. A sound philosophy of leisure must have room even for allowing the individual to go to the devil in a sweet private way. If work in the future is to be organized, it will become extremely important for leisure to remain unorganized.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Shorter Notices

John Masefield. By Gilbert Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Recent Prose. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

In his study of John Masefield, the English poet laureate, Gilbert Thomas takes arms against those critics who have, in his estimation, undervalued the genius of the poet. After an excellent reconstruction of the poet's life—a life which Masefield himself has never outlined—Mr. Thomas proceeds directly to the attack:

There are critics today who speak as if, for intelligent readers, Mr. T. S. Eliot has finally closed one book of poetry and opened another. Mr. Eliot is, within his limits, an interesting and valuable experimentalist; it is his too fervent disciples who make themselves ridiculous. At all events, we need not fear that the cultivators of the poetic soil will ever kill the more vital, spontaneous growths.

What Mr. Thomas does not seem to know is that Masefield has not been criticized adversely either for his realism or for his idealism. He has been criticized rather for inability to fuse his realistic subject matter with his idealistic vision. The quarrel with Masefield, in brief, has been a quarrel with his art. But whether or not one agrees with Mr. Thomas's long argument for Masefield as an important poet, this critic's study does include interesting analyses of all the longer poems, correct estimates of their relative importance, and an acute tracing of influences upon the poet. "Recent Prose" is a collection of essays by Masefield on Synge, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Blake, and a few non-literary subjects.

Tristan and Isolde: Restoring Palamede. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

To the famous Celtic legend Mr. Erskine has restored Palamede, the Saracen, who, he claims, originally played a part in it and was dropped by the old chroniclers because an infidel could not be allowed to outshine the Christian Tristan. But the restoration has only affected the resulting novel by intensifying those characteristics that we have come to expect of any work by Mr. Erskine. Palamede, Tristan, Mark, Isolde, and Brangain go

through their parts in this jocular version of the familiar drama and turn out to be not much different from Helen of Troy, Galahad, or Adam and Eve. Like its popular predecessors, the story is marked by readability, horseplay, "skepticism," obviousness, professorial urbanity, and cerebral salacity. All legends look alike when put through the Erskine process.

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Volume V. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

This is the concluding volume of an important work which the author did not live to complete. His book ends with the reign of Catherine the Great, though the final volume includes, as Kluchevsky's literary remains, sketches and notes that summarize the history of Russia through the reign of Nicholas I. Four chapters, printed at the beginning of the work in the Russian edition, are here printed as an epilogue. They explain Kluchevsky's plan, which he only partially fulfilled. His intention was to write a sociological history, but he did not have a complete enough grasp of the sociological factors. Nevertheless, in its sweep, in its biographies, in its analysis of critical eras, and in its pithy style, it is a masterpiece of historical writing.

[In the review by Benjamin Stolberg of Trotzky's "The History of the Russian Revolution" in our last issue one sentence read in part: "... the theory of 'permanent revolution,' now known as Trotzkyism ... was developed by Lenin and Trotzky together between 1915 and 1917." It should have read, "between 1905 and 1917."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Films

French Luxury

IN certain minor films that have come out of France in the last few years (and by minor, of course, one means all those not directed by René Clair) there is to be found a peculiar quality of charm which redeems the stereotyped triviality of their material and distinguishes them from efforts in the same genre in other countries. Although this charm is no more easily analyzable than any other, and probably exists largely in the eye of the beholder, it can be related to something which has often been pointed out in other expressions of French art and life—a cultivation of things for their own sake, an almost abstract delight in the material world, what the French themselves signify by the word *luxe*. "Mon Cœur Balance," at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, is neither a very profound nor a very original example of cinema art, but it does possess to a considerable degree just this quality of charm based on luxury. It is a beautifully mounted film in every way: the modern rooms, the furniture, the women, are all in the best possible taste. Its beauty is entirely a beauty of surfaces. And since our response to it is intended to be superficial, nothing is allowed to disturb this response. The only American picture of recent date which succeeds so well in building up its own world on such a superficial plane is Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise." But while René Guissart offers no apologies for the elegant menage of his young count, Lubitsch found it necessary to include a scene in which an irate member of the proletariat bursts in upon the chic grandeur of the manufacturer's wife and emits a heavily accented and repeated "Pfui!" In other words, the French directors have not yet become social-minded. For some people, therefore, "Mon Cœur Balance" will merely represent the ultimate refinement of bourgeois taste, the fine artificial flower of a dying class.

"Ihre Majestät Die Liebe," at the Europa, also strives for luxury, but without the same success, and without improving

greatly on the Hollywood film on which it is based. It is in the present version an overdeveloped, slow-moving, and rather graceless idyll of the Berlin night clubs. As it happens, however, it has an independent interest in being the first talkie of the young Czech actor, Francis Lederer, whose success on the New York stage this season has been so great that he has already been recruited for Hollywood. Since Mr. Lederer will very likely become a household word in America within the year, one may be permitted to make in advance a single practical suggestion regarding his acting. Mr. Lederer's chief possession as an actor is a vast nervous and physical energy which manages to communicate itself sympathetically to every member of his audience. In the love scene in the second act of his current stage play he holds his audience in his hand in a more literal sense than that phrase usually signifies. He holds it not only by his voice and by his gestures, but by the whole weight of his body in motion. On the stage this appeal was so great that his one marked deficiency went unnoticed or was less apparent. But if we are to judge by the close-ups in his current picture, Mr. Lederer is going to be handicapped on the screen if he does not recognize the importance of facial expression, more particularly, the use of his eyes. In several scenes it would almost seem as if he did not open his eyes at all. And the result is that the enormous vitality which is his special gift seems too self-contained, cut off from the other players, from the situation, and from the picture as a whole.

Of "Luxury Liner" at the Paramount one can only say that it may prove significant if it marks an end to that tradition in the theater which assumes that if one melodrama is bad a half-dozen melodramas heaped into one are somehow superior. The most regrettable feature of this picture is that its sponsors did not even bother to make any important variations on "Transatlantic" of a few years ago.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

The Queen of Song

"EVENSONG" (Selwyn Theater) is an entertaining vehicle for the English actress Edith Evans. Last spring Miss Evans was seen here very briefly in a dull play about Florence Nightingale, but she has proved to be a performer of considerable virtuosity.

It is true, to be sure, that the aging and temperamental opera singer is no new character. It is true also that neither Beverley Nichols who wrote the novel nor Edward Knoblock who helped him to dramatize it has plumbed any new depths or thrown any new light on the reason behind the fact that the egotism of the artist reaches its most preposterous heights in the prima donna. They have, however, presented the familiar character in a very amusing way, and they have been ingeniously inventive in devising situations to illustrate the many-sidedness of her self-absorption. The great Madam Irela, the "Queen of Song," insults her manager, snubs her fellow-performers, and completely absorbs the lives of everybody around her, while remaining perfectly convinced that she has "done nothing but give" all her life. The story in which she is involved is sufficiently factitious, but it serves well enough to hold the incidents together, and Miss Evans contributes a sense of reality which would be lacking without her. She easily dominates the stage as though by divine right; she is not afraid to look as ridiculous as she does in the scene where she enters in the blond wig and flowing garments of a Wagnerian heroine; and she even consents to illustrate the great truth proclaimed by the tenor in "Strictly Dishonorable" when he remarked: "The only thing that can sing and keep its shape is a bird." Incidentally the proceedings are also greatly aided by the presence of Jane Wyatt,

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THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

WE, THE PEOPLE. Empire Theater. Elmer Rice's indictment of contemporary society in twenty-one scenes. Impressive and depressing.

a very pretty and talented young ingenue, in the role of a niece who escapes the annihilating protection of the great star just in time.

Opera singers seem to be the only artists about whom successful novels or plays can ordinarily be written. Your poet, your painter, or your architect (recently, by the way, a popular hero) is seldom convincing. One feels the lack of any proof that he can really write poems, paint pictures, or design buildings. All one really sees is that bundle of eccentricities which is associated in the popular mind with genius. But if the singer is large enough as well as complacent enough he is also convincing as a singer, and the reason is probably the same as the reason why the prima donna is likely to be peculiarly absurd. Nobody else comes in such direct contact with such extravagant popular acclaim; no one else is so likely to be unprotected by a superior mental equipment. Most other artists work with their heads, and since the "faculties" of the mind are not wholly independent of one another, most other artists have minds which are superior in more than one way. But the singer works with her throat. God gave her remarkable vocal cords, and he seems often to give them to persons whom he has not otherwise favored. Hence the great singer may come easily to resemble the bathing beauty, who has been blessed with thighs instead of a larynx, and hence, also, the great singer is the fictional hero most easy to make convincing. Wild hair and a taste for alcohol do not make a poet any more than unpressed trousers and a pipe make a brilliant young English physicist. Opera singers, on the other hand, seem very much like what the public imagines them to be—which is luck for the dramatist, even if a little hard on the singer's entourage.

That erstwhile stable on MacDougal Street which is known as the Provincetown Theater was once an important playhouse. The Hairy Ape and the Emperor Jones trod its boards before moving to more spacious stages, and more than one worthy playwright besides O'Neill found refuge there. For several years, however, it has been reaching new lows with the regularity of a stock market, and has now been taken over by a new group which calls itself Actors and Playwrights. The first and probably last offering is a "sophisticated" comedy entitled "One Husband or Another," which gets about the production it deserves—one, that is to say, in which the badinage of the characters is accompanied by the thump, thump of a cracked Victrola record. The problem of what to do with the playhouse has thus become acute. Perhaps if it were cleaned up a bit it might be used for horses again.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Music

Two Kinds of Radicalism

RADICALISM in music may mean either the search for new means of musical expression or the musical reflection of other, such as social and economic, radicalisms. Representatives of both varieties feel that from such organs as *The Nation* they have a right to expect public notice. Personal inadequacy is only partly to blame, however, for my difficulty in giving them what they expect; some of it is inherent in the tasks they set.

Take, for example, the concert of Chamber Music by Composers of Soviet Russia, given at the New School for Social Research the other evening by Sergei Radamsky and the League of Composers Quartet. Some of the music on that program may be excluded from consideration as being written by composers—Taneyev, Balakirev, Moussorgsky—who are "of Soviet Russia" only by virtue of the fact that they are buried there. But apart from the String Quartet by Mossolov and the songs

by Bela Reinitz, none of the music, taken alone, would have enabled one to say that the composer had lived through the revolution and been influenced by it. Since we had previously heard Mossolov's "Iron Foundry" for orchestra, the *ostinati* of which his quartet largely consisted could be taken to indicate that this was music of the machines. The Reinitz songs, being catchy, tuneful settings of witty and stirring revolutionary texts, are propaganda music of the most effective sort—that is, of the same musical sort as "Keep the Home-Fires Burning" and "Pack Up Your Troubles"—though one may prefer that effective music be used for purposes other than those served by these latter.

But no appraisal of the music of the revolution can be expected from us except one based on musical standards, and such an appraisal would not be high. If this is effective propaganda music, so much the better, but those of us who have not been in Russia and do not understand Russian cannot be expected to tell that. It is in any case a question unrelated to musical criticism. A proletarian marching song is bound to sound to us like any other marching song. Music of the machines cannot indicate whether the machines are under Communist or capitalist direction. Music is a language in which concepts as definite as those of the revolution cannot be expressed; it is a means by which the definite message of words may be made more exciting or more poignant. What an evening of music by Soviet composers chiefly does is show us that it is possible to sublimate revolutionary impulses: either the Communist composers in general sublimate their revolutionary musical tendencies in social and political activity, or composers in capitalist countries have been sublimating their revolutionary social and political desires in musical revolt. At any rate the revolution bites harder than it barks.

As for the latest exhibition of musical radicalism, I must repeat my often-expressed reluctance to give much of an opinion of new works after a single hearing. In an age when there are almost as many musical languages as there are composers, and when there is a total lack of agreement on even basic standards, one must approach each new work as a separate entity—except as related to whatever one may know of the previous work of the same composer—and achieve some familiarity with it before one may even have, much less express, an opinion. Now in any period a concert devoted exclusively to works of composers less than twenty-five years old could hardly be expected to present a high percentage of even competently written works. Even in the days when composers were satisfied to learn a more or less ready-made technique and only gradually to enlarge upon it, all but the most exceptionally gifted required a period of years to master their technique. It seems obvious that a composer who was not satisfied to take over an inherited technique would need an even longer period to evolve one of his own. The fact that one cannot apply standards of good writing to contemporary works until one knows them should not, however, mislead one, as it so often does, into thinking that whatever one does not understand is well written, or even that there is no longer any difference between good and bad writing. It simply is not so easy to recognize the difference at once as it used to be, and there is always too much anxiety not to miss a young genius—as if it would do him any special harm to be missed for a while.

All this concerns a group of young composers who gave a concert the other evening, also at the New School for Social Research. It is of course valuable for any composer, old or young, to hear his work performed publicly and feel with the strange listener the latter's reaction to it. It does the rest of us no harm to furnish him that opportunity. But to indulge in any extended or specific criticism of individual compositions would be to mislead the composers into attributing to that criticism an importance and an accuracy which it would certainly lack.

ARTHUR MENDEL

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1933

No. 3530

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	217
EDITORIALS:	
Do We Need a Dictator?	220
Back the League!	221
The Railroad Report	221
The "Met" in Difficulties	222
ISSUES AND MEN. By BUS THROUGH THE MIDDLE WEST.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	223
PARALYSIS AND PROFITS. By Stewart Griscom	225
BIG BUSINESS CRIES FOR HELP. By Paul Y. Anderson	227
THE SPREAD OF BARTER. By Malcolm Ross	228
WE'RE IN THE ARMY NOW. By Owen R. Lovejoy	230
MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: 1533-1933. By Jacob Zeitlin	231
THE SNOB RACKET. By S. E. Morison	232
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	233
CORRESPONDENCE	234
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	235
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
Sonnet. By Mark Van Doren	236
Small Talk. By Joseph Wood Krutch	236
The American City. By Louis M. Hacker	236
Diplomatic Peep Show. By Louis Fischer	237
Cleveland, Full Length. By John Chamberlain	238
War as Collective Experience. By Alter Brody	238
Shorter Notices	239
Architecture: Factory, Meet Garden City! By Douglas Haskell	240
Films: Propaganda and Beauty. By William Troy	242
Drama: The Run of the Mill. By Joseph Wood Krutch	242

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

PUBLIC OPINION has sounded the doom of the noble experiment. The accelerating swing of the pendulum away from prohibition culminated in the Senate in the unexpectedly decisive straight vote for repeal of 62 to 23. The House followed suit with a vote of 289 to 121. Even a provision against the return of the saloon was struck out, but the importation of liquor into States that choose to be dry is prohibited. This is the common-sense way of eliminating the legislation born of war excitement and pressure politics. Liquor control must be worked out anew, and this can best be done with a clean legislative slate. While the details of ratification by conventions as provided in this Twenty-first Amendment remain to be worked out, it now seems probable that the long-prophesied impossibility of removing the Eighteenth Amendment will yield to the rushing tide of wet sentiment. The speed with which the Twentieth (lame-duck) Amendment was ratified after its long opposition in Congress is suggestive of the ready acceptance of legislation whose moment has arrived. The grotesqueries which flourished under Volsteadism—the lawlessness and violence which it engendered—have converted millions who are sincerely solicitous for temperance, and the possible economic advantages of finding new sources of tax revenue will hasten ratification.

THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM raised by the repeal resolution is how and when the State ratifying conventions are to be called and the form they are to take. The Constitution provides that amendments shall be valid "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." The Constitution does not state, however, whether Congress has the power to summon such conventions itself, or whether they can be summoned only by the State legislatures; nor does it state whether Congress can fix the time, method, or form of such conventions. Former Attorney-General Palmer believes that Congress has this power, but Congressman Beck does not. The truth is that the language of the amendatory clause of the Constitution is itself ambiguous, and as this is the first time in our history that ratification by State conventions has been proposed, no one can know, until the courts have passed on the question, precisely what the powers of Congress in this respect are. But that in itself is a reason why Congress, if it does not wish to delay repeal and have any result upset by the courts, should be careful not to transcend its powers. Its best present course would probably be to pass a resolution recommending the time, method, and form of such State conventions that it considers most desirable, without attempting to make any of these mandatory. Certainly, one course that seems clearly advisable is for the States to provide that delegates favoring repeal of the amendment should be voted for in a body, as well as delegates opposing repeal. This would follow the method already used in voting for Presidential electors; and it would eliminate, as it should, all questions concerning the personalities of the delegates.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS David S. Barry, removed from office by the United States Senate on February 7 for writing "there are not many Senators . . . who sell their vote for money," might have presented a better defense one week later. At least he would not have been obliged to confess ignominiously to having "no Senator in mind" and of not knowing "that there is such a Senator." On February 14 Earl Long, before the Senate committee investigating fraud in the Broussard-Overton Senatorial primary, stated that he had been told by his brother Huey that a man "named Abell had given him \$10,000 and that Huey was sort of afraid to use the money for fear it was marked." Mr. Abell was identified as H. C. Abell, representative of the Electric Bond and Share Company, giant super-holding company of many lesser utility holding and operating companies, including the New Orleans Public Service Company. The Senator's brother explained the motive for the transaction by saying to the Senator: "You began with proposing a big tax on them and ended with a tax just about what their lobby was costing." Earl Long likewise testified that his brother, the Senator, had telephoned to someone in Plaquemines Parish to "tell a man that he wanted to get enough votes there to fix it where it could stand a contest." Other charges related to "graft from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a

mile in building roads," and a bridge deal out of which Senator-presumably-elect Overton, Huey Long's candidate and political ally, was to make \$200,000. Needless to say, Senator Long used the short and ugly word, and much other picturesque language, in replying to his brother's testimony. But how the United States Senate can fail to take cognizance of such grave accusations, and to extend the scope of inquiry to include not merely Overton's but Long's record, it is difficult to see. After expelling Mr. Barry summarily, the Senate is in common decency bound to delve deeply into the scandals aired from the bosom of the Long family. Senator Huey Long must either be unmistakably cleared at the bar of the Senate or be expelled as unfit.

THE TESTIMONY of Samuel Insull, Jr., the youngster who a year ago was drawing an annual salary of \$113,000 as president of one of his father's numerous companies, further reveals how completely our late giants of finance have deemed themselves above the law. Insull, Jr., admitted that Insull Utility Investments Company had published in 1930 earnings of \$10,343,000. That was the story told the investors—"hooked" and prospective. But with the federal income-tax bureau Insull Utility Investments Company in the same year filed a net loss of \$6,493,000. Well, it was another Chicago "big shot," Al Capone, who was finally brought to book for his fraudulent income-tax return. If one assesses the relative demerits of the Capone racket based on beer and the Insull racket based on electricity, the underworld gangster comes out ahead. He sought to defraud the United States government. He did not, at the same time, seek to defraud the "widows and orphans" for whom the propaganda literature originated by the Insulls pleaded so eloquently while denouncing any proposals to regulate holding companies and their financing.

AS FOR CHARLES G. DAWES, he is another interesting exhibit as a pillar of our society (small wonder it is crumbling!). He admitted at the same Senate committee hearing that his bank had violated the "spirit" of the Illinois law which forbids a bank to lend more than 15 per cent of its capital and surplus to any one individual or company. His Central Republic Bank and Trust Company of Chicago had lent \$11,977,400, or nearly 50 per cent of its capital and surplus of \$24,000,000, to the tottering Insull structure. But as there were numerous Insull companies, Mr. Dawes insisted that the procedure was "technically" within the law. How strikingly this affair resembles his earlier loan to ex-Senator William Lorimer! When Lorimer's moribund national bank in Chicago in 1914 was about to be closed by the Comptroller of the Currency, he hastily decided to have it made over into a State bank. But in order to comply with existing legislation he had to prove that the bank had on hand \$1,250,000 in "actually paid-in cash." Lorimer did not have the money, but his friend, Charlie Dawes, then head of the Central Trust Company, without his directors' knowledge lent Lorimer the million and a quarter dollars with which he successfully deceived the State auditor when that official came to make his inspection. Lorimer got his permit and returned the money to Dawes, with the result that the bank collapsed and thousands of depositors lost their savings—just as thousands of investors have now lost everything they had in the crash of the Insull companies. The worthless Insull paper which the

present Dawes bank received as collateral was in part responsible for the bank's requiring \$90,000,000 of the public's money to avoid closing. But this was not revealed by President Hoover in his St. Louis address last November 4, when, to refute "constant misrepresentation," he told in great detail how his Administration had saved the Dawes bank.

THE ACTUAL SOLICITUDE for the widow's mite on the part of the banking-utility fraternity was revealed in the testimony of Harold L. Stuart, president of Halsey, Stuart and Company, another eminently respectable investment-banking concern. "How a Widow Should Invest \$10,000" was the title of one of its weekly radio broadcasts by the "Old Counselor." This form of security salesmanship, Mr. Stuart testified, had been suggested to him by Merlin H. Aylesworth, then president of the National Broadcasting Company. Merlin's wizardry had previously been revealed when, as managing director of the National Electric Light Association, he advised a convention of power-company public-relations experts: "Never mind the expense—the public pays the expense." He was impressing upon them the utilities' practice of charging their propaganda costs to "operating expenses" and letting the consumer pay it in higher rates. Apparently the investor, too, paid. "For ——— sake, is there any issue that Halsey, Stuart sold me that is not going into default?" read a letter from a customer introduced into the record by Attorney Ferdinand Pecora, counsel to the Senate Banking Committee. When the Halsey, Stuart "Old Counselor" was pushing the Insull securities, he did not inform his "friends of the radio audience" that quite apart from the usual banker's commissions and underwriting profits, the firm was itself heavily interested in Insull companies. But part of the advice sent out by that reputable house to one woman customer—whether widow or no, the record telleth not—was to sell her United States government bonds and buy the now worthless debentures of Mr. Insull's Corporation Securities Company.

"THAT IS WHAT was to be expected." These are the words attributed to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt by some of the newspapers when she heard that her husband had been fired at by a crazy man in Miami. It recalled the matter-of-fact remark of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, after a similar experience, that it was an inevitable accompaniment of the trade of being king. Anyone who takes high office runs the risk of falling a victim to a maniac or a criminal. As Mr. Roosevelt's experience shows, secret-service guards offer no certain protection; it was apparently the act of a plucky woman, Mrs. W. F. Cross, which saved the life of the President-elect. Of course, the sensational press attempted to fasten the crime upon the reds, and Zangara's foreign birth was made the excuse for an effort to pass in hot haste and anger one of the restrictive immigration bills which the Senate to its credit has so far failed to act upon. Fortunately, as we go to press, the innocent victims are recovering. Zangara, meanwhile, having been adjudged sane, has been sentenced to eighty years in prison. Franklin Roosevelt's well-balanced, kindly, and generous nature makes it certain that he will see this incident in a true perspective and refuse to allow it to be made the excuse either for reactionary legislation or for cutting him off from a normal life.

ADOLF HITLER is hourly giving the answer to those deluded Germans who have been favoring his elevation to the chancellorship on the ground that responsibility would tame him and make a good old conservative out of him. As a matter of fact, he is proceeding as if he considered himself sole dictator—as if he were Mussolini in Italy—and by the same methods. He is suppressing even Catholic dailies that dare to criticize his government. He has taken away the passes of prominent pacifists so that they are prisoners within their own country. One of his lieutenants has informed a large audience of students that the government will stamp out at once all Marxists, all pacifists, all internationalists—everybody who does not believe in Hitlerism. Liberty, he explained to the listening youth, is not a desirable thing or a benefit to a country! It is announced that every political meeting in the present campaign will be policed by members of Hitler's private army or of the Stahlhelm—which means, of course, that this police will be armed and will suppress the slightest criticism of the Nazis or of the Hitler Government. More than that, in the small cities and in the provinces there is certain to be a Hitler terrorism which will keep many voters at home or threaten them with violence if the votes in their precinct should not prove to be "patriotic" or "wise." This is the way of all dictators. This is the way their ruthlessness is tempered by authority! Yet there are innumerable Americans who insist that a dictatorship is what we need in this country.

AN ARTICLE on another page of this issue, *Paralysis and Profits*, tells in detail the story of a small row which is touched with large public interest. The issue involved is this: Should a man who has developed, in a university laboratory, an instrument for saving lives be permitted to patent his discovery, sell it for his own private profit, and so prevent the manufacture by another person or concern of a better instrument at a lower cost? The Drinker respirator or "artificial lung," used in the treatment of infantile paralysis, was developed in the laboratories of the Harvard School of Public Health. Its manufacturer is suing John Haven Emerson, the inventor of an improved and cheaper respirator, for infringing upon the patents protecting the Drinker machine, even though it is admitted that this machine in its present form embodies several ideas which were first used in the Emerson invention.

PROOFS of *The Nation's* article discussing this case were sent in advance of publication to several interested persons, including President Lowell of Harvard and Dean Edsall of the Harvard Medical School. While *The Nation* was still awaiting some promised comments from these persons, it was announced in the press that the Harvard Corporation had adopted a resolution stating that "no member of either of these schools [the Schools of Medicine and Public Health] should take out for his own profit, or make any profit on, a patent upon any invention or discovery that affects the health of individuals or the public. That if to protect the public against misuse of the invention or discovery it is necessary to control it by means of a patent, that should be applied for in such a name and under such conditions as the Corporation may determine." It is gratifying that the Corporation has taken this stand, even if such action was hastened by the

imminence of publicity. The resolution clears the university of any further connection, direct or indirect, with the Drinker affair, and, more important, it establishes a principle to be applied in future cases—which would have seemed obvious under the long-established code of medical ethics. Unfortunately, this belated action will not serve to right a present wrong; the Corporation makes it plain that its action is not to be taken as a reflection on either Drinker or the Collins company which manufactures his respirator. Mr. Emerson is left the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts and his personal inconvenience and loss have resulted in a lasting reform.

AMILITANT FEMINIST is the very reverend Archbishop of York. He has come out publicly and courageously, on the floor of the House of Lords, in favor of women's right to be hanged. Outraged by the sentiment which discriminates against women and frequently prevents them from hanging even when the law is clearly on their side, the Archbishop calls upon the female sex to "rise in protest." "It is a horrible insult to them," he says, "and they ought to resent it with ferocity." Of course we understand the Archbishop's generous indignation. It would be awfully gratifying if women could feel that they would be hanged just like men. But a few other legal disabilities remain which English women might possibly protest against first. There is, for instance, that little matter of exclusion from the House of Lords. If the Archbishop would see to it that women were admitted to that exclusive assemblage on equal terms with men, with how much more effective ferocity could they protest against all sorts of insults! We suggest that the women of England demand this right even before they begin chaining themselves to the gallows.

THE NATIONS CONTINUE to shock one another on a more and more spectacular scale. We have, of course, grown used to having foreign films censored to render them fit for America and American films similarly purified by foreign importers. England, for example, insists upon inserting a marriage ceremony in the new Clark Gable-Joan Crawford picture, although our own Presbyterian Elder Will Hays guarantees the purity of our products. But the situation grows daily more complicated. On the one hand the British Empire Exposition has just had to recall from the Orient advertising posters which shocked the sensibilities of Moslems in Egypt and India. They showed the lady, Britannia, lifting a beckoning finger—a gesture soliciting trade, but not of the personal variety the male Moslem mistook it for. On the other hand, our own customs authorities, who can be relied upon to go everyone else at least one better, excluded photographs of the Michelangelo frescos in the Sistine Chapel on the ground that they were indecent. It is true that the decision was later reversed when the art experts who pass upon such matters learned that the frescos in question adorned the innermost holy of holies of Catholic Christendom, but the time has obviously come for a little international cooperation or compromise. Bargaining is the order of the day. Why should not England agree to admit the "Kama Sutra" if India will admit the exposition posters, and why should not America agree to tolerate Michelangelo if the Pope will let up a bit on contraceptive literature?

Do We Need a Dictator?

EMPHATICALLY not! Nothing in the existing situation, grave, critical, and menacing as it is, warrants the overthrow of our system of government or the concentration in the hands of the incoming President of powers which are not already his under the Constitution. Congressional government has not broken down. The time has not come to abandon our faith in our democratic institutions, or to proclaim to the world that they cannot stand the stress and strain of the present economic crisis. There is no inherent virtue or wisdom in a dictator not to be found in a President. The mere appointment of a dictator, or a dictatorship of three or five, will not in itself solve any of the innumerable problems before us. Similarly it should be clear that the so-called obstructionist tactics of the Congress are not wholly responsible for the failure of the country to recover from the slump or to see before it a clear road to the restoration of our lost prosperity and economic well-being.

What we are suffering from is far less the weaknesses of the Congress than the total absence of clear-cut, wise, and constructive leadership in the White House. After all, the Executive is there to lead, not only because he is the head of his party, but because he is also the head of the nation. The truth is that we have had no White House guidance of a progressive kind, none to challenge the imagination or to sketch out far-reaching policies, since the first two years of Mr. Wilson's Administration. We have had from Mr. Hoover the weakest kind of effort to provide a program for the country and its parliament. He misconceived the crisis from the beginning, misrepresented it to the public, announced that it was rapidly passing by and was nothing to be worried about. When he was forced to admit the gravity of the situation he was unable to make any worth-while recommendations. It is not possible to know at this date whether Mr. Roosevelt will be able to prove to the country that he has sufficient knowledge and wisdom to guide us in this emergency. But if he has not that wisdom now, how on earth will it help to give him additional power? Such a grant will not open his eyes to economic truths that he does not already see; it will not give him greater resoluteness of character or endow him with stronger leadership.

The truth is that we are again chasing after a mere slogan in our old familiar American way. Last year everybody was calling for the balancing of the budget. Wall Street, Mr. Hoover, and the conventional editors were all crying for it. Secretary Mills assured us that if the budget was not balanced, disaster lay immediately ahead. *The Nation* was scorned because it declared that the budget could not be balanced and that it would not ruin us if it were not. But a bill was passed, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills declared that the budget *was* balanced, and the banker and newspaper packs promptly went baying off in another direction. Next came the demand for economy; that was to be the cure-all. Innumerable wiseacres at solemn dinner tables demanded a national cabinet—merely because England had one, although they did not know whether the result in England was favorable or unfavorable. And now it is dictatorship—with Walter Lippmann well in front calling it “the paramount

issue,” “the right direction.” He is certain that the only thing to do is to give to the President “the widest powers over the administration of the government and over expenditures which it is possible to grant him under the Constitution”—just as if the President did not already possess all the powers which the Constitution allows him. No latent Presidential powers are hidden away in the Constitution to be conferred upon the President by some vote of the Congress.

Mr. Lippmann is also certain that we must choke off “unlimited debate and obstruction” in both houses of Congress and he wants to restore to the Executive certain rights and powers which have been “usurped” by Congress because of Congressional yielding to petty local influences. Is there anything in the situation which could not be squarely met by an Executive of courage, independence, and force, ready, as were Woodrow Wilson and Grover Cleveland in their time, to go over the head of Congress and appeal to the public if Congress should prove recalcitrant? Indeed, Congress is waiting for just this sort of leadership. Moreover, when Congress meets again there will be an overwhelming majority of Democrats in both houses—not one-quarter of the Senate will be composed of Old Guard Republicans. Doubtless unduly large majorities are unwieldy, but in this emergency the party leaders will be only too happy to follow Mr. Roosevelt's requests, if he proves that he knows his own mind, has a program, and is determined to put it through—even to the extent of withholding patronage until he achieves it. But if he fails to do this, hamstringing the Congress and laying the foundations for a complete dictatorship will not help us.

But even if this should aid us temporarily, it would be better to suffer the delays which may come from a stupid and frightened Congress than to open the way for a dictator. Let us not have even the nose of that camel thrust into the tent of American government, let alone his head. One needs only to look at the latest dictator in Europe, Adolf Hitler, to see how quickly the liberties and rights of individuals may be menaced by a demagogue certain that his country's parliament also is of no further use, that his ideas are the cure-alls for his country's ills. Of course there should be reasonable, voluntary limitation of debate in the Senate in this emergency, but criticism is not always merely a means of delay. Far from it. Nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's record warrants the belief that everything he recommends will be completely wise.

Few journalists ever wrote more damning things about a public man than Walter Lippmann was writing only a year ago about this same Franklin D. Roosevelt to whom he now wishes to give tremendous power. If the President-elect sounds the keynote and takes the aggressive in well-reasoned suggestions, Congress will follow him willingly or will be compelled to by public opinion. But the Senate is the only debating forum left in America. As such, it is of inestimable value to our institutions, to our liberties, to the possibility of our progress along wise and sane lines. Muzzling it is no more desirable than to end all public criticism in the press and elsewhere. But if we muzzle Congress, muzzles for the rest of us will come as a matter of course, particularly if the emergency should become more critical.

Back the League!

THE future of peace in the Far East depends more upon the actions and decisions of the United States and Russia than upon any pronouncements by the League of Nations. It is both remarkable and heartening, in fact, that the Committee of Nineteen has dared to utter so final, though so judicious, a condemnation of Japan's reckless course in Manchuria without first ascertaining the response which could be expected from Moscow and Washington. That the fate of the world in the next few years may hang on the united efforts of two nations which at present are not even on speaking terms is ironical and fantastic; and is not the least among the reasons why Roosevelt should make recognition of Russia one of his early official acts.

Meanwhile the League has gone ahead, relying in part upon Russia's known objections to Japanese aggression in Manchuria and Roosevelt's known support of the Stimson doctrine, but at the same time leaving open a door through which it may withdraw in case Russia and the United States fail to come along. The statement issued by the Committee of Nineteen, to be acted upon by the League, reviews at length Geneva's long efforts to bring about peace in the East: the repeated promises of Japan to withdraw its troops, the repeated advances by Japan in contempt of the League and its own promises, the inquiry by the Lytton Commission, the subsequent attempts at conciliation, the refusal of the Japanese to consider withdrawal of their troops or the abandonment of Manchukuo, and the committee's ultimate decision that conciliation must be given up. The report urges as a next step mediation by a committee of the League on which the United States and Russia should be represented, and outlines the terms of a final settlement, which should include recognition of China's sovereignty in Manchuria, provision for the protection of Japan's special interests there, and the establishment of an autonomous government with a local gendarmerie.

But how is this most judicial arrangement to be put into effect? It is known and admitted in advance that Japan will reject the entire proposal, whether or not it withdraws from the League, and it is probable that many elements in the League will be delighted if they can merely accept the report and then let the matter drop. But too much blood has been poured over the plains of Manchuria and too much will flow when the Japanese press into Jehol to make it possible to end the debate with a mere vote of disapproval. The peace of the whole world hangs perilously in the balance. If the Assembly accepts the committee's report, the nations of the League are pledged not to recognize Japan's conquests; and further advances by Japan, in defiance of the League's recommendations, will be looked upon by China as acts of war. China will undoubtedly appeal for further protection from Geneva, and the League will have to proceed further along the line it has already laid down for itself.

And this brings up again the crucial question of Russia and the United States. No embargo against arms and credit for Japan, no pressure of any sort by the League, can be effective unless those two great and interested nations

actively collaborate in the support of it. And collaborate they should! The Soviet Government's opposition to Japanese aggression is based on obvious grounds of security and self-interest. The United States has equally strong reasons for opposing Japan's imperial designs, and Stimson went far ahead of the League in formulating that attitude of disapproval. Both nations should waste no time in letting the League know that they are ready to join in such action as is proposed.

To do this involves no commitments under the Covenant. Very carefully the Committee of Nineteen pointed out Japan's violation of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Pact of Paris. The United States and Russia would be committed only to a consideration of the means to be employed in enforcing binding agreements which both have signed. Such an announcement, following promptly upon the acceptance by the Assembly of the recommendations now before it, would at least have the effect of notifying Japan that her conquests in China will henceforth meet the opposition of the world. The forms such opposition would take can only be determined by the combined counsels of the great Powers—in and out of the League.

The Railroad Report

THE long-awaited report of the National Transportation Committee, in spite of the conservative quality of most of its recommendations, was disappointing to Wall Street, and railroad securities declined following its publication. This is partly because such commissions are almost invariably expected to produce some magical solution of the problem they deal with, while the actual report almost invariably fails to produce this magical solution. More specific reasons for Wall Street's disappointment in the present instance are the committee's failure to make any definite statement on railway wages—it pointed out that these are "determinable by established procedure in another forum"—and its comparative realism in discussing railway securities. Though the committee was actually formed at the request of various business associations, savings banks, insurance companies, and other institutions with a direct interest in railway securities, it nevertheless says flatly:

We distinctly do not believe that past mistakes as represented by present unwieldy debt structures should be salvaged by increased rates. The present debt structure must be revised and losses written off.

Few of the recommendations of the committee are new, some of them are obvious, and some have already been made several times by the Interstate Commerce Commission. One of the committee's four "emergency recommendations" is that the recapture clause should be repealed retroactively; the I. C. C. has long advocated such repeal. Other recommendations of the committee are that waterway and automotive transportation competing with the railroads should also be put under federal control, that competing water lines should not be subsidized, that competing motor trucks should bear their fair burden of taxes, and that railways should be permitted to operate their own supplemental motor-truck and bus services at competitive rates. With some modification this course has also been recommended by the I. C. C. The

first of the committee's four emergency recommendations—revision of bankruptcy procedure—is already incorporated in bills now before Congress. The fourth asks for a more liberal interpretation by the R. F. C. of the act governing its loans to railways; the committee nowhere questions the wisdom of continuing to supply the railroads with federal funds.

Two recommendations call for special comment—that advocating a change in the statutory rule of rate-making, and that advocating railway consolidations “looking eventually to a single national system.” The whole section on rate-making is vague and ill-considered. The committee proposes to abandon all the results of railway valuation and the principle of “fair return” on actual prudent investment for the following principle:

Wherever there is fair economic competition it will decide the rate question and it should be permitted to do so freely. . . . Where competition with trucks and other methods exists, it will determine rates. In other cases rates must be regulated, but the basis of costs of operation under efficient management is a better general guide than any attempt to preserve capital structures regardless of economic trends. We see no reason why the rate-making rule should not say in plain English that railroads are entitled to make a reasonable profit based upon costs of efficient operation.

Whatever plausibility this rule of rate-making has is based upon the vagueness of its crucial terms. What is “fair” economic competition? If rates are to be determined by “competition,” and not by a federal body, what difference would there be between the resulting condition and the chaos of rate wars, secret rebates, and charging “what the traffic will bear” which prevailed before the I. C. C. was established? Rates, of course, must be high enough to exceed railroad operating expenses under “normal” conditions, but it is not easy to secure agreement upon what constitutes “efficient management,” and even if standards for such management were established, what would be a “reasonable” profit based upon such “costs of efficient operation”? The “reasonableness” of the profit could not be established apart from some valuation of the capital invested in the roads.

Perhaps the most significant recommendation of the whole report is that urging that “regional consolidations should be hastened, and, where necessary, enforced, looking eventually to a single national system.” But the committee does not draw the logical corollary of this—government management and ownership. From the standpoint of management, it would obviously be unsatisfactory and inefficient for the single system to be controlled by one set of managing managers, half of whose acts would be constantly subject to veto by another set of regulating managers, who, in turn, would have neither control over nor responsibility for the other half of the acts of the managing managers. And from the standpoint of ownership, it would obviously never be possible for the federal government to compel the railroads to unite in one system, and to settle the endless squabbles and dickering among security-holders of various railroads concerning the basis of exchange for their securities, unless the government itself were to set up a commission to establish the valuations at which securities should be turned in, made it mandatory to turn them in, and gave the security-holder in return shares of common stock in the single system with a rate of dividend depending on earnings. This is the real logic of the railroad crisis and of the committee's report.

The “Met” in Difficulties

THE Metropolitan Opera House is faced, not merely with difficulties, but with the imminent possibility of closing its doors. Last year Paul D. Cravath headed a group which took over the responsibility of financing the organization for one season more, but Mr. Cravath has just announced that he considers his responsibility ended. As a last resort the general public is asked to contribute a guaranty fund of \$300,000.

At first sight the appeal to the public seems natural and reasonable. Actually, however, it is being made a little bit late, and the simple truth of the matter is that the Metropolitan Opera has not previously paid any too much attention to the public. The inhabitants of the “diamond horseshoe” have generally regarded the opera as a private playhouse to which outsiders were tolerantly permitted a limited access. Prices for good seats were so high as to rule out all but the affluent; cheap seats were neither good nor plentiful; and no serious effort was ever made to put the institution on a solid foundation by providing accommodation for that part of the great public which wanted to come. Indeed, it is only a short time ago that the directors rather arrogantly vetoed Otto Kahn's proposal to move the opera to a new building which would make a place for the popular audience. Now the public is being thought of as a last resort only.

Last year broadcasting of the performances was permitted for the first time. According to Deems Taylor, four or five million persons tune in every Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Taylor suggests that if only a fourth or fifth of these listeners would impose upon themselves a voluntary tax of one cent for each performance, that tax alone would support the opera. As a matter of fact, his proposal would be rather difficult to realize in practice, and there does not seem to be any good reason why the broadcasting companies should not themselves be compelled to pay to the government a reasonable tax, part of which could be used to support a national opera. These companies receive privileges of tremendous value for which they give a wholly inadequate return. The Radio Commission assigns them exclusive “channels,” from the use of which some of them make tremendous profits; yet they pay very little for what they get.

In the unlikely possibility that they should be called to account, there would still, however, be left the open question whether an opera would be the most culturally useful institution which the government could support. Theoretically it is the highest of the arts—the result of a perfect marriage between music and drama. Actually it is only the most fantastically expensive of the arts (except the moving picture!) and holds its position partly at least because the extravagance of its traditions makes it the most suitable plaything of the fashionable. In America it has never been genuinely popular and has rarely been looked upon more than dubiously by the most competent musicians. It justifies itself if it meets a genuine demand, as it does in Italy, where Verdi is popular almost in the sense that Irving Berlin is popular here. But there is some question just how much it is worth while to try to educate a public up to “Il Trovatore.” A symphony orchestra costs infinitely less to support. It is also worth considerably more.

Issues and Men

By Bus Through the Middle West

THERE were three of us in the bus traveling from Madrid, Iowa, to Des Moines, one being the driver.

Next to me was the man who started the first "farmers' holiday" in that State, the man above all others I should have chosen to talk with during that trip of an hour and a half had I known in advance of his existence. He explained that he was bound to the capital on an insurance matter; the insurance companies are in trouble, at least the farmers' mutual fire-insurance companies. "We have had to assess our policy-holders—our August loss was \$55,000 more than the largest previous monthly loss in our history. There is a lot of arson going on around here," he went on, "but I don't blame the farmers. If you were as desperate for money as they are, you'd burn a chicken-house, or a garage, or a barn, or even your house, as they sometimes do, to get clothes and shoes for your children. We just don't know what we are going to do, but I'll tell you this, we want the Eastern bankers to stay over in their country and leave us alone in the West. They can have their gold if they can keep it, but we are going to hold on to our farms. We had a tax sale not far from here on the fourth of January; there were 1,800 farmers there. They said they weren't making any threats, and weren't going to do anybody any harm, but that the first fellow who made a bid on any of those properties would go right out of the first-story window. That sale was postponed."

"How are things with you yourself?" I ventured. "Well," said he, "I have a wife and three children. I keep a careful record of every cent we spend, even when we put out a nickel for chewing gum, and last year \$808.34 passed through our hands. Ordinarily our purchasing power runs between \$3,000 and \$3,400 a year. I had fine crops, got in lots of corn and have a cellar full of vegetables, but you can't get anything for them. I am burning my corn in my furnace right now. It is just as cheap as to sell it for four or five cents a bushel after a long haul to the nearest town, and then to buy coal with what you get. I know it's a rotten deal for the coal miner, but what can I do? My daughter has been trying for a job for two years and she can't get anything."

Then I asked the question that I asked more often than any other during my sixteen days in Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin: "What will be the conditions here if this crisis lasts two years longer?" I had already put the question that morning to the restaurant keeper who served me my breakfast. "Two years more?" he had echoed. "Why, we just can't stand it. There won't be any town left if that's going to be the case. Folks are moving out now." The originator of the "farmers' holiday" looked equally staggered. "Why, you just can't think," he said, "what things will look like if this goes on that long. But I can tell you one thing, the farmers aren't going to lose their farms and they aren't going to let anyone take them away from them. We don't want to make any trouble, but we are going to stay on our farms, and don't you make any mistake about it." "Of course," he added, "what we need is leadership, but that will be here within six months." "Where will it come from?" I asked. "I

don't know," he said, "but there is going to be a leader within six months, you can be absolutely certain of that. This country has never failed to produce a leader in an emergency, and this is an emergency all right."

The next day at Des Moines Henry Wallace of *Wallaces' Farmer*, who is still under consideration for Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, said to me: "You must go to Iowa Falls and talk with John Wirds. That man's got the making of a Mussolini in him. Don't you leave Iowa without seeing him." I went, but not until I had also talked with Milo Reno, the head of the Farmers' Union. I found him ready for a third-party movement, but he thought it ought to originate in the West where men on the farms are face to face with the actual realities of life, face to face with the possibility that they may lose their farms tomorrow morning. Yes, he was willing to give the Roosevelt Administration a chance for a showdown, but it would have to prove where it stood very quickly indeed, and he had very little hope that it would work out from under the domination of Wall Street. If it didn't make good, he was certain of one thing—a new movement would sweep the West; the farmer could stand it no longer. "Are there many people starving on the farms?" I asked. "No, there are not, but the conditions are absolutely unendurable, and the farmer is going to hold on to his land no matter what happens."

I found John Wirds in his courtroom—he is a judge of the Superior Court—trying to save the farm of a seventy-five-year-old member of his family. When he had freed himself from that task he gave me of his time unrestrictedly until after eleven o'clock that evening. No Mussolini here, but a man with great strength in his powerful though unhandsome visage. He volunteered for the war and then came back determined to get a college education. He put himself through college and graduated from the law school at the age of twenty-eight, having supported a wife and two children with the wife's aid, and winning only "A's" in his law studies. It takes character to do that, and readiness to live on extremely humble fare. Now he has organized 90 per cent of the farmers of his county in his union, and the movement is spreading into adjoining counties. From one of the latter there came to him one morning five telephonic appeals for help. There was trouble at the county seat; there were ropes in the crowd, and there was certain to be violence if he did not come to their aid. He adjourned his court, jumped into his automobile, and drove at full speed for the place—in time to prevent bloodshed, in time to see the discomfited mortgage-holder withdraw in haste. About 250 members of the crowd followed him into one of the rooms of the courthouse and asked what he thought of the proceeding. He told them that he did not like what they had done; they had not done enough for the mortgagee, and they had not insisted that the owner of the farm should pledge himself to do what he could to pay something, however little, to the mortgagee. The crowd was stunned. "We are running this thing along Golden Rule

lines," said John Wirds, "and we are going to be just as square about it as we can possibly be." The crowd at once began to take up a collection for the mortgage-holder; \$250 was the objective.

"No," said John Wirds to me, "there's no suffering on the farms if you mean by that hunger. We see to that; our committees go out and do relief work. We can't give them the clothes they need, or the children the necessary boots, but we can keep them from starving, and we're going to. We're not aiming at the government, but we are just going to take care of ourselves and our own, and we're going to keep every fellow on the farm who deserves to be there." "What will be the situation two years from now?" "Why, something will break; something will happen; there will have to be a change in the system. Aren't you going to give us a lead in the East? We are never going back into the Republican Party, we Iowa farmers; it is dead, dead, dead. We want a new deal and a square deal."

That night he drove me, masterfully, to Mason City. I told him that when my bus had stopped that morning in a small town, the people were standing around in knots of four and five. "They're having a grand time in this town today," the motor-bus driver had said as he climbed into his seat. "The only bank they've got is just bust." Mr. Wirds laughed. "All our five banks are gone in Iowa Falls; we haven't one left. The express company takes our checks down to Des Moines and cashes them, and we manage to barter with one another, exchange checks, and do what we can."

The next day on to Minnesota, the farmhouses growing more unkempt, the countryside less prosperous looking, and then St. Paul and Minneapolis. Minneapolis is proud that it raised about a million and a half dollars for its community chest, that it has been able so far to take care of its own. But when I put my question to three of the leading business men of Minneapolis, they could not conceal their dismay. "Minneapolis will get by somehow, but our businesses, the country—what *will* become of them in two years?" One of these gentlemen has a 30,000-acre farm. He sold it a few years ago; it has come back to him; much against his will he is establishing a tenantry upon it. I asked him whether he foreclosed or dispossessed. "Never," said he, "when a man shows good faith and does his best." But he confessed that he did not see what was ahead for any of them. From others I learned that of the 800 Minnesota banks 200 are able to operate only through an agreement with the depositors that for the next five years they will withdraw only 10 per cent of their deposits each year. Well-informed men tell me that if there is no improvement, 500 of the 800 banks will be on the same basis by next fall. Everywhere I heard the Reconstruction Finance Corporation praised for standing by Charlie Dawes's bank: "If they hadn't done it, hundreds of banks would have failed in the West and Northwest." I found one town that faced the future absolutely unafraid—Eau Claire, Wisconsin. According to its leading editor it has not felt the crisis for longer than a year and it will have no difficulty in fighting its way through for two or three years more. One of its factories is running full time.

Everywhere else I went there were the same stories of blasted homes, ruined banks, wrecked existences; men and women have seen the labors and savings of a lifetime go to nothing in if overnight. A terrible feeling of fear and inse-

curity has come over the great rural stretches. People no longer feel safe; the dread of each day is upon them even though their cellars are full of unsold corn and vegetables. Their children are marking time; they themselves have nothing to look forward to; there is nothing left of any security for old age. They are puzzled, deeply disturbed, profoundly outraged—stunned that such a disaster could come to "God's country." They have no desire to turn against the flag. The farmer organizations are not against the government as such. They are standing unitedly against the Wall Street front; they believe, as did Woodrow Wilson in 1912, that the financial system under which we have been living, operated as it has been by those Mr. Wilson called "the masters of privilege, the owners of big business," has been "slowly girdling the tree that bears the inestimable fruits of our life," and that, as he prophesied, "nature has taken her revenge," because they have entirely girdled the tree and the tree is dying. They are no longer afraid of the name socialism, and they tell you frankly that there would have been hundreds of thousands of votes in that section for Norman Thomas had they not felt that the all-important thing was to sweep Herbert Hoover out of office. (In all three States—Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—newspapermen told me that they had never guessed how deep the feeling was against the President, or how high the tidal wave against him would go.) People tell you frankly that the Democratic Party not only has but a short time in which to make good, but that it must demonstrate once and for all that it stands for the people against the "interests," and that they will turn to the Socialists, or Huey Long, or anybody else who will take the lead toward a new political and social order.

But whither, whither? That is the question. They see life on the farms dying, their crops going for so little it does not pay to market them; they see milk selling for three cents a quart, which doesn't pay the feed bill; they see the children dropping out of school for lack of adequate clothing, and the schools in danger of closing because the teachers can no longer be paid. They see the small towns drooping, bank after bank closing, although they were told that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had, or would, put an end to further bank failures. They see paralysis descending upon the small towns—more and more "to let" signs appearing in the empty shop windows. Their patience is magnificent; their resignation, if anything, too great. If the farmers are acting through their organizations, which may be best described as benevolent protective associations, the people of the small towns are voiceless, unorganized, unable to act in common. But not for long, certainly not for two years. It does not seem to me after those days in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota that they will see their neighborhood die by inches without some protest. They know that things are getting worse. Not a single conductor on bus or train would tell me that things are getting better; the trains are pitiful in their emptiness; the highways are beginning to be deserted. "What has become," asked a railroad conductor pathetically, "of American enterprise, energy, and invention?" What, indeed? And what has become of our leadership in the face of the destitution in our cities, our stricken countryside, the misery of our people?

Dwight Garrison Killard

Paralysis and Profits

By STEWART GRISCOM

THE precise responsibility incurred by a university for the ultimate control of life-saving and therapeutic devices developed by members of its own staff in its own laboratories has never been clearly defined. We are apt to take it for granted that these things are dedicated automatically to the common cause of humanity; that they are not monopolized to line private pockets but are available to anyone who can use them to advantage in the war with disease. And this, in fact, has usually been the case. Sometime during the next few months, however, if the present schedule is carried out, the history of a life-saving invention in which business and benevolence became confused will be told in the federal court at Boston. It is a curious story. Harvard University is the setting; leading scientists play the parts. The plot concerns the commercialization of an invention for the relief of human suffering and the efforts of certain persons to protect their monopoly by ruthlessly suppressing competition.

The events preliminary to the suit have stirred the Harvard Medical School. While few of the staff understand the legal technicalities of the alleged infringement, they are clear about the professional ethics involved. Indeed, a group of prominent faculty members are actively endeavoring to prevent the court proceedings which they fear will reflect on the reputation of the institution. They also hope to block the recurrence of such a contretemps through the adoption of some accepted code.

In 1929 Philip Drinker, associate professor of industrial hygiene and member of the faculty of the Harvard Engineering School, was engaged in research on pneumatic life-saving machines in the laboratory of the Harvard School of Public Health. He was subsidized in this work by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York and, it is fair to assume, was supported and encouraged by his brother, Dr. Cecil K. Drinker, assistant dean and professor of physiology in the School of Public Health. Dr. Drinker is reputed to be a power to be reckoned with in the inner circles of the university. The experimental machines were made in the machine-shop of the Harvard Medical School, which was under the direction of Dr. C. K. Drinker. In the course of this investigation, Philip Drinker was inspired to build a box in which the creation of varying atmospheric pressures would assist the respiration of victims of infantile paralysis whose respiratory muscles were incapacitated. Accounts differ as to what first suggested the idea, but it seems to be admitted that the idea was not strictly original. Drinker did, nevertheless, produce a practical apparatus and announced the fact in May, 1929.

It was a crude device. Noisy vacuum-cleaner blowers were used to exhaust the air; it included no hand pump to be used in case the electric current failed; it was geared to permit only a few respiration rates; and it was fitted with intricate fastenings which interfered with the rapid introduction of patients in emergencies. In spite of these deficiencies the machine was a real asset to life-saving technique and was welcomed by the medical profession. Philip Drinker and Louis Agassiz Shaw, who had collaborated with him on the invention, at once applied for a patent, which was finally

granted in December, 1931, two years after the date of application. From this time on Shaw has been out of the picture.

During this two-year interim, in the spring of 1931, a new figure entered the picture. It was John Haven Emerson, humanist and inventor, with a gift for mechanics approaching genius and delighting in the development of delicate and accurate scientific apparatus. He was twenty-five years old, a son of Dr. Haven Emerson of Columbia University, and the proprietor of a rather unique machine-shop located above Campbell and Sullivan's fish emporium in Harvard Square, Cambridge. The establishment is an excellent projection of its owner's personality. The little office, up two gloomy flights from the entrance, is obviously of minor importance in the proprietor's mind. Dusty, cluttered with papers, with a few schedules pinned to the walls in a casual attempt at office system, it boasts of a double desk for the boss and his chief of staff and a child's stool for visitors. There is no clerk or stenographer. Emerson himself answers the telephone—if he is within hearing. The ordered activity of the shop which occupies the rest of the floor provides a startling contrast. It is staffed by four associates (they would hardly recognize themselves as "employees"), all of whom are nearly as unordinary as their chief. Several are Harvard graduates or near graduates. There is no shop discipline. In emotional moments they may shout for "Jack" or burst into fervent song. The Emersonian collaborators include David L. Garrison and Maxfield Parrish, Jr. The output of this organization is extremely catholic. It specializes in complex apparatus such as the Barcroft-Warburg device for cancer research, the Emerson portable oxygen tent, the Emerson micro-manipulator for controlling micro instruments under any degree of magnification (it took Emerson five years to perfect it and it is used by research institutions in this country and abroad), and the Emerson diaphragm respirator. But in slack times the shop is not above making a pair of hinges or supplying an odd screw to a student repairing a second-hand typewriter.

It was in the spring of 1931 that Emerson first saw the Drinker respirator in operation at the Children's Hospital in Boston. Some members of the staff pointed out certain weaknesses in the machine and suggested that he figure out remedies. He said he would think about the problem, and a little later he talked to Drinker about the possibility of substituting a new type of blower. Drinker was not interested. Until that time Emerson had no thought of building a respirator. He now began to play with the notion of a machine which should embody all his projected improvements. Emerson says that the idea appealed to him as a challenge in applied mechanics and that he had no suspicion Drinker might object. Those who know him accept this statement. The device was designed to save life, and this, in his mind, precluded commercial jealousy. That Drinker's machine was not yet patented and that it seemed doubtful if it ever would be, was irrelevant. He probably would have proceeded with the improvements in any case.

The Emerson respirator was completed in July, 1931. It was far superior to the Drinker product. Instead of a blower it employed a silent leather diaphragm. It was adjustable to any respiration rate. The cost was \$1,000 instead of \$2,300 or \$2,000, the price of the other apparatus. That summer an epidemic of poliomyelitis swept New England, and one of the early models was left for trial at the Providence City Hospital. The next day it was put in use to save the life of a desperately paralyzed boy, Emerson and Garrison standing by to demonstrate the mechanism in operation.

This dramatic success marked the beginning of Drinker's open hostility. He was bitter at what he evidently felt was an invasion of the respirator market and spoke of legal protection against infringements. His objurgations were echoed by one Collins, of Warren E. Collins, Inc., manufacturers of medical apparatus, who by this time had acquired the exclusive rights to manufacture Drinker's machine. Collins, in fact, had been turning out respirators and paying royalties to Drinker long before the patent was issued. Drinker admits that he received a part of the profits, but neither he nor the manufacturer has ever announced their receipts. The only clue to the amount which the inventor pocketed comes from Collins, who once complained that he was forced to pay a royalty of \$300 on each sale. Accepting this as fact, and estimating that at least 150 machines had been sold when Drinker renounced his bonus in the fall of 1931, it is easy to see that the inventor had not fared badly. The payment of royalties, of course, would not exhaust the respirator's financial possibilities. Taking into account a subsequent reduction in the price of the Drinker machine, and considering the average price to be \$1,750 instead of \$2,000, it is clear that Collins must have banked at least \$262,500 in gross receipts when he stopped his payments to Drinker.

Up to this point Drinker and Collins fought alone for their monopoly. When Emerson declined to weaken and continued manufacturing in spite of threats and remonstrances, officials of the university intervened. Whether they did this deliberately, with knowledge of the facts, is not known. This phase of the story is mysterious and confused. Principals operate vaguely through agents. There are enigmatic whisperings and unintelligible movements behind an impenetrable curtain. Emerson and his friends have been unable to obtain an explanation of these activities. In any event, after some preliminary correspondence, Emerson and his father called on Dr. David L. Edsall, the dean of the Medical School, and placed all the facts before him as Emerson knew them. Deprecating the controversy, Dr. Edsall asked Emerson as a favor to the university to withhold all commercial advertising about his machine for a period of two weeks. The Harvard Corporation, he explained, had the disposal of the patent rights under advisement and it seemed probable that eventually they would be turned over to the public with only enough control to insure reliable workmanship.

To this proposal Emerson agreed. Some two weeks later the Dean wrote him a noncommittal letter stating that the corporation was still discussing the problem. After another three weeks had passed and Emerson had grown restive, Edsall sent another communication similar to the first but without suggesting release from the obligation to refrain from advertising. Exactly nine days later Warren E. Collins, Inc., announced the completion of a new model respirator selling at \$1,500. The design was a great improvement

over the earlier Drinker apparatus. This was less surprising when it developed that every mechanical change, without exception, which the Collins concern thought worthy of featuring in their new advertising material had appeared first in Emerson's machine. When, in the face of this performance, the university maintained an attitude of indifferent silence, Emerson decided to call on the Dean. Edsall released Emerson from his promise not to advertise but begged him to keep the story from the public. Emerson countered by asking whether the university proposed to exert its influence in creating a monopoly of life-saving devices for the financial benefit of favored individuals. If this was the policy, he said, he would ignore the patent and fight. The Dean replied that the matter was not in the university's hands. The next day, determined to get at the root of the matter, Emerson talked with President Lowell. Mr. Lowell had little to say except to reproach him for interfering with "the purely altruistic action of Mr. Drinker." He stated that the university had no control over the Drinker patent.

Four months later the Collins corporation entered suit for infringement. This is now pending. It seems to many physicians who are familiar with the facts that the ethical importance of this affair entirely transcends the legal equities. They believe that the right to manufacture therapeutic or life-saving devices developed in a university should be available to anyone who can guarantee reliability and a reasonable price. The value of Emerson's machine is unquestioned. Experts who have examined both report that the Emerson product is at least as efficient and reliable as the Drinker device. And, finally, the Emerson respirator has been officially accepted by the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association. There can be no better testimony as to its value.

As for price, the Emerson device has always sold for at least \$500 less than the Drinker apparatus. Curiously enough, this point is the one which seems chiefly to agitate the Collins concern. Although the Collins attorneys announced that "unlike many patent suits in which the maintenance of royalties is a chief point at issue, it is stated that the present suit is being prosecuted solely in the interests of public safety," they have recently sought a settlement under which Emerson would pay a 10 per cent royalty on the sale price of each machine and agree to a price-fixing arrangement. It is hard to see how the interests of the public would be served by such an agreement.

Another practical consideration, apart from purely ethical grounds, is the opinion of various authorities on poliomyelitis that both Collins and Emerson should continue to manufacture. In the event of a serious epidemic of infantile paralysis, they say, it would be impossible for either concern to produce all the apparatus which might be required. Healthy competition, furthermore, usually stimulates the development of improvements.

Whatever the outcome of this particular controversy, there can be no doubt that the rights of the community in cases like this should be protected by some accepted code. The exemption of educational institutions from taxation implies contingent obligations. It has been suggested that therapeutic and life-saving devices developed in colleges should be patented and that these patents should then be transferred to an inter-institutional commission empowered to license all worthy applicants. Almost any plan which would preclude selfish monopolies and unreasonable private profits would be preferable to the present unsatisfactory condition.

Big Business Cries for Help

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, February 18

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S indomitable optimism will be subjected to worse trials than attempts on his life before he has the Presidential chair very warm. It is difficult to recall any man in modern times who has been required to shoulder such terrific responsibilities. Lenin, it is true, planned and initiated the transformation of a medieval agricultural empire into a cooperative industrial commonwealth, but Lenin had inherited the blueprints of a dozen political geniuses, and he had brilliant collaborators. Roosevelt will have to plow much new ground, and it becomes more apparent every day that he is expected to do it almost single-handed. It is difficult to see how the federal government can get the country out of its plight without complete and intelligent cooperation from those who control its wealth. Yet our vaunted "wizards" of finance and industry today are the most thoroughly discredited class of individuals in the country; not one of them has advanced an idea worth a plugged nickel. After spouting all over the place for ten years about "political inefficiency" and the necessity of the government "keeping its hands off business," they are now crawling here in droves and entreating the despised politicians to rescue them from the consequences of their own stupidity and corruption. The next President can expect little assistance from them. Moreover, Congress, buffeted between its own problems and the ignorant and malicious criticism with which it has been overwhelmed, is half in a mood to surrender. Even the Senate, the most virile and independent of our political institutions, is pretty well cowed. Obviously we are on the eve of what in many respects will amount to a Presidential dictatorship. I would as soon trust Roosevelt with such powers as almost anyone I can think of, but the prospect has its dangers along with its advantages. For instance, two years of a Hoover dictatorship probably would reconcile the populace to the delays and inconveniences of democracy, but it is possible that Roosevelt may exercise his authority with such wisdom and restraint that the public will be content with an autocrat. It is a risky step and the strongest argument for it is that unless we voluntarily accept Roosevelt as a dictator now, we may be compelled involuntarily to accept someone like General MacArthur a year or two hence. The average citizen probably would be astonished to learn about some of the fancy ideas with which our brass hats have been toying. I understand they are so eager to quell the revolution that they can hardly wait for it to start. This week we were edified by the spectacle of a new type of armored tank, "especially adapted for riot duty," on display at the War Department. We may rely on Roosevelt to put a prompt end to that dangerous brand of nonsense.

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THE necessity of an executive dictatorship, if one exists, may be attributed very largely to the newspapers, which have slandered Congress with such persistence and effect that the public has either lost confidence in the legislative arm of the government, or it has lost confidence in itself, or both.

An amazing example of this wholesale vilification occurred recently in connection with the dismissal of David S. Barry, Senate sergeant-at-arms. After refusing an offer of time in which to retain counsel and prepare his explanation, this employee repeatedly confessed to the Senate and its Judiciary Committee that he had accepted \$250 to write a magazine article accusing members of Congress of taking bribes, although he had no proof and no idea whether any existed. Naturally, the Senate dismissed him. Whereupon it was buried under an avalanche of editorial abuse, many of the papers insinuating that the bribery charge was true, and most of them declaring that poor Barry had been immolated by demagogues. As a matter of fact, the most notorious Senate demagogues had promptly rushed to Barry's defense, uttering fearful cries about "the right of trial by jury," "Anglo-Saxon traditions," and "freedom of speech." Long-haired Senator Logan of Kentucky, who last year opposed an investigation of the outrages in Bell and Harlan counties, denounced the Barry proceedings as "mob law," but after vowing to Almighty God that this crime could only be consummated over his prostrate form, went home to dinner without waiting for the roll call, although two days later he contributed a resounding moral treatise on the subject to the front page of the *New York Times*! All this unfair and ignorant criticism is having at least one beneficial effect—it is compelling Congress to consider seriously the evils of irresponsible radio broadcasting. Newspapers, after all, are private commercial enterprises, but the radio is a public utility, and Congressmen are beginning to inquire how much longer those precious channels shall be devoted to the dangerous and demagogic ranting of such persons as Edwin C. Hill and Boake Carter. Their unintelligent comment on public men and measures is offensive enough, but when it comes to using public property (which these channels are) for the purpose of fomenting war with Japan and inflaming national, sectional, and religious prejudice, it is high time the Federal Radio Commission took a hand. Otherwise, a higher authority will.

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OLD Guard Republicans in the Senate, who for weeks have been conducting a slow filibuster with the object of embarrassing and discrediting the Democrats, were somehow induced to withdraw their paralyzing influence momentarily, with the result that the Senate, to the surprise of itself and everyone else, adopted the prohibition-repeal resolution. I suspect some slick work on the part of Joe Robinson and Charlie McNary, the latter, unlike Watson and Moses, being unwilling to see the country go to hell in a hack for the satisfaction of saying later that the Democrats drove the hack. Moreover, as the result of heroic efforts on the part of La Follette, Costigan, Cutting, and Wagner, the leaders were persuaded to adopt the eminently sensible course of laying aside pending appropriation bills and taking up the problem of relief. Notwithstanding that less than two weeks of the session remains, it is possible for something to be accomplished. Even the filibusterers shivered when the bank holi-

day was declared in Michigan. I am a reporter, not an economist, and yet this depression seems fairly simple to me. Purchasing power has been destroyed by unemployment, and the cure is to put men back to work. If it is true, as has repeatedly been said, that our chief weapon against the depression is the credit of the federal government, why not use it in attacking the heart of the trouble? Instead of wasting it in a futile attempt to prop up a lot of crumbling capital structures, why not devote it to financing the purchase of commodities by the unemployed, as provided in the Costigan-La Guardia bill, and to launching a gigantic program of public works, as advocated by Wagner, La Follette, and others? Put that question to some "captain of finance," and all you will get in reply will be a meaningless jumble of words. Tom Connally remarked the other day: "All they ever knew was to lend you a dime on a dollar's worth of security, and charge you 10 per cent interest."

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THE pathetic sight which these erstwhile "leaders" make was heightened this week by the appearance of some of the most prominent before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, which is investigating the stock market, and of others before the Finance Committee, which is trying to locate the road back to prosperity. Since several of these witnesses are scheduled to appear before both committees, it was suggested that a good purpose would be served by having them first go before the Banking Committee and tell how they caused the depression, and then go around the corner and tell the Finance Committee how to get out of it. It was also suggested, after several of them had testified, that

Pat Harrison had summoned them for the malicious purpose of showing that they didn't know anything. That probably is unfounded: Pat likes a joke, but not at the expense of millionaires. Nevertheless, the proceedings have not been devoid of comedy. There was the spectacle, for example, of Paul Block, Jimmie Walker's old pal, showing up to tell the Senate how to lick the depression. John F. Hyland also was on the list, although, so far as I know, there is no plan to call Gracie Allen or Jockey Gilbert. Fun of a more refined type was on display before the Banking Committee where that magnificent actor and humorist, Owen D. Young, informed the members with many an ingratiating smile and silken gesture, that his purpose in taking 4,000 shares of Insull stock at \$12 a share before the market opened at \$30, was "to help a friend." Poor Mr. Insull was nervous, he explained, lest some outsider buy up the stock and get control of the organization, so Young obligingly agreed to come in on the ground floor. The man is simply a marvel. If times were less critical I should be reconciled to seeing him in the Cabinet, just for the privilege of watching him perform in public. But there was nothing funny about poor old Charlie Dawes. The familiar theatricals were conspicuously absent from his testimony. He seemed badly licked. For a man who had "damned" and "helled" his way through a dozen Congressional investigations, it was a tough job to sit there meekly and cough up the confession that his bank had violated the principle of the law in lending Insull companies a sum almost equal to the bank's capital and actually greater than its surplus. It would appear that many of the gods of the Coolidge-Mellon era had, in addition to feet of clay, heads of bone. Some of us intimated as much at the time.

The Spread of Barter

By MALCOLM ROSS

BARTER in the United States is no longer a tentative experiment. At present there are 159 barter organizations in 127 cities of 29 States. Perhaps a million people daily receive part of their living through these exchange associations. As the movement has grown it has developed along varied lines and its aims now range from simple relief to the universal substitution of scrip for legal money. In its modern form barter began as a device for permitting the hungry access to surplus crops. Workers were idle and could not buy; food was rotting in the fields because there was no profit in harvesting it. It appeared sensible to set the idle to work as share-croppers. From this simple beginning barter has evolved into complex forms which touch the economic order at vital points. Several associations are already projecting national movements.

Barter as a relief measure has developed on a grand scale in California. Last spring a few men in Compton, California, began to exchange their labor on truck farms for sacks of vegetables—two days' work for a week's supply for a family. The croppers stocked a warehouse with their surplus vegetables and began to exchange with one another. A man paid in celery would exchange some of it for oranges, potatoes, and, eventually, for fish and meat. The system was soon expanded. Cobblers and tailors, doctors and dentists contrib-

uted their services to the croppers and were given credit for the variety of services and food available. When other units were formed, jobless radio operators set up communication between the exchanges. Each morning reports went out that this or that exchange had potatoes, dairy products, or mutton in excess of its own needs; whereupon the exchange managers shopped around the circuit for needed goods or services.

The movement has strong public support. The truck farmers obtain labor in exchange for off-grade products. Taxpayers are happy in the knowledge that more than 200,000 jobless people are being cared for without tapping the relief coffers. The exchanges are credited with preventing hunger marches, while their leaders offer assurance that "socialistic trends are conspicuous by their absence." On the assumption that the exchanges are expedients, to be dissolved when the emergency shall pass, much official support has been won. The Los Angeles County supervisors supply oil and gas to move the exchange products. Empty warehouses, old clothes and shoes, and cash for running expenses are provided by persons pleased to see the unemployed helping themselves.

No gentlemen's agreement to remain docile exists among the barter groups of the State of Washington. Here the movement took on a strong political cast as soon as the mem-

berships attained voting strength. The Unemployed Citizens' League of Seattle, oldest of the groups, has 40,000 members and is allied with other exchanges in the United Producers of Washington. Last June 400 delegates of the State organization convened at Tacoma and decided to override opposition office-holders in pursuit of their own aims of direct relief and guaranteed jobs.

Votes of the Seattle group were sufficient to turn the mayoralty election in favor of a sympathizer, John F. Dore. The city became an active collaborator in the movement. It supplies food, trucks, paint, and lumber from public funds, and it averted its official eyes when flying squads of league members tapped the city mains for those unemployed whose water had been cut off. The Washington exchanges are lively and contentious, and worth close attention.

The Unemployed Citizens' League of Colorado, modeled after but not connected with the Washington league, represents an effort to draw organized labor into the barter movement. There are eleven units in Colorado, comprising 45,000 people and marked by a strong resentment against community chests and city charities. They seek political action, and their printing-press is busy with appeals for the support of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Railroad Brotherhoods, and the Farmers' Union. To the American Federation of Labor the following argument is advanced: The jobless man is a potential scab. Organized labor is confronted with the existence of thousands whose need the unscrupulous employers exploit by taking their labor at bargain rates. Organized labor, therefore, should aid the barter movement.

The Colorado league seeks legislation to enable the unemployed to produce goods and food for themselves. They promise to consume all they produce in order not to compete in the open market. The league has a few coal mines and it sends members out as share-croppers; but it is much poorer than the Washington associations. Barter on a large scale flourishes best in sections where crop surpluses are easily accessible. The California exchanges are particularly favored. They have the most essential commodity, food, a warehouse goods against which other supplies and services can be bartered. Wherever crops are less abundant, as in Colorado, the exchanges must produce such commodities as coal or timber, which compete with the products of established firms and arouse opposition.

This dilemma is perhaps best shown in the Dayton, Ohio, Association of Cooperative Production Units. In their phraseology, they wish to substitute "producing-using" for "earning-buying." Their aim is to organize the unemployed, the old, cripples, and other dependents into neighborhood groups whose industry will provide articles having value both for exchange with other groups and for sale in the open market. Actually, some 800 families are at work in seven units, engaged variously in gardening, canning, raising rabbits for fur and meat, baking, cobbling, and making quilts. One group is building a shoe factory out of discarded wood paving blocks. Eventually the association hopes to move the units into the country to farm and to begin the manufacture of rugs, blankets, rabbit-skin caps, and so on.

In theory, a wide-enough variety of products and services for exchange between groups would make them independent of the regular markets. In present practice the production

units exist by grace of city aid. The Council of Social Agencies lends them money. The city relief store provides raw material which the units pay for by adding the value of their labor and then giving back part of the finished products. It seems evident that the units could not at present get along without a subsidy. It remains to be seen whether they can outgrow the need for aid, and can meet the inevitable opposition of conventional producers.

Instead of starting new industries the Midwest Exchange, Inc., of Yellow Springs, Ohio, brings existing producers together. Each member carries on an ordinary sales-for-cash business in the open market, but barter his surplus with other exchange members. A rubber manufacturer puts tires into the common pool, accepting in return printing, foundry work, and labor put up by other firms in order to establish credit. Antioch College is a Midwest member, since it is a producer with a printing shop, commercial research laboratory, and other facilities needing a larger market. Arthur E. Morgan, president of Antioch, helped found the Midwest Exchange, partly as an outlet, through barter, for college industries and partly because he believes that barter between manufacturers has an important future.

The Yellow Springs Exchange is an independent unit giving a retail outlet to the wholesalers in the Midwest Exchange. In theory each producer should have a retail auxiliary in which employees can spend the scrip they receive as part of their pay. Actually the Yellow Springs Exchange is the only retail unit in operation. It issues scrip, which it pays out to Midwest members for goods, and which it accepts for retail purchases made by Midwest employees. Besides functioning as a Midwest auxiliary, the Yellow Springs Exchange barter with farmers for scrip and goods, and has the services of workmen to offer. This combination of the Yellow Springs and Midwest exchanges is considered by its founders as a first step toward making barter so important in any region that business can be conducted smoothly no matter how serious the collapse of the money market may be. The extension of the scheme on a national scale is projected.

The tendency to make local exchanges the nuclei of a national system has appeared in many places. The Natural Development Association of Utah has a strong missionary leaning toward replacing the present money system with universal barter. It would bring existing producers into the fold, enter the producing field itself, and become self-contained and independent of all regular financial agencies. In diversification the Utah exchanges have gone farther than any of the groups, and great local success has widened their hopes.

In New York the Emergency Exchange Association, with economists, lawyers, and engineers on its advisory board, is offering its services and advice to all exchanges. It looks toward the organization of a national string of barter groups.

An aspect of barter common to all groups is the use of relief money to furnish the unemployed with raw materials on which they apply their labor to produce goods they themselves will consume. It has been suggested that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation should stop making work for the unemployed on roads and put them to work producing goods for each other. If that suggestion were followed, the United States government would become the biggest barter group in the country. The question is open.

We're in the Army Now

By OWEN R. LOVEJOY

AMERICA has suddenly become conscious of an army of transient youth. Boys wandering from home present one of the oldest problems in history, but it is only in these days that migrant youth has made the front page. This is partly because normal conduct has recently been invested with mysterious significance by the new psychology and partly because a situation unprecedented in modern times has multiplied the number of boys who leave home.

One can readily understand why some boys forsake the domestic inclosure and take to the open road. The spirit of adventure is strong in youth—indeed, it is one of its cardinal virtues, which from age to age has helped to advance the race. But the spirit of adventure is not alone responsible for the rise of this wandering army which has suddenly become the subject of popular interest and of the solicitude of social-welfare agencies. Loneliness, poverty, school monotony, domestic discord, and broken homes are other important factors. Youth is as conscious as the elders of what Dr. Nels Anderson calls the invasion of the home. "The home was never so insecure, for these people have left their firesides because they were convinced they would be better off on the outside than within." Mrs. Sidney C. Borg fittingly calls them "depression transients."

The futility of attempting to deal with the problem of these "depression transients" as a project distinct from all others should be obvious. It should also be obvious that since these boys, no matter how numerous, do not constitute a homogeneous mass—instead, each is an American individual with his own background, his own emotional reaction to our unusual national plight, his own family traditions, and his own ambitions or lack of them—no kind of mass treatment, however kindly on the one hand or rigid on the other, can hope to succeed. This fact has been recognized in the United States Senate by the members of the Subcommittee on Transients, who have sought advice from educators, physicians, financiers, social workers, and others interested in the problem. Senators La Follette, Costigan, and Cutting, who constitute this subcommittee, recommended an appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the relief of transient boys. It was proposed that this fund should be administered by a federal board but that the working out of details should be left to the several States. The plan has been widely approved, and it was generally believed that if any extensive relief measure went through Congress at this session this feature would be sure of inclusion.

The disturbing word now comes that the War Department, in order to make up for the much-lamented reduction in the military appropriation, has obtained an additional appropriation of \$20,000,000 as a special fund to be used in placing 88,000 transient boys in citizens' military training camps. Of this amount \$5,000,000 is made immediately available. The program undoubtedly is the result of a genuine and sincere conviction, but it is disheartening that this amazing measure passed the Senate without a dissenting vote.

The bill provides, according to the *New York Herald Tribune*, that camps shall be open for a year to the "thousands of youth roaming the land in search of work and a

place to sleep." It is estimated that 88,000 boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one will be concentrated in these training camps. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania estimated that the expense of caring for them would be \$250 a year for each. The boys will not be forced into these camps, but those who have been out of work for a period of six months may apply for admission and will be accepted if they are American citizens and sound of mind and body.

There are numerous objections to this proposal. While admission to the camp is voluntary, a boy who has entered will have substantially the same care, treatment, drill, exercise, and vocational training that a soldier receives in peace time, though it will be possible for him to leave the camp at any time if he can obtain employment. During this period of training the boys will be under immediate charge of regular army officers, and while no reflection upon the intelligence or general qualifications of these men is intended, it is difficult to suggest a group less well qualified for the instruction and training of youth along any except strictly military lines. The chief objection from the standpoint of the future welfare of these boys is that no constructive educational program can be carried out by mass treatment. At the same time any number of unemployed educators, social workers, recreation directors, and craftsmen are available to furnish individual guidance to the entire number of transient boys, provided they could be distributed in small groups in suitable places throughout the country.

The daily press indicates that the public is aware of the implications of this measure. While these enlisted youths will not be technically included within the military establishment, the country will actually have under training more than double the present number of soldiers in the United States. This emphatic militaristic gesture, made in the name of relief, provides a striking example of the resourcefulness of the military bloc in directing the actual policies of our government at the same time that we are proclaiming to the world our desire to disarm and to be at peace with all mankind.

Under the provisions of the program which is still before the Manufactures Committee of the Senate a federal board would cooperate with agencies in every State to work out plans according to the varied needs in different sections. Among the facilities for care and training immediately available, the following are suggested:

1. In every instance where the boy can wisely be returned to his home this should be done. It cannot be done without the aid of some trained worker who by intimate personal contact can discover the boy's motive in leaving home and the appropriate methods by which he can be returned.

2. There are many distressed farms throughout the country, some in the hands of banks and insurance companies which are eager to liquidate, on which boys in small groups of three to ten could be placed under wise direction and with no cost to the farmer beyond the provision of proper supervision and a home-like atmosphere. This policy has been followed for years by the New York Children's Aid Society with marked success and could be extended.

3. There are millions of acres of land in America that were once covered with forests and are now either entirely deserted or occupied by struggling farmers who cannot possibly make a living. Thousands of boys could be put to work reforesting these marginal lands and caring for the young trees until they are established, and many others could be engaged as junior forest rangers to safeguard the areas from fire, which now destroys millions of dollars' worth of national resources. It is estimated that within fifty years a program of this kind would enrich the American commonwealth sufficiently to wipe out the national debt.

4. There are hundreds of summer fresh-air camps for children, maintained by public and private philanthropic agencies. Thousands of boys could be placed in these camps in groups not to exceed 100. Under educational, health, and recreational supervision, they could be properly cared for and trained until suitable occupation was found for them.

Certainly the public ought to give careful and deliberate consideration to any plan that uses \$20,000,000 of public money to catapult 88,000 of our American boys into United States Army camps at a time when an increased military establishment is the least of our national needs.

Michel de Montaigne: 1533-1933

By JACOB ZEITLIN

WHEN students a few months ago were appraising the work of Spinoza, they dwelt on its importance in liberating the minds of men from the bonds of theology and dogma. It was a work in which Montaigne anticipated him by almost a century. If the ideas of the Frenchman were set down with as direct and naked a simplicity as those of the Jewish philosopher, their originality and boldness would be just as startling. But for all Montaigne's intellectual affinities with Spinoza—it is curious to observe that from his mother's side there flowed in him the blood of the same Spanish Jews from whom Spinoza is descended—he was not made of the stuff which exposes itself to social and moral excommunication for the sake of an inner conviction. His physical security was dear to him, and as a privileged member of the existing order of things he was loth to create an undue disturbance in the thoughts of men. Yet his convictions pressed for utterance. He had an artist's passion for communicating himself, and his literary genius found a way to say what he wished without the risk of dangerous censure. We owe the creation of the personal essay to Montaigne's need for a form of expression which would serve to veil the daring quality of his ideas and act as a lightning-rod against ecclesiastical fulminations.

The celebrated skepticism of Montaigne was chiefly a means of clearing the ground of the aged dogmas and outworn beliefs which encumbered it, of stilling the curiosity of men regarding the metaphysical, the absolute, the supernatural, and the miraculous, as things utterly beyond their grasp. His object was to free the mind for the untrammelled contemplation of all that directly concerned a purely human existence. His ripper thinking was distinctly positive in its coloring, so much so that he is sometimes represented as a precursor of Bacon and the scientific method. Yet this is a questionable association. He had too little faith in the power of the mind to comprehend and formulate under general laws the vast and complex diversity of natural phenomena. In view of the state of scientific inquiry in the sixteenth century, his attitude is proof of a critical intelligence rather than of a narrow vision. His position should not be confused with that of a group of thinkers who in the twentieth century persist in regarding science as something alien to man's highest interests. He made no deliberate exclusion of any truth that was certified to man through the exercise of his own natural faculties, or attested to him by the in-

telligence of an "attentive, subtle, impartial, and unprejudiced inquirer." The scientific quality of his temper is evident from his respect for facts—the facts of history as well as the facts of mental experience.

The feature in Montaigne's work that it is important to stress, if only for the reason that it is too often slighted, is the seriousness of the moral design that underlies it. In a world of dissolving loyalties and unsettled values he tried to discover the principle which would enable men to give some order and meaning to their lives. And he placed that principle ultimately in the conscience of the individual. Overlooking with a dignified silence the faiths and the institutions by which men were supposed to be kept in the path of duty, he quietly but unmistakably proclaimed the idea that every person is an independent moral being, completely responsible to himself, and to himself only, for the regular conduct of his life, and that it is the duty of each man to establish within himself a standard by which to censure or approve his own actions. "Conscience alone," he said, "marks us truly as what we are, and by itself overbalances all other qualities." He believes in man's ability to develop his powers as a free and self-sufficient moral being for whom the constraints of conventional law and organized religion are superfluous. It is an ideal of singular elevation, leading him to declare that there is no private advantage for which a man is justified in doing violence to his conscience, and that not usefulness but beauty is the criterion of a good action.

If Montaigne's vision of human character is conspicuous for its high-mindedness, it is at least equally conspicuous for its balance. The truth on which Aldous Huxley in our own time still finds it necessary to insist so passionately—namely, that man is as physical as well as an intellectual being—was much fresher in the sixteenth century and more in need of statement. And when was it ever stated more succinctly and more judiciously than in this sentence: "It is not a mind, it is not a body, that we are training; it is a man, who ought not to be divided into two parts"? It is the essence of humanism, and if it were taken to heart by all who profess that creed, it would save them from many aberrations. Modern critics who are accustomed to setting up an opposition between nature and man or nature and reason have accused Montaigne of naturalism, but there is little justification for such a charge in his writings. For him nature is simply the all-embracing principle of life. It includes man

and it includes reason among its manifestations. It includes a great deal besides, which the mind is powerless to fathom. Because of the vastness of the idea which it stands for, the word is apt at times to be employed a little vaguely and with ■ rhetorical coloring. Primarily Montaigne was concerned with restoring man to his *proper* place in nature. If in moments of satiric bitterness he was tempted to degrade him to the level of the lower animals, it was only through reaction against those who tried to elevate him to a place among the angels. The excesses of intellectualism and spirituality provoked him sometimes to exalt the instinctive elements in life, just as the artifices and affectations of society led him to admire with some extravagance the primitive and spontaneous virtues of the barbarians. In his normal and typical mood Montaigne thought of man as an animal ennobled by the faculty of reason, whose wisdom consisted in knowing how far to yield to "the simple authority of nature," while leaving to his reason the main burden of guiding his inclinations.

In the same humanistic spirit that determines his analysis of human nature, Montaigne makes the beauty and meaning of life consist in an inner quality of consciousness that brings to its owner the greatest satisfaction and serenity of which a man is capable. The great aim of life, in his view, is nothing else than to cultivate the art of living. This can easily be perverted, as has, indeed, been done by unfriendly or undiscerning critics, into a counsel of selfish indulgence and pleasure-loving dilettantism. At times he uses language which gives an opening for such an interpretation, but his ultimate intention is to concentrate the interest on the highest potentialities of our nature. To compose our characters, to teach the soul how to control and circumscribe itself so that our life may glide soberly and silently, "with goodness, moderation, equability, and constancy, and without bustle and ostentation," is not a facile undertaking. It implies an arduous self-discipline. It has, indeed, an old-fashioned air that is uncongenial to the temper of our time, not merely because of its emphasis on serenity, but because the burden of social responsibility weighs with ■ heavy pressure upon us. "We do not live for ourselves," one of our earnest leaders not long ago remarked, misquoting the ancient sage who had said, "We do not live for ourselves alone." Montaigne would have seized upon the distorted maxim as symptomatic of the great defect in our lives. The trouble, he would have said, is precisely that we live not enough for ourselves and too much for others. To know how to belong to oneself, to reserve ■ back-shop wholly our own where the soul may live on that which concerns it, he held to be the most important thing in the world. "The principal duty which we have," says Montaigne, "is, to every man his own conduct. That is what we are here for."

Abstracted from its framework, this teaching is seen to have a serious independent value. Its uniqueness, however, lies in the process by which it is unfolded and in the subtle art by which its precepts are insinuated. In reading the "Essays" we are made to feel that we are in the presence not of ■ system of morals but of ■ living person engaged in the task of adjusting himself to the conditions of his social and mental environment. His writing is the record of his intellectual growth, and preserves the traces of many hesitations and gropings on the road to the clarification of his judgments. He used the word *essay* originally to denote the uncertainty and the tentative quality of his ideas, and when

the ideas were fully matured he deliberately cultivated a method of writing which by its informality should deter the attention from probing them too deeply. The bolder his thoughts became, the more offhand and unsystematic grew his manner of expressing them. He posed before the public as an inoffensive babbler who liked to talk about himself and to indulge himself, out of sheer idleness, in venting strange humors and opinions which he would be sorry to see taken seriously by anybody. While delivering the shrewdest thrusts against superstition and prejudice, he managed to beguile the unwary into accepting him as a charming gossip of lively intelligence and skeptical insouciance. By his "dissolute" style he encouraged the belief in the slackness of his principles. As a literary artist he has imposed himself more fully on the generations of readers than as a moral philosopher, yet in at least one passage he confides to us that he prides himself chiefly on the richness of his substance and that he does not like to hear praise of his style, because it implies a certain disparagement of his sense. The device which he chose for his title-page, in revising the "Essays" shortly before his death, was "*Viresque acquirit eundo.*" It means that the chief object in life for Montaigne was progress in self-mastery. His book shows us how he pursued his ideal.

The Snob Racket

By S. E. MORISON

ONE industry seems to be thriving in these gray days of depression—the snob racket. The mail of the bourgeoisie is filled with appeals to their ego. If you are slipping in the economic race, you may at least dig in socially, for a price. Here is what came to me in three successive morning mails.

The first exhibit is an invitation to be a member of the National Society of Puritan Descendants. This society has many purposes, among which are "to foster patriotic educational research," to "collect records of the Puritans and their progeny [*sic*]," "to manifest tribute generally to the early and colonial days," and "to halt the vicious tendencies and philosophies that threaten the very foundation of our national life." (Can this mean Technocracy?) "All that we have today," avers the N. S. P. D., "we owe to the foundations laid by our Puritan forbears. They were the ones to give us our laws, our language, our political institutions. They created a painting, a sculpture, a mathematics, and an astronomy worthy of comparison with the best art and literature of Europe. . . . They fought the Revolution, wrote the Constitution, developed the continent, and founded ■ nation. . . . This is your legacy. Will you cooperate with us to preserve and protect this inheritance?"

This ringing appeal to the Puritan "progeny" issued from that quondam apex of culture, Beacon Hill. Eager to halt vicious tendencies, to view Puritan painting, sculpture, and astronomy, and to "manifest tribute generally," I lost no time in visiting the office of the N. S. P. D. I found three young ladies sending out circulars. The chiefest of the three explained how one manifests tribute to the early and colonial days. Tribute means \$10 for annual, \$25 for life, membership. Of course, the "historian general" would have to pass

on my ancestry, but there would be no trouble about that. You don't have to prove your ancestor was a Puritan.

There were some swell names on the society's printed appeal: Leverett Saltonstall, Julius H. Tuttle, Richard Cabot, George R. Nutter, Calvin Coolidge, John H. Finley, Henry Parkman, and Francis Russell Hart, among them. True, the "members" with whom I managed to establish communication—many were beyond that—either declared they had never heard of the society or admitted having received a handsome diploma of complimentary honorary membership. But their names will draw just the same. Yea, even among the Puritan "progency" a sucker is born every minute.

Tuesday's invitation is more festive. It is a letter from Lowell Thomas, well-known author, lecturer, ghost writer, and radio announcer, whom I have long admired from afar but never met. On his own letter paper he wrote:

DEAR MR. MORISON: Last night, Ralph Hitz, president of the Hotel New Yorker, told me that he was anxious to have you stop at the New Yorker when you are in New York. So I volunteered to drop you a note in his behalf, because, first, Ralph Hitz is the kind of chap one likes to help; and, secondly, I'm enthusiastic about the New Yorker and the unusual attention and service they always give . . ."

And he goes on to say that this excellent chap gives "ten-dollar-a-day service and luxury" for "as little as \$3.50 a day." Clipped to the corner of the letter is Lowell Thomas's own visiting card with a note scribbled on it in his own hand introducing Mr. S. E. Morison to Mr. Hitz. I am much impressed. Think of flashing that card in the face of Mr. Hitz and watching him bustle about to provide \$10 worth of service and luxury for \$3.50. And what a hit it would make at a Cambridge cocktail party to say: "Yes, I've just been to New York. Lowell Thomas, you know, had me put up at a nice little place he always goes to." But my dream of meeting New York's intelligentsia was spoiled when my hard-hearted secretary put Lowell Thomas's visiting card under the microscope, and reported my name to be in different ink from the rest of the penned personal message.

Wednesday brought another appeal to "Americans of Revolutionary ancestry." The Institute of American Genealogy, in that stronghold of ancestral culture, Chicago, wants me to help them print "a chronological record of all the passenger lists" of ships arriving in this country between 1607 and 1800. Some job, it seems to me, considering that there were not even ship reporters in the colonies. But the Institute of American Genealogy knows that every passenger list of every boat from the Goodspeed and the Mayflower on is tucked away "in the archives of the ports of embarkation in Europe," just waiting for the I. of A. G. to pull it out and print it. The report is signed, among others, by Bishop Burton, a pair of librarians, and a flock of presidents—the presidents of Mount Holyoke College, the Union Pacific Railroad, the D. A. R., Hampden-Sydney College, and the S. A. R. For \$10 a year I can not only help to support this great work, but receive a genealogical magazine, buy "membership emblem seals," and correspond with a "trained staff." For a \$100 life membership, I can write the letters F. I. A. G. after my name. And no questions asked about my pedigree; I need only be a "white citizen of sound moral character."

I give the palm to Chicago! The snob racketeers of Boston and New York are mere chisellers in comparison with the I. of A. G.

In the Driftway

EVEN an old-timer would admit that the snowstorm of February 10 and 11 was sudden and exceedingly swift. The Drifter drove that evening over roads ■ dry as summer; in some sections under repair they were thick with dust. The moon was shining, though mistily, when just before midnight the doors of a New England farmhouse closed upon him. At eight the next morning he awoke conscious of the stillness and isolation which only deep snow can bring. Nothing was visible beyond the white-cased windows except white flakes falling thick and endlessly. At ten when the storm abated the earth was thirteen inches down. After ■ ritual of preparation that began with arctics and ended with mittens, the Drifter ventured outside. The family cat, which has an unmistakable flair for back-grounds becoming to his shining black coat, came along.

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IN the gleaming morning the old white house looked more then ever ■ part of its ancient setting. Snow was heaped over the door sills and molded high on the steep roof. Only the freshly shoveled path leading away from the back door connected it with the world. Down the meadow, stone walls and great boulders were smooth white mounds or mountains. In the woods beyond, masses of evergreen stood out dark and sturdy in the white world; the stems of tall leafless trees looked thin and brittle against the sky. Air never seems so fresh as when it has been filtered through ■ heavy fall of snow, and to make the first tracks across a snow-covered field is to know why men go to the North Pole.

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THE Drifter was absorbed in the light-tracked comings and goings of some sparrows when a bob-sled drawn by two horses went past and down the hill like something out of Currier and Ives. In the muffling snow the antiquated sled—and the steaming breath of horses and men—was visible long after all sound of it had died away, until the Drifter began to doubt its reality and his own eyes. But it was real enough, for its tracks made a narrow foot-path for him up the road. A great white birch shone out of the woods. Pine boughs sagged under their burden of snow. Strange shapes stood out where familiar rocks had been—shapes that the light wind each moment modified. Every twig, every thin edge of ice cast a luminous delicate shadow on the perfect snow. Above, the sky was ■ blue shell blown thin over a fragile world that undermining warmth would soon reduce.

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THE Drifter was delighted to learn that the storm of February 10 was the heaviest in four years. And he thinks he has discovered why it is that snow storms—or anything else an old-timer can think of—are never so impressive as they were long ago. The Drifter's snow storm has already become several inches deeper than it really was, and by 1940 he will be able to say with the best of them, "Why, I remember back in 1933—"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

10,000 Miners' Wives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ten thousand miners' wives marched to the State House in Springfield, Illinois, on January 26 and presented to Governor Horner a petition signed by the Illinois Women's Auxiliary of the Progressive Miners of America demanding the restoration of civil liberties in the coal fields of Christian and Franklin counties and immediate and adequate relief for the families of miners. The petition read, in part, as follows:

We . . . have come to the seat of government in our State to seek redress from the oppressive and intolerable conditions in the coal fields of Illinois. Thousands of working-class housewives have marched to the State Capitol. This is an unusual event in the history of the State but these are unusual times. It is well for the State that we come while we still have faith in government, for that faith has been terrifically shaken during the past year.

When it was no longer possible for our men to have a voice in determining the conditions under which they worked, because of the usurping of this right by the officials of the old union, they broke away from that organization, to which they had given long years of service and devotion, and established a new union that is responsive to the wishes of the rank and file. A reign of terror resulted . . . in which officials of the old union, the coal corporation, county and municipal authorities, and even the State joined—clubbing, tear-gassing, shooting, killing our people, bombing our homes, making it impossible for ■ to assemble or to enjoy any of the rights to which the Constitution of this nation entitled its citizens.

Not only are thousands of our people victims of terror but they are victims of hunger. . . . In ever-increasing numbers our people are losing their homes. . . . We women who live in rented homes are in constant dread of eviction. . . . We are forced to see our sick children go unattended by doctors. Savings have disappeared. . . . Moreover, our mining communities have been discriminated against in the matter of distribution of [State] aid.

Therefore, in the face of these intolerable conditions, we respectfully petition you, the Governor, and members of the Legislature of the State of Illinois: first, for the immediate and full restoration of civil liberties in the coal fields of Christian and Franklin counties; second, for increased and more equitable distribution of State aid . . . ; third, that you immediately pass legislation for unemployment insurance . . . ; and fourth, that you refuse to burden further the workers by the enactment of ■ sales tax to meet this unemployment emergency. . . .

Not only is our welfare at stake, but our faith in the ability and willingness of the government to protect and serve ■ is menaced. Dare you fail us now?

Governor Horner received us cordially—a big delegation of fifty local presidents and fourteen State officers. The day before, a Communist delegation trying to see him had been clubbed and forced out of his office when they would not accept his offer to receive ■ committee of five. Damage to the Governor's quarters resulted, and the next day when I arrived with 10,000 miners' wives the city was a bunch of nerves, with two companies of soldiers in readiness.

Our army was peaceful and well-disciplined, wanting mainly to demonstrate the solidarity of the new miners' union, which we certainly did. We women assembled in the armory, paraded through the streets with a motor-cycle police escort, and marched

down Capitol Avenue to the State House grounds, where we massed about the statue of Lincoln and overflowed into the Capitol. We were in our uniforms—plain white smocks and head bands with our union's name. After I read the petition to the Governor, he replied point by point, with none of the politician's evasion but with statements far from satisfactory to us on unemployment insurance and increased State aid, to be financed not by a sales tax but by taxes on inheritances and high incomes.

The Governor declared he would see that the civil liberties of all citizens were maintained, by suasion if possible but if necessary by the use of any instrumentality in his power. However, he qualified his position on civil liberties by reminding us that an individual's rights do not transcend the community's rights. He did not make clear his stand in regard to the rights of minorities. He was very friendly and expressed his appreciation of our statement that we still have faith in government.

On the matter of settling the turmoil in the mine areas of Christian and Franklin counties, the Governor referred to the conferences he had been having with the two miners' organizations. He said the trouble could be settled if both sides would leave it entirely to him or to some other disinterested person, but that both sides refused to budge. We women demonstrated in the State capital that the Progressive Miners' Union is the dominant one—there are no women marching behind John Lewis to perpetuate the old union.

Since we presented our petition to the Governor, he has announced that he would select a committee of inquiry, which would not include ■ member of the Illinois National Guard, to investigate violations of civil liberties. I held ■ week of meetings in December, but when John Lewis returned from the Cincinnati convention, he ordered the sheriff to stop me, and as a result ■ thousand women were driven off the streets of West

1933

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Frankfort and one woman slugged when we met to hold a public meeting. I am going back to Franklin County to see what the Governor's declaration means.

Belleville, Ill., January 28

AGNES BURNS WIECK
President, Illinois Women's Auxiliary,
Progressive Miners of America

February 16. Governor Horner's pledge that constitutional rights would be protected failed on February 5 when thugs and civil officers prevented a meeting in West Frankfort, Illinois, and clubbed women. We took the injured women to the Governor, who advised recourse to the courts, declaring that he could not intervene except at the sheriff's request.

A. B. W.

Academic Freedom

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nineteen students of the College of the City of New York have been suspended for participating in a public trial of their president, Dr. Robinson, and the director of the evening session, Dr. Linehan. The trial was a culmination of student protest against the abrogation of academic freedom on the campus.

A student committee of the major metropolitan colleges has been formed to work for the immediate and unconditional reinstatement of the suspended students. Immediate action is imperative. Funds are necessary to carry on a successful campaign. Contributions should be sent to Sarah Sklar, 217 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

COMMITTEE FOR REINSTATEMENT

New York, February 8

For Brooklyn Consumers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A "candlelight dinner," instituting a consumers' strike against the Brooklyn Edison Company, will be held at Peter's Tavern, 217 Fulton Street (at Pineapple Street) on Wednesday evening, March 1, at 6:45. The objectives of the strike are the reinstatement of 5,000 employees unjustly discharged and a reduction in electric rates. John Haynes Holmes, Heywood Broun, A. J. Muste, and others will speak.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 17

FRANCIS HENSON

Contributors to This Issue

STEWART GRISCOM has recently completed a three-year study of the relations between the Boston press and crime for the Harvard Law School crime survey.

MALCOLM ROSS is the author of "Machine Age in the Hills."

OWEN R. LOVEJOY is the secretary of the Children's Aid Society.

JACOB ZEITLIN is the editor of a collection of Montaigne's writings, the first volume of which will appear in March.

S. E. MORISON, professor of history at Harvard University, is the author of "Builders of the Bay Colony."

LOUIS M. HACKER is coauthor with Benjamin R. Kendrick of "The United States Since 1865."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is the author of "Farewell to Reform."

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

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Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

What golden spider warmed himself and spun
This web that is the flesh upon your bones—
Warming himself beneath a spicy sun
That caught the winds and let their little moans,
Like woven music, enter every place
To hide until love's fingers should be near?
What artisan was singing at your face?
Who wrapped the rest, that too will disappear?
For time, that made the spinner, lets him die.
He will be long in leaving, yet he must;
So every moistened thread of you will dry—
At first to lace; but then a little dust.
And I—oh, time will take my desolate hand
And sift it on you, letting it be sand.

Small Talk

Small Talk at Wreyland. By Cecil Torr. *Horace: A Return to Allegiance.* By T. R. Glover. *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson.* By Hester Lynch Piozzi. *A Small Boy in the Sixties.* By George Sturt. The Macmillan Company. Each \$1.

ENGLAND would not be what she is if it were not for two classes of idle men: the country gentleman who stays in the country and the parson who regards his "living" as precisely that. Sometimes they do no more than patronize the local flower show and write letters to the *Times* about the habits of the cuckoo. Sometimes, on the other hand, they adopt more individual pursuits. Who else would write the history of the parish church, edit the more indecent of the Restoration classics, classify the lichens, or make a complete collection of the microlepidoptera of the county? Economically they may be hard to justify, but since they add enormously to the stock of pleasantly useless knowledge, they may be easily defended by a rhetorical question similar to the one asked by the friend of an eccentric professor and reported by Cecil Torr: "Do any of you know of any other man in England who would sit for two hours up to his neck in a Syrian sewer in order to copy an inscription?"

The three sections of "Small Talk at Wreyland" were published between 1918 and 1923, but they are not known as widely as they should be, and the present pocket-sized volume of the best bits is more than welcome. Here, indeed, is the finest flower of intelligent triviality. Mr. Torr finds time to indulge a lively interest in the intimate affairs, past and present, of his forbears and his community. What is even more important, he has the skill to record memories, observations, and reflections with keen humor and exquisite grace. The conversation flows with a truly Boswellian limpidity; it seems instinctively to limit itself to whatever is interesting without being "important"; and it succeeds somehow in conveying something beyond the details with which it is concerned—namely, the flavor of an urbane mind.

Outwardly the life of the English countryside is changing. Vacationists crowd it in summer, and are willing to put up with such primitive accommodations that the author of "Small Talk" has heard of rooms with "Wash in the Blood of the Lamb" in illuminated letters where the washstand should have been. But the language and the beliefs of the farmers remain much what they were. When Mr. Torr asked one of them who had just

performed a magical ceremony over a sickly baby if he thought the treatment really did any good, he got a reply: "Well, as much good as sloppin' water over'n in church." And yet, I feel sure, the cautious skeptic who expressed himself thus had never read Chaucer's similarly ambiguous remark concerning the efficacy of a curse: "For curs wol slee right as assoilling savith." In conclusion some reference may be made to a collection of opinions expressed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries concerning the baneful effects of a certain popular liquid refreshment. Cobbett spoke of its "corrosive, gnawing, and poisonous powers," and denounced as a "degrading curse" the use of this "weaker kind of laudanum, which enlivens for the moment and deadens afterwards." John Wesley referred to it as a "wasteful, unhealthy self-indulgence," and adjured his followers to "abhor it as a deadly poison, and renounce it from this very hour." Parson Davy, in his "System of Divinity," was sure that it "drains the very vitals of our national wealth." And there are others. But the point is that the liquor in question was not brandy or gin or even beer. It was tea. Nevertheless, Mr. Torr drank port from the age of two, and was surrounded by people who thought nothing more dangerous than an open bedroom window.

None of the other volumes in this series is quite so delightful as "Small Talk at Wreyland" except, perhaps, that which reprints the well-known gossip of Mrs. Piozzi. Despite the reputation of the author, T. R. Glover's Fry Memorial Lectures, published under the title "Horace: A Return to Allegiance," seem rather thinner and more trumped-up than they need have been. "A Small Boy in the Sixties," reminiscences set down by a literary wheelwright and friend of Arnold Bennett's, is full of meticulously recorded details of life in Surrey. It is interesting without having any of the sparkle of Mr. Torr's writing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The American City

The Rise of the City: 1878-1898. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

HISTORICALLY-MINDED Americans will owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Schlesinger for this, the tenth volume of the series "A History of American Life": here, for the first time, is a rounded presentation of a period that has been strangely neglected by scholars. In the hands of Rhodes and Oberholtzer the history of the years 1878-98 has been largely the uninspired record of the rivalry of two groups of party hacks; in the hands of the followers of Frederick J. Turner, the only school to make a systematic study of the post-Civil War era, it has been almost entirely an examination of the settlement of the West and the influence of Western cultural and political ideas on national development. Professor Schlesinger, however, has retrieved this whole generation from obscurity; and through his patient diggings in the dust heaps of old contemporary records he has succeeded in restoring the first forms of the American metropolitan community.

The central idea of Professor Schlesinger's work is that the social history of the United States from 1878 to 1898 is a reflection in a hundred and one different glasses of the rise of the cities and the growing importance of urban living. The United States, during the years roughly included between the two world's fairs of 1876 and 1893, was perceptibly being transformed from a predominantly rural economy with a provincial outlook into a capitalistic nation whose interests were frankly world wide because our industrialists were scanning every distant horizon for sources of raw materials and markets for fin-

ished goods. Professor Schlesinger has not told this story, leaving its recital to his colleague in the series, Miss Ida Tarbell; but he has caught every faintest nuance of the change so that what we have here, in effect, is an institutional history of the American people during its economic metamorphosis.

The thronging of immigrant hosts and of country boys and girls into the mushrooming cities; the growing complexity of the urban world and the ways in which its many problems of transportation, housing, sanitation, and education were being met; the changing roles of women in the home and in business; the great advances being made in higher education; the appearance of a large band of authentic artists, particularly in painting, sculpture, and architecture; the growing diffusion of taste; the struggle in the churches; the activities of the agents of uplift; the fight for good government: such are the larger aspects of Professor Schlesinger's narrative, and he has embellished it with a wealth of detail that cannot but stir the reader's admiration and wonder. American scholars have developed a surprisingly expert facility in the handling of social historical material; there is no question that "The Rise of the City" is the best example of that technique thus far afforded us.

If this book has a weakness it is that Professor Schlesinger has written his history not so much for the lay reader as for other historians. Everybody is here: in the field of the novel, Lew Wallace together with Henry James; in poetry, E. C. Stedman with Emily Dickinson; in painting, John W. Alexander with Thomas Eakins and A. P. Ryder—mediocrities side by side with talents of the first water, receiving careful consideration equally—and without a difference. Surely Emily Dickinson and Stephen Crane are worth more than a sentence apiece, Charles Peirce and William James more than a couple of lines, Eakins and Ryder more than a negligible footnote. The result has been, at least as far as any but the truly informed are concerned, almost a monotonous cataloguing of men and events with no effort to point up the significant and dismiss the trivial.

If John Hay's "The Bread-Winners" is to be mentioned at all, is it enough to characterize that novel by saying merely that it "dealt trenchantly with the labor problem," thus disregarding its social importance as a tract in defense of the rising capitalists of the day? If we are to have a discussion of the place of the daily press in the life of the generation, isn't it worth stopping the breathless narrative for an instant to indicate that the *Chicago Tribune's* transformation, under the same owners, from a liberal organ of the farmers into a standpatter mouthpiece of the industrial and financial overlords exactly reflected the revolution in the chief economic interest of the Middle West? Bob Ingersoll and Booker T. Washington properly belong in a record of the times; but a flood of light would have been thrown on the socially acceptable agnosticism of Ingersoll if Professor Schlesinger had also told us that Ingersoll was always ready in the law courts and on the stump to defend big business and the Republican Party; and Booker Washington's well-intrenched position in the middle-class world of the eighties and nineties would have been similarly illumined had we been told that the Negro leader preached, not the class solidarity of an oppressed race, but the harmless doctrine of self-help. The author's earlier "The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution" and his "New Viewpoints in American History" amply prove his title to be called a historian of imagination and insight; it is a pity that here he has occasionally let his zeal for presenting half-forgotten curiosities dull his critical faculties.

But to the initiated these are minor faults. It is to be hoped that Miss Tarbell's companion volume on the economic forces that made possible the rise of the cities during the period 1878-98 will have the many excellences of this one: then we shall have of this important period, actually the precursor of our own, a history that it will be difficult to supplant.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Diplomatic Peep Show

British Agent. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75.

MOST people surround governments with awe or mystery and therefore like to know what goes on behind the scenes. I think this explains the popularity of Lockhart's book. The writing is good but not distinguished, and from the historical point of view there is scarcely a shred of new information. Lockhart saw Lenin occasionally, and Trotzky and Colonel Raymond Robins frequently, during the first half of 1918 when he was England's ambassador to Soviet Moscow, but he casts no new light on their characters or policies. Yet I suppose the average citizen likes to hear how these statesmen actually talked to one another, and Lockhart makes them and himself very human. Anybody who pulls aside two inches of curtain to reveal, sometimes very inadequately, how Russian royalty or Park Avenue millionaires or the bureaucrats of the Washington merry-go-round live is assured a good sale. Lockhart's effort, too, is a peep show—a clean, diplomatic peep show.

Several years ago, when I was writing a history of Soviet foreign relations, Lockhart read to me from some of the diaries used in the preparation of "British Agent." They were interesting, but served merely to corroborate data already available. About the only unrecorded fact in Lockhart's book is the statement that he got Kerensky out of Russia. Kerensky had been overthrown by the Bolsheviks in November, 1917; he hid in the country, however, for seven whole months, until, with Lockhart's aid, he sailed for England via Murmansk, disguised as a Serbian private.

Lockhart's chief value is that he confirms, on the authority of an insider, things we already know: that the "liberal" Lord Robert Cecil was the most anti-Bolshevik member of the British war Cabinet and relentlessly fought for military intervention against Russia; that Lenin and Trotzky were prepared to help the Allies against the Germans in the spring of 1918; that the Sisson "documents" were "so palpably forged that even our Secret Service would have nothing to do with them"; that Russia was out of the war long before the Bolsheviks took her out officially, and that the Entente should have known better than to try to keep her in; that Czarist Russia was rotten to the core, morally disintegrated and riding for a fatal fall; that the Bolsheviks remained "comparatively tolerant" and even permitted bourgeois dailies to appear "until our intervention intensified the terror"—British intervention, he correctly suggests, raised "false hopes" among the whites and increased their anti-Bolshevik terror (the Cheka really started its work after the assassination of Uritzky and Volodarsky and the attempt on Lenin's life); that British consular and diplomatic agents are just plain petty bourgeois in striped trousers and cutaways; and, finally, that Lockhart intrigued against the Soviet Government while maintaining outwardly cordial relations with it, but was never quite as black as the Bolsheviks wanted to paint him. In fact, Lockhart goes down into history as the one high official who, under Raymond Robins's inspiration, realized from the very first day that Sovietism had come to stay, that it was not German-made, and that it ought to be recognized immediately. Though just thirty-one, he stuck to a most difficult and occasionally dangerous post, enjoying himself with gipsies and women all the while, and defended the only sensible policy against the united opposition of the British government and the permanent reactionaries of the Foreign Office, who ultimately achieved his fall.

Lockhart's stand for normal relations with the new regime was based on his keen understanding of the old. He had watched the last stages of its decay. He had lived with the Russian intelligentsia which could sit up long past midnight "discussing how

to make the world safe by revolution" only to be "fast asleep in bed on the morning of action." (Our own infant intelligentsia, by the way, is now training intensively for the ~~same~~ kind of performance.) Kerensky's coterie were Lockhart's friends before they took office and he penetrated to their impotence. He saw the revolution make "violent reactionaries" of men who had been liberals when liberalism was an inexpensive pose. He knew therefore that the only party with a dominant philosophy which the mass would follow was the Bolshevik Party. This is as true today as it was in 1918 when Lockhart played his little act.

In the end, of course, Lockhart proved that he was nothing more than a small-caliber official; for, when London rejected his policy and decided on anti-Bolshevik intervention, he plotted from Moscow with the whites and subordinated principle to loyalty to his employer. Despite his charm, Lockhart is only another "British agent."

LOUIS FISCHER

Cleveland, Full Length

Grover Cleveland: A Study in Courage. By Allan Nevins. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.

GROVER CLEVELAND and his age have found their biographer in Allan Nevins. The qualities of the President and the era are subtly mingled in the historian. Cleveland was thorough, industrious, gifted with enlightened common sense; Mr. Nevins has, preeminently, the same qualities. If Cleveland worked often until two or three in the morning on state papers, Mr. Nevins must have maintained a similar grueling pace in his foraging among documents and the living reminiscences of old men to complete so Boswellian a biography. In political philosophy the President and the biographer are wholly in tune; Cleveland, albeit unconsciously, had Manchester and Adam Smith written all over him; Mr. Nevins, too, is inclined to fall back upon a deep belief in the sanative properties of low tariffs, small competitive business units, the free market. In the matter of literary style, Professor Nevins harks back to the eighties, particularly in his feeling for locale (the eighties were the high noon of the "local color" school). Leisurely, compendious, this book abounds in strolls through provincial America. Everything is here, from the economics of the Gloucester fishing fleet and the history of Buffalo in the Gilded Age to a list of the fish—"tautog and squeteague"—to be caught in Buzzards Bay. Professor Nevins has written a biography that will live as long as the memory of Grover Cleveland. It becomes indispensable reading to those who would understand the relatively placid eighties and the turbulent nineties.

If there is anything wrong with the book, it would seem to rest in Mr. Nevins's acceptance of the political philosophy of Cleveland for his own—an acceptance so pervading that he ascribes "eternal" principles to his subject. Thus, Cleveland's stubborn, courageous, "you-be-damned" defense of the gold standard is the voice of heaven speaking. Personally, the reviewer cannot swallow this; events—such as the development of the cyanide process and the sudden lucky revival of gold mining in the nineties—have made Cleveland look wise and Bryan foolish; but if the gold mines of the world had continued to be niggardly (as they had been since the Civil War), what would have happened? As to the "eternal" principle of the low tariff—if all tariffs were removed, what would there be even then to prevent the recurrent glut of markets, the smashing of price levels, and the imperialist contention for the privilege of developing backward sections? Granted the relative sanity of Cleveland's actions, this question will have to be answered before the reviewer can accept the "eternal" principles of Mr. Nevins; depression, until then, will seem to him endemic in capitalism, gold or no gold, tariff or no tariff.

But doubtless this is quibbling, and certainly the reviewer has no desire to fall in with the Blaines and the Benjamin Harrisons. If Mr. Nevins is inclined to echo E. L. Godkin in his opinion of the Populist mentality (although with modern enlightened recognition of the farmers' crying need), he is wholly fair in his treatment of the Pullman strike. In fact, the account here is the best that has ever been written of that hitherto garbled affair. Making use of new documents, Mr. Nevins puts the blame for mishandling the strikers squarely on the shoulders of Cleveland's Bostonian Attorney-General, Richard Olney, whose motto must have been, "Never give a labor sucker an even break." Olney loaded the dice against Debs in favor of the railroads, and Cleveland was misled by false information. An interesting item, contained in an appendix, argues that Justice Shiras did not change his vote in the Supreme Court income-tax decision of the nineties. Shiras has long borne the blame for invalidating the income tax; the obloquy probably belongs to Justice Brewer.

Mr. Nevins's book will, of course, replace the McElroy biography, which was incredibly reticent about the Maria Halpin interlude, and Denis Tilden Lynch's swirling paean to Cleveland, the "man four-square." Lynch, a political reporter, has more convention and campaign color in his pages, but on every other count Mr. Nevins's work is the definitive one. The Bowers life of Beveridge is superficially more brilliant, but for solid merit Mr. Nevins deserves the Pulitzer prize for biography for 1932.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

War as Collective Experience

Company K. By William March. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

THE old-fashioned romanticism of war in which "gory" inevitably rhymed with "glory" and "grave" with "brave" is now to be found only in school readers, but another romantic fallacy is at the base of much contemporary war fiction, hiding itself in realistic descriptions of the horrors of war. Most novels of the war, from Latzko's "Men in War" and Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers" to Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa," are written from the same angle—the impact of war upon the individual and his reaction to it. Whatever artistic validity these portrayals may have—and they owe not a little of their power to this effective distortion of perspective—in toto they give us an impression of war psychology which is almost as misleading as that of the glorification school. This is because they are individual representations of experiences that in their very nature could not have been individual. The data of psychoanalysis and anthropology point to the existence of a collective psyche in the herd which supersedes the individual psyche in mass experiences, as the Freudian unconscious usurps consciousness in dreams and insanity. Much has been made of the ruthless regimentation which crushes the personality of the soldier, but the spontaneous resurgence of this collective psyche, which overwhelms the ego from within, is even more destructive of individual mental processes. This regression of the ego to a collective level is its normal reflex under fire. The soldier who is unable to make this adjustment is a target for shell shock and insanity. It follows that to represent war as an individual experience is to exaggerate certain emotional responses at the expense of others, to gain certain effects at the expense of others perhaps equally worth elaborating.

"Company K" is an interesting attempt to cope with this problem. Instead of looking at the war through the eyes of one man, the author has taken a whole company as his hero, and views the war through its composite eye. His book is a sort of

"Spoon River Anthology" of the war, consisting of 131 monologues out of the mouths of the 131 members of the company. Each monologue is a dramatic sketch covering a particular incident or a particular angle of it, and by swiftly "trolleying" his focus from eye to eye as they do in the movies, Mr. March achieves a panoramic effect unattainable by straight narration. There is a suggestion in the accent of his characters that Mr. March has attended the fashionable academy conducted by Headmaster Hemingway. But whereas Hemingway's understatement is a stage whisper meant to be overheard, a subtle way of calling a spade a spade and getting you to think of it as a tractor, March's starkness is guileless and lends to his monologues the bleak honesty of drypoints.

Curiously enough, the pacifist thread running through the book does not make part of the pattern. The author's pacifism, like that of many of his contemporaries, would appear to be retrospective. But in a diary of the daily job of war, the book has no equal. Mr. March's technical departure, however, does not completely justify itself. Fundamentally "Company K" remains an aggregation of 131 individuals reacting as individuals. Their experiences are skilfully pieced together into a mosaic portrait which gives one a very faithful likeness of the physiognomy of war, but the composite picture lacks the informing expression of a mass soul. It is of course easier to pose the problem than to suggest the solution. Perhaps such a solution demands an expansion of the forms of fiction beyond the possibilities of the medium. But the modern novel has been a resourceful in adjusting itself to the new dimensions which science has added to experience that one may confidently await further experimentation.

ALTER BRODY

Shorter Notices

Texts and Pretexts. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Mr. Huxley's "Anthology with Commentaries" begins with a preface composed of more or less detached pensées and then proceeds to rather random commentary upon various not-too-familiar passages from the poets. The author believes that the great poetry of the past has been rendered superficially, but only superficially, out of date by the influence of science upon "the conceptions in terms of which men interpret their experience." He prefers "being sober to even the rosiest and most agreeable of intoxications," and he casts his vote for the kind of poetry which "doth buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things." The commentaries are occasionally interesting, but they are not Mr. Huxley at his best. Too often what should be enthusiastic and spontaneous seems rather painfully pumped up.

The Two Thieves. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Man is nothing but mortal dust. This has been T. F. Powys's theme from the first, and if the theme itself is considerably older than Ecclesiastes it is a good theme for all that. Mr. Powys has had his own way of saying it and his own corner of the earth, which one suspects may exist only in his own mind, in which to place his hero, God, and His brother, Death. Man, in Mr. Powys's novels, is not even the quintessence of dust, but the mere dust of the plowed fields, the brown earth, strong-smelling, hard, and cruel. In this delineation Mr. Powys has always had two manners, one considerably more elevated and even intellectual than the other. In the first occurs a drawn battle between Good and Evil, in which Death often steps in and claims the spoils. The second manner at its best has been dubious allegory; at its worst it has been merely quaint. The present volume illustrates very well its author's best and his

worst. The first story of the three, In Good Earth, is the tale of John Gidden, eager to sow his seed in good ground after his forbears had for long struggled with barren earth and no harvest. That he should at last find himself the best seed and God's Acre the finest ground for it is the climax of a mood strongly held and firmly advanced to a doom that is felt to be inevitable. The other two stories, God, and The Two Thieves, in the first of which God is a high silk hat out of which riches come and in the second of which he is a thief stealing the allegorical vices which have made a man, for his little time, great, deserve small credit. Mr. Powys remains one of the unique writers of his time, and the best of his books are classics, if minor ones. But he has always written under the threat of his manner, and he has—when it was at its best—succeeded by its distinction. This time its weaknesses have on the whole betrayed him.

Sardinian Sideshow. By Amelie Posse-Brázdová. Translated from the Swedish. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

In 1915 a Swedish girl succeeded in making her way across Germany and Austria to join her fiancé, a Czech painter, in Rome. They had hardly been married when war was declared between Italy and Austria. The painter and his bride were sent to Sardinia for internment. Mme Posse-Brázdová was the bride, and she has now written a book which records her rather unusual experiences and describes the strange island where she and her husband had to live for about a year. But it is not the novelty of its subject matter that has made her book popular; it is the personality of its author. Mme Posse-Brázdová is a woman of the world, and she tells her anecdotes in a manner that the public will find Continental and diverting.

The Cambridge Ancient History. Volume IX: *The Roman Republic, 133-44 B. C.* Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock, and M. P. Charlesworth. The Macmillan Company. \$9.

The revolutionary tribunates of the Gracchi; the imperial wars in the East and the conquest of Gaul; the professionalization of the Roman army under Marius; the war with the allies and the enfranchisement of Italy; the civil wars that followed when the leaders of the consular and the popular parties had armies at their backs; the growing impotence of the civil institutions of the Republic and the succession of hastily legitimized dictators—Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and finally Caesar, with his presage of military autocracy; literature, art, social forms, and law during this period—these are the subjects covered thoroughly and on the whole admirably in this ninth volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History." It was a somber period during which proceeded the corruption of a people which, through heroic and successful self-defense, had entered on the destructive career of empire. The city-state did not survive its transformation into an empire, and the stern and capable Roman citizen did not survive the change from responsibility to privilege. The contributors to this volume consider chiefly the political processes of this multiform evolution. Had the economic processes been more closely studied, valuable illuminations would have been gained.

The Decade of Illusion. By Maurice Sachs. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

"The Decade of Illusion" is a book of enthusiastic gossip about the celebrities of Paris in the ten years after the war. This was a period in which one of the subjects for argument among the intelligentsia was "Is Suicide a Way Out?" So it is not clear what the author means to convey by the name of his book. He says that those were hard years, but when he looks back on them now they seem wonderful. He knew everybody, and he reminisces in order to provide uninformed America with "a sort of panoramic view . . . and Baedeker of its people."

The view is pretty good, but the Baedeker is dull. It is made up mostly of "I met So-and-So at So-and-So's house," followed by what the author thinks of So-and-So's work; thoughts on the whole emphatic and banal, with shrill explanatory overtones, and put forth with an air of patronage toward the reader not in the best taste. Except for a few chapters Mr. Sachs either annoys or bores, but the exceptions are interesting flashes of places and people which build up the feeling of what the studio talk and behavior were like when modern art was young. His boyish Cocteau, oracle of a crowd of preoccupied youths, is vivid and sympathetic; so also are his ambitious, warm-hearted Chanel and his saintly Maritain. Mr. Sachs is proudest of Paris for her peculiar glory, a social habit which makes for intellectual traffic between the great and the brilliant of widely diverse occupations; so that the panorama includes not only the studios but the press, fashion, politics, science, business, music, the stage, the art-loving nobility, and a few American men and women about town. The value of the book is that it records the web of relations which makes Olympus in Paris so fruitful that even gossip about it is worth preserving in print.

Alexander Hamilton. By Johan J. Smertenko. Greenberg. \$3.50.

Aside from its pert and misleading characterizations of Hamilton's opponents, the only contribution of this volume is a theory of the causes of Hamilton's greatness. The author holds that Hamilton was born four or five years earlier than is usually stated, that his mother, a "beautiful but beaten woman," was indiscriminate in her affections, that his father is unknown, and that the stigma of illegitimate birth induced in Hamilton an inferiority complex which his brilliant military and political career was an endeavor to erase. An examination of the facts underlying this theory certainly demonstrates the hazards of psychoanalyzing the characters of the remote past. There is not the slightest real evidence that Hamilton was ever tortured by an inferiority complex. The notion that he was sensitive about his parentage is supported only by far-fetched inferences. As for the dishonor of Hamilton's birth, the author uses some effective indirect evidence, but the absence of references to authorities and the fact that his assertions contradict Hamilton's own words weaken his case. The bibliography shows that the fifty-eight volumes of the Pickering manuscripts in the Massachusetts Historical Society have been consulted, but not the Hamilton papers in the Library of Congress.

Confessions of the Power Trust. By Carl D. Thompson. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

For four years—years, significantly, which marked the blowing up and bursting of the great American bubble—the Federal Trade Commission has been delving deep into the archives of our privately owned utilities and has excavated a rapidly mounting heap of rich material. Contemplating it, Carl Thompson, for many years secretary and executive head of the Public Ownership League of America, correctly concluded that there was gold in them thar' hills. Its extraction was clearly a labor of love. The result vindicates completely the cause to which he has devoted the major portion of his life, and for which he has battled courageously and effectively. With what pleasure he must have uncovered the material showing the efforts of the National Electric Light Association—successful efforts, too—to drive Carl D. Thompson off the public platform and to exclude him from the Chautauquas for the crime of contrasting electric rates in Ontario and in our municipal-ownership cities with the rates charged by the private power companies! He dug into numerous other rich veins—propagandist, political, financial. Irrefutable figures tell the story of how the American people have turned over to private interests their natural resources and for a partial use thereof

are paying hundreds of millions of dollars annually in tribute. The occasional destruction of the power buccaneers amid their victims—the Foshay failure and the Insull fiasco—is carefully described. A chapter is even devoted to "power-company Socialists"—Messrs. John Spargo, Frank Bohn, and F. G. R. Gordon. Here is invaluable information for all who desire to enlist in the struggle to bring the promise of American life somewhat nearer fulfilment.

Architecture

Factory, Meet Garden City!

IT is easy to see what is in the younger architects' minds. At the New School for Social Research in New York there recently closed an exhibition that plainly portrayed it. The same idea will crop up elsewhere throughout the country and will be thrown full-scale against the sky this summer at the Chicago World's Fair. The problem with which the young architects are concerned is the house of the future, the Fordized house, the fabricated dwelling.

The shadow it has thrown has been a long one, suitable to a giant, and now the shadow shortens as the fact approaches. It has crossed Germany, where last summer there was an exhibition of the "expansible house"; and in a dozen industrial laboratories in the United States the secrets are being guarded while patents and merchandising methods are being worked out. Meanwhile, the models of free-lance designers permit us to see what is up. How soon the fabricated house may arrive in force depends on whether the real-estate business will manage soon to strangle itself, and the country with it. At the present moment every lending company, along with every building owner, is obliged to throttle anything new if it can; and should these interests manage to sell their bad debts to the government, we might expect still further delays, to put it mildly.

Yet soon or late every strong idea has its day, and so we may already pay attention to the fabricated house as a future reality. Its elements are these: swift erection (days instead of months); standard parts, light in weight and flexible in arrangement; high standards for efficiency and health; simple credit and low cost. The principle of construction for the next few years seems to be fairly crystallized. Light, wide framing—whether of metal or of wood—will be covered with large sheets or panels, three or four feet wide and as high as the room. In some of these panels the structural support will be integral. Later Buckminster Fuller's suspension principle will win through. In a farmhouse model displayed at the New School, Lawrence Kocher, who organized the exhibition, employed "skylight" framing shapes already on the market. Alfred Kastner showed drawings of most ingenious concrete houses, already published in *Opportunity*, intended for cooperative erection by Negroes for their own use. (Since Negroes are the group least inclined toward home ownership of any in America, it might have been better to set up the project on a rental basis, or for the foreign-born.) Other houses employ novel materials—for example, and not the least attractive, if proved feasible, a heavy, gaily painted cotton duck stretched over wood. Among the many exhibitors were Alfred Clauss, Norman Rice, Oscar Stonorov, and William Muschenheim, not to mention the firm of Howe and Lescaze.

All such displays in miniature project tendencies already under way in industry. At Solon, Ohio, there stands a "porcelain-enamel" house, product of the American Rolling Mills Company, which shows how badly industry needs these young architects. Not realizing that a good idea is its own best advocate, the present builders have misused their enamel product to

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Joking aside: This book contains the inside story of the ousting of William Fox from his companies, as told by William Fox to Upton Sinclair. There has been nothing like it since the days of Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." The great names of present-day America are all here: Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles Evans Hughes, Samuel Untermyer, Will H. Hays, Bernard M. Baruch, Adolph Zukor, Louis B. Mayer, Clarence M. Dillon, Albert H. Wiggin, Harry L. Stuart, Harley L. Clarke.

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achieve a feeble echo of wood shingle, inferior to genuine wood in effect, while they voluntarily forgo all those qualities of metal against which the lumber men never could compete. A halfway building is going to have a half-baked look, do what you will. In Cleveland Mr. MacCornack has developed a whole housing project to be built of fabricated units; and although the set-up and plan seem to be better in another scheme, by Mr. Weinberg, using traditional construction, the hope that housing might re-employ a part of Cleveland's stagnant steel industry is significant. Rumors from Chicago are persistent, even apart from the World's Fair. Parallel with efforts at complete factory fabrication are the researches of the large contractors, such as the Starrrett interests, attempting to save their own form of enterprise. Of such nature, too, is the work of the Allied Construction Industries' Small House Committee of Los Angeles.

It is the Architectural League in New York that has missed the biggest chance. So far as presentation goes, the League's confidence in Joseph Urban, the stage designer, has been more than rewarded—he has almost got them reborn. But let the league now fill in with more content. Next year let it rescue its housing show—an excellent innovation in itself—from its present step-child location in the "morgue." Then let the league borrow from Mr. Kocher some of the fabrication models of its own members. Let the "housing" and the fabrication models be juxtaposed. In this fashion the league will introduce the most fruitful development of the last decade to the essential idea of the next.

The community-planning experts of the immediate past and the industrialists are going to need each other. They should get together firmly and at once. If they don't, both will suffer. Ten years after the industrialists have intrusted their houses to the usual speculative builders, two-thirds of these houses will be blighted. That is how speculators work—witness the madhouse today. And planners will be complaining of another magnificent opportunity lost through failure to plan in advance. They will be on their knees then to the industrialists just as they are now to the dunderheaded realtors, praying and cursing for city-planning sense. They will have forgotten that they themselves scorned the fabricated house in the early days when the chance for influencing it was good.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

Propaganda and Beauty

AT the Acme on Fourteenth Street, which has become this season perhaps the most enterprising of the little houses, there is to be seen in Pudovkin's "Life Is Beautiful" another memorable example of how much new and absolute beauty the camera is able to extract from "the mighty world of eye and ear." The beauty is absolute because it is an end in itself; it is new because it consists in a revelation of values of form and light and mobility which we cannot receive through any other medium.

To be specific, there is Pudovkin's exquisite treatment of water. Throughout there is a lingering on such effects as those of sunlit rain drops falling on a pool, of intermingled light and spray, of rain dropping in sharply vertical bars before some fixed object like a human face. And if such effects have never before been so potently realized on the screen, neither have the similar effects of light playing on the muscular surfaces of the human body at work. This is best illustrated in the shot of a young reaper whose uplifted scythe captures an intense beam of white light which is in turn reflected horizontally across his sweating torso. In addition to this genius for concentrating on

such special effects of photography Pudovkin must be credited with a gift for organic design which places him on a level with Eisenstein and Dovshenko. His compositions may be baldly simplified, as in the Z-shaped staircase of one interior, or richly elaborated, as in the scene in which an old-fashioned droshky draws up at the rear of a dark courtyard. Certain arrangements of objects on a table suggest a Cézanne or Derain working in light and shade alone.

The special beauty of these effects, of course, cannot be described or analyzed. Pudovkin has, among other things, confirmed our faith in the cinema as an art which cannot be reduced to any terms but its own. All that we may ask is how successfully these particular elements have been identified with the theme and subject of the picture as a whole. The question is raised because it is obvious that if the version at the Acme has not been cut, Pudovkin is only vaguely motivated by the propagandist purpose behind most Soviet art. The beautiful things in "Life Is Beautiful" have always existed in life for the artist to discover and translate; the film is therefore the result of an aesthetic rather than a social or economic vision. Nothing that is valuable in it seems logically related to Lenin or to the Five-Year Plan. The story that it tells enters only as an occasional interruption—like an attack of conscience. Certainly the Soviet authorities will find it hard to condone this magnificent lapse—except in a very broad way. Some satisfaction may possibly be found in the thought that other countries which feel the need for propaganda less keenly have perhaps not yet managed to produce the conditions necessary for such absolute beauty as this to be born.

"She Done Him Wrong" at the Paramount will appeal to those who take a particular delight in resuscitations of the Bowery in the nineties, those who admire its classical embodiment in Miss Mae West, and those who are fascinated by the qualities in American life which have produced both. The picture, which owes everything to Miss West's versatile talents, is astonishing entertainment. Someone owes it to the history of our theater to write a serious and exhaustive study of Miss West's acting style. Here it is enough to remark that in her current picture she has united her personal endowments to a long and honorable tradition, and that the result in Lady Lou is as she herself admits, "the finest lady who ever walked the streets."

It is also pleasant to record that in "Topaze" at the Radio City Music Hall John Barrymore gives the most maturely achieved characterization that he has yet managed in the films. The brittle Parisian fable is suavely directed by D'Arrast, well cast in mirror roles with Myrna Loy and Jackie Searle, and well adapted in every respect for adult enjoyment.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

The Run of the Mill

EVERYONE knows the famous remark about poor dear Kingsley: "He said that he would rather be good than clever—and he had his wish." It contains, moreover, a hint which ought to be noted by all who undertake to write smart plays attacking the smart. Goodness and cleverness are doubtless not wholly incompatible; but unless one is perfectly sure one is both, one had better keep the emphasis on the first quality when setting out to depreciate the second. Virtue, plain and unadorned, has her charm; but Virtue tricked out in second-rate wit does not show to her best advantage. Sound sentiments remain sound even if they seem a little bit inarticulate, but it is

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hard to admire a clumsy epigram just because its moral points the right way. Milton, for example, said some very impressive things about female virtue, but he did not make the mistake of allowing the devil to choose the weapons.

These reflections are suggested by a play called "The Sophisticrats" presented at the Bijou Theater. In a general way it sets out to expose the shallowness of the wisecracking fraternity, and to exhibit the ultimate triumph of decency and good sense over smart impropriety. The heroine is a small-town girl who has made something of a reputation in the city with two books of verse entitled "Bedroom Ballads" and "Songs to Many Lovers." The hero is a young man who would rather be good than clever, and who gets the girl as well as his wish. But the trouble is that the bright lines are not bright enough. Better things have been said in favor of promiscuity, and even purity has been made, on other occasions, to seem more attractive.

It is true, to be sure, that the characters are supposed to be only small-town wits rather than the real, big-city things. Whenever an epigram seems a little flat, one is at perfect liberty to assume that it is just so much the more in character. But that, unfortunately, does not make it any more entertaining, and if the thesis is only that it is better to be good than almost clever, then the thesis is hardly important enough to justify the elaborateness of the proof. For the sake of the record the following facts may be added: (a) There are three really good lines—one in each act; (b) the heroine turns out to be only a virgin with a lurid imagination; (c) Helen Brooks, as the good-bad girl, and Lewis Martin, as a swindler who poses as America's greatest novelist, give good accounts of themselves.

"Before Morning" (Ritz Theater) is one act of acceptable drama followed by two acts of a reasonably exciting murder mystery. Here again the heroine is a lady with good intentions but too many fast friends, and here again the hero is a solid young man eager to take her out of it all. He is willing to overlook the past as long as it is vague enough, but when a former lover is found dead in her apartment on the very night of his honorable proposal, even his generous heart—educated in the great open spaces of Detroit and accustomed to dealing only with clean honest automobile manufacturers like himself—is momentarily stumped. Things look even darker when it is discovered that the lover was poisoned with nicotine, and when it is noted that the heroine had a very good reason for wanting to get rid of him. McKay Morris gives a superb performance as a really villainous villain, but since, in these difficult times, even a moderately entertaining play like "Before Morning" is not likely to last long, there is no reason why one should be left in ignorance concerning how it all came out. The lover's wife really did it because she wanted to marry a prominent Italian whose ecclesiastical connections made it impossible for him to unite himself with a divorced woman. Probably this proves something about either the dangers of loose friends or the evils which follow too intolerant an attitude toward divorce. You may take your choice.

"Melody" (Casino Theater) represents George White's determination to become a producer of operetta. After all these years Mr. White has found a plot, and the famous "Scandals" have been replaced by a romantic opus dealing melodiously with the fate of three generations in making their way from the Latin Quarter to a Radio City. The work is elaborately staged, melodiously set, and well sung. Evelyn Herbert has, as a matter of fact, an unusually good voice, and there is also Jeanne Aubert. Yet I must confess that I was never moved to any great enthusiasm. Now that there is a plot, there is perhaps rather too much of it. Perhaps also the *longueurs* of a musical entertainment are more noticeable when the ladies of the ensemble are so elaborately and completely costumed. Mr. White did not use to go in for so many draperies. As Shakespeare asks, "Why are these things hid?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1933

No. 3531

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	245
EDITORIALS:	
The National City Bank Scandal	247
A Farewell to Republicans	249
A Good Cabinet	251
CARTOON: THE END OF AN ERA. By Art Young	252
ISSUES AND MEN. AND A WOMAN—FRANCES PERKINS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	253
THE FARMERS LEARN DIRECT ACTION. By Ferner Nuhn	254
SOUTH AMERICA TURNS TO WAR. By Samuel Guy Inman	256
THE SOUTH GOES LEGAL. By Helen Boardman	258
THE LEAGUE ACTS. By Robert Dell	260
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	262
CORRESPONDENCE	262
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	263
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:	
Mountain Love. By Howard McKinley Corning	264
Bernard's Progress. By Henry Hazlitt	264
A Communistic Strachey. By Lawrence Dennis	265
The Puzzle of a Princess. By Mark Van Doren	265
Erskine Caldwell, and Other "Proletarian" Novelists. By Edward Dahlberg	265
Militarist Logic. By Dorothy Detzer	266
Shorter Notices	266
Art: Revolution in Art. By Anita Brenner	267
Films: Dovzhenko's "Ivan." By William Troy	269
Drama: In Modern Dress. By Joseph Wood Krutch	270

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

GREAT BRITAIN'S EMBARGO on arms to Japan and China is the logical sequence to the League's action in naming Japan as the aggressor in the Far Eastern conflict. France has indicated a willingness to follow suit provided the United States does likewise. Unfortunately, there seems to be little hope that Washington will accept the logical conclusions of the Stimson doctrine. The resolution which would empower the President to declare an embargo, with other nations, against warring countries is buried in Congress, and there is no indication that the pressure necessary to have it exhumed will be applied. President Hoover and Secretary Stimson have both expressed themselves in favor of the use of the arms embargo against aggressor nations, but the State Department now maintains that an embargo would do little good since Japan is already well supplied. But the way to begin is to begin, especially since the war in the Far East is likely to be protracted. It is further pointed out that the British embargo does not apply to outstanding unfilled contracts. That is a sad fact. It may indicate the real reasons for the coolness of the State Department. The propaganda of the munitions manufacturers was apparently sufficiently powerful to dispose of the arms-embargo resolution. Has it now conquered the State Department? President Roosevelt cannot do better than to inaugurate his Administration with immediate action.

If his first official act were to declare an embargo to be ratified by a special session immediately to be called, it would serve as a most effective warning to the mad militarists of Japan that the United States purposes to uphold the sanctity of treaties and to make effective the most crucial venture in international cooperation since the war.

HUEY LONG has undertaken another filibuster, this time to prevent further investigation of his unsavory role in Louisiana politics. In twelve days the Senate's subcommittee on campaign expenditures, sitting in New Orleans, uncovered a story of political corruption, with the Kingfish at its center, a crude and sensational tale that it can only be compared with recent Tammany scandals in New York City. The committee has merely scratched the surface, but an additional appropriation is necessary if the investigation is to be continued. The newspaper accounts of the New Orleans hearings are sufficient to indicate that Huey Long's fitness to remain in the Senate is not entirely clear and that the investigation should be completed. Yet apparently there is danger that it will not be. Senator Long, after giving a performance in New Orleans so brazen and so vulgar that he was held in contempt by the committee—and certainly by every self-respecting American who read the tale—rushed back to Washington to head off any further investigation. Anticipating the request for an additional appropriation, Long spent hours of the Senate's precious time deriding the committee and challenging its authority. He made no attempt to defend himself. That is not his method. Instead, he called the inquiry irrelevant, a waste of money, and attempted to discredit the opposing counsel. The audacity of his attack and the failure of Senators Howell and Carey, who conducted the hearings, to reply adequately to it have inclined many Senators, who apparently do not even read the newspapers, to the belief that the inquiry is not important; while Senator Bennett Clark's incomprehensible support of Long has further confused the issue. If one-tenth of the charges brought against Long and Overton are true, neither one of them should be allowed to sit in the United States Senate. Let the investigation proceed.

THE ENDING of the Seventy-second Congress removes from public life, temporarily at least, several indispensable public servants. The defeated Senator who can least be spared is John J. Blaine of Wisconsin. He has fought consistently on the side of progressivism and against the reactionaries in the Senate chamber and in the White House. He has been the sponsor of considerable wise labor legislation. As a member of the judiciary committee, he was instrumental in blocking confirmation of two wretched judicial appointments—those of James Wilkerson of Chicago and Kenneth Mackintosh of Seattle—to the federal bench. He was among the Senate leaders supporting the Norris anti-injunction and Muscle Shoals bills, and the La Follette-Costigan federal relief measure. He was outstanding in the Senate in his willingness to fight, single-handed if need be, against men and measures he deemed objectionable. A cor-

respondingly great loss will be suffered in the House by the absence from the Seventy-third Congress of Representative Fiorello H. La Guardia. For several sessions he has headed the House insurgents. Through his skill as a parliamentary tactician, his oratorical talent and good humor, his indefatigable industry, his complete information on many important issues, and, above all, his thorough awareness of the people's needs, he became the one effective leader the Progressives there have had in twenty years. Others who will be missed are Representatives Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, John E. Nelson of Maine, Burton L. French of Idaho, C. William Ramseyer of Iowa, Robert G. Simmons of Nebraska, and John M. Evans of Montana. Their early return to the public service is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

POPULAR SENTIMENT in favor of recognition of Russia is now overwhelming; only the diehards persist in their irrational opposition. There is evidence in the hands of Senators that William Green does not reflect the views of the rank and file or even of some leaders of the American Federation of Labor when he opposes normal relations with the Soviet Government. The chambers of commerce which formerly turned their backs on a market of 160,000,000 consumers are today in a receptive mood, and the country as a whole is sufficiently anti-Japanese to wish that the new President would make some definite move which would indicate to Tokio our disapproval of its policies in Manchuria. Soviet recognition would make the Japanese sit up and take notice as nothing that has yet happened in Geneva has done. It would immediately bring business from the Soviet Government. The Russians are eager to buy cotton, textiles, copper, and machinery. Hitherto, the apparent obstacles to recognition have been debts and propaganda. As a matter of fact, the Soviet Government has changed its attitude on debts since it first annulled them fifteen years ago; and it has promised on a number of occasions to pay us what, in the opinion of neutral students, it is actually not obliged to pay. Propaganda is a convenient bogey for the demagogue, but it is not a practical issue. Other nations more exposed to the Communist "menace" have relations with Russia and have not succumbed. If this menace exists, perhaps the best way of combating it is to reduce unemployment by attracting Soviet orders. Mr. Roosevelt is said to be considering immediate recognition. It should also be complete recognition. Piecemeal approaches may do much harm. The reason is simple to those who know how Moscow regards the Far Eastern situation.

WHILE THE WESTERN WORLD is at present concerned with what are doubtless more pressing problems, it must not overlook the extremely important treaty recently signed by the Little Entente countries at Geneva. This treaty, though ostensibly another peace agreement, actually constitutes an alliance for war. Heretofore Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Czecho-Slovakia have been held together rather loosely by a series of independent, bilateral agreements limited both in scope and duration. Under the new arrangement they are bound by a single treaty, upon which no time limit is set and which provides for unlimited military, political, and economic cooperation. The three countries will now have a common general staff, cooperative political headquarters at Geneva, and machinery with which to set

up a common economic and financial policy. In short, as one European commentator described it, there has been created "a new Great Power with a population of forty-five million through the virtual consolidation of the states of the Little Entente." Though the countries of the Little Entente probably needed no prompting, it is easy to trace the hand of France in the conclusion of this treaty. Since the failure of its reparations and armaments policies, which were designed to keep Germany in permanent subjugation, France has had to seek some means of offsetting the inevitable resurrection of Germany as a leading military Power. The previous loose alliance of the Little Entente countries would not suffice. Italy was making appreciable progress in its attempt to detach Rumania from this group; Yugoslavia was faced with menacing internal dissensions. It was necessary to hold the Little Entente together by chaining these two countries to Czecho-Slovakia, the only stable and dependable member of the group. This France has now accomplished.

IF POLITICAL STABILITY and economic recovery were the only objectives of this new Balkan confederation, we should be more than happy to welcome it. But obviously it has a much more significant and dangerous goal. The Geneva alliance was born of fear and is likely to have tremendous repercussions, especially in Italy, Hungary, and Germany. Political leaders in these countries are already talking of "reprisals." By this they probably do not mean that they will take hostile action, but that they intend to form an alliance on their own account to oppose the "new Great Power." The Geneva treaty was at least partly inspired by the disclosure of the shipment of 50,000 rifles and 200 machine-guns from Italy to the Hirtenberg munitions factory near Vienna, presumably en route to Hungary. The Hirtenberg incident brought from France, with British approval, a vigorously worded ultimatum addressed to Austria. Had the ultimatum been sent to Rome it doubtless would have provoked a grave situation, for its language led American correspondents to describe it as "an unprecedented and astonishing attack on the sovereign dignity of a friendly Power." Austria is too weak to offer any real resistance, and has promised to return the arms shipment to Italy. The Hirtenberg incident has passed off without serious consequences, but these recent developments in the Balkans reveal how rapidly the temper of Europe is rising.

AS A RESULT of the opinion of Senator Walsh, Attorney-General in the new Administration, that Congress has not the power to prescribe the time, method, or form of the State conventions to ratify the proposed prohibition-repeal amendment, Congress is now unlikely to attempt to pass any legislation on the subject. But there is no reason why it cannot pass a resolution, not binding or mandatory in character, recommending a certain form of convention to the States. This seems highly advisable in view of the bewilderment in some of the States and the chaos of suggestions for procedure. The whole purpose of submitting the proposed repeal to conventions instead of to legislatures was to secure a direct popular verdict on the sole question of prohibition. There should be only two sets of candidates for the conventions: those who unequivocally pledge themselves to vote for the new amendment and those who just as unequivocally pledge themselves to oppose it. A pro and an anti candidate

may be nominated from each Congressional district or from each State-legislature district, as desired; that question is of no importance. What is important is that the candidates should be voted for as a body, by the whole people of the State, and not individually or by districts. Any other method of voting would probably distort the result. The purpose of submitting the repeal of prohibition to conventions was to secure a referendum on the question. Let the referendum be real, and let its results be accurate.

MEANWHILE liquor-control legislation by the States remains to be enacted. New York State has made a beginning with the appointment of a State commission whose first recommendations include local option and the creation of non-paid boards consisting of persons of high character. The commission, in its initial report dealing with non-intoxicating beer, recommends that it be sold in hotels and restaurants but not across a bar—an obvious attempt to forestall the saloon. But why should non-intoxicating beer be denied equality with the oyster or the milk shake, which are now widely sold across the bar? Competitive advertising of the products of brewery and distillery are to be forbidden. Needless to say, the newspapers will not like this. Most interesting of all is the proposed use of a part of the proceeds of liquor taxation for temperance education. The more consumed, the more funds available for inculcating the evil of excessive consumption—the demon rum is to be sentenced to chasing his tail around the stump. The desire of the commissioners to lessen liquor abuses by limiting the profits is apparent and praiseworthy. But is not public ownership the solution ~~most~~ likely to prevent private profiteering and political corruption, and to insure the maximum of control, as well as of revenue, to State and nation?

AMONG THE PROBLEMS with which the new Administration will be immediately confronted is the public debt. An unparalleled situation exists. More than half of the public debt of \$20,907,000,000 matures or is callable this year. The exact amount maturing or callable in the next eleven months is \$11,349,700,000. Ogden Mills has been our most persistent and most eloquent verbal opponent of inflation; but he has been perfectly content to follow an inflationary policy by continuing Mr. Mellon's optimistic system of financing the government by short-term borrowing. As a result of the present artificial and wholly abnormal banking situation, the government has been able to finance itself with this short-term borrowing at remarkably low rates of interest. But to what extent is this low interest being paid for by the possibility of having to pay very much higher interest in the near future if the situation should change either for the better or for the worse? For if the situation changes for the worse, rates may be raised for the government either by a decline in its credit standing or by a compulsion on the part of the banks to sell government securities. If the situation changes for the better, banks will be more anxious to take their funds out of low-interest government securities and lend them out at higher interest to business. In either case the government, which could still float a long-term bond issue at less than 4 per cent interest, will have missed its market. In any case, Mr. Mills, the apostle of sound finance, the great hard-money man, has preferred to leave the whole problem on Mr. Roosevelt's doorstep.

AN ANCIENT STORY relates that a New York newspaper once sent a cub reporter out to cover a flood in the Middle West. After two or three days all the other New York papers began to publish long special accounts of the disaster, but the cub reporter was not heard from. His paper wired him: "Why aren't you sending anything?" The reply came back: "Can't send anything now. Too much excitement." The report of the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Unemployment seems to have been framed on this principle. The committee announces regretfully that it can recommend no unemployment insurance now; that must wait for the slump to lift. It holds that employers cannot now stand the increased burden on pay rolls, that they would be obliged to dismiss employees, who would have to be taken care of by inadequate State funds. This argument appears to have very little substance. If the insurance were of the general type now widely recommended by economists, under which the State contributes nothing while the employee contributes 1 per cent of his weekly pay and the employer 2 per cent of his pay roll, it would increase total pay-roll expenses by only 2 per cent. At most, this could cause the discharge of one man in fifty. If the argument were sound, it could be used equally well in a period of full employment. But even if one were to grant its validity under present circumstances, there would still be no excuse for the committee's failure to recommend the passage of such legislation now, to go into effect immediately in every firm showing a current net profit, and for all firms without exception at some definite later time. It is true that only direct relief can now help those already unemployed; but if we are to get unemployment insurance at all, we must get it while public opinion is aroused in its favor.

The National City Bank Scandal

FOR many years these columns have recorded the wrongdoings of corporation managers, captains of industry, and bank officials, but never a more outrageous abuse of positions of trust or more flagrant misconduct of men in high fiduciary positions than have been laid bare by the testimony of officials of the National City Bank of New York before the Senate Banking Committee. These are strong words; they cannot be too strong. For brazen disregard of the rights of the lawful owners of the bank, of the depositors, and of the public generally, nothing exceeds the confession of Messrs. Mitchell, Rentschler, and Baker. More than that, they have displayed an indecent callousness in the treatment of the lesser employees of their own institution which, with their other performances, marks them as men set apart from their fellows as betrayers of their trust not merely as bankers, but as human beings.

We refer, of course, to the loan in 1929 to themselves by the officers of this bank, the second largest in the world, of the sum of \$2,400,000 to enable them to carry their commitments for the purchase of stock of the bank when the stock-market crash had jeopardized their personal finances. This loan was made without interest to some one hundred of the leading officers of the bank and the affiliated National

City Company, and only in a few cases did these officials offer adequate collateral. Only 5 per cent of it has been repaid. The utterly reprehensible character of this transaction is thrown into clearer light when one adds the deadly fact that these same officers then proceeded to sell out hundreds of the customers of the bank when the collateral advanced to cover their commitments in the stock became inadequate. Moreover, the clerks of the bank, who had been urged, and in some cases really driven, to purchasing the bank stock at 200 or 220 lest they lose the favor of their superior officers, were given, and have been given, no aid whatsoever by the bank in carrying the shares they bought on the instalment plan. On these thousands of them are paying today, with the result that their very existences and those of their families are being jeopardized by these continuing payments for a stock now worth less than \$30 a share—payments which they dare not suspend lest they lose all their savings. No moratorium for them! No loans to help them carry on! Indeed, it was admitted that their only way of getting out of these payments was to give up their jobs. They are just clerks, and the National City Bank has plainly existed not for them or their interest, or for anybody else except the insiders.

The head and front of this offending is Charles E. Mitchell, whose resignation, promptly offered, was promptly accepted by the directors. It now appears that the privilege of having him act as chairman of the bank and of the affiliated National City Company cost the bank in bonuses about \$3,500,000 for the years 1927, 1928, and 1929, in addition to his annual salary of \$25,000. In other words, he drew a salary of nearly \$1,200,000 a year—the President of the United States receives \$75,000 a year for conducting the affairs of the great American nation. As we have said before in the case of President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company, no man on earth is worth any such salary and to no man should it be paid. But more interesting things came out about Mr. Mitchell. In 1929 he sold to a member of his family 18,000 shares of his National City Bank stock at a loss of nearly \$2,800,000, which enabled him to avoid paying any income tax whatsoever in the next year. It is this transaction which led Senator Wheeler to remark on the floor of the Senate that if it was right to send Al Capone to Atlanta jail for an income-tax fraud, "some of these crooked bank presidents" should have the same dose administered to them. But Mr. Mitchell's sale of this stock is probably not illegal in a criminal sense. The income-tax authorities have the power, however, to reopen this tax return and to invalidate the sale. It was not a genuine one in open market, since an arrangement existed to buy back the stock at the same price after the requisite period. "That sale was just a sale of convenience to reduce your income tax?" asked Senator Brookhart. "Yes," replied Mr. Mitchell. "It was a sale frankly for that purpose. . . ."

But this does not end the tale of shamelessness. It was brought out that the City Bank, finding itself in 1927 with about \$31,000,000 of worthless Cuban sugar paper on its hands, proceeded to get rid of it in this way: It increased its stock by an issue of \$25,000,000 which it sold for \$50,000,000. Of the latter sum \$25,000,000 went to the National City Company, which then purchased the stock of a newly formed General Sugar Corporation, and this dummy corporation bought the bad paper for the same amount from the National City Bank—only to lose most of the millions in-

volved in that paper. This was high finance, indeed, with the purchasers of the bank stock holding the bag. The value of the stock of every stockholder was lowered by that transaction without their knowledge. Finally there is one more revealing transaction to record. During the 1929 boom market the National City Company sold its City Bank stock short. To quote Mr. Pecora, the counsel for the Senate Banking Committee: "In other words, the company sold shares of bank stock it didn't own or have on hand." More than that, in order to deliver the stock it had sold when there was none in its possession, it borrowed no less than 15,000 shares from our dear old friend, Charles Mitchell, chairman of the bank and company. In other words, it was gambling in its own stock with the aid of its head. Was there ever a worse record of conscienceless manipulation of a great banking institution? The resignations of Messrs. Mitchell and Baker should be followed by those of Mr. Rentschler and all the other officials and directors who had guilty knowledge of or profited by these transactions.

It goes without saying that the Congress of the United States will fail in its duty if, first, it does not find out what the national bank examiners were doing during these years in permitting these things to come to pass, and, secondly, if it does not immediately pass remedial legislation to make impossible the repetition of such scandals, the mere revelation of which has gravely affected an already serious banking situation. How can people have confidence in any bank when such things are disclosed? And why, indeed, should they? We have no doubt that Messrs. Mitchell, Rentschler, and Baker are members of all the hereditary patriotic societies and are anti-Socialist and anti-Communist. All the 87,000 Communist voters who cast their ballots for Mr. Foster at the last election could not in years possibly do as much injury to our institutions and to the capitalist society to which these banking gentlemen are so devoted as they have done by their misconduct as revealed under oath on the witness stand.

The City Bank and the Press

What has been the attitude of our great and variegated metropolitan newspapers toward the National City Bank exposure? Recall the snappy way these defenders of the common weal day by day excoriated in their editorial columns the tin-box artists of Tammany Hall as their malfeasance was bared by Mr. Seabury.

On Tuesday, February 21, before the Senate Banking Committee, Mr. Pecora brought out that Charles E. Mitchell had paid no income tax in 1929 by making a "sale" to a relative and recording a \$2,800,000 loss, and with his fellow-officers had floated \$50,000,000 worth of additional National City capital stock to take care of worthless Cuban sugar liabilities.

Not a line of editorial comment appeared on Wednesday, February 22, in any New York morning or evening paper.

On Wednesday, February 22, Mr. Pecora brought out that the National City officers had lent themselves \$2,400,000 to protect their margin gambling, appropriating this money without security, charging themselves no interest, and subsequently writing most of these loans down or off, at the same time that they sold out their customers and compelled their clerks to continue payments on stock which these lesser fry had bought.

The New York morning and evening newspapers of Thursday, February 23, were as silent as a bank vault on a holiday.

On Thursday, February 23, came the revelation that National City officials had sold their own bank stock short.

And short of editorial comment on Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Rentschler, Mr. Baker, and the National City Bank were the Friday New York morning and evening papers.

On Saturday morning, February 25, appeared the first editorial mention of this aging scandal in—of all papers—the tabloid *News*. Its editorial conclusion, however, was chiefly that “we” were all largely to blame: “We were all trying to get rich without work; we were gambling to get rich by buying stocks on 10 per cent margin”; and the *News* urged banking reform because “we may all go cocoo again.”

Emboldened by the morning tabloid’s audacious stand, Cyrus H. K. Curtis’s New York *Evening Post* on Saturday afternoon leaped into the fray editorially. Bravely it denounced—the Senate! “The Senate, at this session, has done nothing to restore public confidence . . . and has chosen the worst of all possible times to throw further doubt upon banks through the explorations of its banking and currency committee.” The *Post* felt, however, that the Senate’s “revelations . . . cannot be ignored,” and that, alas, “they break the faith of the people in their financial leaders,” and that the revelations “will lead, inevitably, to one more attempt to legislate a new honesty into the banking business.” It then declares: “Legislation cannot do this”; but paradoxically prophesies that “the Glass bill will be the result.” With the *News*, the *Post* feels sure that “like many of the rest of us, some of our bankers were mad enough to do then what they wouldn’t dream of doing now.”

Sunday’s and Monday’s New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* continued mute. That brave champion of the underdog, William Randolph Hearst, while printing on his *American* editorial page a series of five articles on banking reform in general, appeared stricken with aphasia as far as the National City and its officials were concerned.

But surely the fearless and progressive Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram* had something to say! When, indeed, was that gallant palladium of our purses silent on corruption? On Wednesday, February 22, it had an editorial on “Tammany Boldness.” On Thursday it attacked “Furniture Grafting” in the city administration. On Friday it denounced “Fixers in the Municipal Court.” On Saturday it roundly spanked S. Howard Cohen of the Board of Elections. On Monday, February 27, it came out editorially against “Multiple Job Holding.” The reader’s eye, on this day also, would gravitate to an editorial headed “Bar the Speculators.” But they were not the speculators of 55 Wall Street; they were only those of the Wallabout Market, Brooklyn. There was also an editorial on “Bank Action.” But that was merely a comment on the signing of the Couzens national-banking law.

To sum up, in five days the New York *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *American*, the *Evening Journal*, the *Sun*, and the *World-Telegram*—all those great molders of public opinion—have had no opinion on the largest bank scandal under their noses since the failure of the Bank of United States. It all recalls that ancient music-hall quip: “If you steal \$25, you’re a thief. If you steal \$250,000, you’re an embezzler. If you steal \$2,500,000, you’re a financier.”

A Farewell to Republicans

AT the risk of gilding the tinsel, let the record be set down finally as *The Nation* takes leave this week of the “only party fit to rule.” American memories are short. Four years from now the public will be asked to restore the Republicans and prosperity.

Let it therefore be recalled, now and henceforth, that four years ago not a cloud even as large as a man’s hand had appeared in the heavens. That it was, from the financial standpoint, a clear blue sky may have had a certain prophetic symbolism which was overlooked at the time. Herbert Hoover was about to assume the Presidency. His predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, in his valedictory message to Congress, had declared:

No Congress of the United States ever assembled, on surveying the state of the Union, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time. . . . The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region of luxury. Enlarging production is consumed by an increasing demand at home and an expanding commerce abroad. The country can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism.

There was no difference of opinion, no variation in optimism between the retiring and incoming helmsmen of the nation. In his acceptance address the previous August Mr. Hoover had declared:

We in America today are nearer to the final triumph over poverty than ever before in the history of any land. The poorhouse is vanishing from among us. We have not yet reached the goal, but, given a chance to go forward with the policies of the last eight years, and we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation. There is no guaranty against poverty equal to a job for every man. That is the primary purpose of the economic policies we advocate.

And having achieved office on the basis of this premise and promise, President Hoover reiterated his faith in his inaugural message:

Ours is a land . . . filled with millions of happy homes, blessed with comfort and opportunity. . . . In no nation are the fruits of accomplishment more secure. . . . I have no fears for the future of our country. It is bright with hope.

There is no need to set down once more the repeated mistaken prophecies which issued from the White House as the country sank deeper into economic chaos. Those forecasts were sufficiently quoted during the recent Presidential contest. But Mr. Hoover’s record as a false prophet continued consistent to the end. Throughout the campaign he asserted that his Administration was achieving victory over the depression. In Cincinnati, on October 28, 1932, he said: “. . . we have succeeded in defeating these forces. We have protected our institutions and our people. We have now transformed those measures into an attack on this depression all along the line.” Speaking at Des Moines of the farmers’ plight, he declared: “Happily, we have won this battle.” And at Indianapolis, on October 29, he said:

I pointed out there [at Detroit] that the battle has now changed from successful defense of our country from disaster and chaos to forward-marching attack on one hundred fronts, through a score of instrumentalities and weapons toward recovery. Since that time I have further positive evidence showing that the measures and policies we have set up are driving the forces of this depression into retreat with constantly increasing rapidity.

At St. Paul, on November 6, he stated, ■ he had earlier in the campaign, that a million men had returned to work in the preceding four months, and were returning at the rate of half ■ million a month, adding, "Every business index shows ■■■■ progress somewhere in the nation." And in his final address, broadcast from Elko, Nevada, on the eve of the election, he expressed the hope that the American people would "realize the great crisis we have successfully passed," and contrasted the opposition's "mirage of promises" with his party's "reality of facts."

It is needless to stress the hollowness of these final promises and assertions. Unemployment mounts—thirteen million men out of work is today a conservative estimate; ■ 3.9 per cent drop in employment with ■ 5 per cent pay-roll decrease was recorded for the month ending January 15, according to the latest Department of Labor statistics available. The people's savings continue to be confiscated as banks close at an undiminished pace—272 closed in the month of January, 1933, and toward the close of February they closed, no longer singly, but by States—Michigan, Maryland, Ohio. Bankruptcy is becoming epidemic. The private and local relief upon which Mr. Hoover's policies relied are increasingly inadequate; destitution, undernourishment, actual hunger are spreading through the land.

But we are taking leave not merely of a single Administration. For twelve years the Republican Party has been in power. During ten of those years it controlled the executive and legislative branches of the government. When, a few years hence, an attempt is made to minimize the disaster of this last quadrennium, and to point to a preceding eight-year period of material development and growth, let it be noted that in a purely material sense the American people are much worse off today than they were twelve years ago. Far more than was gained has been swept away. Savings have been dissipated, lives have been blasted, families disintegrated. Misery and insecurity exist to ■ degree unprecedented in our national life. And spiritually the American people have been debauched by the materialism which made dollar-chasing the accepted way of life and accumulation of riches the goal of earthly existence. The record of Republicanism must be judged as a whole, although, in fairness, the consequences of the World War and the major responsibility of the Democrats for putting the United States into it must not be forgotten. The Republicans were ■ eager to make war—and both parties continued, until well after the crash, to be proud of their attitude in 1917. Moreover, economic disaster has been only a part of this sterile decade's legacy, the burdens of which will descend to unborn generations. Our worthiest traditions have been impaired; vital tenets of American life have been destroyed. What has become of that fundamental American axiom "salvation by work"? In all our previous history it has been taken for granted that ours was a land of opportunity, and that rewards bore some relation to initiative, effort, and ability. Granting the large mythical content of

these beliefs, they were more nearly valid in America in the first century and a half of our national existence than anywhere else on earth. They are no longer true today. The promise of American life has been shattered—possibly beyond repair.

Shall we assume that the Democrats, who now take office, offer a better prospect for America? The indicated liberalism of Roosevelt in the present desperate emergency, his power policy, more enlightened than any we have yet had, his nomination of a Cabinet superior to any within a generation, his apparent determination to tread new paths, are auguries of hope. But we should not forget certain fundamentals which *The Nation* has often reiterated: In recent times, certainly, the two major parties have been ■ like as peas, sterile, guided by approximately the same economic philosophy, motivated by the same quest for legal—and some not so legal—loot.

If the thievery of the "Ohio gang"—never atoned for by the Republicans—was wholly a party scandal, it is evident that, considerable as were those peculations, they were trifling beside the legalized plundering which has ever been non-partisan. Behind the Administration façade, capped by the genial and banal Harding, the insignificant Coolidge, and the erstwhile superman, Hoover, have been the real rulers of America, some of whom Mr. Gerard identified in his famous list three years ago. They have included Samuel Insull, always a buyer-in to both parties; his friends and creditors, Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope; Charlie Dawes, also a friend of Lorimer; Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, whose latest performances are discussed elsewhere in this issue; Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank, whose tale is still to be told; Mr. Mellon of the Colombian oil loans, the recipient, through Will Hays, of Mr. Sinclair's Continental Oil bonds, aluminum monopolist, and the greatest refunder of taxes to the wealthy since before Alexander Hamilton; Eugene G. Grace, Charlie Schwab's million-dollar-bonus boy; Leonor F. Loree, buyer for his private account of Missouri, Kansas, and Texas stock to be unloaded on his company stockholders; George W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, who, only after a blistering Supreme Court opinion rendered in a stockholder's suit, returned 13,440 shares of stock which, upon his own recommendation, had been given him. It was ■ Grand Old Party—for them—while it lasted. Makers and beneficiaries of our politico-economic system, these are the men whose failure is now written large in the towering empty edifices that scrape the New York sky, in the hundreds of thousands of "For sale" and "To let" signs which adorn our cities, in the closed banks, in the foreclosed farms, in the whole picture of devastation which has come under their rule.

Have these captains and kings departed—not to return? The epoch of their wanton and repulsive leadership is ending. Their incompetence and their betrayal are manifest. But much of the evil they have done lives after them. The coming years will see the struggle to purge America, to reassert the promise of American life, to validate, in consonance with the changed times and conditions, the high aspirations of the founders of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt has the opportunity to be the leader of this renaissance, but he will have to forge as his instrument ■ wholly different Democratic Party from that which so long has been indistinguishable from the Republican.

A Good Cabinet

MR. ROOSEVELT has chosen an excellent Cabinet. We say this with full realization that there are weak spots in it, that there is only faint approval of it in Democratic circles in Washington, and that the conservative elements generally fear that it is weak. In the *New York Times* we find a plaint that it does not include men like Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, Norman Davis, or Owen D. Young, and a reference to the men who formed part of the recent Republican Cabinets, such as Hughes, Stimson, and Kellogg. Well, one of the reasons why we like the new Cabinet is that it is happily free from the leftovers of the Wilson Administration, the "strong men" who have long since grown stale in the public eye, not one of whom has given the slightest indication of any ability to cope with the present crisis, or of having freed himself from the prejudices of a bygone generation of public men.

Senator Walsh's selection as Attorney-General puts at the head of that department for the first time in much more than a decade a man who is not a reactionary and a trusted friend of the "interests," but a relentless and brilliant prosecutor. In his handling of the oil frauds he showed that no power could prevent his going to the bottom of those scandals. As for the new Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, it is hard to see how there could be a better choice. The press has dwelt upon his connection with the Bull Moose movement in 1912; far more important is the fact that he has been for years in the forefront of all reform movements in Chicago. With superb courage he told the truth about Samuel Insull in the year 1930, when that noble Athenian was still the greatest figure in his community, and declared that Insull, more than anyone else, was responsible for Chicago's vice and crime. These were his words:

Chicago is not suffering from a breakdown of government, but from a super-government. The name of Chicago's super-government is Samuel Insull. By contributing lavishly to the coffers of both parties, and by exerting his influence in other ways, he has gradually assumed control of the parties. He dominates the business community through his tremendous power. The press apparently fears to attack him. . . . The same public officials who have furnished protection to Insull's public utilities have also furnished protection to racketeers, bootleggers, and professional killers. . . . Thus we have a city administration with the under-world and over-world in dual control.

There spoke a man of just the type we need in the Cabinet in this national emergency.

The appointment of Frances Perkins to the Department of Labor is equally a cause for profound jubilation. The first woman to enter the Cabinet, she is a tried executive and public official, with a national reputation for efficiency, integrity, and courage. Her appointment renders a service to the working men and women of America, organized and unorganized, that can hardly be measured.

For Cordell Hull we have the highest respect. He has for years fought tariff excesses almost single-handed in Congress with great ability and a clear understanding of the principles involved. He is therefore well equipped to nego-

tiate the indispensable international agreements upon which world recovery in no small measure depends. While he has not figured in foreign affairs, he is a student of problems that come before him, a dispassionate searcher after facts. He is, moreover, free from entangling alliances with financial groups with special interests to promote—groups which have so often in the past made the State Department the instrument of their acquisitive purposes in Latin America.

For William H. Woodin, the Secretary of the Treasury, as much, unfortunately, cannot be said. He is a big business man who has displayed few qualities that indicate his fitness for the difficult task ahead. The great corporations which he dominates—engaged chiefly in the manufacture of transportation equipment—have a history depressingly like that of other similar enterprises. They made large profits for the insiders, first, through the manufacture of war materials, then in the post-war boom. But Mr. Woodin's direction displayed no more foresight than the prevailing type of business leadership; his companies overexpanded extravagantly, with the inevitable consequences. Moreover, Mr. Woodin's Cuban connections are unfortunate. Controlling several Cuban companies, he is hand in glove with Machado, whose present Ambassador to the United States is not merely an official of Mr. Woodin's companies, but his right-hand man and trusted confidant. Mr. Roosevelt will have to be on his guard here, and also with respect to Daniel C. Roper, his Secretary of Commerce, who has recently been engaged in representing Cuban sugar interests in the capital. Mr. Roper has the reputation of being a good executive, but his appointment cannot be looked on as anything else than a political recognition of William G. McAdoo's services at the Democratic convention in making possible Roosevelt's nomination.

The other Cabinet posts are relatively unimportant. The nation is engaged in a great domestic war, and we can therefore be reconciled to the naming of Senator Swanson to the Secretaryship of the Navy. His promotion will strengthen the Senate, since it will remove him from the important chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which he would have succeeded under the Senate seniority rule. Moreover, his Senate seat will very probably be filled by former Governor Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, a stronger and better man. Ex-Governor Dern of Utah was undoubtedly given the Secretaryship of the War Department in political recognition of the far West. It remains for him to prove his worth. The Postmastership has, of course, gone to James A. Farley, following a custom—which as such cannot be other than deplored—of thus rewarding purely political services.

Taken as a whole, this Cabinet represents an enormous improvement over those of preceding Administrations. It contains far abler and more enlightened department heads than we have had in a generation. Moreover, it is the general spirit of the Cabinet which counts, and since it will be dominated by Mr. Roosevelt, we cannot but feel that, as a whole, it will be progressive and forward-looking and able to grapple intelligently with the crisis which confronts the country.



THE END OF AN ERA

Issues and Men

And a Woman—Frances Perkins

REALLY, the news that Frances Perkins is to be appointed to the Cabinet of the United States is one of the most inspiring and encouraging events of recent years. My mind is running far back ■ I write. I am thinking of the pioneers who first declared that woman was man's equal in all respects and as such entitled not only to vote but to hold any office within the gift of the American people. How they were derided, how they were laughed at, how they were subjected to vile abuse, and even physical assault! No one can realize what such sensitive and lovely women as Lucy Stone and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Angelina Grimké, Lucretia Mott, and many others had to suffer when first they dared to take part in the anti-slavery and woman-suffrage agitation nearly one hundred years ago. Indeed, the famous "broadcloth mob" which dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist was roused to violence as much by the fact that a group of Boston women had so unsexed themselves ■ to organize an anti-slavery society and hold a public meeting ■ by the fact that the society was to be addressed by ■ English agitator for human rights, George Thompson. Indeed, in 1840 the first World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London refused to seat the American "female delegates" on the ground that for any woman to take part in a public meeting was improper and degrading to the sex!

I remember, too, in later years, the first parade for woman's suffrage held in New York City in which men took part. I was one of the eighty-five members of the sterner sex who were booed and hissed and asked: "Did your wife make you do it?" all the way down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square. Not one of us was sure then that we would live to see the enfranchisement of women, much less be present to rejoice when ■ woman took her seat in the Cabinet room of the White House. Here is a lost cause no longer lost, but come to triumphant success, and if the pioneers of that cause are looking down upon this scene, there will be rejoicing in heaven on the fourth day of March. And this rejoicing should be doubly vociferous because of the character and achievements of Frances Perkins herself. These the editors of *The Nation* are treating elsewhere. I can only add my "me, too." But I am particularly pleased that Frances Perkins is ■ Lucy Stoner—in other words, she has kept her maiden name although happily married and the mother of a most promising daughter. In this hour of depression when the pernicious doctrine is being preached that married women should be debarred from employment by the local, State, and federal governments if there happens to be a husband or another male member of the family who is also working, it is wonderful, indeed, to have Franklin Roosevelt pick not only an extraordinarily able woman of proved ability in public office, but one whose husband is also ■ wage-earner. That ought to stop a great deal of the mischievous propaganda which could only work infinite harm if it should lead to the adoption of this proposal ■ ■ nation-wide policy. No State has the right to deny ■ woman a job, not even in times

of unemployment, if she wants it, has earned it, and is capable of doing it well. Here we have another one of those real issues of personal liberty that ought never to be abridged by sex, or race, or color.

I am so bold as to believe also that the new President has set ■ example which will be followed in the years to come ■ a matter of course, as it has been the custom ever since the coming of suffrage to give women their place on the national party committees. No one thinks that that unsexes them; ■ one now thinks that the women orators in the national conventions are out of place, or the women delegates ■ the floor. No one maintains that the women governors who have been chosen have suffered thereby—"Ma" Ferguson, I fancy, is just about the same woman that she was when she first became Governor. I admit that we have had several unfortunate cases, notably one in New York State, in which women office-holders have played us false. But we have no right to expect women in office to be more upright than men similarly placed; we can only hope that they will do better than the men. But whether they do or not, a share in the actual management of our State and national businesses is their inalienable right. So I should not be surprised if every succeeding Cabinet hereafter had one or ■ women in it. Certainly, if a Republican Administration should succeed Mr. Roosevelt's, it would be hard for it not to "recognize the women voters" in this way.

But after all, I come back to the fact that we need not worry the least bit about this first woman Cabinet ■ member. Her attractive personality, her strength of character, her devotion to the truth which made her leap to the exposure of the misleading statistics of unemployment given out by Mr. Hoover's Administration, all give no room for question as to what her record will be. Also she is ■ forward-looking person, in touch with all reform movements, sympathetic to social control and social responsibility. It will be wonderful to have her in the place of the incredible Mr. Doak, and of the money-grabbing former Secretary of Labor, the present Senator from Pennsylvania, James J. Davis, who is now awaiting trial upon an indictment for misusing the mails. Those were "professional" labor men. They served the cause of labor and their country just about as badly ■ possible. They stood for hatred, bitterness, bigoted intolerance, and narrow-minded and cruel interpretation of the labor and immigration laws. When I think of Frances Perkins's point of view and attitude, her humanity, wisdom, and statesmanship, it seems to me that she will be ■ angel at the Cabinet table in contrast with the sordidness and the inhumanity of her predecessors. I, for one, pledge myself here and now never to cease to be grateful to Franklin Roosevelt for this brave and just and wise action—no matter what fate may have in store for him and his Administration.

Isabel Garrison Villard

The Farmer Learns Direct Action

By FERNER NUHN

A RAW, chilly day. The yard of the farm, churned black in a previous thaw, is frozen now in ruts and nodes. Where the boots of the farmers press, a little slime of water exudes, black and shiny. Through a fence the weather-bleached stalks of corn, combed and broken by the husking, stand ghostly in the pale air. The farm buildings—machine-shed, chicken-houses, pig-houses, corncribs—sprawl and gather again in the big, hip-roofed red barn, and strike a final accent in the thrust of the tiled silo. The farm is kempt and has a going air; there is nothing run down about it. The fields spread away, picking up other farm clusters sections off—remote, separate, dim under the big gray sky. One feels the courage of the isolate units, each swinging its big segment of earth. Perhaps they call for too much; perhaps the independence is doomed; but something of worth will be gone if it goes.

There are 300 farmers here. It is a Quaker community, long established, conservative. The farmers are mostly middle-aged, very workaday in overalls, sagging sweaters, mud-stained boots. They talk quietly in their slow, concrete manner, move about little.

They are neighbors of a farmer who can no longer pay interest on a \$2,000 mortgage. These farmers have known him for years; they know he would pay if he could. They know the debt and the interest are three times as hard to pay off now as when the mortgage was given. Some of them know that soon their own property may be endangered by defaults. They know that this particular mortgage was given on stock, and that the farmer has offered the stock in settlement. And they know that the mortgagee refused the offer, demanded a sale instead—a sale of personal property, as provided by law.

The mortgagee stands off at one side, with his attorney. They are talking with the auctioneer. The farmers look that way once in a while, and while their glances are not friendly, they show no open animosity. The auctioneer comes away. Some farmers surround him; they want to be reassured that no household goods will be put on sale. The auctioneer reassures them. The farmers nod grimly; that much has been accomplished anyway. There are no leaders, no haranguers, no organization. In fact, this is the first affair of the sort in the county.

There is a movement toward the barns. The auctioneer mounts a wagon. The first thing offered is a mare. It is rather strange that live stock is offered first; the usual order is machinery first. The defaulting farmer stands silent holding the mare; he is a man almost elderly, quiet, staid-appearing; and he stands embarrassed, smoothing the mane of the mare. The auctioneer goes through his regular cry. The mare is sixteen years old, sound except for a wire cut and a blue eye. What is he offered, what is he offered, does he hear a bid? He tries to make it sound like an ordinary sale. But the crowd stands silent, grim. At last someone speaks out. Two dollars. Two dollars! Unheard of, unbelievable, why she's worth twenty times that!

The silence of the farmers is like a thick wall. The

rigmarole of the auctioneer beats against it, and falls back in his face. The farmer holding the mare stands with his head hanging. At last, without raising his eyes, he says, "Fifteen dollars." This is a new and distressing business to him, and he is ashamed to make a bid of less than that.

"... do I hear a twenty, a twenty, a twenty? Why, she's worth twice that much." The auctioneer is still going through the make-believe. He keeps it up for five more minutes. A pause, and a voice speaks out. "Sell her." It is not loud, but there is insistence in it, like the slice of a plow, with the tractor-pull of the crowd reinforcing it. The auctioneer hesitates, gives in. The silent, waiting crowd is too much. "Sold." After that there is less make-believe. Three more horses are offered. They are knocked down to the farmer, with no other bids, for ten dollars, eight dollars, a dollar and a half. The farmer is learning. The machinery comes next. A hay rack, a wagon, two plows, a binder, rake, mower, disc-harrow, cultivator, pulverizer. A dollar, fifty cents, fifty cents, a quarter, a half a dollar. Sold to the farmer. His means of livelihood are saved to him.

That night there is a meeting in the country chapel. It is a strange affair; nothing like this has happened in this community before. To conspire against the law! It amounts to that. To obstruct legal justice! There is an anxious, almost a bewildered look on the faces of the farmers. But it isn't justice, even if it's legal! So the debate goes on. Ten-cent corn to pay seventy-five-cent debts; a quarter, perhaps almost a third, of all Iowa farms lost to their original owners in the last seven years for inability to meet obligations.

But there is something more than economics involved. A faith, a dream, is involved, and the jeopardy of it shows in their faces as they talk. A dream of land, of freeholders of the land, self-determining workers of the piece of earth they own. And now—47 per cent of the actual farmers of land in Iowa, richest land in the country, are not owners, but tenants. The proportion is steadily increasing. Many of the less resolute farmers have given up the idea of self-respecting, profitable farming, are resigning themselves to the thought of "a bare living on the land." The shadow of peasantry hangs over them.

But a dream does not die easily. Heat generates from it even in this conservative audience. Old phrases are spoken, spoken with a new meaning. "Justice above the law." "The Boston Tea Party." "The right to save our homes." Someone describes the affair of the afternoon. The farmers cannot help being pleased at its success. It is a taste of direct action. They organize to use it more effectively.

Another county, the county seat. Trucks, Fords, muddy vehicles of all kinds have been pouring into the small town all morning. There is a big empty space of pavement in front of the courthouse, with "No parking" signs. The farmers carefully park their cars down side streets. They gather in the courthouse, in the corridors, on the steps. A young farmer lounges near the door with a coil of rope nonchalantly hung on his arm.

Nothing happens. A sheriff's sale is expected, with the probability of a deficiency judgment, but the creditor's party does not arrive. The gathering is sponsored by the Farmers' Holiday Association. There are 1,000 farmers here. There is organization. Leaders stand up on radiators in the corridors and talk. Make the dollar complete its circuit through the pockets of the big boys, the big-moneyed men, and get back to the producers. Until the American farmer rears up on his hind legs and demands cost of production, we are headed for the poorhouse as fast as we can go. Laws and the Constitution are meant to serve men, and when they cease to do that, the laws should be trampled on.

Still nothing happens. Early in the afternoon the sheriff announces that the sale has been called off. It is just well—for the plaintiff. He hardly wanted to carry on his action in the midst of the thousand farmers. A settlement has been reached out of court. There is little applause. The farmers listen a bit grimly, then slowly disperse and go back to their farms. But they have accomplished their purpose.

These are fair samples of farmers' direct action as it has been going on in the Middle West in recent months. Those who deprecated the Farmers' Holiday movement of last summer as a futile gesture should consider the present development, for it is a direct outgrowth of that movement, finding its precedents and methods in it. The general movement has had a number of results. It has called attention to the plight of the farmer; it has had real success as a method of dealing with specific debt actions; it is hastening legislative action along the whole line of agricultural problems; it is resulting in organization of farmers, extensive and intensive, such as perhaps has no parallel in history; and it is giving farmers a significant training in direct action.

The success of the protest gatherings (which apparently reached a peak in the Middle West in the first part of January, when perhaps a dozen or a score were taking place daily, though the movement has continued since and spread south and west) has been due, in part, to a general fairness of attitude which has kept public opinion with the farmers. Conciliation is tried first. Committees have been acting in many counties to investigate complaints or prospective actions with a view to compromising debts with fairness to both parties. The number of compromises has probably been greater than that of the sale protests. Nor will the farmers' organizations act to stop foreclosures when it is apparent that a member seeks advantage for himself. Farmers at Villisca, Iowa, have even acted to readjust a forced settlement which they felt was unfair to a mortgagee. Conciliation failing, the common practice in a forced sale is to save only chattels and machinery and working stock—the means of livelihood; grain and market stock are freely offered. The intention is to give the farmer a chance to start over again, and not let him be stripped and thrown upon the county.

The chief weapon of the farmer, in his protests, has been simply man power—sheer weight of corporate presence and purpose. Frequently a few lengths of rope are at hand; nooses have been dangled; but it is doubtful if the ropes would ever be used except as threat. In Nebraska the cold water in a horse tank was invoked, but not used, to silence an unwelcome bidder. Intimidation has been used semi-privately. Sheriffs "doing their duty" have been locked in cells, or in brooder houses.

A final weapon is boycott—social and economic. Landlords who have succeeded in removing a tenant are apt to find it hard to place another one on their land. Farming is so much a communal affair that the new tenant can hardly get along without the good-will of his neighbors and their help in silage and threshing. No trucker will haul for him. Usually he does not stay. A farm near Shelby, Minnesota, has been idle for a year; another in Iowa for two years.

Of actual gun play and violence there has been very little on the part of the farmers. In Kansas, however, a real-estate dealer was killed during January after foreclosing a mortgage on a farm, by persons so far not designated. In Wisconsin, Iowa, and elsewhere guns have been used by homestead owners to prevent sheriffs from attaching their property. And at Sioux City recently farm pickets, in a continuation of the local milk war, engaged in a gun battle with truckers in which a number of men were wounded, one fatally. This last incident, while only indirectly related to the debt-protest movement, comes closest to a use of firearms by organized farmers.

But aside from the exceptional violence it is patent that every protested sale, however orderly, has violated the law. State Attorney Good of Nebraska, in a "law and order" statement which hardly recognized the realities of the farm situation, was nevertheless technically right, no doubt, in declaring courts could hold sales void in which bidding was obstructed. Courts, however, have not been voiding such sales. Local judges and sheriffs have done a good deal of nodding, blinking, and looking the other way. The farmer, threatened with losing his home and his livelihood, has set rights up against legalities—and legalities have yielded.

To give a decent form to such yielding has now become the worried affair of legislatures and courts. Governors Schmedeman of Wisconsin and Herring of Iowa made the first move with proclamations asking forbearance in foreclosures. By February 7 the Iowa legislature had passed an act which has apparently become the pattern for legislation of the sort—an act intrusting district courts with distributing rents, incomes, and profits of real estate susceptible to foreclosure toward the claim of taxes, mortgages, and insurance, according to a certain priority, until March 1, 1935. Mortgagee or mortgagor may present a demand for court custody. Similar moratoriums, with varying time limits, were passed or are pending in Kansas, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Idaho. Deficiency judgments were the target of legislation in various States. North Dakota and Michigan acted to save property involved in tax delinquency. In a notable decision the Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled that the value of land may not be measured by current purchase bids—a ruling which will allow courts to forestall deficiency judgments. These acts and bills—radical enough, it would seem, as against the sanctity of contracts—indicate the purpose of debt legislation. Two points may be considered. They aim mostly at postponement, and they would treat debt problems individually. This latter condition means that a terrific burden will be thrown on the courts. Other borrowers will be heard from, for the farmer carries only a fraction of the total debts, even on real estate. However, such legislation may avert mob action during the periods designated.

But it is clear, since such legislation only continues debts, that it merely gambles on the hope that prices will rise and

the farmer be able to clear his own obligations within two or three years. The hope seems hardly warranted. It seems very unlikely that an upswing, even if it comes, will rise to such levels that the huge burden of debt can be met on terms at all comparable to the terms under which it was contracted. Consequently, with human rights of borrowers somewhat recognized as they are now, we are quite certain to enter an era of creditor deflation, with real scaling down of debts, or money inflation, in the offing.

Meanwhile the farmer continues to organize. The Holiday movement of last summer, the sale protests of this winter, are only items in a series of possible resorts to direct action. The growth of the Farmers' Union, sponsor of the Holiday and most militant of farm organizations, under such

leaders as Milo Reno, is a sign of the times. The names of local units under its wing are suggestive: Council of Defense, Loyal Order of Picketers, The Modern Seventy-sixers. Its aims, as voiced, for instance, by the highly integrated Woodbury County, Iowa, association, are arresting: "To pay no taxes, permit no foreclosures, stay on the farm until we receive cost of production." Its tactics are patterned after those of militant labor unionism: the combining of members for purposes of strike and embargo. Some concentrated groups, such as milk producers, have already shown formidable bargaining power.

At any rate, the farmer is not taking the threat of loss of ownership of his land lying down. He has tasted direct action. He may use it more drastically.

South America Turns to War

By SAMUEL GUY INMAN

THE struggle between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Chaco jungle reminds me of two bald-headed men fighting over a comb," said a Frenchman recently. But South American countries are, of course, only imitating France, England, the United States, and other civilized nations that have been struggling to control the deserts and jungles of North Africa, Mesopotamia, and Nicaragua.

"To whom does the Chaco really belong?" I asked a diplomat in Buenos Aires who had long studied South American questions. "To the Indians," he replied. And thereby hangs a tale. The disputed boundaries were never clearly determined in the old colonial days or in those of the republics. There was no urgency in the matter until oil and rubber and mahogany and bananas and coffee and cacao and other products that the rich industrialists wanted were discovered in these jungles. Then the disputes flared up. Governments heretofore bankrupt began to spruce up with money borrowed from foreigners who were promised a part of the riches sure to come from the newly discovered resources.

Leticia, for instance, is a little hamlet in a great stretch of jungle where Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Brazil come together. The airplane and other instruments of modern life begin to penetrate this hitherto unknown section, and the modern spirit of commerce seizes the inhabitants. A few dozen Peruvians take the town from even fewer Colombians, who had supposed that the Colombian flag was rightly flying there. There follows an international incident. Argentina, "soundest of all South American nations," has a revolution following financial excesses; Uruguay seems too friendly to one of the participants, and diplomatic relations are broken. Brazil overborrows, the internal strain is too great, old political rivalries flare up, and a devastating revolution breaks out, undoing all the political and economic progress of four decades. Chile's administrations sell out her nitrate to a few foreigners and nationals, and drive the common people to desperation, revolution, and chaos. And the last few weeks bring reports that Uruguay, with the most progressive legislation of all American countries, is split hopelessly between the two executive divisions of the government, the President and the newly created Executive Council—a division also caused by economic conditions resulting partly from overborrowing.

Every country in South America is touchy, jumpy, so nervous that any little incident may bring far-reaching results. There has been too much foreign money, too much high finance connected with dictatorial governments. Fascism, not communism, is the great danger in South America, as elsewhere.

The present tension is a hang-over from the series of revolutions in 1930 and 1931, the explanations of which have now become fairly clear. During the World War Latin America was immensely impressed with the power of the machine, and many of its leaders came to believe that rapid material development was essential. At the same time the United States became a creditor nation instead of a debtor, and began searching for places for the investment of its enormous surplus of capital. These two circumstances were mainly responsible for the development of a new type of dictator who looked upon his country as an undeveloped piece of real estate; only money was needed for modernization. The newly appointed agents of the North American bankers assured him that there would be no difficulty about that—providing he would give them sufficiently tight mortgages.

United States investments in Latin America at the beginning of the World War amounted to \$1,242,000,000. In 1929, on the eve of the stock-market crash in New York, they amounted to \$5,587,494,100. Consider the enormous influence of these investments in some of the more backward countries, industrially speaking. In Colombia only \$2,000,000 of American money was invested in 1913; in 1929 the amount had grown to \$260,000,000. Within the same sixteen years these investments, including commercial enterprises and loans to governments, had risen in Peru from \$35,000,000 to \$150,000,000; in Chile from \$15,000,000 to \$550,000,000; in Bolivia from \$10,000,000 to \$133,000,000; in Brazil from \$20,000,000 to \$476,000,000; in Argentina from \$40,000,000 to \$611,000,000.

As long as the strong man can borrow funds to carry out an active program of public works and can keep the support of the army and his friends by awarding contracts and other favors to them, he is likely to hold power. But when a great economic crisis occurs, not only the political malcontents but the growing democratic elements opposed to such dictatorships have opportunity to assert themselves. That is what

happened in Latin America. Dictators, like stocks, tumbled after the Wall Street debacle in 1929—Leguía in Peru, Siles in Bolivia, Irigoyen in Argentina, Ibañez in Chile, Washington Luis in Brazil, Ayar in Ecuador.

These countries are now facing not only the general world depression but enormous charges for foreign debts. Currency is everywhere depreciated and the process continues. Since the dictators made no preparation for democracy, one finds all over Latin America at the present time revolution, militarism, and international strife. And along with this fresh crop of militarism, some of the old boundary disputes have been resurrected. A foreign war, as the imperialists discovered long ago, diverts attention from troubles at home.

The boundary question between Bolivia and Paraguay has existed for a century, but it was only when petroleum concessions and colonizing privileges were granted to American and British corporations and extensive loans were made by bankers of those countries to Bolivia that the question became acute. Large sums were spent in England and the United States for bombing planes and other war material, and General Kundt of the German army was engaged to modernize the Bolivian war machine. The country rose against the dictator Siles in 1930 and he and General Kundt had to flee for their lives. But the military elements were well entrenched and were soon again in the saddle. An undeclared war was launched in the Chaco in the summer of 1932, for which it seems impossible to fix the blame, since squads of Bolivian and Paraguayan soldiers were constantly colliding in the undefined territory. At the close of the year General Kundt was recalled from Germany to carry out the plans he had made earlier for a drive to the Paraguay River.

The need felt by Bolivia for an outlet through the Paraguay River to the Atlantic has been intensified since Chile and Peru in 1929 settled the old question of Tacna and Arica, dividing the two provinces between themselves and leaving Bolivia without access to the Pacific, such as she had before her war with Chile. Recent economic developments originating overseas have further intensified the need. By 1926 the Standard Oil Company had secured control of 3,613,454 acres of land in the lowlands near the Chaco. A British syndicate, with a plan for railways and a port on the Paraguay River, was granted an immense section of land, totaling 50,000,000 acres, also in lowlands. (This whole scheme soon failed because of bad management and stock manipulations.) In 1922 high financing began with the floating of a loan of \$33,000,000 by an American banking syndicate, the nation pledging as security all the shares of the government national bank, a first lien on custom duties, taxes on corporations, mines, and other industries—in fact, just about everything that could be secured. A permanent Fiscal Commission was set up to manage Bolivia's finances, composed of two North American representatives of the bankers and one Bolivian.

The requirements on this loan were so exorbitant that in 1926, for example, out of the country's total revenues of \$14,943,000, 65 per cent was pledged to the service of the loan. In 1926 an additional loan of \$9,088,200 was secured from Vickers-Armstrong for purchases of war material in England, the annual cost of carrying this loan being \$1,440,000. In spite of all this, Dillon, Read and Company of New York floated another loan in 1928 for \$23,000,000. And today, nearly two years after Bolivia has suspended service charges on these loans, she is able to buy all the munitions

and hire all the foreign fighting men needed to push the war to settle the century-old dispute over the Chaco swamps.

Behind the Leticia affair is a similar story of dictators, loans, and ambitions. Bolivia's next-door neighbor, Peru, was ruled by Augusto B. Leguía from 1919 to 1930. He increased the public debt in the first ten years of his regime from about \$10,000,000 to \$111,387,000. And after that several additional loans were floated, for one of which a New York banking house paid a "commission" of \$415,000 to the dictator's son for his influence. Leguía fell in 1930. Peru found it impossible to pay her debts, and service charges on loans were suspended. The two principal candidates for the presidency to succeed Leguía were the military leader of the revolution, General Luis Sanchez Cerro, and the former student leader, Raul Haya de la Torre. The military leader was elected president. Soon the old procession of liberals toward the prisons and exile, started by Leguía, was resumed. De la Torre was arrested and is now in solitary confinement in a Peruvian prison, as are many other political prisoners. A cablegram received last week by the International Committee for Political Prisoners in New York states that 6,000 political prisoners in Peru have declared a hunger strike. There are indications of considerable opposition by the liberal element in the country to a war with Colombia over a far-away jungle town.

Among Leguía's few real contributions to his country's welfare were the solution of the Tacna and Arica question and the settlement of the boundary between Peru and Colombia. The latter was announced in 1922 through the Salomon-Lozano treaty. The territory involved was the Amazon jungle in the region where Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia have since colonial days had holdings which were undefined until recent efforts at settlement gradually succeeded. But territorial or any other settlements made by Leguía are not popular at present. Many protests have been made against those settlements; it is asserted that they are not legitimate because they were made without the country's consent. So when a band of Peruvian adventurers captured the little town of Leticia in Colombia within territory recently claimed by Peru, the Peruvian government endeavored to make of the incident a patriotic issue, appealing to the internal opposition to unite in defense of the national interests. Instead of apologizing to Colombia and withdrawing these self-appointed conquerors, the Peruvian government began to raise funds to purchase fifteen bombing planes and concentrated forces near Leticia.

At the same time the Colombian government under President Olaya Herrera, which is having by no means an easy time in dealing with its own foreign creditors, seems not averse to using the same rallying cry of patriotism to head off the opposition party. Bristling with righteous indignation, the government has plunged into preparations for war. It has floated an internal loan of \$10,000,000, bought a number of aeroplanes, and put them in charge of German aviators. Several merchant ships have been equipped with cannon and dispatched around the Caribbean and Atlantic coast to the Amazon and up that river 2,100 miles, to meet the Peruvian forces which are concentrating to protect their fellow-nationals in Leticia. Peru is counting particularly on her air force, organized by an American Naval Mission several years ago, augmented of course by as much new equipment and other war machinery as she can buy from us.

In the meantime Brazil, the most deeply concerned neighbor, is leading in an endeavor to settle the dispute through peaceful means. Brazil proposes to accept Leticia from Peru and hand the town back to Colombia. Peru wants Brazil to hold the town while a new treaty is negotiated. But Colombia says the ownership of Leticia is clear and cannot be arbitrated. Brazil is also unwilling to hold the town during long doubtful negotiations, since it would entail maintenance of an expensive armed force in the disputed territory. The United States and other nations have backed Brazil and are putting considerable pressure on Peru to cease preparations for war. But as was feared, with the armed military, naval, and air forces of both Colombia and Peru concentrated in the territory around Leticia, the first encounter in another undeclared war took place on Tuesday, February 15.

Contrary to general opinion, international wars in South America have been few, the last one being the war between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia in 1879-81. The only one before that, barring those connected with the liquidation of the revolutions against Spain, was the war against Paraguay waged by Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay from 1865 to 1870. But today the whole continent is threatened because of the undeclared war between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Chaco, and the mobilization of the forces of Peru and Colombia over the Leticia incident. The Latin American nations since the beginning of this century have generally settled by arbitration serious disputes with their neighbors, but South America now lacks the idealistic drive it had when Argentina and Chile settled their boundary dispute in 1904 and erected the

"Christ of the Andes" to commemorate the treaty of peace.

What has become of Pan-Americanism? In the past few years, while talk of Pan-American fraternity has been at its highest, Bolivian conditions have encouraged the building up of military strength sufficient to take the Chaco. Now the Neutral Commission set up hastily by the American nations in Washington finds it asks in vain for peace. Opinion in South America is practically unanimous that much has been lost by the insistence that the peace negotiations be conducted in Washington, rather than near the scene of discord. This accounts for the meeting on February 1 at Mendoza of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of Argentina and Chile, with the announcement that in the future South America would settle her own affairs without the help of the United States.

In a crisis like the present there are divided councils. The Pan-American Union is not permitted to discuss political questions. Yet the League of Nations, organized for this purpose, is not allowed to offend the United States by attempting to keep peace among American nations, as it does with its other members. The specially set up commission of neutrals called at Washington finds itself unprepared, lacking in prestige, lacking in the power that comes from permanence, and lacking in experience. The Kellogg-Briand Pact was not signed by Argentina and Brazil; so the two strongest South American nations are not particularly interested in it, even if there were machinery for its enforcement. The American ideal of peace is breaking down before the rather simple questions of the Chaco and Leticia. A whole new organization and coordination of American peace efforts is imperative.

The South Goes Legal

By HELEN BOARDMAN

"IF they had caught Crawford at the time," said Brigadier General William Mitchell, "there would have been a burning." It was in Loudoun County, the famous fox-hunting country of Virginia, land of magnificent estates and palatial residences occupied, for the most part, for only a few weeks each year. I had been sent by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to investigate and report on certain aspects of the Ilsley murder.

Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley was a charming and popular widow, a member of the fox-hunting set, who lived in the village of Middleburg. She was a woman of forty and her brother Paul, twelve years her junior, lived with her. Paul Boeing was tall and slim, and a sartorial exquisite. He was very dark, with dark eyes and black hair, "patent-leather" hair, smooth and shining. While Mrs. Ilsley was well loved by the village people, her brother kept distinctly aloof, choosing his friends among the rich. The two were fond of each other, their only disagreements being over money. Mrs. Ilsley's income ran to thousands, not hundreds of thousands, and the young brother was reputed to be extravagant.

The Ilsley home, a brick house of some twenty-five rooms, fronts on the main street of the village. It is surrounded by pleasant lawns and gardens and at the back, facing a rear street, is the chauffeur's cottage. On January 12, 1932, Mrs. Ilsley, her brother, and a maid were living in the chauffeur's cottage. The big house had been rented to

the daughter of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, but she had moved out and on that night it was empty. It was to guard against possible intruders, Paul Boeing afterwards said, that he spent the night in a third-floor room of the big house, leaving his sister and the maid, Mina Bruckner, alone in the cottage. Mrs. Ilsley was an ardent anti-prohibitionist. She went to a meeting that night at General Mitchell's home to discuss the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. She drove her own car home, after a cheerful goodbye to her friends. It was the last time they saw her alive.

At nine o'clock the next morning Paul Boeing hurried down the main street, a coat thrown over his pajamas, and went into the bank. Stammering out his incoherent story, at last he made it clear. He had found his sister brutally murdered in her bed, and her maid also, both killed apparently with a hatchet. In a chattering state of hysteria he was taken out to the Hitt estate (Mrs. Hitt is the daughter of Senator Elkins and a close friend of Alice Roosevelt Longworth), where he was carefully guarded and protected against reporters. General Mitchell dominated the scene, directing, suggesting, questioning. Onlookers crowded about, buzzing with suspicion and surmise. There had been no robbery. Jewelry and money were untouched. Who could have done it? It must have been a nigger. Then the cry arose, "George Crawford! Get George Crawford!"

George Crawford was a young Negro of perhaps twenty-

seven years. About the year 1925 he was living with a sister, his only relative, in Richmond, Virginia. There he was arrested on a charge of receiving stolen goods. He was convicted and sentenced to nine years. Perhaps Virginia was short of labor. Anyway, Crawford served in the chain gang five years. Then he became a trusty and afterwards acted as chauffeur to the warden. One day one of the convicts suddenly went for the warden with a knife. George entered the building just in time to see it. Risking his own life he leaped at the convict in time to deflect though not to stop the blow. The warden's throat was cut. Crawford carried him out to his car and drove at top speed to Dr. Holt, the prison doctor. The warden's recovery, Dr. Holt testified, was due to the presence of mind of George Crawford. For this act he was pardoned by the Governor in November, 1930.

Learning that Dr. Holt was living in Middleburg as general practitioner, Crawford went to see him there. The visit resulted in his being employed by Dr. Holt in January, 1931. Dr. Holt had rented and was then occupying the chauffeur's cottage on the Ilsley place. Sometimes Crawford drove Mrs. Ilsley's car for her or did some odd job. He did not sleep on the place, but stayed in a building on the main street, next to the drugstore. In the evenings he sat on the steps in front of the drugstore and gossiped with white men of his age. "A nice boy," one of them called him later, "if he had been white we might have been chums."

One night that spring a store in the village was broken into and some merchandise—chiefly cigarettes—was stolen. Once a jailbird, always a suspect. George Crawford was arrested and questioned. As there was no evidence against him, after a severe grilling he was released. Late in the summer some whiskey was stolen from the Ilsley house. Again, for no adequate reason, Crawford was accused. But again for lack of evidence the case was dropped. Twice was enough. Crawford was tired of being blamed for others' misdeeds. He was saving up the six dollars a week he received, together with stray tips. About the middle of September he left Middleburg and went to Boston, and with him went Mrs. Bertie De Neal, who left her husband and children to accompany him. This was indeed a scandal, and one which the colored people of Middleburg resented. Bertie De Neal stayed with him for some weeks, but finally, homesick and unhappy, she returned to Middleburg early in December, 1931, leaving George in Boston.

On Christmas Eve the Ilsley place was robbed. The house was not ransacked. From many valuables which might easily have been taken, the burglar selected a wrist watch which had belonged to the late Mr. Ilsley and several Christmas presents which had not been taken from their wrappings. George Crawford had gone to Boston. For several months he had not been seen in Middleburg. But from force of habit the blame was put on George. Just three weeks after this came the murder, and habit again asserted itself. To the excited minds of Mrs. Ilsley's friends it was quite clear that Crawford was the murderer. Poses were formed. Windy Hill, the colored section, was searched with minute thoroughness. The chase widened, taking in the countryside. A reward was offered. It was increased. But Crawford could not be found.

During the weeks of the hunt, which stretched to months, no other theory appears to have been seriously considered. One Negro, the furnace man, was closely questioned

and released. Bertie De Neal was held for months in the county jail at Leesburg. Eventually the country was combed from Boston to Florida for a year without finding the missing man. On January 12, 1933, exactly a year after the crime, Crawford was discovered in Boston. As Charlie Smith, a name chosen by Bertie De Neal, he was one of the thousands of Boston's unemployed. After Bertie left him he had spent his days looking for work, sleeping at night in a basement. Finally he was picked up in suspicious circumstances by a policeman, and finger-printed. An enterprising young officer discovered that the fingerprints were identical with those of George Crawford, wanted in Virginia. Rendition proceedings followed, a hearing being held before the Assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts on January 25, 1933. At this hearing the State of Virginia produced three witnesses who testified to having seen Crawford in or near Middleburg in January, 1932. The State also offered an unsigned confession which Crawford was alleged to have made to County Attorney Galleher of Leesburg, Virginia. The hearing was adjourned, to be continued on February 7, 1933.

On January 28 I went to Middleburg, stopping on the way at Leesburg, the county seat. The county clerk told me there would be no trouble when Crawford was brought back. There can be no lynchings in Virginia, he assured me, because there is a law against it. There have only been twenty-six lynchings there in thirty years anyway. But the Leesburg jail is a flimsy structure. It might be safer to put him in Alexandria. Arrived in Middleburg I walked up and down the two blocks constituting the business section of the village, stopping at shops, garages, and filling stations, the drugstore, and the Sandwich Shoppe. The proprietor of one of the first shops, when asked what would be the chance of any demonstration against Crawford if he should be brought back, replied: "Now? Not a bit. Nobody wants any trouble. At the time? Well, at the time, gosh, yes! Why, that night everyone in Middleburg was armed. Say, there were so many guns on the street it wasn't safe to go out! But not now. A year is a long time and you get calmed down. Now I guess everybody wants him tried legally. Sure, he'll be convicted. He did it, all right."

"I don't know," said the next man. "The longer they keep him in Boston the more excited people get. I hear a lot of talk and they're getting hot under the collar, the way Boston's holding him back." "He did it," said many. "That is sure. They've got fingerprints to prove it." This is a common misunderstanding. No fingerprints were found. There was one man, however, who said: "Well, I'm not so sure Crawford did it. There's only circumstantial evidence. If you ask me, there's a lot in that case no one knows—a lot is being covered up. But he'll be convicted, that's sure."

Brigadier General Mitchell and Mr. Hitt, whose estate is near Mitchell's, Mr. Sands, the bank president, and Mr. Luck, the mayor, hope to avoid mob violence. They want a speedy, orderly trial. It will be a big occasion with a large attendance. Loudoun County wants law and order, a "fair" trial, and, of course, a conviction. They all know there would have been "trouble" (no one likes the word lynch) if Crawford had been found during the weeks following the murder, but that feeling is quiescent now.

As justice of the peace, Roy Seaton was one of the first persons on the scene of the murder. He has rooms in the village, in the building next to the post office. He is a

thoughtful man, and not content to follow the mob. For one thing, he is not satisfied with the local way of dividing up between the "common people" and the "high hats." Only by currying favor with the "high hats" can the commoners live. There seems to be no such thing as justice. Take the Crawford case. "Why, that nigger doesn't stand a chance," said Roy Seaton. "The rich people are against him and they'll send him to the chair. That's all right—if he's guilty. But if he isn't guilty—well, he doesn't stand a chance."

"If folks would dare to say what they think," remarked more than one of the village people, "I reckon you'd hear plenty about why they want to get Crawford. Ain't it true that if they convict him no one else can be accused? That's what I hear. Well, in that case they don't want a lynching. I'm sure going to be there when they bring him back to Leesburg, though. There'll sure be a big party to meet him!"

"They do love a nigger in Boston," said a local editor. "We'll get him, though, and put him in the chair, I hope."

I quoted these opinions at the hearing before Assistant Attorney-General Stephen D. Bacigalupo in Boston on February 7. J. Weston Allen, former Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and Butler R. Wilson of Boston were retained by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to represent the defendant. After my testimony, which lasted for three hours, there followed a series of witnesses who furnished a complete alibi for Crawford. They were employers, landladies, friends, and associates who produced among them a consecutive account of Crawford's movements from the time he arrived in Boston in September, 1931, until his arrest in 1933. Emphasis was placed on the period before and after the crime, which occurred on January 12, 1932. All the witnesses testified to Crawford's extreme poverty and to the fact that at no time previous to February,

1932, did he have enough money to be able to leave Boston.

The dramatic moment of the day came with the appearance late in the afternoon of the last witness for the defense. This was a good-looking Negro youth of eighteen, who gave his name as Irving Washington. He testified in a straightforward, convincing manner that he had slept with Crawford in the boiler-room of the Hutchins undertaking establishment every night for three weeks beginning not later than January 7, 1932. His testimony could not be shaken, although the Virginia attorney leaped halfway across the table at him in a furious attempt to break him down.

The hearing was adjourned at the conclusion of this testimony until the following morning, when it was resumed at the Charles Street jail. Crawford was put on the stand as a witness. Mr. Wilson examined him chiefly on the alleged confession. He went over it point by point and the witness explicitly denied having made it, and described the attempts of the officials to bully him into admitting prepared statements and later the efforts to make him sign a paper he had not read. His account of his movements in Boston tallied with the testimony of previous witnesses. In cross-examination the Virginia attorney illustrated what Crawford, in his account of the attempt to obtain his signature, had described as "looked like he's goin' to jump right *through* me!" But the witness, never losing his gentle respectful manner, steadily denied the confession.

On February 18 Governor Ely issued a warrant for the extradition of George Crawford. On the same day Mr. Wilson applied for a writ of habeas corpus. It was issued on February 27. The case will be heard on its merits on March 13. George Crawford's fate is still uncertain. Meanwhile, another very grave issue is raised. Is the South learning to use a new, and legal, procedure?

The League Acts

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, February 12

AT the beginning of this year the League of Nations seemed to be in a parlous state and even its most devoted adherents were tempted to despair of it. Its reputation was gravely compromised by its weak attitude toward Japan, which for sixteen months had been contemptuously flouting the resolutions of the Council and the Assembly and violating the engagements entered into by the Japanese representatives at Geneva. The Disarmament Conference had sat for nearly twelve months without producing any result and the prospects of its achieving anything of importance seemed remote. It is pleasant to be able to record a marked change for the better, at least so far as the Manchurian question is concerned.

The final solution of the Sino-Japanese dispute is still far off and the action of the League in the matter will no doubt be prolonged for many months, but we know already what the final solution will be. In the not very distant future the Japanese will have to accept a settlement of the Manchurian question on the lines of Chapter IX of the Lytton report. They would have been wiser to accept it now when they could have negotiated in conditions much more

favorable to themselves than they will ever get again. The Japanese have shown in this affair that, intelligent as they are, they are not good diplomatists. They have overreached themselves and badly miscalculated. They were, of course, encouraged to be arrogant and uncompromising by the lamentable weakness of the European Great Powers at the outset and, indeed, until the end of last year.

The contemptuous attitude of the Japanese delegation here toward the League, which Matsuoka could not conceal even in his speeches before the Council, showed their conviction that the European Great Powers would never agree on any course distasteful to Japan. In particular they counted on the continued support of the British government. Although it was evident three weeks ago that there was a change in British policy in this matter, the Japanese could not believe it possible that Sir John Simon would desert them. Even on the evening of January 20, the day before the Committee of Nineteen appointed by the Assembly decided to proceed to the report stage under Paragraph 4 of Article XV of the Covenant, Matsuoka's illusions on this point were so strong that he was still convinced that the conciliation procedure would go on.

The most important factor in the welcome change in the attitude of the League has been of course the complete shift in the policy of the British government. Among the causes of that shift were American pressure, the fear of a Chinese boycott of British goods, English public opinion, and, no doubt, tardy recognition of the fact that British interests in China are much more important than British interests in Japan. British support of Japan in this matter has always been incomprehensible, and I have not yet met anybody either in British official quarters or outside them who could give a reasonable explanation of it. I am now inclined to think that the British Foreign Office was not primarily responsible for it and that it was merely part of the Tory tradition which Ramsay MacDonald inherited when he became Prime Minister of what is in fact a Tory government. Undoubtedly the conduct of the Japanese themselves has contributed to the conversion of the British government. They tried to compromise Sir Eric Drummond and Sir John Simon successively by falsely representing them as having gone behind the backs of the Committee of Nineteen and having suggested changes in the texts adopted by the committee. Even so lately as ten days ago the Japanese circulated an absurd report that Sir Miles Lampson, the British Minister to Nanking had suggested to the Chinese government that the Manchurian question should be taken out of the hands of the League of Nations and settled by direct negotiations between China and Japan at Nanking or Shanghai. Moreover, the Japanese put up the backs and exhausted the patience of all the members of the Committee of Nineteen by constantly making obviously unacceptable proposals the purpose of which was clearly to gain time, and by resorting to every sort of equivocation and subterfuge.

Should the Japanese consent to negotiate on the lines that will be laid down by the Assembly, the League would have won a great triumph. It is the general opinion here, however, that the Japanese will refuse to negotiate, that is to say, will refuse to comply with the recommendations of the report made by the Assembly. In that case, if China agrees to negotiate, the only consequence under Article XV of the Covenant will be that members of the League will be bound not to go to war with China. China, however, will have the right under Article XII to declare war on Japan three months after the adoption of the report by the Assembly, and any members of the League will be justified in taking action if they please in support of China. Moreover, by Article X of the Covenant, which has also been invoked by China in its appeal to the League, it will be the duty of the Council to advise upon the means by which the obligation of the members of the League "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity" of China shall be fulfilled. For the continued presence of Japanese troops in Manchuria after the formal declaration of the League that Manchuria is Chinese territory will be a violation of Article X. It is at least a tenable opinion that it would automatically involve the application of "sanctions" to Japan under Article XVI. It is a still more tenable opinion that Article XVI will come into operation if the Japanese invade Jehol, and they seem to have begun the invasion already. The Japanese have no special position and no special rights in Jehol and cannot therefore make the excuses that they made for their action in Manchuria. Their contention that Jehol is part of Manchuria and therefore under the sovereignty of the puppet

government of Manchukuo is unworthy of serious consideration, apart from the fact that the League has now declared that Manchukuo has no legal existence. Article XVI says:

Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles XII, XIII, or XV, it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League.

It has been contended by Sir John Simon among others that a nation cannot be held to "resort to war" unless it formally declares war, but it seems improbable that many jurists will take this view, which makes nonsense of Article XVI and, indeed, of the whole Covenant of the League. If it were accepted, it would be possible for any member of the League to make war with impunity by abstaining from formally declaring it.

In any case, many members of the League are determined that this question shall be settled, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that within a certain period, perhaps six months, the question of applying Article XVI to Japan will have to be taken into consideration. Should it be applied, all other members of the League will be bound immediately to subject Japan

to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not.

It is the duty of the Council in such a case to organize armed intervention against "the covenant-breaking state," but it is left to each member of the League to decide whether or not to take part in such an intervention. In view of the very unsatisfactory economic and financial situation of Japan and the necessity of importing nearly all the raw materials essential to Japanese industry, cotton in particular, the severe economic and financial boycott prescribed by Article XVI would probably be effective without any resort to armed force. It would be quite impossible for Japan to hold out long against such a boycott.

Naturally the cooperation of states not members of the League of Nations, and of the United States in particular, would be necessary to make a boycott effective, but it seems to us here hardly possible that the United States could refuse to cooperate if such action became necessary, in view of the pressure successfully brought by the American government last month on the British and French governments to induce them to adopt a firmer attitude toward Japan. It is possible that the question of expelling Japan from the League under Article XVI will also be considered sooner or later. There is a growing feeling here that a state with a permanent seat on the League Council cannot be allowed to defy the League indefinitely and remain a member. Should the Japanese government give notice of its intention to leave the League, the expulsion of Japan might at once be proposed. But we hear no more at present of Japanese threats to leave the League, no doubt because the Japanese have discovered that they no longer frighten anybody. The League has called the Japanese bluff, and the salutary effects of its action show what would have happened if the bluff had been called in September, 1931.

In the Driftway

PRIVATE property, not so long ago, was one of the major deities in the great American religion whose high priests officiated in Wall Street. Now it has fallen upon evil times. Like most deities it was worshiped and propitiated as long as there was anything to be got out of it. Now that rents have fallen below fixed charges, the temples are crumbling into decay and the low priest on the beat closes his eyes to the looting by the populace.

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THE Drifter is not indulging in fantasy. He is generalizing from a phenomenon now in process in the middle of New York City. On East One Hundredth Street between Second and Third Avenues, within a few blocks of a police station, three six-story apartment houses are being demolished bit by bit by the poor inhabitants of the neighborhood. The owner, it seems, disappeared last summer. The mortgagees have lost faith. The plumbing and lighting fixtures were long ago torn out and sold to second-hand dealers in declining civilizations, and the woodwork in appropriate lengths is feeding the stoves of slum-dwellers. Two of the buildings are on the point of collapse. In the other a few Negroes still live. The picturesque account of one of these remaining residents is also vivid:

Don't nobody seem to care. The city come along and shut off the water, and then the gas company come along and shut off the gas, and the electric light company come along and shut off the lights.

I goes up the street for a bucket of water, and I sees at night with an oil lamp. Ain't no sanitary what-you-calls-'em. But people ain't got no money don't care. If I don't get no money I stays here from now on until I get some.

* * * * *

IT is recorded in Hodgkins's "Italy and Her Invaders" that Rome overnight became a city without water. The aqueducts were destroyed one fateful evening and never restored. From that day forward, presumably, dust gathered in the "sanitary what-you-calls-'em" of the imperial city. Moreover, the sack of Rome was in part the work of its own citizens. According to Dyer's "History of the City of Rome," the inhabitants of Rome were themselves its principal despoilers. Emperors and popes, as well as private individuals, were not above carrying off anything that struck their fancy from stately columns to decorative bronze tiles, while metal was often extracted by thieves.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not think that the disintegration in East One Hundredth Street or the tearing down of buildings in big cities in order to reduce property taxes is the beginning of general decay. But he confesses to an old fondness for the perfection of Cassandra's gloom. He finds a certain cosmic satisfaction in the reflection that depressions do not necessarily end, that the decay of American civilization is not impossible, and that history could no doubt withstand the shock.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Tammany Corners Relief

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

During the last snowfall in New York City, more than a thousand unemployed men stood in line at one of the district headquarters of the Department of Sanitation from four o'clock in the morning until ten, in the hope of getting temporary jobs. Some were hatless, others coatless and rubberless; without exception, they were cold, fatigued, and miserable. It had been reported that the Department of Sanitation could not handle the snowfall with its regular force; and Dr. William Schroeder, Jr., chairman of the department, had stated in a syndicated article that he had given orders that "the first in line be hired in every instance."

After suffering long hours of exposure to snow and biting wind, and the frequent ministrations of impatient nightsticks, the applicants looked on while officials singled out individuals not in the line but loitering unmolested outside of it, and gave them jobs. Moreover, at about eight o'clock more than a hundred men, obviously fresh from sleep and breakfast and adequately outfitted for a day's work, arrived in a body. They were met without delay by the same officials, who led them to the door of the office over the protest of the men in the line, and gave them shovels and time tickets at fifty cents an hour.

Similar incidents are reported to have occurred throughout the city. The newspapers reported that some 18,000 extra men were given work, but it is doubtful that any significant proportion of them came from the ranks of the most deserving unemployed.

New York, February 23

THEODORE MARVEL

The Militant Atheist

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was shocked and surprised at Mrs. Heywood Broun's suggestion in your issue of February 1 that *The Nation* suppress advertisements of the *Militant Atheist*. Mrs. Broun is seriously in error when she writes that "the atheist decides that all who hold religious beliefs are fools and liars." I believe it is more nearly accurate to describe the atheist as one who rejects theistic assumptions.

Girard, Kan., February 3

E. HALDEMAN JULIUS,
Editor the *Militant Atheist*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of January 11, I read with interest the advertisement of the *Militant Atheist*, and in your issue of February 1 I read a letter protesting against your publication of that advertisement. Among other things your correspondent questions your "good taste and consideration of your Christian readers in allowing such license in abuse of their church and faith"; and she asks, "Why this mania to take from others a privilege we ourselves do not want?"

The quoted question logically implies that one's voice should never be raised against any idea or movement, however erroneous or unjust, which the protestant himself does not favor. If such a policy had been universally practiced in the past, many vital reforms would not have been achieved. Incidentally, one may justly accuse your correspondent of violating her own theory, for indirectly she protests against atheism, which evidently she does not want.

I object to her protest not only because I earnestly believe in free thought and free speech except such as is positively obscene, but also because I strongly believe that within such limits no subject is too sacred to be publicly discussed. Only by such discussion can truth be ascertained and established.

Boston, February 2

CHARLES C. RAMSAY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I should like to thank Mrs. Heywood Broun for her letter with regard to the *Militant Atheist*. I hope it may have some influence. If that outrageous advertisement is to continue I do not see, much as I should miss *The Nation*, how I could allow it to come to me.

Suffern, N. Y., February 2

ELLEN GATES STARR

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was deeply pained and grieved to see the prominence you gave to an advertisement of the *Militant Atheist* in your issue of February 1. Your right to print this advertisement is not questioned; your good taste and judgment are now questioned. Why? Because for its sincere, fair-minded, and honest liberalism, and its accuracy in stating facts, I have always respected *The Nation*.

There is a place for a sincere discussion of God, of churches, of religion—such discussion should be honest, earnest, and sincere. I can see no place for appeals to emotion and hate in a magazine that purports to be the medium of intelligent expression for liberal thought. I feel that you have betrayed my confidence.

Pittsburgh, Pa., February 3

JEROME C. WHITE

The Spanish Socialists

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Allow me to point out a few incorrect implications in Bailey W. Diffie's article on The Revolt of the Masses in Spain, in your issue of February 1. In the first place, the present Spanish government is not a Socialist one; it is a Liberal-Socialist coalition; and as the Liberals believe in upholding capitalism, there are obviously great difficulties in the way of the Socialists, who wish to destroy it and who are the less powerful of the two. In the second place, the Spanish Communists are not connected with the Third International; they belong to the Trotzky opposition and they allowed this to become known even before they won over the Catalan unions from the Anarcho-Syndicalists in 1931. Thirdly, it may be appropriate to remark that of the 2,000,000 members of labor organizations which Mr. Diffie mentions, at least 1,041,539 are clearly not anti-Socialist inasmuch as they belong to the Spanish Federation of Labor, a Socialist organization whose membership has increased fivefold since 1930. It would also have been entirely within the scope of the article to say something about the evidence and not uncommon belief that the uprisings, even forgetting Sanjurjo's openly monarchistic coup, were at least in part instigated and financed by the Monarchists. Finally, readers of *The Nation* may be interested to know that the leniency with which the revolts have been treated, particularly in Catalonia, has been the cause of open accusations that the government secretly sympathizes with those who would overthrow it.

Liberal-minded people, and most radicals, have shown a sincere willingness to give the Russian Communists a chance and to understand the obstacles they are faced with, but very few have shown appreciation of the enormous difficulties the Spanish Socialists must overcome. They have a small, poor country with no natural resources to speak of. They must combat a powerful clergy and aristocracy, prevent the extremist groups from playing right into the hands of the former, and carry on a program of gradual socialization under the noses of increasingly distrustful foreign capitalists who have large investments in the country.

This without even a parliamentary majority. They have never ceased in their Socialist task of "expropriating the expropriators," and though they have proceeded slowly they have never retreated. Are they to be condemned because they are doing this unsensationally? They may not be using the time-honored method of two steps forward one step back in socialization—and one step forward two steps back in individual liberty—but let us at least wait and see if slow-but-steady is not one way of winning the race.

New York, February 2

MELOS MOST

Congressional Salaries

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of February 15 you state that Congressional salaries at present are \$10,000 per annum. This should be corrected. Congressmen and Senators at the last session reduced their salaries 10 per cent.

Washington, D. C., February 16

M. COSTIGAN

Consumers' Problems

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In view of the growing interest in the hitherto much-neglected consumer, Consumers' Research, in cooperation with the New School for Social Research, is giving a course in Consumers' Problems which will deal with consumers' services and commodities by specific brand name and in simple non-technical terms. Its primary object is to consider the quality, utility, and price of goods on the basis of economic and scientific data. The course consists of a series of twelve lectures which are being given every Friday evening at the New School, 66 West Twelfth Street, by D. H. Palmer of the technical staff of Consumers' Research. The course will be of great value to those who cannot afford to spend a dollar unwisely in their daily purchasing. It will also be of particular interest to teachers and students of the new economics of consumption, since this course is the first given in the East which deals with products and firms by name.

New York, January 28

F. J. SCHLINK

Contributors to This Issue

FERNER NUHN lives in Iowa and writes for various magazines.

SAMUEL GUY INMAN, author of "South America Today" and other books on Latin America, is the secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America.

HELEN BOARDMAN is an investigator for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

ROBERT DELL, Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is a regular contributor to *The Nation*.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is the author of a book of poems, "The Mountain in the Sky."

LAWRENCE DENNIS is the author of "Is Capitalism Doomed?"

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of "Autobiography of America."

EDWARD DAHLBERG is the author of "Bottom Dogs" and "From Flushing to Calvary."

DOROTHY DETZER is the executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Books, Art, Drama

Mountain Love

By HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

How shall I, being true to mountains most,
With them long intimate, be purely wed
To your one-purposed and inviolate bed.
Partial with you will sleep the faithless ghost
Of one who walks in cloud and strangely speaks
With tongues of water; till upon your breasts
The peaks will clamber, until terror rests
Nearer your heart than tears upon your cheeks.
Better to name me for the mountains' own,
And sleep in robes of silk and not in fern.
Be hungry but be whole of self, than learn
A love defenseless to the jealous stone
That carves my body. Let me make denial—
Else you be grieved and both of us be vile.

Bernard's Progress

The Adventure of the Black Girl in Her Search for God. By Bernard Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.

A NAKED black girl is converted to the Christian faith by a lady missionary. She takes the admonition to seek God quite literally, and strides off into the African forest with a Bible and a blackjack. She meets first a god who is powerful, cruel, and bloodthirsty, and she tells him so. She meets next an argumentative god, who, nevertheless, fails to explain to her satisfaction why he put evil into the world. She comes then to Micah, who tells her that his god requires nothing of her but to do justice and love mercy and walk humbly with him. She thinks this better, but opines that doing justice and showing mercy is only a small part of life if you are not a judge, and asks what is the use of walking humbly if you don't know what you are walking to? She next encounters a behaviorist who has spent twenty-five years in making experiments on the flow of saliva in dogs; he is of course a complete idiot, and has learned nothing that the black girl could not have told him in twenty-five seconds. Then she comes upon an amiable conjurer, posing on crosses for a sculptor, who tells her that she should love them that hate her. She replies that she does not want everyone to love her and cannot love everybody: besides, that commandment is useful perhaps only once in twenty times, and is not a rule to live by. There is an Arab present who talks of Allah and says that he converts people by the sword. Finally she comes to an old gentleman who looks in the illustration strikingly like Voltaire, and who tells her to give up looking for God and to cultivate a garden. She stays and works, and then along comes a red-haired Irishman who must be Shaw because he is the only character in the book who does not talk like him. She marries him and has coffee-colored children.

The allegory would seem sufficiently obvious, but Mr. Shaw is taking no chances. After the black girl meets the first god a few of the first pages of the Old Testament blow out of her Bible; after she meets the second god more early pages blow out. When the fable itself is finished, Mr. Shaw writes an epilogue explaining it. The point, you see, is that our idea of God has changed. Though humanity unfortunately does not throw the dirty water out of its mind when it takes in clean water, its concept of God has got constantly better. Indeed,

it may be said to have had Mr. Shaw's conception of the Life Force as its secret goal.

There is not a single idea here that could not have been found in Shaw himself thirty years ago. He still feels that it is ridiculous to have an experiment when you can just as well have an epigram. He still feels that a scientist is an ass to want to find out anything for himself when he can much more easily take Mr. Shaw's word for it. He still thinks that his speculations on religion are daringly original, and that the phrase Life Force, when capitals are used, is profoundly revelatory.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Communistic Strachey

The Coming Struggle for Power. By John Strachey. Covici-Friede. \$3.

A WELL-WRITTEN book by a Strachey is not news; but one by a Communist is a literary event. This book has the style and scholastic qualities of Eton and Oxford, combined with the merits which only an idealistic thesis, free from the necessity to compromise, can display. It surpasses the negligible works of American reds and stands well above most of the depression mediocrities of our pale-pink planners. It is a unique experience to read a brilliant Communist who effectively turns against capitalism the weapons of a hard-boiled bourgeois training rather than the passionate maledictions of a pietistic evangelicalism.

Mr. Strachey comes honestly by his ability to envisage the speedy collapse of capitalism and by his will for power to apply socialism today. He comes from a long, very upper-middle-class line which learned the facts of life and the will to command making money in India several generations ago. The family has since had abundant leisure and money to go noble and literary. After a turn as a labor member, Mr. Strachey found that he had no place among working-class laborites who in a crisis would turn to God-fearing bankers for guidance on balancing the budget and maintaining British credit instead of to strong-willed, hard-headed Marxians for leadership toward immediate socialism. Judging from his chapters on Mr. MacDonald and the Crisis, and *The Future of Social Democracy*, it is questionable whether the chapels, factories, and counting-houses will ever prepare the working classes for realistic revolutionary leadership, though the drill sergeant some day may, as in Russia. It is even doubtful whether most Socialists want capitalistic collapse and a turn at running things, or merely a larger dole. There is no doubt about what Mr. Strachey wants, though there may be some doubt concerning just what steps he and his followers, should he find any, would take to seize power. His book, however, betrays no personal ambition for power but a very genuine attachment to Marxism. He concludes that the intellectual, if he masters the historical movement as a whole, "can have no possible doubt as to the necessity of throwing in his lot with the workers."

The scope of the book is too vast for a brief review. The opening history of the free market furnishes a little-known background for viewing the present situation. The struggle against feudalism and the divine right of kings was waged from the Reformation down through the French Revolution to the middle of the nineteenth century, by which time the victory of the trading classes was everywhere complete. Not freedom or democracy, but wage slavery, internal monopoly, fierce foreign trade competition, and nationalism have been the principal results of this triumph. Mr. Strachey makes short shrift of the laissez faire free traders and their modern antagonists, the mar-

ket restorers and planners, as well as of the three alternatives of maintaining the gold standard with recurrent crises, abandoning it and developing closed economies, or having an ideal super-state with peace and profits.

By the middle of the book—the sections on the Birth of Capitalism, Capitalism Today, and the Decay of Capitalist Culture (containing several chapters of orthodox and penetrating Marxian interpretation of religion, science, and literature)—we are prepared to speculate about the successors to a rapidly dying capitalism under a total abandonment of democracy. It is this abandonment of democracy that Mr. Strachey really relies on most of all for the drive toward communism. Unfortunately, Mr. Strachey dislikes fascism too much to discuss it adequately and gives it only one chapter. After all, fascism, in maturity, is a form of definite state capitalism quite as much as is communism. Mr. Strachey errs in regarding communism as inevitably the only ultimate successor to private capitalism. It may so happen, but it is also conceivable that it may turn out otherwise.

The case for the collapse of capitalism is impressive. The exposition of communism is adequate. The book is a brilliant effort to fit John Strachey and many millions of other important Britishers and Americans, who, like him, are not proletarians, into the idealized scheme of the dictatorship of the proletariat and of an ultimately classless society. But I fear the attempt fails. Moreover, it is not shown that, in the classless society of the Communist millennium, after the dictatorship of the proletariat is no longer necessary for the liquidation of the bourgeoisie, there will not remain the classes of the governing and the governed.

LAWRENCE DENNIS

The Puzzle of a Princess

Pocahontas, or The Nonparell of Virginia. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IT is hard enough to know how any princess thinks and feels, but an Indian princess offers special difficulties; and when she is Pocahontas she becomes quite impossible. There is not only the fact that Pocahontas belonged to a race which nobody has been able to understand; there is the additional and incredible fact that she who began her life in the forests of Stone Age Virginia ended it among the streets of Jacobean London—that she who had been the daughter of King Powhatan at Werowocomoco was taken in the days of Ben Jonson to the court of King James and Queen Anne at Whitehall.

Mr. Garnett ought to know this better than anybody, since he has told the story of Pocahontas as a novelist would tell it who, having come to the dead end of his researches into the dates and the deeds of his historical heroine, had then to create, as Mr. Garnett himself puts it in his preface, her "emotions and affections." And he does know it. He admits that his task has been an "impossible" one—the task, that is, of deciding what it was that Pocahontas felt when she threw herself on Captain John Smith to save him from the executioners; when she visited the stockade at Jamestown; when she was captured by Argall and made a permanent resident of this stockade; when she married Rolfe; and when she first saw London.

Mr. Garnett, indeed, has known the difficulty too well, has seen the problem too clearly. A less intelligent man who was surer that he knew all about Pocahontas might have written a better piece of fiction than this. He would have blundered oftener in the eyes of ethnologists; but his imagination would have had firmer hold of some individual whom he called Pocahontas. Mr. Garnett has produced little more than a figure who represents a race. When she so far departs from her race as to fall in love with aliens—Smith, Rolfe—she is hardly convincing;

and when she is purely the Indian she is so general as to lose definition.

The book is well written, of course, and brilliant in its author's brittle way. But it has little of that truth which we expect from fiction—unless we expect nothing beyond the kind of truth which a novel can reveal about its writer and his age. The revelation in this case is particularly interesting, and I am not sure but that "Pocahontas" will document a generation quite as nicely as "Death in the Afternoon" does. For it is a cruel and bloody book. Mr. Garnett's theory that the Indians practiced torture as a prelude to lust leads him to dwell, perhaps, too long upon too many acts of sadism. The book can be recommended to anyone who likes good prose; it can also be recommended to anyone who hankers to see human bodies cut into scarlet ribbons with all the refinement of primitive art.

MARK VAN DOREN

Erskine Caldwell, and Other "Proletarian" Novelists

God's Little Acre. By Erskine Caldwell. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

ERSKINE CALDWELL has been compared to Henry Fielding, and it is true that his books, "Tobacco Road," a very original novel, and "God's Little Acre," a much less gifted one, have something of the gamy flavor of that great eighteenth-century writer, though they have none of his structural ingenuity. "God's Little Acre," like "Tobacco Road," is a chronicle of Georgia crackers, of their economic vassalage, slow hunger, and supine lives anaesthetized by inutile hopes. Less a novel than an expanded short story, it has little to recommend it aside from a few highly amusing and picaresque touches and the deft portrait of Pluto Swint.

"God's Little Acre" evokes a half-dozen other "proletarian" novels; and to this whole group what George Saintsbury once wrote of "Tom Jones"—namely, that it lacked a certain height and depth—certainly applies. In the "proletarian" half of "God's Little Acre," a wholly truncated section, the neglected plantation, firmly and irrevocably reproduced, is replaced by a mill town which is almost preternaturally sepulchral. The striking "lint-heads" are disincarnated specters moving in a quasi-Marxian haze ten thousand feet above Georgia and Carolina—and, for that matter, above all American humanity.

The frenetic desire of Will Thompson to open up the mill, turn on the power, and make cloth, which is in direct ratio to his wish to violate Griselda, tear every shred of manufactured garment from her body, sabotage her, as it were, is a strained emotional admixture of D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson. This apotheosis of dark sex and the humming machine recalls "Beyond Desire." And "Beyond Desire," which never transcends desire, and which is so writhing and inarticulate that it makes painful reading, is a stale repercussion of the events of Gastonia and Mary Heaton Vorse's "Strike." Grace Lumpkin's "To Make My Bread" (awarded the Gorki prize for proletarian literature), whose homespun narrative is inexorably slow from beginning to end, and Fielding Burke's "Call Home the Heart," whose poetical came-the-dawn prose only succeeds in being coy, are reshufflings of the same material. One would suspect after a reading of these "proletarian" novels that it was a bourgeois fault to be able to write well.

The left band-wagonists, who encouraged the foregoing pogroms against literature, have also acclaimed John Dos Passos the white hope of the social revolutionary novel. However, he is not, as his psalm-singers have said, a more pliant and adept literary technician than either Dreiser or Sinclair Lewis. What

characters has Mr. Dos Passos drawn that are as deeply recollected as Babbitt, Jennie Gerhardt, or even Eugene Witla? Compared with these how attenuated and slatternly composed are the fungous figures of J. Ward Moorehouse, Ben Compton, and Joe Williams! And three months after reading Dos Passos how many are able to distinguish Janey Snoddard from Eveline Hutchins?

Mr. Dos Passos's meretriciously naive vernacular seems poor beside the prose of "Winesburg, Ohio." Dismantle "42nd Parallel" or "1919" of its technical accoutrement—the bleary-eyed camera eye, the newsreels, the superinduced biographical portraits—and what remains? Briefly, a sprawling, perforated narrative, dappled and dimpled with girlish Joycisms, which is as competent as the unheightened journalese of "Dodsworth," one of Sinclair Lewis's worst novels.

For the Modern Library edition of "Three Soldiers" Mr. Dos Passos has recently done an introduction the rattling puerilities and gawkish perambulations of which beggar description. Expressing the dilemma of the modern writer in the following words: "Well, you're a novelist. What of it? What are you doing it for? What excuse have you got for not being ashamed of yourself?" Mr. Dos Passos then vouchsafes a new definition of the novel as well as a nostrum for the Doubting Thomases in the word racket: "A novel is a commodity that fulfils a certain need; people need to buy day dreams like they need to buy ice cream or aspirin or gin. . . . All you need to feel good about your work is to turn out the best commodity you can, play the luxury market, and to hell with doubt." The advice of this Marxist Lord Chesterfield to young authors seems much more like a sales letter addressed to what William James called the bitch goddess Success than a manifesto from a social-revolutionary novelist. Mr. Dos Passos and his left-wing backers ought to know that in a civilization in which novels are no more important than gin or ice cream there is little hope for a deeper culture and none for a revolution. But in literary matters the proletarian cheer leaders have always had the faculty of seeing everything but the obvious. However, it seems to be much more important to be on the band-wagon than to be either right or left.

EDWARD DAHLBERG

Militarist Logic

Inevitable War. By Lieutenant Colonel Richard Stockton, 6th. The Perth Company. \$7.50.

IN "Inevitable War," a bulky volume of 112 chapters, 873 pages, and 51 charts, maps and illustrations, Lieutenant Colonel Richard Stockton, 6th (author of "Troops on Riot Duty" and "The Guardsman's Handbook"), gives us the soggy logic of a militarized mind. It is almost impossible to give any summary of this banal document. The book is written obviously to urge the adoption of a military policy by the United States government, and this is perhaps illustrated by quoting two of the twenty-one points suggested for such a policy by the author in his final chapter.

The navy must be free to seek and render ineffective any enemy fleets, and protect our commerce and foreign policies. Its power of maneuver should not be restricted by considerations of local defense. The army should be considered the backbone of our defense against invasion.

The navy should be strong enough to control the seas in the vicinity of the United States, the Panama Canal, and our insular possessions, be capable of maintaining our national policies and of keeping open the essential lanes of commerce of the United States.

In case you may be lured into purchasing this volume instead of sending a fat check to peace organizations, we herewith offer

a few more of the choice morsels from its incredibly dull pages. Colonel Stockton has discovered a "new type of pacifist" who is very much to be feared. Apparently the good Colonel has heard somewhere that "the pen is mightier than the sword," but we should not accuse Colonel Stockton of such non-military power. We should advise him to stick to the sword. He says of the new type of pacifist:

A newer type appeared shortly after the World War, consisting of authors of books filled with all the horrible and loathsome things of warfare. I have read such books. It has seemed to me that the authors of some of them have been cowardly and low in their viewpoint; that the trouble lay more in the author than it did in the war. Horrible things happen in war; war itself is a horrible thing. Loathsome things happen in war, and war itself is a loathsome thing. We find cowards and degenerates in armies as we find them in civil life. Some authors, above all else, saw that which was horrible and that which was loathsome. I believe, however, that the normal man saw much more in warfare. A few shell-shocked men screaming and yelling were not what impressed me most. That which impressed me was the manner in which the everyday citizen went into the hell of action—though not without fear—and calmly went about all that had to be done just as part of the day's work. The thing that stands out in my memory is not the comparatively few who broke down, but the hundreds of thousands who did not break down until *shot down*. [Italics ours.]

As for disarmament conferences, he has some fresh and alluring suggestions. He of course tries to be big-hearted and kind. Of Dr. Mary E. Woolley's services as a delegate to the Disarmament Conference, he says:

It should be made clear that I do not intend these remarks to be construed as any reflection on Doctor Woolley's services as a delegate. However, no matter how loyal and intelligent the individual, it is unwise for any nation to send militarily uninformed delegates, with pacifistic tendencies, to conferences where nations fight for strategic advantages in the wars to come.

If you want to struggle through more of this sophomoric drivel, you can for the tempting depression price of \$7.50.

DOROTHY DETZER

Shorter Notices

The Provincial Lady in London. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

The London *Saturday Review* declares that Miss Delafield's diaries of the provincial lady, of which this is the second, catch "the heart and soul and mind and thoughts of Woman as she was, Woman as she is, and Woman as she ever will be, please God." Without going to these lengths, it may be said that Miss Delafield has a pretty wit and enough perception of the general in human behavior to hit off Woman and even Man oftener than a good many of her profounder contemporaries. Perhaps the most interesting thing about her style—and that is the most interesting thing about her book—is that it seems to be peculiarly English. Its distinguishing feature is elegant malice—sweet, neat, deft bites taken out of persons who seem real enough to be convincingly bitten but not quite real enough to bleed. There is a very faint note of Jane Austen in this; there is a much louder note of Rose Macaulay. But Miss Macaulay has more iron in her, and Miss Austen more gold. Nevertheless, one does not at the moment recall any American writer who attacks in just this way, and reading Miss Delafield re-

minds one that the tooth of satire may be one of the most delightful of weapons, although preferably when it is advanced against flesh and blood.

The Red Hills. By Rhys Davies. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Founding a school is a dangerous business for a Master, as there is nothing like a disciple to bring out one's vulnerable spots. "Red Hills" is so much in the manner of D. H. Lawrence that it reads like a parody. It tells of Iorwerth Pugh, an intellectual young Welsh miner "with a bias toward Russian novels," and how he has an affair with Ceinwen, a blowzy country wench—willing enough to perform the chores of sex for him, but unfortunately unable to discard upon it as is demanded of a Lawrence heroine. How he yearns "to meet a woman with a mind and a good strong body she takes an interest in." How he meets her and mates her, and how they talk happily ever after. Because it is otherwise well written, "Red Hills" proves all the better how little is needed to push Lawrence's hieratic attitude toward sex into the sanctimonious. And sanctimoniousness about the body can be quite as tedious as sanctimoniousness about the soul.

Jealousy. By Norah C. James. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Miss James's novel touches upon an intangible but important aspect of feminism—namely, the unequal division of jealousy between the sexes. Her thesis, one may say, is that jealousy is an emotion that the male has preempted as his privilege, and that he exploits it deliberately to secure his possessive domination over women. To relieve women of this subtle disability, two solutions are possible—either to give women equal rights in the emotion of jealousy, or to abolish it entirely as a dangerous monopoly; and it is this latter solution that Miss James puts forward as the better one. Catherine Eagle, whose first husband shot himself because of jealousy, would not consent to marry her next suitor until he had completely renounced every trace and vestige of it. Using the flashback method while she shows us Catherine and Michael engaged in a motor elopement, Miss James reveals how Michael achieved the desired emotional catharsis. Her thesis and solution are more interesting than the characters or incidents in the story.

Nature by Night. By Arthur R. Thompson. Robert Ballou. \$3.50.

Mr. Thompson is a naturalist who has spent many nights in tedious waiting for common nocturnal birds and beasts of England. He writes pleasantly, in the style of the expert amateur, concerning the ways of foxes, otters, shrews, voles, owls, and so forth. The text will prove interesting to those with a taste for its subject matter. Almost anyone will be delighted by the more than 100 photographs. They are admirable examples of what can be done with flashlight, and are beautifully reproduced.

Toward the New Spain. By Joseph A. Brandt. University of Chicago Press. \$4.

Mr. Brandt's book covers the history of Spain from 1808 to 1932. The period to 1875 is fully treated, but that from 1875 to 1932 is very scantily sketched, leaving the reader with the feeling that the book was intended as a history of the First Spanish Republic, and that the coming of the Second Republic caused the author to attempt to include a hasty résumé of the events leading up to it. The book's most serious defect is that it seems to treat the history of Spain as the direct result of what a few men did, and to neglect the economic and social changes both in the country itself and in countries adjoining it, which had far more to do with the trend of Spanish social thought than the machinations of politicians within Spain. Although this is not entirely omitted, the emphasis laid upon it is by no means in proportion to its importance. The author has

strained for far-fetched parallels between the first and second republics, neglecting to demonstrate that the forces responsible for each were entirely different, the first being the work of a few intellectual radicals, with little popular support, while the second was the work of proletarian forces which were non-existent in 1873. He fails utterly to bring out the intellectual growth of the last sixty years in Spain, which made possible the present republic. The first part of the book is very good; it is perhaps the best thing in English dealing with Spain's political troubles in the nineteenth century. As an account of the forces behind the present republic, the book is insufficient but useful.

The War Memoirs of William Graves Sharp. Edited by W. Dawson. London: Constable. 18 shillings.

These memoirs are neither the best nor the worst of the lot produced by our ambassadors who served during the World War. There is a certain unphilosophical clarity about Sharp's mind that gives his written word a quality of candor which belies his fundamental confusion. It is one of the remarkable accidents of history that of all our ambassadors of the war period, only one was hostile to the country and government to which he was accredited—James W. Gerard in Germany. This naturally contributed a great deal toward emphasizing the current of opinion in favor of the Allies which was early established on other grounds. While far from being as completely in love with a foreign government as was Walter Hines Page, Sharp was yet entirely without objectivity, and Mr. Dawson, editor of this volume, has apparently never heard of the work of the revisionist scholars on war origins. The result is that the informed student reads Sharp's book with constant impatience at the underlying assumptions, though he may admire, distantly, the author's characteristically American lack of sophistication. If there is anything new to be discovered from this volume, it has escaped this reviewer. Some background material on the Sussex incident is presented, and the matter of German prisoners in France is covered in interesting detail. The French politicians and military men are presented as they were evaluated during the war, and not with any very penetrating insight. The book is a footnote to history. Why it was published in England is mysterious, unless it is that the English appetite for political reminiscences is much greater than the American.

Art

Revolution in Art

CRITICS bred to believe with Clive Bell that good painting is good art only to the degree that it detaches itself from meaningful subject to emphasize form, design, color, and other purely sensory and technical qualities, and that the only business of a critic is to be a "connoisseur of pleasure" and to "put the public in the way of aesthetic pleasure," must serve up the Forain show at the Grand Central Galleries with routine references to Daumier and Goya and with knowing remarks about the forceful design and economy of line which accompanied the artist's humanitarian rage at the white-slave traffic, the lecheries of courts, the horror of life for the bottom dog. And because Forain chose to "illustrate" and "caricature" up to the year of his death, 1931, while most of his contemporaries were concerning themselves with aesthetic revolutions, his stature as an artist is inevitably pegged down by academic modernism with some observation or other to the effect that he did pretty well in spite of his deplorable insistence on "subject." Which is about like saying that Dean Swift wrote well in spite of being a social satirist.

A good many of the Forain pictures would look very much at home in the current show at the John Reed Club, which includes the work of most well-known living American artists, some of whom are guest exhibitors, and others members of the club. But since the pictures and sculptures in this show emphasize social distress rather than sensory pleasure, a phrase with "propaganda" in it seems to be the correct note. Biddle, Coleman, Davis, Dehn, Hirsch, Pollet, Miller, Robinson, Walkowitz, Benton, our happy Pop Hart, and so on to Zorach, have gone slumming. And will recover their prestige somewhere else.

But as a matter of fact this show is as significant as the historic Armory exhibit which brought the aesthetic heresies of twentieth-century Europe to the United States. Not that the walls of the John Reed Club display a blaze of genius. There are a few sound and vigorous pictures whose signatures were new to this critic: H. O. Hoffman, Ben Kopman, Phil Bard, Chuzo Tamotzu, Anton Refregier, H. S. Strom, Prentiss Taylor, and, not so new, Albert Wilkinson and William Siegel. There are also a few pictures which add a new impressiveness to familiar names: Biddle's Sacco and Vanzetti, Pop Hart's Working People, Siegel's Miner's Funeral, Kathe Kollwitz's Visit to the Hospital, Adolf Wolff's sculptured Working-Class Mother.

Like the Armory show this exhibit is not primarily important as a discovery of individual talents, but for what it means as a point of departure for a kind of art sharply different from the current mode in appearance, idea, aesthetics, and function. There is not a single still life among the two hundred pieces in the show. The shift of interest from things to people is aggressively marked; also the shift from decoration to emotional expression, from sensory pleasure to human anger and pain. There is a change in attitude, too—artists trying, with some self-consciousness and strain but with all their strength, to be common people. These things give the show as a whole a beat of life, a connection with the things uppermost in your mind and mine, provocative and stirring after the discreet isolation of row upon row of tastefully framed apples, bottles, picturesque ladies, and pretty landscapes inclosed within other walls.

This to the credit of the rebels. Against most of them a grave mistake can be charged. Modern art, brought into the world by France and artists of various nationalities living in France, signifies primarily, we have been taught, a divorce from "subject." It has no taste, says Bell again, for "contemporary actualities." But if the history of this development is examined closely, the impulse to be seen within it is fundamentally the same impulse at work in a different way in the rebellion at the John Reed Club. For the feeling in modern art is, and was when it broke away from the academic mode of the late nineteenth century, precisely a taste for contemporary actualities. More than a taste, it was a determination to smash the cage of prescription, convention, and dogma in which artists performed like trained monkeys for the edification and benefit of Victorian morals.

Art, going "modern," left the service of religion, ethics, civic virtue, and domestic duty, and gave its attention and sympathies to science. Hence the emphasis on intellectual pleasure and technical experimentation, the search for method, the insistence on aesthetic discovery. The impressionists repudiated studio formulas and went out to look at light through a spectroscope. Picasso used his mind as a laboratory for inquiry into the mechanics and physics of form. And given a neatly mechanistic world destroyed in vibration and flux by modern physics, then Cézanne follows. But since the break for artistic freedom involved a break with nothing less than a social scheme, the hate and bitterness aroused were out of all proportion to the issues which established convention raised as reasons for its violent attack.

The battle was fought longest and hardest on the most superficial, most easily intelligible grounds, which can be summed

up in the question of "subject"; and the spokesman for the defense, therefore, devoted much time, thought, and ingenuity to this point, producing an *ex post facto* set of doctrines and a system of aesthetics expressed in the command: Thou shalt not traffic with "subject." Therefore the artist whose intellect and feeling move him primarily in the direction of contemporary actualities is hampered by modern academism precisely as were the moderns of years past; and he rebels, mistaking the issue, by scrapping the store of knowledge and resource accumulated to his advantage in the previous fight and jumping backwards, as have many of the young artists in the John Reed show, to pre-modern methods—most obviously, to Daumier and Goya. But they cannot adequately and movingly paint or carve their time and place in the technical and emotional terms of another age.

Fifty years of intense and active attention to the material nature of the arts have produced a new comprehension of the nature of materials. In painting—form, light, movement; in sculpture—rock, wood, metals, instruments, structure, and rhythm; in literature—rhythm, typography, sound. New techniques and new modes have been developed in each of these arts. It happens in every kind of cultural development that one phase grows faster than another. Our social scheme breaks through our legal system like water through a paper bag. None of our types of theatrical spectacle can use the auditorium at the Rockefeller Center Music Hall to artistic advantage. A painter can command at least three new and powerful methods—impressionism, cubism, *surréalisme*; convention allows him every liberty in manner, but restricts him in matter. Yet it would be easy enough to trace a development of political and social thinking in the pictorial and plastic arts at least, paralleling the development in style: from Cézanne's snorts about "dirty bourgeois" to the *surréaliste* manifesto prescribing "in politics, communism."

This connection between *surréalisme* and social revolution is generally forgotten or dismissed as irrelevant, for though the *surréaliste* mode significantly shifts weight from intellect to emotion and sensitivity, its expression is more often than not highly personal. Utilizing, however, the interests of subject as presented in dreams, fantasy, visions, and other "enlargements" of emotion and sensory perception, it throws wide the doors to personal and collective symbolism, to tragedy and passion in more than personal terms, to heroic connection between what is visible and what is emotionally significant, super-realistic. *Surréalisme*, as Diego Rivera shrewdly pointed out not long ago, is potentially a revolutionary weapon. The motif—hands—which recurs in the work of most *surréaliste* painters is no more accidental than the cross and halo in Renaissance fresco; though perhaps less consciously symbolic.

Inasmuch as a work of art expresses the cultural prejudices of the artist as well as his personal synthesis with the world in which he lives, his work is propaganda. To object that it is not conscious propaganda is almost equal to saying that the artist did not or does not know what he is doing, and this can be true to a degree. But to minimize the aesthetic value of his work with the observation that it has an ax to grind is to force doctrine upon historical fact. For all art everywhere has had an ax to grind; and what expression of human effort has not? To distinguish, therefore, between propaganda and "pure art" on the ground of presence or absence of easily comprehensible content is itself a distinction with an ax to grind.

The thing which distresses critics who use the word propaganda in a derogatory rather than a descriptive way is, apart from the emotional antagonism to the artist's social attitude, the process of fitting a predetermined set of ideas upon a set of forms in themselves not emotionally and aesthetically expressive. It accuses the artist of a kind of pedagogic dishonesty, of having sold himself to a service, of grinding somebody else's ax. In this sense the word propaganda is most clearly synonymous with advertising; as even a Babbitt cannot put his emotions, his senses,

and his intellect at the service of a brand of ham and not produce work aesthetically false. On the other hand, an artist whose heart and head make him a social revolutionist can make posters and banners which, besides being ideologically militant and immediately useful, may be as beautiful and aesthetically sound as any religious or romantic work of other days. We shall have to admit, if we are honest historians, critics, and connoisseurs, that there is room indeed for good art in what we call propaganda. And we must also recognize that in good propaganda there is no room for bad art.

ANITA BRENNER

Films

Dovzhenko's "Ivan"

CERTAINLY the week just passed was one of more than usual strain on the precarious faith of the moviegoer eager to discover new virtues in the cinema art, to defend it against the easy detraction of the sophisticated. It seemed almost as if producers in all countries had entered into some agreement to unburden their least worthy products on a public that was beginning to become rather spoiled as a result of recent triumphs. For "Mädchen in Uniform" and Lang's "M" we have been made to pay with a succession of insipid German operettas which are not the more endurable because of one or two sentimental tunes. After an irresponsible indulgence in the purely aesthetic beauties of Pudovkin's camera work in "Life Is Beautiful" we have been made to suffer through the earnest but unbeautiful *longueurs* of Dovzhenko's "Ivan." And for the statement of renewed confidence in Hollywood's future prompted by such pictures as "Cavalcade," "State Fair," and "Topaze" we have been rewarded by Richard Dix's characterization of the "Great Jasper" at the Radio City Music Hall. Indeed, the only consoling reflection that occurs after such a week is the commonplace one that no department of art or literature is without these intervals of relaxed inspiration, these challenges to our faith. We must remind ourselves that we have no more reason to expect masterpieces every week in this than in any other field of culture—or entertainment.

The impression gains that the Film Forum, one of the two independent film societies which have sprung up in the last month, has not made up its mind whether it is interested in the cinema as an artistic medium or as a vehicle for social propaganda. The choice of Dovzhenko's picture built around the construction of the Dneiperstroi power plant would certainly seem to indicate that the Forum is headed toward a rivalry with the Cameo and the Acme. Although there could have been no reason other than that of social bias for choosing such a badly integrated and indifferently photographed film as "Ivan," the picture is ineffective even as an example of explicit propaganda. The purpose of propagandist art, we are told, is to incite to action; but the snail-like tempo which Dovzhenko uses to unfold his much-too-simplified story-lesson is likely to induce, in an American audience at least, nothing more potent than sleep. Perhaps this retarded tempo was suitable and necessary for the peasant audiences in Russia for which the picture was intended. But the time has come when exhibitors in this country must realize that a drastic cutting is required to make pictures like this one acceptable to an audience whose psychology has been conditioned by the rapid movement and swift transitions of the American movie. The point has been often enough made in the last few years; but so far one has not heard of any central cutting-bureau being established to reduce by two or three minutes at least such scenes as the one in "Ivan" in which a peasant mother is shown walking up an aisle, or the

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one in which the "aesthete" father is made to laugh, not once, but three times, in an increasingly hollow and grotesque manner. It is to be hoped that the Film Forum, along with the other good work that it promises to do in its field, will do something toward the proper preparation of foreign-made films for American enjoyment.

Perhaps such ■ film ■ "The Spell of Tatra," at the Little Carnegie, has ■ special appeal in Germany, where skiing and mountain climbing are very popular; but neither this interest nor anything in its story or photography redeems this "romantic drama of the Carpathians" for an American audience. It follows pretty closely "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" of a few years ago, but fails to extract ■ much dramatic interest out of the setting as did that picture.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama In Modern Dress

A FEW weeks ago Arthur Hopkins expressed the opinion that our theater was dying of its unimaginative realism. When he added that the lift of poetry and sentiment was the need of the hour, one assumed with mild cynicism that he had something of the sort up his own sleeve, and so, it now appears, he had. But "Conquest" (Plymouth Theater) proves the cynicism misplaced, for it is ■ strikingly original play written by Mr. Hopkins himself, and it falls barely short of real greatness. Certain defects are, to be sure, obvious enough, and we will come to them. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there is something large and new and heartening in the whole spirit of the enterprise. Indeed, I remember no other occasion during the present season when ■ serious drama came so near to casting ■ magic spell, when one had—as one has here—the sense of an atmosphere heavy with matters of real import. However fleeting her visit, the muse of tragedy was with Mr. Hopkins for a time, and there are moments at the Plymouth when one is aware of her thrilling presence.

Oddly enough, the chief virtue of Mr. Hopkins's play is the one which the work of our other serious writers most conspicuously lacks. On the stage, at least, poetry and incoherence have come to be almost synonymous. Our poets ■ recognized by ■ certain turgidity, by the sense they give of struggling desperately to say something just beyond them; and in ■ play like, for instance, Mr. Lawson's "Success Story," one only glimpses the deepest meanings through the smoke of a fire unable to burn freely. But Mr. Hopkins, on the other hand, is beautifully clear. The foundation of his dialogue is ■ limpid prose, and when it rises to poetry it rises by virtue of a simple, almost classic dignity. There is no rant in his lines ■ there is none in the characters who utter them, but there is a passionate sincerity and ■ deep feeling.

The story is frankly the story of "Hamlet" reset to modern conditions. The prince is the thoughtful son of ■ conscientious manufacturer; the usurping king is a financial manipulator who "merges" the factory out of existence. Even the love of Hamlet for his unworthy mother is treated at full length—this time in frankly Freudian terms—and, indeed, one occasionally wonders how much of the strength of the play is due to a series of situations which three centuries have proved the most inherently interesting ever devised. But it is not really quite so simple as that. Mr. Hopkins's scorn for the rottenness of the financial world is genuine; he gives it an adequate expression through the old fable; and he could not be so impressive as he is if he did not feel with passionate sincerity.

Perhaps it is, however, worth while to point out that the

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"PSYCHO-ANALYSIS: ITS USE AND ABUSE"

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND. New Amsterdam Theater. Miss La Gallienne ~~in~~ uptown with her charming company of fabulous beasts.

ALIEN CORN. Belasco Theater. Catherine Cornell in a play by Sidney Howard. Reviewed later.

AMERICAN DREAM. Guild Theater. Reviewed next week.

AUTUMN CROCUS. Morosco Theater. Sentimental English comedy with Dorothy Gish and the new matinee idol, Francis Lederer.

BIOGRAPHY. Avon Theater. An intelligent and sinewy comedy about what happens when a cultivated woman of the world tries to choose between a pompous opportunist and an unmanageable idealist.

CONQUEST. Plymouth Theater. Reviewed this week.

DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Noel Coward and the Lunts having a good time in a play by the former.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Lively but pretentious melodrama by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

PIGEONS AND PEOPLE. Lyceum Theater. Two hours and a half of George M. Cohan in a play by himself. Well worth seeing.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

surprising clarity of the expression and the simple dignity of the characters were made possible by the fact that Mr. Hopkins is returning to something almost forgotten in these later years, to the fact that his concern is with the honor and integrity of the human soul conceived of in terms which even Shakespeare would have been able to understand. I suspect, indeed, that his play will not please "dialectical materialists," despite its attack upon the "capitalist system." They will feel, I fancy, something irritatingly alien in its concern with intangible values, in its assumption that the soul of humanity is the thing to be rescued, and that the integrity of the individual man is the only integrity worth having. But it is because Mr. Hopkins does feel so strongly the importance of such things that his play can have the quality it has. Perhaps only so can a character take on the dignity which makes his fate seem important; perhaps only so can a language raised by its fulness and coherence just a little above the level of ordinary speech be made to seem fitting.

I hinted above that "Conquest" just misses the genuine greatness which at moments it suggests. That is partly because it stumbles occasionally and sinks then to the level of merely didactic prosiness, but it is chiefly, I believe, because of defects in the direction. The actors—Judith Anderson, Raymond Hackett, Jane Wyatt, and Hugh Buckler—are competent players, yet they either could not or were not allowed to pitch their acting to the key of the text. That text is above realism; it obviously calls for a measured and emphatic utterance just this side of actual declamation. Yet it is read, for the most part, in the affected pianissimo made popular by the ultra-smart melodrama, and for that reason it often misses the very effect intended. In the article referred to at the beginning of this review Mr. Hopkins urged that the theater should let the poet in. It looks almost as though he had done so as far as the author is concerned and then slammed the stage door in the face of those who might have realized in the performance his own intention.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that "Conquest" is a thrilling experience just as it stands, and that it brings something back into our theater. We have playwrights like Sidney Howard who show us, with a humorous detachment, what we are; we have at least Eugene O'Neill who can thrill us with the spectacle of emotions just beyond our grasp or understanding. Mr. Hopkins, on the other hand, has something new to this generation: a calm dignity which suggests, if it does not quite reach, the majesty of almost forgotten things. He is more than welcome.

I do not think that the audience at the Plymouth was wholly at its ease, but at the same time another audience just one block away was having a thoroughly good time at "One Sunday Afternoon" (Little Theater). The author of this little comedy, James Hagan, is unknown, to me at least. The comedy itself is simple, unpretentious, and touched with sentiment. But there is also something unaffectedly charming in the story of the dentist who has his old-time rival delivered into the arms of his own dental chair only to discover that he was done an unintentional favor when his girl was stolen away. Perhaps the obvious delight of the audience proves that it has grown weary of sophistication and wants nothing more than a chance to laugh innocently while watching for the pleasant but inevitable happy end. Something, however, must be credited to the beautiful direction of Leo Bulgakov, and something to the very ingratiating performance of a group of actors headed by Lloyd Nolan in the role of the small-town Liliom who didn't get anything he wanted but found out it was just as well. "One Sunday Afternoon" looks like one of those unexpected successes which, after the fashion of "Another Language," will go merrily along for many months to come.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1933

No. 3532

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	273
EDITORIALS:	
Devalue the Dollar—Now!	276
Hitler Wins	277
The Faith of Roosevelt	277
Pleasant Sins	278
ISSUES AND MEN. By Oswald Garrison Villard	279
CAN THE BANKS BE MADE SAFE? By Lawrence Dennis	280
PROTECT THE DEPOSITOR. By Norman Hapgood	283
MARXISM—DOGMA OR METHOD. By Sidney Hook	284
WANTED: STRONG MEN AND RADICAL MEASURES. By Paul Y. Anderson	286
THE AMERICAN LEGION VERSUS AMERICA. By Ernest Angell	287
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	289
CORRESPONDENCE	289
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	290
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
Footnote. By Joseph Wood Krutch	291
They Done Him Wrong. By John T. Flynn	291
Ernest Newman's "Wagner." By Elbert Lenrow	292
One More Christian. By Eliseo Vivas	293
Why We Laugh. By Lionel Trilling	293
Towns Should Be Towns. By C. K. Bauer	294
Morals and the Child. By G. C. Convers	294
Shorter Notices	295
Music: "The Emperor Jones." By Arthur Mendel	297
Films: Miscellany. By William Troy	298
Drama: A Genius on Main Street. By Joseph Wood Krutch	299

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE world has not come to an end—even if a system has. A sense of relief and even of exhilaration has been in the air during these last critical days. The reason is obvious. For the moment, at least, uncertainty has yielded to finality. Almost everyone can endure collapse better than the threat of collapse; and drift has for the moment given way to the promise of action. Moreover, we are all in the mess together—except for those Timid Souls, the big and little hoarders, who must take what satisfaction they can from their private caution—and misery in the company of most of one's fellow-men has some of the flavor of a common adventure. In the rumored phrase of Prince Mike Romanov, "a great many people's checks are now as good as those of a great many others." Whether the jolt will in the long run bring us to our senses or merely knock us silly remains to be seen. Meanwhile, we swap stories of the crash and compare possible losses and express our opinion of our erstwhile betters; we await with simian curiosity the distribution of scrip and take satisfaction in the remarkable circumstance that even though the long-heralded "collapse" seems to be upon us, most of us are still alive, the kitchen table is just where it was, and we are still able to scrape together enough substance to buy the last edition and find out what the gods are up to in their mills in Washington.

SENATOR WALSH'S sudden death on the eve of inauguration was a national calamity. The outstanding figure in the newly appointed Roosevelt Cabinet, his nomination was the guaranty of the Administration's integrity of purpose and an augury of its progressivism. Mr. Walsh's public services have by this time been amply rehearsed in the daily press—the press which, as we suggest elsewhere, gave him scant support when he was on the firing line engaged in a desperate battle against public enemies. It is *The Nation's* view that the services of no Senator now living, excepting only those of George W. Norris, have been as valuable as Tom Walsh's. In these days when the tendency is widespread to cite "the times," "conditions," "changing standards," in extenuation of the weaknesses and betrayals both of public servants and of men in high positions of private trust, the record of Thomas J. Walsh offers a shining example of what a public servant in a democracy may be, and what, single-handed, he may achieve.

HOMER CUMMINGS is not another Tom Walsh, and his presence in the Cabinet, whether temporary or permanent, cannot possibly provide that incomparable quality of ruthless, rugged determination and zeal in the public interest. But Cummings has a good deal to recommend him. He is a brilliant court lawyer and was for ten years State's Attorney in Connecticut. In this post he was distinguished for fair and humane methods almost unique in a prosecutor. His conduct of one particular trial—the Israel case—has become famous in court history. The defendant in this case was a homeless Jewish youth, Harold Israel, who was picked up, in possession of a revolver, some days after the murder of a popular Catholic priest in Bridgeport. After several days of questioning Israel confessed to the crime. His confession and a convincing array of circumstantial evidence were ranged against him. But Cummings, the prosecuting attorney, was doubtful. He made a personal investigation of the case and convinced himself of Israel's innocence. Then, in the face of strong public feeling and police pressure, he presented a brilliant argument for the dismissal of the indictment. In his statement to the court he asserted that "it goes without saying that it is just as important for a State's Attorney to use the great powers of his office to protect the innocent as it is to convict the guilty." Recently Mr. Cummings headed a committee which made a notable report urging fundamental changes in the prison system in Connecticut. All of this is encouraging evidence of his public spirit. If any doubt about his qualifications remains, it lurks in the question of his position on vital economic and social problems. His record is bare of concrete evidence. But it may be said in his behalf that Senator Walsh was one of his oldest and closest friends and had invited Mr. Cummings to act as his chief assistant. And it is also worth recalling that before the convention he vigorously supported Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate whose program would be based upon "sympathetic cognizance of the great producing masses of America," and not upon the claims of privilege and the "overlordship of special interests."

SIR JOHN SIMON, the British Foreign Secretary, is now shedding crocodile tears because other nations have refused to join with England in its arms embargo against China and Japan. He has explained to Parliament that the embargo order may now have to be recalled. Thus Sir John confesses that this "moral gesture" on behalf of peace was simply a diplomatic trick. Under the circumstances it was tantamount to sending the plaintiff as well as the defendant to jail. The smaller Powers at Geneva look upon the machinery of the League as their only protection against the aggression of stronger countries. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria offered an excellent test of this machinery. Japan was fairly tried and fairly convicted. The League then set out to discipline Japan in accordance with the terms of the Covenant. But Sir John upset this program. He took the position, in complete defiance of the Assembly, that both parties to the dispute were "Covenant-breaking states." If the nation aggressed is to be disciplined or penalized along with the aggressor nation, what sort of protection can the smaller Powers expect from the League? Obviously the smaller Powers could not consent to the establishment of such a precedent, and to date they have prevented the League from following Sir John in declaring an embargo against both China and Japan. The United States also refused to follow England. The State Department felt that to declare an embargo against both nations would be equivalent to siding with Japan, for the Japanese now have huge stores of munitions and would not be affected by such an order, while the Chinese have been buying sparingly and so have no large supplies. On the other hand, the department felt that it could not act against Japan alone, for the contrast between the British and American attitude would then have been so striking as to have invited Japanese retaliation. The net effect of Sir John's gesture was to sabotage the program being worked out between Geneva and Washington to call Tokio to account for its deliberate violation of the peace treaties.

JUST HOW do reputable investment bankers differ from "blue-sky artists"? When \$100,000,000 worth of Peruvian government bonds were floated in 1927 and 1928 by a syndicate of American bankers headed by J. and W. Seligman and the National City Company, both these sponsors were independently informed by their own experts that the loans were a bad risk. Lawrence Dennis, sent to Peru by J. and W. Seligman as investigator, repeatedly and categorically counseled the firm against them. He definitely predicted their default within five years. Nevertheless, J. and W. Seligman unloaded these bonds on the American public. While the negotiations for the first \$15,000,000 loan were in process, the firm made the discovery that, to secure it, \$415,000 would have to be paid to Juan Leguía, son of Augusto Leguía, Peru's dictator-president. Close to 1½ per cent of the entire loan was paid to this individual alone, and other "commissions" were paid as well. Henry C. Breck of the Seligman firm testified before the Senate Finance Committee that ½ of 1 per cent would be deemed a high commission, and that the highest the firm had ever paid before was ¼ of 1 per cent. The National City Company's own investigation of Peru produced evidence just as damaging. Victor Schoepperle, one of its vice-presidents, submitted a memorandum before the first loan was floated, declaring

Peru to be "an adverse moral and political risk." Just after this flotation, when loans totaling \$85,000,000 more were contemplated, J. H. Durrell, another vice-president and overseas manager, painted a thoroughly black picture of Peruvian conditions, including the instability of its government, with "a president surrounded by a group of rascals," and the lack of hope for its economic betterment. The company's representative in Peru, Claude W. Calvin, had reported: "The government treasury is flat on its back and gasping for breath." Other memoranda noted Peru's previous defaults and general bad-debt record. Nevertheless, these securities were floated, with the result which Mr. Dennis had so definitely forecast.

ALL THE PERUVIAN LOANS went into default in the first half of 1931. These bonds, sold to the American public at 96 and 91, are now quoted at 7½ and 4½ respectively. The circulars and newspaper advertisements offering the bonds to the public of course made no mention of the adverse conditions of which these banking firms had been fully informed, but instead painted a favorable picture of the prospects and financial condition of Peru. To be sure, these circulars all carried in tiny type at the bottom the usual qualifying sentences: "The above statements are based on information received . . . from official and other sources. While not guaranteeing them, we believe them to be reliable," and so on. This may safeguard these eminent investment bankers under our extremely defective laws. In England corresponding misrepresentation would mean jail for the banking sponsors. But in this country the investor will have to content himself with their expressions of regret and confession of "honest error"—after exposure. For further comfort he may recall the old rhyme:

A very delectable crocodile,
Who sat on the banks of the River Nile
And walled up his eyes,
With a look of woe,
As his tears fell fast
In the stream below.
"I'm mourning," said he,
"The very sad fate,
Of those poor little fish
Which just now I ate."

THE TENDER SILENCE preserved editorially by the press concerning the National City Bank officials, discussed in these columns last week, ended when Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Baker resigned. The *Herald Tribune* felt that "such errors of judgment as Mr. Mitchell has revealed . . . are undoubtedly the defects of his qualities." But the *New York Times* discovered—a week after the revelations had begun—that "the resignation of Charles E. Mitchell was inevitable." "No banking institution," continued Mr. Ochs's paper, "could afford even to appear to approve or condone the transactions . . . there is no safety for anybody, and banks will fall into merited disrepute and distrust if deposits are not regarded as a sacred trust, not as material for reckless speculation." "Not frozen assets, but frozen confidence," concluded the *Times*, "is what is hurting the banks most." Brave words, these, but uttered, oh, how tardily! When has the *Times* spoken out vigorously against the record which it now declares "even in the years before the crash of 1929" was "humiliating and even shameful." The proverbial ounce of

editorial prevention has been conspicuously lacking from the *Times's* columns. Its blame and its praise are a bit belated. On March 3, in a glowing and unqualified editorial eulogy to the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, it paid tribute to "his unflinching courage, his unflagging labor, his unblemished honor, his illuminative explanations, his implacable logic, his perfection as a cross-examiner"—these last in comment on his investigation of the Fall-Doheny-Sinclair attempt to alienate the naval oil reserves. But what was the attitude of the *New York Times* when Senator Walsh was trying to track down the malefactors in government and high finance who were responsible for this corruption? It never gave support to his efforts. In one single editorial (December 9, 1924) it referred to Senator Walsh's "already a little faded glories in the oil investigation," his "childlike innocence," his "artless manner," his "gossamer assumptions."

WE ARE PASSING through the darkest winter the workers of this country have ever known. Unemployment has been increasing every week, until today there are probably no fewer than 14,000,000 men and women out of work. Of want and hunger there is seemingly no end. Yet Congress, which sat through three months of this extremely critical period, adjourned without having voted a single additional penny for unemployment relief. It took no action whatever on the La Follette-Costigan bill, which would have provided \$500,000,000 to be given outright to the States for relief of the jobless and destitute. It allowed even the far less adequate Wagner bill to die in the House. The Wagner measure would have appropriated another \$300,000,000 to be advanced to the States in the form of R. F. C. loans. While the conservative Democrats are primarily to blame for this failure, Senators La Follette and Costigan and other advocates of direct federal relief were too patient, too generous in their efforts to bargain with the obstructionists in Congress. The unemployment crisis would not wait upon such patience. Senators Costigan and La Follette should have forced the issue. They should have compelled every member of Congress to declare himself on the question of feeding or starving the unemployed. In the face of the widespread hunger very few Congressmen would have dared to oppose this relatively modest federal relief bill. We understand that President Roosevelt intends to incorporate the La Follette-Costigan plan in his general relief program. We hope that this is true and that positive action will be taken early in the special session. Every day that relief is delayed, more men, women, and children go without food and clothing, shelter and medical attention.

"THIS HOUSE will, under no circumstances, fight for its king and country." In these unequivocal words the Oxford Union, famous debating society of Oxford University, registered its pacifism by a vote of 275 to 153 on February 9, and set all England by the ears. The "Thunderer" was able to contain itself and dismissed the Union's vote as the "Children's Hour"; but the letter columns of the other conservative papers were filled with the laments of old Oxonians who had lived to see the day; and shouts of communism, internationalism, and cowards split the English air. On February 16 a group of green-shirted fascist undergraduates invaded the hall of the Union while a meeting was in progress and tore from the minute book the pages recording

what one of them called the "intolerably foul motion"; at the same meeting the president announced the arrival of two consignments, each containing 275 white feathers, or two apiece for the pacifist voters. Did the pacifists retreat? They did not. Instead, they accepted and wore the white feathers. And the fate of the British Empire was officially sealed at a riotous meeting on March 2, during which stench bombs were thrown, when the Union, on a motion to expunge the offending resolution from the records, reaffirmed its pacifism by a vote of 750 to 138. The Manchester University Union on March 3 adopted the same resolution by 371 to 196.

STUDENT VOTES on the most popular this and that are not generally news, but when the seniors of Manhattan College designate "Ann Vickers" as their favorite novel of the year, the fact deserves a headline. Manhattan College, it must be remembered, is a leading Catholic institution which numbers Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein among its graduates; and when one considers this in connection with the fact that the Catholic weekly *America* has recently in its anti-"smut" campaign singled out Sinclair Lewis as a particularly corrupt and corrupting writer whose works should be suppressed, one begins to question the boasted Catholic ability to mold the minds of its charges. Even that, however, is not all, for the heroine of this favorite novel enjoys various unblessed unions, including one with a Tammany politician, and she passionately justifies the abortion of an infant conceived as the result of another episode with a Jewish radical. None of the other student choices is quite so striking, but the selection of P. G. Wodehouse as the favorite writer and of Jack Pearl as the favorite comedian does seem to indicate that the intellectual and aesthetic tastes of these Catholic students are not much above those of students at, let us say, Harvard or Princeton. We believe that these election returns give us the right to reply to *America* with a phrase familiar to all Catholics of sound classical training: Physician, heal thyself!

IT IS ALWAYS A TRAGEDY when a gallant figure among those believing in and working for a better world falls by the wayside, but the loss is more bitter when it occurs in a time of exceptional crisis like the present. It is thus, at least, that we feel about the death of Forrest Bailey, until recently codirector of the American Civil Liberties Union. He was obliged to withdraw from active work almost a year ago on account of impaired health. A paralytic stroke made recovery impossible, although he bore up for many months with remarkable fortitude and cheerfulness. Mr. Bailey's early manhood was spent in his native California, but nearly a decade ago a passion for the fundamental freedoms led him into the American Civil Liberties Union, where his painstaking and intelligent work did much to establish the reputation of that organization for dependability and non-partisanship. He helped to organize the defense of John Scopes—attacked for teaching evolution in Tennessee—and was active in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Gastonia textile workers, and the Kentucky coal miners. Hatred of sham and pretense was an outstanding characteristic of Mr. Bailey. He despised weasel words in others and scorned to use them himself. His personal relations were tempered with thoughtful kindness and a catholic sense of humor. A remarkable absence of self-seeking in his work and life will not blind others to its value.

Devalue the Dollar—Now

NOW that we have been forced temporarily to close the nation's banks and suspend gold payments, there is no longer any reason for discussing anything less than radical and thoroughgoing reforms in our banking and currency system. *The Nation* recommends these immediate steps:

1. The devaluation of the dollar. The President's bank proclamation suspending gold payments for a few days has taken us at least technically off the gold basis. It is impossible to see how unrestricted conversion of currency into gold can again be permitted. The President should continue the temporary suspension of gold payments, and arrange to have the forthcoming World Economic Conference called at the earliest possible moment. At that conference the United States should urge a uniform devaluation of world currencies by approximately 50 per cent. The only variations permitted should be those necessary to establish either a single international unit or to make one unit an even multiple of the other. The United States should announce in advance, however, that if it cannot secure world cooperation and uniform reduction, it will act alone to devalue the dollar by 50 per cent and resume gold bullion conversion on that basis within **one** year.

2. Congress should pass immediately a constitutional amendment abolishing State banks and compelling all banks to operate under national charters. Our banking system must be transferred from forty-nine controls to one control.

3. If these steps are taken, the immediate currency situation can doubtless be successfully met by the issuance of clearing-house certificates. Wherever the problem is one of mere liquidity, these certificates can be acceptable at 100 cents on the dollar. Wherever banks are not merely illiquid but insolvent, their certificates should be honored only to the extent of 80, 60, or 40 per cent, as the clearing-house committees working in collaboration with bank examiners may decide.

4. There should be no attempt whatever on the part of the government to guarantee bank deposits. Such an attempt would be perilous to the government's finances even under the most favorable circumstances. With a large number of banks insolvent, and with no real control by the federal government over the individual loans of national banks and no control whatever over the policies of State banks, any attempt to guarantee deposits would be disastrous.

5. There should be an end to bank holidays and bank moratoriums.

Other measures will have to be taken later, but these represent a minimum program for immediate action.

The Nation a year ago, in the issues of March 30 and April 6, 1932, published two articles by Henry Hazlitt recommending the devaluation of the dollar. Two considerations have hitherto stood in the way of a persistent advocacy of that course. The first was the remote hope that the crisis would be mitigated by less drastic measures—an adjustment of the war debts, for example, and a reduction of world tariff barriers, particularly our own. The second was the certainty that serious discussion of devaluation by Congress, while gold

was still being freely paid out by the Reserve banks, would precipitate a gold raid that would in itself throw us off the gold basis and perhaps leave us with insufficient gold even to maintain a devaluated dollar. But nothing has been done to mitigate the crisis, the inevitable collapse of confidence has followed, and as the temporary suspension of gold payments has already occurred, devaluation can be discussed without fear of a further gold drain.

If gold payments continue to be suspended or drastically restricted, as seems altogether probable, opinion will divide broadly into two schools of thought. One school will hold that we must inflexibly maintain or return to gold payments at the old parity of the dollar. The other school will rejoice that we are free of our gold shackles and will be content to drift along on a paper basis, fondly imagining that the value of this paper can be "managed" by the Federal Reserve Board by controlling its quantity, and that its quantity will be controllable.

The recommendations of both schools of thought must be rejected. We have maintained the dollar at the old gold parity only at the cost of bringing down our banking structure. Adequate and uniform debt, interest, rent, and wage adjustments to the violent and unparalleled drop in wholesale prices since 1928 have not been and cannot be made. The attempt to make them has merely brought about further disorganization and deflation. Adjustment can be obtained only by doubling the price level, bringing it approximately to that prevailing in 1928; and there is only one dependable way to do this—to cut the measuring rod, the dollar of 25.8 grains of gold, in half.

On the other hand, we cannot have stability and relative certainty, we cannot control inflation, we cannot have as much depreciation in the currency as we want and no more, we cannot have external stability for currencies and a free flow of world trade, unless we continue to make currency redeemable in some standard internationally acceptable; and gold continues to be by far the most satisfactory—or least unsatisfactory—standard for this purpose. If we could secure international agreement for a uniform devaluation, then no country would be repudiating any part of its obligations to another, and we could help to secure the prompt return of Great Britain and her financial satellite countries to a gold basis on which world trade could be resumed. The internal problem of American contracts payable in gold could be met by placing a tax on gold payments, deductible at the source, somewhat higher than the percentage of devaluation.

The need to have all our banks under one national control has always been apparent. Continuance of the present system is now shown to be intolerable. Under it banks are subject to forty-nine different laws, while State and federal governments are both powerless to establish adequate regulations for fear that recalcitrant banks will shift from federal to State charters or vice versa. It should no longer be possible, moreover, for any panicky or ill-advised governor to take an action affecting the banks of his own State that will lead to a spread of panic throughout the country. State legislatures will recognize this now if ever.

Of all ways of dealing with a banking crisis, the bank holiday or moratorium, or the general restriction of withdrawals, is the very worst. If depositors feel that in a short time they will not be able to draw freely on their bank deposits, they will naturally wish to draw out everything immediately. If they have been prevented from withdrawing by a holiday, they will want to withdraw everything as soon as the holiday has ended. If their withdrawals are restricted, they will tend to draw up to the maximum allowed under the restrictions. A banking crisis can be met only by permitting solvent but illiquid banks to make payments in certificates or scrip; and by either closing insolvent banks entirely or, as the new New York State law provides, permitting the free withdrawal of a certain percentage of the old deposits, the issuance of interest-bearing transferable certificates for the remainder, and the entirely free withdrawal of new deposits.

Finally, there is no denying the fact that the intense feeling of outrage in regard to banks and bankers which has swept over the whole country, intensified by the National City Bank revelations, but due chiefly to the banking breakdown, will make inevitable a widespread demand for the complete nationalization of banking.

Hitler Wins

BY adding no less than 5,528,000 to his previous vote, and with the aid of his Hugenberg Nationalist allies, whose vote actually decreased, Adolf Hitler is firmly established in the chancellorship and can now wreak his will upon what is left of the German Republic. He has achieved his goal, and the only redeeming feature of this disaster to the democratic and liberal movements in his country is that he has won the chancellorship by constitutional methods without resorting to violence. The constitution was respected in form, but a matter of fact it was breached at many points. The terrorization of the voters, the wholesale suppression of the Socialist and Communist press, the arrest of the leading Communists, the raids upon the chief Jewish defense organizations—all these made Hitler's victory sure. Indeed, it is remarkable that in the face of this the Communist vote decreased by only 1,132,000 and the Social Democrat by but 135,000. None the less, the battle for democracy is lost. Herr Hitler will unquestionably unseat the Communists by *force majeure* and fraud, thereby obtaining the necessary two-thirds' majority to send the Reichstag home.

And so another fascist dictatorship arises, to remind Americans of the complete failure of our "victory" in the World War to achieve the ends we set ourselves. The world safe for democracy? Democracy perishes in Germany and those in control of her destiny not only represent, in part at least, the most odious forms of big-business and large-landowner control as they existed during the regime of the Kaiser, but are committed to universal military service, rearmament, and every one of the forms of militarism against which Mr. Wilson called all Americans to fight. The only thing lacking to complete the picture is the restoration of the monarchy; that that is not now in sight is largely because of the personal unpopularity of the former Kaiser and the former Crown Prince. But even without that prospect, Germany

faces autocratic one-man rule modeled on that of Mussolini.

The road will not be easy for Hitler even after he has taken all the power into his hands. In the first place, the man himself is incompetent to lead, for he is totally ignorant of economic and financial questions. Whether he will permit himself to be guided by the reactionary hold-overs from the Von Papen and Von Schleicher Cabinets, who form a majority of his own, remains to be seen; he now represents 17,265,000 votes, and the Nationalists but 3,132,000—they actually lost 103,000 votes. He may therefore decline to let the tail wag the dog. Already the Hitler campaign has checked the upward movement in German industry. The agrarian situation is worse than ever, the last doses of high tariffs having naturally failed to bring prosperity to the farmers. If the economic tide runs again, however, in the direction of prosperity, if Hitler can find work for some unemployed, the number of whom is still mounting, he may satisfy the populace for a long time to come. But if even a year hence the economic situation of the country is no better—or is worse—it may be impossible for him to hold together the deluded masses who have looked upon him as a veritable savior. He has promised to lead them out of the wilderness, and if he does not do it, the disillusioned, desperate people will—if they can—turn to someone else. Such desertions he will undoubtedly try to combat by violence, by rewriting the constitution to suit his own purposes, as well as by practically abolishing the Reichstag and using all the instruments of propaganda as he did during the last campaign. That he will stay his hand is unthinkable. The very fact that he has carried the heretofore impregnable citadel of Bavaria, and that he has swept Prussia and completely dominates the Prussian Diet, will encourage him to smash democratic and representative institutions just as rapidly as he can. In the last analysis it will come down to a question whether the German people will permit themselves to be cowed or will rise against the most unprincipled demagogue yet to curse Germany.

By sheer ruthlessness and brutality even an incompetent dictator can hold himself in office a long time; that the policy of the Hitlerites will be "brutal" to the Communists and Social Democrats has been officially stated by one of Hitler's lieutenants. As for the Jews, they are profoundly to be pitied. Hitler may not actually resort to pogroms, as he and his men have promised that they would; he has yet to make good his boast that when he took office "heads would roll in the sand." But in the months, and perhaps the years, to come the Jews will live as marked persons, fearing the loss of their citizenship—also decreed by the Hitler platform—and facing persecution, prejudice, and personal violence. Leave Germany they cannot, unless permission is given to them by the government—even Switzerland has just increased its frontier guards to prevent those in terror of the Nazis from seeking that historic asylum which was so readily and happily granted to the revolutionists of 1848. As for the labor unions, they lost their opportunity to check this movement a long time ago, and they are now weakened and frightened. Altogether the spectacle of Germany is one to make the gods weep. It is, of course, at bottom due to the folly and the wickedness of the Treaty of Versailles. But this does not alter the fact that Germany has now become one of the danger spots of Europe; a source of unrest and international anxiety, and perhaps another threat of war.

The Faith of Roosevelt

ON the very day which marked the ending of an epoch President Roosevelt delivered his inaugural. Never in our national history has there been so dramatic a coincidence as this simultaneous transfer of power and the complete collapse of a system and of a philosophy. At that zero hour Mr. Roosevelt's words had something of the challenge, the symbolism, and the simplicity of a trumpet blast. After a clear presentation of our plight and of the evident truth that it "comes from no failure of substance," he properly indicted "the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods" for their "incompetence," for their lack of vision, for their "false leadership," for the futility of their efforts "cast in the pattern of an outworn tradition," and delivered this verbal scourging: "The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization."

And then this exposition of his new faith: "We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit. Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement and in the thrill of creative effort." And after decrying "the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success," and demanding "an end to a conduct in banking and in business which too often has given to a sacred truth the likeness of callous and selfish wrongdoing," the President observed: "Small wonder that confidence languishes, for it thrives only on honesty, on honor, on the sacredness of obligations, on faithful protection, on unselfish performance."

Good, Mr. President! There is a declaration of principle which all Americans who cherish what is noblest in our traditions will applaud, a standard to which they may repair. It was perhaps inevitable that this first message of the nation's new leader should be cast in general terms. The crisis was too acute, the cumulation of unexpected events too pressing, to make possible the presentation of a detailed program, even had the time and place warranted it. But the assertion that our greatest primary task is to "put people to work," and that "it is no unsolvable problem," provides a formula which, if materialized with the utmost speed and determination, will mark March 4 as the true bottom to which our nation has sunk, economically, socially, spiritually.

There are those who will view the President's message as empty verbiage, will disparage it as not fundamental, as an attempt to invoke "ancient truths" in the same message which decries "exhortations" and the following of "an outworn tradition." We prefer to believe at this moment that Mr. Roosevelt has come to understand that the changed times demand a new technique and a basically new approach to the problems of society, and that his words are implicit with that knowledge. He cannot very well put "an end to speculation with other people's money" without changing drastically at certain points the profit system which, through the excesses and perversions of the recent past, has created the greatest disaster in our history.

To achieve "social values more noble than mere monetary profit," to "keep the money changers permanently out of the temple of our civilization" (incidentally, it would be well to search them as they pass out) would be to transform

America. It would, of course, be a transformation in terms of the third decade of the twentieth century, in terms of an industrial and highly complex civilization, but directed toward a goal such as Jefferson envisaged—a democracy based on full economic, as well as political, equality. It would be a transformation into what this country might have been, and what, given the right kind of leadership, it may still be. The nation will eagerly await Mr. Roosevelt's fulfilment of these pledges.

Pleasant Sins

THE prisoners in Alimony Row have found a friend at last. Only a few days ago Supreme Court Justice Paul Bonyng ordered the release of one Umberto Politano, and at the same time handed down a decision which may some day be regarded as the divorcé's bill of rights. Politano, an illiterate bricklayer, had already served two years and seven months for the crime of having lost his job. Under our present laws there is no reason why he should not have spent the rest of his life in jail, and it is amazing that we should have had to wait until now to find a judge who would effectively protest against the monstrous law which keeps a man confined until he pays a debt which the confinement itself makes it impossible to pay. Commenting upon the custom of sentencing such delinquents for contempt of court, Justice Bonyng remarked:

If an intruder disturbs the serenity of a courtroom by disorderly or insolent behavior, or interrupts the proceedings of the court, or wilfully resists a lawful mandate, the limits of judicial displeasure are circumscribed by statute to a jail sentence of thirty days and a fine of \$250. However, let a waspish woman pluck the sleeve of the judicial gown, or nudge the elbow concealed therein, and this temperate restraint is immediately cast aside, and the delinquent spouse faces the possibility of unending imprisonment through successive adjudications of contempt.

Unfortunately, however, Justice Boyng did not take time to ask why this cruel absurdity should have found and held its place in our legal system. Many years ago the injustice and folly of imprisonment for debt of any other kind was recognized, but the common sense which abolished the ordinary debtors' prison stopped short of the alimony jail—just as common sense usually stops short of those things which are somehow held "sacred." The crime of the man who does not, or cannot, pay his alimony is a crime vaguely associated with sexual misbehavior, and sexual irregularities are set apart to be treated with a severity otherwise unknown in civilized states. The sexually guilty man is surrounded by an infernal aura which neither mercy nor ordinary sense can dispel.

We punish with the greatest severity those forbidden sins which, consciously or unconsciously, we ourselves should most like to indulge. Perhaps, as the elder Samuel Butler said, we also "compound for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to," but the truth proclaimed by the Freudian psychology is a newer and profounder truth. The sins we are inclined to are the ones we damn most vigorously. Show us a judge intolerant of divorce and conspicuously severe upon victims of the alimony racket and we will show you one not too satisfied with his own wife.

Issues and Men

James H. Perkins and the National City Bank

N OBODY could possibly envy James H. Perkins, the new head of the National City Bank. There has been dumped upon him a mess which was once a great banking institution. He has not been in the bank, or connected, I believe, with the affiliated National City Company, but has been devoting his time to the Farmers Trust, another part of the aggregation. I doubt if he knows very much about the inside of the bank, and I do not believe he is going to have many happy days as he finds out some of the inside conditions, such as were illustrated again last week by the discovery of a loan of \$10,200 to the general manager of the Port of New York Authority about six weeks after the National City Company had underwritten an issue of \$66,000,000 of Port Authority bonds. As usual, when friends were taken care of, no security was required, no indorsers obtained, and no interest collected. Of course this was not a bribe, or a bid for future business from the Port Authority. Heaven forbid! It was just a generous kindly act to take care of a good man who happened to be in a jam. Why not give him \$10,200 of the stockholders' money and overlook such matters as collateral and interest? That's the way to make friends for the bank! Judging by the reputation which Mr. Perkins has borne in the past this sort of thing will make him extremely uncomfortable. He has a man-sized job if he is really going to clean out the Augean stables which he took over from Mr. Mitchell. But I hope that he has no illusion as to one thing: he cannot restore the bank to the position it should hold in public confidence until he makes a clean sweep. He may not wish to do it now; he may not, in fact, be able to do it until he really sizes up the situation, but if he wishes to win the battle that is before him he can win it only by acts which will demonstrate to the public that he proposes to make the institution as clean as aound's tooth. These include the removal of Mr. Rentschler as president and the retirement of those directors who were so kind-hearted and generous as to make a loan of \$2,400,000 of the stockholders' money to the officers who were loaded up with bank stock and have to this date repaid only 5 per cent of the loan made to them.

Whenever a journalist or a reformer or an honest legislator uncovers a bit of rascality he is always accused of "rocking the boat" and doing his bit of necessary muckraking at precisely the wrong time. In my long years of journalistic service I have never yet blazed away at a bit of capitalistic wrongdoing without being sent for, or waited upon, by some Wall Street magnate who pointed out to me, with much condescension and great pity for my shortsightedness, that I was doing a lot of unnecessary damage by putting a searchlight on the wrongdoers and demanding the punishment of the guilty. The arguments always run thus: (1) The misconduct took place some time ago and therefore is a matter of the past; (2) the guilty men have already resigned or been adequately punished by public opinion; (3) the new management is honest and will do its best to clean house; (4) it cannot do this overnight and it should not be pestered into hasty

action; (5) by harping on the matter public confidence in all important fiduciary matters will be further shaken, thereby creating a dangerous situation; and (6) who are you anyway to set yourself up as a censor, and venture to tell people how they shall run their affairs in which they are competent and you are not? These were the arguments that were used at the time of the unveiling by Charles E. Hughes of the insurance wrongdoing, an achievement which set Mr. Hughes upon the career that nearly put him into the White House, and landed him, whiskers and all, in the Chief Justiceship. That these time-honored arguments have, in this case, been effective in shackling the editorial writers was proved in last week's *Nation*. Even Walter Lippmann is silent.

I have personally experienced this pressure during the last week in connection with my public demand for the resignation of Gordon Rentschler, the president of the National City Bank, and those of its directors who by their votes approved the lending of \$2,400,000 to the higher officials of the bank. It has been pointed out to me that the banking situation is so critical that I should follow the example of the other editors and keep silent about the misdeeds of Mr. Mitchell and his associates. In fact, I have found the Wall Street world far more critical of the Senate committee which brought about the exposure at this time than of the delinquents. It has "rocked the boat." I suppose Mr. Mitchell should have been allowed to go on as chairman of the board which is running the bank. Of course it comes down to an honest difference of opinion. My theory has always been that it is much the best to open up such a sore and let the public see that all its contents are removed, and the wound sterilized. The other theory is that you should hush it all up so that nobody knows that the doctors were operating or what the result has been, and trust that the public will have forgotten the whole matter when times are really "propitious" for ventilating the ills. That would mean, of course, that they would never be ventilated.

Now the fact is that Wall Street has not got much time left to set its house in order. Why talk about rocking the boat? It has sunk. This Mitchell case is not the only one. We have had chapter after chapter, as the files of *The Nation* attest. The West is ready now for the most drastic kind of anti-Wall Street action. It would not astonish me at all if before long we should read proposals for government control and management of all our banking institutions. Russia has it. The German government dominates or owns 60 per cent of its banking institutions. Why, it will be asked, can the United States not take over the whole business once and for all? The editor of the *Tulsa, Oklahoma, Tribune*, Richard Lloyd Jones, asks me why we cannot "kill the Wall Street octopus? It sucks the substance out of the industrial life of every State in the nation."

Walter Garrison Villard

Can the Banks Be Made Safe?*

By LAWRENCE DENNIS

DEFLATION takes the final count. The nationwide credit collapse of March 4 was the inevitable culmination of a 50 per cent shrinkage in economic production since 1929. Three years of sound finance had reduced bank loans and deposits—and employment—by about a third. Earnings, the only true measure of worth of bank assets, had suffered an even greater decline. Prudent bankers had preferred short-term government bills paying $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent to loans to finance employment. (Production was unprofitable.) But once the public showed banker prudence by preferring gold and currency to insecure deposits, the moratorium was declared overnight. Depositors must now suffer as well as the unemployed. A scaling down of bank deposits and a devaluation of the dollar will doubtless mark the country's awakening from the nightmare of keeping the dollar sound and the nation's industries idle.

Can savings and a fair return thereon be made safe under our present system? Not only does the system not give the workers security in a job, but the thrifty cannot be sure that the savings of their productive years will be available for use in old age or an emergency. Are these conditions inevitable under the present economic system or are they avoidable? Do all savings and investment constitute a gamble on the future course of uncontrollable economic events?

It is commonly assumed that there must be a moral right and a possible way to conserve savings and at the same time to receive what some people pietistically term a fair return on them. The fair return, be it noted, means all you can get in a free, competitive capital market without using fraud, violence, or special advantages in ways forbidden by law. The fair return cannot be predetermined, because it must be fixed by innumerable factors which could be controlled only under a regime which admitted of little or no freedom of contract. But debtors promise a fixed return. Then debtor farmers are evicted from their homes by due process of law for failing to keep a promise which no one should have a right to make, granted everyone's inability to control the factors which condition fulfilment. An interest-bearing loan, by reason of the unpredictability of future economic events, is, of necessity, a gambling operation.

Thinking on this problem is confused by the assumption, which may be correct, that during the brief hundred-year period of frontier and industrial growth the average investor conserved his savings and netted a small return. But the experience of so brief and exceptional an era in the history of mankind establishes no rule that interest is permanently obtainable. Nor does it admit interest to the family of decent social institutions. Nevertheless, the investor who in 1928 wanted 6 to 8 per cent on bonds and 4 to 6 per cent on bank deposits now feels a moral grievance against the bankers who sold him what he wanted, which is now in default. Of course the basic error lay in the public's concept of a banker. The thrifty, who conceived the banker to be a professional public servant charged with the social

duty of administering finance, paying 6 per cent, and preventing hard times, have had a rude awakening. They should have read Jesus, Aristotle, Saint Thomas Aquinas, or John Maynard Keynes on the subject of interest instead of the modern prophets of Mammon. Aristotle, the Roman Catholic church, and the Jewish books of the law, to cite only three reputable exponents of ethical concepts, have denounced all interest as usury and as morally wrong. Some people whose ethical concepts are derived from earlier sources than Bruce Barton find the current moral indignation over the failure of the money changers about as justifiable as that of a man who has been cleaned out by a legally operated Monte Carlo. It is impossible to make usury safe or wholesome for democracy.

Passing from ethics to practice, let us consider honestly whether bank failures and investment losses are due to bad financial management or bad economic events or both. No one will deny that administrative incompetence and overt dishonesty are, occasionally, factors in determining which competing bank will fail first in the period of hard times. But it remains to be proved that any brand of banking judgment could have prevented the present depression, although supposedly the depression should have been foreseen by those closest to the statisticians, experts, prognosticators, and bank economists, who turned out to be as ignorant of coming events as the man in the street. Wise bank management could avert bank failures in a community of failing business only if all banks could be closed without loss in advance of the general decline. And to anticipate the decline requires far more prophetic vision than our kings of finance possessed. Obviously, any attempt to abandon fields doomed to depression would defeat itself, since liquidation could not be effected without a nearly total loss of capital.

The idea that wise bank management can obviate depressions is not unlike a notion that life-insurance companies might avert deaths. Banking and insurance are conducted with a view to bearing just so many and no more losses. Banks could not have functioned since the war on the basis of the expectancy of the present depression. Life-insurance companies could not operate on the assumption of a possible plague which might kill off millions of people in one year. The state may be able to maintain demand in such a way as to obviate depressions, just as medical science, combined with the police power, may be able to avert a great plague. The money and debt merchants, however, are not God, the state, or yet the whole people.

Banks in agricultural regions have failed since 1920 by the thousands for the reason that agriculture, as a business, has been a nation-wide and calamitous failure. It did not lie within the power of the bankers to pick for agriculturists a more profitable way of life and put them into it. No amount of banking wisdom or government control of private, profit-seeking banking can ever make a deposit or an investment anything better than a share in the lot of a given community. Bankers buy deposits from depositors and I.O.U.'s from business borrowers. The banker cannot honor his obligation to the depositors if universal adversity makes

*The first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue.—
EDITORS THE NATION.

it impossible for large numbers of his debtors to meet their obligations. To prevent bank failures, one must prevent business failures. That the bankers cannot do, as they control neither the state, business enterprises, nor consumers.

Bank credit is created and bank debt is incurred on the basis of certain general assumptions. It is assumed that current output of goods and services, current national income in money, and the prevailing price level are going to be maintained within a narrow margin of fluctuation. If, after a given volume of credit is created, total output, total money income, and the price level are all reduced by one-half—that is roughly what has happened since 1929—it must follow that credits and debts will be similarly reduced. The tragedy of this reduction is that it must take place largely through “the orderly administration in bankruptcy,” bank liquidations, and mortgage foreclosures. Nothing except a legal hanging could be more orderly than these processes, which are conducted by our courts with careful observance of the “due process of law.”

The following figures give some quantitative notion of the extent of the orderly readjustment:

	1929	1932	Percentage of Reduction
<i>(Dollar amounts are in billions)</i>			
Total long-term debts in the United States. Estimate of the National Industrial Conference Board	\$154	*	Probably about 10
Total loans of all banks at the end of September	\$42	\$26	37
Index of industrial production. 1923-1925 equals 100. Federal Reserve Board Index	119	60	50
National income, or the value in dollars of goods and services sold during the year	\$85	\$40	53
Wholesale prices. United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. 1926 equals 100	95	65	32

*In 1932 the outstanding volume of debt had probably been reduced by less than 10 per cent of the 1929 total. A \$7,000,000,000 to \$9,000,000,000 increase in public debt offsets an equal amount of deflation by bankruptcies and other arrangements.

Long-term debt has not yet been reduced proportionately to the decline in money income, production, and prices. This means that a large amount of now outstanding debt in bonds and mortgages included in the \$154,000,000,000 total must be written off sooner or later. Recognition of this probability is reflected in the present quotations of bonds and mortgages. The significance of these coming events is that bank deposits must be scaled down through bank failures at the expense of bank stockholders, depositors, and creditors, or through state assumption of bank liabilities at the expense of the taxpayer. Our banks hold some \$18,000,000,000 in bonds and mortgages which, with the permission of the Comptroller of the Currency and the State bank superintendents, are being carried on balance sheets at the now

fictitious values of four years ago. To write off only 20 per cent of present bank assets of over \$45,000,000,000 would wipe out the total capital and reserves, amounting to about \$7,000,000,000, of all our banks. The impairment of assets, of course, is much greater than 20 per cent.

During the year ended June 30, 1932, according to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, our national banks wrote off in losses \$490,000,000, or \$139,780,000 more than total profits. For the first time in its sixty-three years of operation the entire national-banking system sustained an operating loss, the amount being 4.94 per cent of total capital and surplus of all national banks. During the worst year of the depression of the seventies there was a net profit of 5.48 per cent, and for the panic year of 1893 the average net profit was 4.5 per cent.

My analysis shows why some 6,000 banks have failed during the depression, why others are sure to fail, and why still solvent banks are feverishly converting commercial loans into government bonds. It also shows why the banks have already borrowed \$600,000,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and why government assumption of the banking function is ultimately inevitable in this crisis. The banks cannot take the losses incidental to the suspension of half the productive activity of the nation. And I venture to prophesy that the American taxpayer cannot take these losses of the banks and insurance companies unless the government uses the power of the state to restore economic activity to a level which corresponds with the existing debt structure.

The hope of meeting the crisis of nation-wide insolvency by the expedients of further banking concentration and branch banking is pathetic. The performances of the super-creations of Insull and Kreuger, sponsored by the best big bankers, warrant no confidence in mere size. The well-run \$3,000,000,000 United States Steel Corporation had an operating deficit of \$91,000,000 in 1932 and its rate of losses is increasing. The Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association of San Francisco, controlled by Giannini's Transamerica Corporation, our premier billion-dollar chain-bank experiment, had to borrow \$64,900,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. A bank chain of 146 branches had to close last month in Michigan. There is no evidence that larger bank chains would change fundamental business trends for the better or prove wiser than small unit banks. Bigger and fewer banks mean bigger and fewer failures, or failures so big that they are not allowed to close the banks but are made the liability of the taxpayer and the cause of a currency devaluation.

Our present banking system does not pool our banking resources in a few nation-wide chains. We have at present some 19,000 independent or semi-independent unit banks. From the nature of this system it follows that each bank must react promptly and thoroughly to changes in the fortunes of its respective community. This system has the possible merit of making local bankers men of initiative in their community rather than employees or agents of chain-store banks. The system also gives to a few large banks of New York a higher degree of liquidity and immunity from the first impact of the depression than can be enjoyed by smaller banks. This is necessary in order to enable the New York banks to meet the demands for immediate withdrawal of deposits by smaller banks.

The statement that foreign banking systems have had fewer bank failures than our own may be technically correct but it is substantively untrue. The nineteenth century recorded numerous failures of great bank chains in Europe and Australia. In the post-war period the large bank systems of Britain, Germany, Austria, and even France have been sustained only by unlimited and constant state aid. Canadian banks pay off depositors with their own paper money and not with gold or notes convertible into gold. The Canadian dollar recently touched 83 cents. The Bank of England lost hundreds of millions of dollars in 1931 trying to save the banks and the gold standard. So far it has kept the British banks open by abandoning the gold standard and letting the pound sterling depreciate by one-third of its par value. We have preferred to preserve the gold standard and let 10,000 banks close in thirteen years. It should not be deemed an achievement to keep banks open with the government printing-press or the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—although the R. F. C. has not done it. But it is incorrect to attribute to big banks saved by the state the virtues of solvency lacking in small banks of farmers which have not been so nursed.

The Glass bill, against which Senator Long filibustered so courageously, authorized State-wide branch banking for national banks. As finally amended, the bill authorized branch banking for national banks in States which permitted branch banking for State banks. The Glass bill also provided for the setting up of a liquidation corporation to buy the assets of insolvent banks. This corporation would receive from the United States a gift of \$125,000,000, from the surplus of the Federal Reserve banks some \$65,000,000, and from the member banks of the system a capital subscription of about \$65,000,000. The bill does not attack fundamental problems, but strikes at weak points, such as the security affiliates of the large banks. (These affiliates enabled the big banks to make money during the boom while the honestly run country banks were failing by the hundreds.) The Couzens bank bill merely enlarges for six months the discretionary powers of the Comptroller of the Currency with a view to meeting the supposed needs of the Michigan bank situation.

Those who blame individual moral turpitude for financial ills may think their case is proved by the disclosures of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, particularly in its investigation of the National City Bank and the National City Company, both owned and operated by the same persons. Charles E. Mitchell and Hugh B. Baker, after the exposure of their manipulations, said that they had been mistaken, that they were sorry, and that they would not do it again. A few days later they resigned. But are these bankers any more to blame than their reputable directors, who knew and approved all the acts of management, as is established by the records? Or than the reputable downtown attorneys who passed on the legality and propriety of all important acts? Or than the federal Comptroller of the Currency and the New York State Superintendent of Banks, whose duty it was to know about all and prevent many of these acts? And how about the assenting stockholders, especially those who realized 200 and 300 per cent in profits on the sale of City Bank stock at Mr. Mitchell's manipulated prices?

If Mr. Mitchell did wrong in 1929, why was he not ousted, denounced, and prosecuted then? He is guilty of

having shown exceptional boldness, energy, and imagination in the exploitation of a get-rich-quick philosophy which intelligent people have always known to be immoral and impracticable over any length of time. Anyone who accepts this philosophy, as almost all our financial leaders, not excepting Owen D. Young, did in 1929, must, in order to compete successfully, lie to others and to himself, though he may be sincerely self-deceived. In Monte Carlo it is understood that some win what others lose and that the game beats the players. Wall Street assumes impossibly large returns with safety, honor, and public welfare. Bankers, in law and practice, have absolutely no fiduciary relationship to their clients in the recommendation and sale of investments. Like horse traders, they sell on a let-the-buyer-beware basis. If they are to be allowed to ply their trade, the people should be taught from childhood the facts about bankers. Instead, they are taught to ask a banker's advice as to whether they should buy his wares and to treat a salesman as if he were a professional man.

Honest banking would have to be banking for service with the small compensation for management and brokerage which is obtainable over a long period. Laws which would eliminate dishonesty from banking would leave three-fourths of our bankers without a business and reduce the other one-fourth to the role of government officials. The people and big business will prefer today to lay upon such scapegoats as Mitchell, Insull, et al. the sins of a system through which they hope later on to be able to buy bank stock again at 140 and sell it two years later at 560, as Mr. Mitchell enabled a few to do in the late boom. A 300 per cent rise in the market price of a bank stock during a two-year period of falling commodity prices establishes a prima facie presumption of dishonesty.

Bank reforms such as prohibiting the combination of a commercial bank with a security-selling affiliate or requiring bankers to qualify professionally will not reduce dishonesty in finance. Kreuger received abundant accommodation and cooperation the world over from the best commercial banks which had no security affiliates. And Kreuger was universally extolled by respected banking authorities. That wise expert and righteous prophet of business as it ought to be, Sir Arthur Salter, praised Kreuger and his works just a few weeks before the Kreuger scandal leaked out. Where there is a will and a remotely possible way to get rich quick there will be legal and near-legal chicanery which pious profit-seekers will not discover as long as it seems to work, and which they will denounce as soon as it fails.

In final answer to the question, Can the banks be made safe? let me summarize certain conclusions. First, there is no moral right or proved way to conserve savings and receive interest indefinitely in a free market. Second, the banks can be made no safer than a job or a living from a business. Third, the banks, in a free market, cannot control the economic life of a nation, and without a free market the bankers would be the last to be chosen as dictators. Fourth, if a situation has at last arisen in the history of capitalist expansion in which banks cannot operate unless the government pays their losses, then bank credit, like minting coins or printing currency, must become a function of the state, conducted for public welfare and not for private profit. And that would necessarily mean the substitution of some form of state capitalism in place of the present system.

Protect the Depositor

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE amount that any person is allowed to deposit in the Postal Savings banks is twenty-five hundred dollars. There is no reason why the amount should not, at least in this crisis, be raised to twenty-five million, or as much more as anybody has; and to take so simple a step would tend to limit hoarding and increase confidence. Such a move would not be isolated. It would recognize a principle that sooner or later—and probably soon—will be recognized anyway: that the body which has the power to inspect and control the banks should assume the risk of their soundness or lack of it. Moreover, it would be an entering wedge for a still larger principle. To those capable of realizing that we are now witnessing the end of an era, it is clear that anything like the existing debt structure cannot exist in the new era which we must build. Yet, unless we are Marxian in thought, we must contrive some method by which the individual may be able to save, and by which he may safely invest his savings.

Banks as we know them will disappear, since they represent a system of borrowing that will be cut down to a remnant. Bonds and stocks will be greatly reduced. Where, then, can the thrifty man turn for safety? He should be able to turn to the one great creditor that has the power to protect his savings, when such power exists at all. He should be able to buy government bonds and annuities from the government, and he should be able to do all of his banking with the government. There is no reason whatever why he should not almost immediately, as part of the restoration of confidence, use the national government's savings banks without limit. That it would be better to invite the public to turn over its money to the savings banks of the government than to guarantee deposits put by the public directly in a multitude of banks, is obvious.

It is possible, as it has been for years, for an observant youth to read on a banknote such words as these: "First National Bank of Blank, United States Depositary." The words are no longer always there, but the fact continues. The ingenuous young person usually imagines that if the bank is sound enough to receive the money of the government it is sound enough to receive his. But he is mistaken. The effect of the action of the government on the safety of this youth's money is precisely the opposite of what he conceives it to be. By the terms of deposit the claim of the government has priority. If there are not enough assets, the government takes what there are. The poor youth is, unknowingly, in the position of a second mortgagee. The government refuses to share the risk which it is its special business to prevent and which it has special powers to prevent.

There has been much criticism of hoarding, and also of starting runs on banks. When a widow, an old man, or anybody else helps to start a run, what is he at bottom doing? He is helping to prevent the United States government from getting money from him under false pretenses. That is the case wherever the bank in question is obligated to pay money to the government, in any form or for any purpose, in preference to paying it to depositors.

The large growth of security companies has meant the attempt to substitute material things for established character as a basis for credit, and the present breakdown shows that it cannot be done. From the point of view of civilization nothing is more regrettable than the disappearance from the scene of the elderly man who, in the days of our grandfathers, was in a position of trust because for a lifetime he had proved himself worthy of trust. The substitution, for him, of the younger man whose asset is that he can get up more steam, crowd in more mere volume of business, is one of the false values that are bringing us down. A large percentage of the security companies are essentially insolvent today.

A few weeks ago a New Yorker associated with one of the big combinations called trusts paid a visit to Washington. To a friend of mine he made a statement to this effect: "I notice that Mr. Justice Brandeis has recently permitted a new edition of his book, 'Other People's Money,' to appear. This presumably means that he is not unwilling to be identified, now that he is on the bench, and in the present circumstances, with the opinions on banking reforms put forward by him twenty years ago. If that is the case, why would it not be a good thing for President Roosevelt to ask him to head a committee to recommend the changes needed, immediately as well as in the end?"

"But the man you are quoting," I said to my friend, "is a passionate conservative."

"Yes," was the answer, "he may be passionately conservative, but he at least thinks that the captains in charge of our system should be honest."

The astute reader will, of course, immediately reflect that there are other points in the crumbling social structure at which a similar test of the relation to one another of government regulation, government money, and private money will have to be applied. The railroads stand plainly in the foreground.

One of the objections to government ownership and operation of railroads, banks, and other utilities—the talk about discouragement to private enterprise—has completely lost its meaning. Our breakdown is the consequence of the search of surplus capital for grounds on which to disport itself. Likewise, the popular theory that rich men were of social use because, not being able to eat up the whole of their incomes, they put the rest into extending production has now become a sorry thesis. If confidence were to come back tomorrow, there would be plenty of effective credit for our needs. When confidence does come back, the danger will not lie in any shortage of capital, credit, or means of production in general. The danger will lie in our return to the kind of "private enterprise" and the kind of extension of business that have pulled down the world. What we need now is—and happily it has become almost a commonplace—more stabilization, security, distribution, and peace; this will be attained not in one step, but in many; and one of the first and easiest steps is to conduct a large part of our banking with the one creditor who represents us all.

Marxism—Dogma or Method?

By SIDNEY HOOK

ON March fourteenth fifty years will have elapsed since the death of Karl Marx. Yet his doctrines command more influence today than the social philosophy of any of our contemporaries. Indeed, history provides no parallel to the rapidity with which Marx's ideas have penetrated the consciousness of the masses throughout the world. It took Christianity centuries to win one people; and at the point of its greatest development it was essentially a Western phenomenon. Marxism, however, may be regarded as the first truly international movement in culture and politics. From its teachings have sprung the guiding principles of the Russian Revolution and the multiform policies of the Russian state. Since 1875 it has been the strongest ideological influence upon the European labor movement. Throughout large sections of China, especially among the younger generation, Marx and Lenin have undermined the spiritual authority of Confucius. In Japan the government has been compelled to recruit a special corps of anti-Marxist lecturers to counteract the spread of Marxism in secondary schools and universities. In the United States, where, until 1929, Marx's ideas were treated with academic condescension as strange creatures from the intellectual underworld, they have emerged from the study and party council to the streets, the factories, the daily and literary press.

In view of the rising tide of social discontent in Europe, Asia, and America, Karl Marx bids fair to become to the modern world what Aristotle was to the ancient and Aquinas to the medieval. With a characteristic difference. Whereas both Aristotle and Aquinas summed up their cultures, carried them, so to speak, to their ideal fulfilment, Marx sought, on the basis of the self-generated antagonistic tendencies in bourgeois society, to *transform* the existing culture. As distinct from all traditional philosophies of acceptance, his is a philosophy of social revolution. This marks his ideas off not only from the past, but from all contemporary forms of social criticism.

Reformists may tilt with reactionaries; progressives of all varieties may engage in blistering polemic with conservatives and with each other; enlightened liberals and humanists may heatedly clash over the nature of man, culture, and values. But these differences appear to be trivial in the light of their common, even if ununited, opposition to a doctrine which challenges the belief they all share: namely, that the ills of capitalist society can be cured either by legislative enactment or by dictatorial decree, by greater efficiency or by greater humanity, by moral exhortation or by scientific fact-finding—in short, by any method save by transferring political power from the class which owns and controls the means of production to the class which lives by their use, or starves by their non-use.

The fact that Marx's philosophy is historically conditioned by the decline of bourgeois society, and class conditioned by the interests of the proletariat, explains some important features of his thought. He projects no Utopias. Only the most general outlines or, more strictly, conditions of Communist culture are indicated in Marx's writings; the

detailed construction is left to the experimental processes of a society freed from class rule. His central concern, theoretical as well as practical, was the preparation of the international working class for the conquest of political power. All his studies converged upon this problem. It provided the starting-point and the criterion of relevance in his objective analysis of the economic tendencies of capitalism. His social psychology was developed from his active participation in the class struggles of his day. His theory of the organization and historical development of culture in terms of the way in which human beings make their living was a hypothesis suggested by his analysis of the contemporary conditions under which successful revolutionary action is possible. Whoever overlooks this unifying principle of Marx's thought can understand neither the man, his achievements, nor the primary source of his influence. This is what Engels meant when he declared at Marx's open grave at Highgate Cemetery: "Before all else, he was a revolutionist."

This is not to assert that the truth of Marx's theories depends upon whether one accepts Marx's class bias. Sombart, Max Weber, Troeltsch in Germany; Beard, Veblen, Hobson, and Tawney in England and America—"bourgeois" thinkers all—have taken over and developed many of Marx's insights. This does not make them Marxists—or even Socialists. What is asserted is that the very meaning of Marx's doctrines cannot be dissociated from his revolutionary objective—and that taken out of this context of class motives, ideals, and action, they can no more be understood than the prescriptions of a physician can be understood without reference to an implicit, regulative ideal of health. The refusal to relate Marx's "objective" analyses to the "subjective" class purposes of the proletariat, which by achieving the social revolution abolishes all classes, has led to the mischievous myth that Marxism is an objective science which can demonstrate both the inevitability of communism and its inherent moral superiority.

The question whether Marxism is an objective science, free from all value judgments and strictly monistic in methodology and assumption, is more than an academic matter. For if it is believed that the nature of society is such that by the development of immanent economic processes communism *must* be realized, that history spirals toward the classless society almost in the same way as the acorn develops into an oak, then human energy becomes a superfluous flourish in a mechanical system of socially determined forces. A theory of economic predestination replaces theological predestination, and the mode of economic production, self-determined, self-sufficient, and self-evolving, plays the same logical function in history as the will of God in the old theodicies. In moments of danger and possible defeat, Marxists of this persuasion make invocations to "the objective development of productive forces inevitably working toward communism," as a pretext for inactivity in waging the class struggle, or as a cloak to cover the ignorance which can only be cured by public confession. On this view it becomes a mystery why Marxists should engage in any political activity, especially in the at-

tempt to convert others to Marxism. Their very activity becomes meaningless in terms of their own doctrine.

This difficulty cannot be evaded by admitting that not all social behavior can be reduced to the laws of physics or biology. For either the specific resultant of the interaction of human wills is determined *in advance* by socio-economic laws or it is not. If it is, then for all human purposes we have not escaped fatalism, since no matter what you or I or anyone else does or thinks, the far-off event toward which all social creation is moving is bound to come to pass. If this is not determined in advance, some other factor or factors which are relatively independent of these laws (but not therefore uncaused) must be introduced, and the strict monistic determinism of the system is shattered.

This conception of Marxism as a monistic, reductive science of social behavior was the official "orthodox Marxism" of the Second International. Logically it was committed to the belief in a block-universe in which class-consciousness and class action had no more influence upon the great historical pattern which was unfolding itself than sparks thrown off by a rotating wheel upon its motion. Where, under pressure of hostile criticism, the existence of plural historical factors was admitted, as well as causal interaction between consciousness and social institutions, orthodox Marxists refused to surrender the notion that communism was inevitable—a surrender which was logically entailed by their admissions. From the theoretical postulates of this science of Marxism, it followed that revolutionary opposition to the World War in 1914 was utopian, because the war and the war psychology inevitably flowed from the objective constellation of socio-economic forces of the time; it also followed that the Russian Revolution was impossible because (a) the country which is more developed industrially presents to the less developed the image of its own future, and (b) no country can skip a phase of social evolution. Indeed, even after the October revolution occurred, some orthodox Marxists proved that it was impossible. Before and during the war right-wing Socialists throughout the world, in order to make the theory of the Social Democracy square with its acts, called for an abandonment of the revolutionary phrase in its program and an open declaration of social reform. Left-wing Socialists, however, like Luxemburg, Liebknecht, and Mehring in Germany, and Lenin and Trotzky in Russia, had for years sought to recall the Social Democracy to the Marxian philosophy of social revolution. The October revolution marked the final breaking-point in the relations of these two schools, and the Third International was born. Although Communists throughout the world follow the program and tactics of the Third International—in which the tremendous importance of class-consciousness, class-will, and the role of the political party in organizing the revolution is recognized—it is amazing to what an extent their theoretical formulations of Marxism are burdened with the necessitarian ideology of the Social Democracy of before the war. Bukharin and Deborin are cases in point.

The key to Karl Marx's thought is to be found in his lifelong struggle against two diametrically opposed social philosophies—mechanical materialism and romantic idealism. The first could not do justice to the historical and practical character of social relationships or explain how man, determined by his environment as he was, could revolutionize it. The second took two forms. Either it was an absolute ideal-

ism, and taught that natural and social processes by an inner necessity would create a society which was objectively desirable—a disguised animism; or it was a subjective and utopian idealism which believed that communism could be introduced at any time in any country independently of the prevailing objective economy.

In his criticism of the idealists Marx performed the gigantic labor of showing in detail how the capitalist system of production generated the necessary conditions of social change. His conclusions concerning the centralization of industry, the concentration of wealth, the decline in the average rate of profits, the squeezing out of the middle class, the existence of an industrial reserve army, the cyclical nature of depressions, have been confirmed even by governmental commissions. Marx's gravest mistake was in not assigning greater values to the temporal coefficients of the process.

In his criticism of the mechanistic materialists Marx insisted that "history is the activity of man in pursuit of his ends," and that human history differs from natural history in that "we have made the former but not the latter." Consequently, no theory which operates with a monistic theory of economic causation can be adequate to the creative role which man plays in every historical situation. Without this reference to possible alternatives of action—no matter how limited—there is no historical problem. Mechanical Marxists have never been able to explain Marx's statement in 1870 that "England possesses all the necessary material presuppositions for the social revolution. What it lacks is the spirit of generalization and revolutionary passion." Marx taught that the development of productive forces under capitalism would narrow the range of possibilities of social change to a point where mankind would have to choose between communism and the end of civilization through a series of capitalist wars. As valid today as ever before is Marx's observation in the "Communist Manifesto" that class struggles "invariably end either in a revolutionary change in the whole of society or else in the common ruin of contending classes." Who can now deny that the belief in Marxism makes a difference to the outcome of the historic process?

Despite the fact that America approaches most closely to the Marxian abstraction—the pure capitalist system—only lately has a wide interest in Marx's thought been manifested here. The cavalier dismissal of his doctrines by most American sociologists is natural in view of their class origins, their persistent use of secondary sources, and their conception that social science is glorified fact-grubbing. The revival of Marxism will have to come from American intellectuals outside of the universities. Unfortunately some American intellectuals going leftward have fallen over each other in their efforts to be "orthodox" Marxists. They have swallowed the jumble of mysticism and mechanism which is called "objective science" without stopping to settle the intellectual difficulties which they themselves raised only yesterday. This is unworthy both of Marxists and intellectuals. To be a Marxist demands a long and critical discipline; and to be an intellectual means to judge a conclusion by the quality of the arguments advanced in its behalf. The subject matter of Marxism is not the whole universe, and its method is not the method of authority. Nor does it profess to have the final truth about what it does concern itself with—the theory and practice of social revolution. It is neither dogma, myth, nor objective science, but a realistic method of class action.

Wanted: Strong Men and Radical Measures

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 3

WILL there be anything new in the new deal? I feel perfectly sure there will be. Experienced observers invariably judge an incoming executive by his appointments. Thus, four years ago, when Hoover revealed that his Cabinet would contain Mellon, Davis, Hyde, Wilbur, and Mitchell, those of us who knew the ropes in Washington realized immediately that the country was sunk. By the same omen we are led to expect good things of Roosevelt. I have been greatly amused by some of the comment on the new Cabinet. One Wall Street writer hastened to assure his clientele that it was "conservative." A hostile—and ignorant—commentator declared it to be composed of "yes men." Some nitwit of a radio announcer found its make-up very "odd"—and that, mind you, after Doak, Hurley, and Adams. The real tip-off on this Cabinet is very simple. It contains, practically in equal parts, two types of people: (a) strong, independent, and aggressive characters; and (b) personal friends of the President. The selection of Homer S. Cummings to fill the important post left vacant by the tragic death of Senator Walsh is Roosevelt's first major mistake. Only three men measured up to this vacancy. They were Felix Frankfurter, Donald Richberg, and Huston Thompson. The significant fact about the Cabinet as a whole, however, is that the strong, independent personalities are nearly all progressives. To anyone who knows them it is quite obvious that the members of the Cabinet who will exercise a pronounced influence on the policies of the new Administration are Hull, Ickes, Wallace, and Miss Perkins. The others may be expected to follow Roosevelt's lead. Of course, it would have been a stronger combination if the President had followed his inclination to include Donald Richberg and Phil La Follette; the opportunity to strengthen it still exists if it is true that the Cummings appointment is temporary. In general, however, we have no reason to complain. It is the strongest Cabinet of this generation.

IT needs to be, God knows. With banks and business houses popping all over the country, with the disclosure that private credit has fallen under the control of individuals who can only be classified as criminals, with one-third of the nation's earning power destroyed in a vain attempt to maintain dividends, and with the government's credit seriously impaired in a stupid and futile effort to support toppling capital structures, we need strong men and radical measures. Recent revelations before the Senate Banking Committee shed a brilliant light on the shenanigan which brought on this mess. We learn, for example, that Charles E. Mitchell, as chairman of the National City Bank and the National City Company, declared himself in for a cut of more than \$3,400,000 of the profits over a period of three years, while at the same time he was allowing stockholders (although

without their knowledge) to assume \$25,000,000 of loans which are now carried on the books at a value of one dollar. To be sure, there was hardly a dry eye in the house when Mr. Mitchell described himself as the greatest loser from the decline of National City stock, although the general grief was partially assuaged when it developed that Mr. Mitchell paid no income tax in 1929, in spite of an income in that year of about \$1,150,000. Mr. Mitchell helped himself to this measure of relief by taking a "paper loss" of \$2,800,000 by selling stock, as he originally described it, to "a friend." Cross-examination elicited two interesting facts: that the "friend" was a member of his family; and that he subsequently bought the stock back. This is the same Mitchell who had the cheek, less than a year ago, to lecture Congress on its delinquencies, and to deliver his opinion on what was wrong with the country. I understand that very strong pressure is being exerted to displace Mr. Pecora as counsel for the Banking Committee in the stock-market investigation. Recalling the comatose condition into which the inquiry had fallen before Pecora revived it, it is difficult to believe that this movement will succeed. If the committee really wants to know the truth, it will keep him. Those who want the investigation stopped contend that "it is upsetting confidence." However, when a boil is ripe, why not lance it? If there is any comic side to this grim spectacle, let us award the palm to Harold Stuart. After describing the methods adopted by Halsey, Stuart and Company to float Insull stock, Mr. Stuart ventured a recommendation. There should be legislation, he said, to prevent this sort of thing. Mr. Stuart seemed perfectly serious. He did not hear the coarse remark from the press table: "Hold me, boys, I'm about to steal something."

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IF Hoover's sensitiveness remained acute to the end, his last days in the White House must have been his happiest. Those who rejoiced over his going were content to give silent thanks, while those of his admirers who remained seized the occasion to become lyrical. In the current number of the *Saturday Evening Post* William Allen White debates the question whether Hoover was "the last of the old Presidents or the first of the new." I say debates, although at numerous points the Emporia Evangelist is so overcome by the knowledge of his hero's fate that he simply breaks down and bawls like a calf. Accepting the doubtful premise that such a division is proper, it should be apparent to a less emotional observer that Hoover belonged to neither class. The *Baltimore Evening Sun* states the case aptly when it suggests that the Hoover Administration will be remembered as one of those eerie scenes in a musical comedy in which the stage is illuminated with a pale green light, and fantastic figures move among unearthly surroundings to the sound of weird music. Certainly there never was anything like it before, and if history has any lesson to teach there will be nothing like it

again. Already it recedes into the past with all the unreality of a bad dream. Who were these people who for four years controlled the government of the United States? Where did they come from? Was there actually a Doak, a Hurley, a Wilbur, a Hyde, a Dolly Gann, a Richey (or Ricci), a Jahncke, a Joslin? Did we really hear such slogans as "prosperity is in sight," and "business has turned the corner"? Did men in responsible positions mumble about "rugged individualism" and refuse to act while millions of Americans slowly starved? We know it happened, but I venture to say that no lapse of time will make it seem more rational.

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THE compulsion to speak well of the politically dead has no force with me, and I deem it significant that the most eloquent obituaries pronounced over the late Great White Feather afford not a single grain of new information upon which to render a more favorable verdict. White's is a fair sample of the rest. All of them are characterized by the same moony unreality, the same incoherent babbling about an undefined and undefinable idealism, the same entranced obliviousness to established fact, that characterized the public utterances of their subject. Thus, it is stated that Mr. Hoover was "never at heart a plutocrat"—although he signed the Grundy tariff and has praised it ever since. It is said that his "deep conscientiousness" forbade him to use the tricks which politicians employ—although it did not prevent

him from releasing the Wickersham report with a summary which flagrantly misrepresented its content. At heart, we are told, he really was a progressive—although he vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill, and never raised a finger to speed the submission of the lame-duck amendment. But what about his humanity? One of his stubbornest fights was waged to keep *human food* out of a drought-relief bill. In the face of mounting unemployment he used every resource at his command in opposition to the Wagner bills which would have prevented a large part of it. Nevertheless, one sentence in White's epitaph impresses me by its restraint. He says: "The picture of the President walking his lonely way on the path of duty needs a little retouching, a few dark strokes, to make it human." Yes, "a few dark strokes" will be needed to "make it human" to those who saw his cavalry, his infantry, his tanks, and his machine-gunners move on Anacostia plain the night of July 28, against the thousands of unarmed men, women, and children huddled there in their damp hovels, confidently believing that a kind government would never drive them out. "Human!" A woman who was to have a child in a month had a tear-gas bomb tossed into her lap. A Negro whose only offense was to stand in his back yard was beaten to the ground and dragged away. A nine-year-old boy who went back for his pet rabbit got a bayonet through his hip. And all this was done to show the country that there was a government in Washington which would "protect property."

The American Legion Versus America

By ERNEST ANGELL

CONGRESS in the short session voted to give to 1 per cent of the people more than 30 per cent of the entire probable revenue of the government for the next fiscal year when it passed an appropriation of \$966,000,000 for the "war-disabled, the widows and orphans of the dead soldiers." Fortunately, ex-President Hoover, as one of his last official acts and one of the most creditable in his Administration, refused to approve the appropriation. He thereby defeated the latest attempt by war veterans to raid the dwindling public purse for the largest slice of our taxes—an attempt which, if it had been successful, would have wrecked all attempts to balance the budget. Half of this enormous appropriation had nothing to do with shrapnel wounds, gas poisoning, shell shock, or the children of the dead who lie in soldiers' graves in France or on the battlefields of the Civil War. It had everything to do with the most practical occupation of the Congressman—getting votes back home.

Private Fitzgerald served seventeen months in the A. E. F. He was in action with the tank corps at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, but returned to civilian life in good health. He says so frankly in his letter to me. "As a salesman my work was not heavy, and I seemed in good health until I broke down completely in 1930 with T. B." Now he draws \$40 a month from the government. There are now over 400,000 veterans in this "disability allowance" class who receive a monthly check for a disability which admittedly has no relation to impairment of health from war service.

I know another veteran who contracted tuberculosis be-

fore 1926. He was rated disabled, went to a sanitarium for a time, recovered, has the common tuberculosis scar tissue in the lungs, leads his normal civilian life as a city office worker, and draws \$50 a month—with a grin. Because his tuberculosis developed prior to 1926, he is "conclusively presumed" to have incurred it as a result of war service, and once on the list, he stays there, through the munificence of a grateful government, for the rest of his life. The latest figures, as of December, 1932, show some 63,000 tuberculosis cases from the years 1917 and 1918 receiving relief at an average rate of \$60.90 monthly and an annual cost of some \$46,000,000. All these are "presumed" to be cases of war-incurred disease. But ask the next doctor you meet how many cases of active tuberculosis can be definitely traced to a cause existing seven or eight years before the bacillus works an appreciable physical impairment. Your Congressman knows—and cares—much more about the American Legion leaders in his constituency than he does about the causes of tuberculosis.

Private S. was drafted in 1918, served in the United States for three months, was discharged in apparent good health. He enlisted in a police force, and between 1927 and January, 1933, passed four successive rigorous physical examinations for promotion. In 1922 he had claimed tuberculosis disability from "flu," but his claim was not proved and no action was taken. Ten years later, in December, 1932, he renewed his claim, and notwithstanding his police-force rating as in sound health, the Veterans' Administration

in Washington rated him 95 per cent disabled and gave him an allowance of \$85 monthly. This pitiful wreck of a hero is on active police duty, and under the kindly Civil Service preference for "disabled" veterans he goes automatically to the top of the list.

B., former yeoman in the navy, served his country on the Hoboken docks in 1918, where duty compelled him at times to sleep on the boards. In June, 1932, he turns up at the Veterans' Administration with a claim for arthritis. He is found to be 33 per cent disabled, and now draws \$28 monthly, notwithstanding a finding of no disability whatever by his employer, the city. As "disabled," he too goes to the top of the list, and gets a promotion and a \$1,500 salary increase, in addition to his government compensation.

Private G., suffering in December, 1932, from piles, also from sleeping on the ground—on this side of the Atlantic—gets a 10 per cent war-disability (!) rating and \$14 a month.

These last four cases illustrate why "war-disabled" veterans to the number of 328,658 were receiving compensation as of June, 1932, at an annual cost of \$189,000,000. France, with over 4,000,000 wounded in the war, is paying modest benefits today to just one-quarter of these wounded. Britain, with 2,000,000 wounded, recognizes slightly less than a quarter as entitled to allowances. The United States, with 234,000 World War wounded, is making payments to 776,000 veterans, almost three times the number of the wounded, proportionately twelve times as many as its late—and wiser—allies. Since 1919 over a million of our own veterans have laid formal claim to disabilities arising from wound, disease, or accident during the war. Talcott Powell, in his recent study, "Tattered Banners," characterizes the tens of thousands who never saw action at the front and came back to civilian life in better physical condition than when drafted, as "sturdy beggars who wore the uniform of their country for a few weeks."

Since the close of the World War the care of our veterans has cost the federal Treasury \$6,500,000,000. Yearly the cost mounts. Having provided for every conceivable form of present disability from genuine war service, with every reasonable doubt resolved in favor of the veteran—even to compensation in certain cases for venereal disease—Congress went still further afield in 1930 and voted compensation for permanent disability from any accident or disease incurred in civil life. A careless taxi may today insure you \$40 a month and free hospital service from Uncle Sam as long as you live. Last September 44,000 ex-soldiers of the World War were being treated free in government hospitals. Only 10,000 of these men had any disability derived from war service. Not even the actuaries can figure what 4,000,000 veterans will cost the government's taxpayers when they fall heir in middle age to the common ills of the flesh. This particular form of graft takes \$100,000,000 a year now, and of course it will cost more every year. Better be a veteran than a taxpayer.

Care and payments in one form or another for nearly 800,000 World War veterans and 400,000 of their dependents now require about \$600,000,000 a year, including the constant building of additional hospital facilities. Moreover, pensions are paid to 437,000 Civil and Spanish War veterans, their widows and children, at a cost of over \$200,000,000 annually. Finally, Congress sets aside \$112,-

000,000 each year to make up the fund which will be necessary to meet the payment of \$3,600,000,000 of the "adjusted service" certificates (the bonus) that will mature in 1945. Now only a little over half of this fantastic sum of a billion dollars a year has any direct relation to wounds and death in battle, war fevers, or accidents. Nearly half a billion represents sheer waste, unjustified payments to those "sturdy beggars," tribute of an obsequious Congress to the greed of former soldiers.

And still the American Legion is not content. It is now insistently fighting for the next plums—outright pensions to widows and children of all soldiers of the World War who have died at any time since 1919 from whatever cause, and immediate full payment of the bonus certificates, which are not due until 1945. No one knows what the widows' and orphans' pensions will cost; perhaps \$25,000,000 the first year, but mounting yearly as the veterans die from natural causes—pneumonia, cancer, heart disease, accidents, and ultimately plain old age. The faster the veterans die, the greater the burden will become for the taxpayers of the next and the next generation. This bill passed the House in the spring of 1932 by a vote of 316 to 16, after just forty minutes of debate, but did not reach the President's desk.

Payment of the bonus in 1933 would cost the Treasury over two billion dollars, and open the door to the next big drive—for pensions to every able-bodied veteran of the last war. There are 196,000 former heroes of the Spanish War now drawing \$98,000,000 in pensions—\$500 a year each. If the 4,000,000 survivors of the World War are put upon the same footing—and why not?—they will take another two billion dollars annually, in addition to the present one billion. It must in fairness be stated that no plan for general pensions to all World War soldiers has been adopted or put forward by the veterans' organizations, but it will be. The history of Civil and Spanish War relief legislation demonstrates that general pensions to all survivors without regard to disability are forced from Congress about twenty-five years after the close of hostilities.

As the facts of the present half-billion-dollar swindle have become known over the land in the past year, opposition has developed to any further extension of benefits, coupled with the demand that payments to the able-bodied and to those whose disabilities do not proceed from a genuine hazard of war be materially reduced or altogether suppressed. President Hoover, wiser than when he signed the 1930 disability-allowance act, recommended a cut of \$127,000,000; General Hines of the Veterans' Administration suggested one of \$85,000,000. The National Economy League, the chambers of commerce, and smaller groups of veterans themselves have demanded cuts running above \$400,000,000. But Congress remains supine, and listens only to the furious opposition of the veterans' Washington lobby to any scaling down of the swollen benefits.

A dozen years ago, in the early years after the war, the American Legion was markedly reactionary, allied with business interests in opposition to "radicals" and the recognition of Russia, and condemning pacifists or advocates of disarmament. Today the Legion stands squarely, except for a minority of members who have not yet dropped out or been thrown out, for the most money it can get for the greatest number of veterans and their dependents; in so doing it has broken with its former allies in conservative business circles.

The official *American Legion News and Speakers' Information Service* for January 31 contains streamer headlines: "American Legion Presents Its Case in Congress on Behalf of Disabled," "Payments to Veterans Help Business," "Seventeen Constitute the Big Givers Behind 'Nel'" (National Economy League). Truly the peace-time ex-soldier is more costly than the guns of battle, as the generation yet to be born will learn to its sorrow about the year 1960, when the financial burden of this tribute will reach its peak.

No one would reduce by one cent the benefits given to the war-wounded or the dependents of the war dead. No one has ever suggested it. But the Legion, by a false appeal to sympathy for the "disabled," sidesteps the issue of whether we shall continue the federal-government deficit in order to continue swollen payments and free hospital service to malingerers, to those disabled by the ordinary misfortunes of civilian life, and to every healthy, able-bodied civilian who ever wore a uniform. What will the new President do, or be able to do, to redeem his party's pledges "to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of federal government," and "the full measure of justice and generosity for all war veterans who have suffered *disability or disease caused by or resulting from actual service in time of war* and for their dependents"? He must choose between these pledges and the program of the American Legion.

In the Driftway

NEGATIVE values, it seems to the Drifter, are underrated in this country. All of our popular philosophy insists on constructive action, affirmative thought, positive values. We all know the bluster which rascality and incompetence make about what they call "purely destructive criticism" when they feel its sting. Publicity "experts" (the Drifter thinks that word generally should go in quotation marks) teach that one never should make a negative statement; one should tell what is, not what isn't.

* * * * *

YET the Drifter recalls that he was mightily enthusiastic once about a summer camp in Maine which advertised that it had a lake with no motor boats on it. He did not go there, it is true, but then neither did he go anywhere else. In spite of his name, the Drifter has passed a good many of his days—not the worst either—in not going places. It is one of his favorite recreations. Certain hotels, the Drifter has noted, advertise that they have a radio in every room. Would it not be even more appealing to proclaim: "No radios in any of your neighbors' rooms"?

* * * * *

BY now we must have reached the saturation-point in the organization of societies based upon a common enthusiasm. The opportunities must be nearly exhausted for grouping persons devoted to skiing, the reform of the calendar, collecting postage stamps, and such, at annual dues of \$5. The net sum thus impounded would relieve the depression or pay the European war debts. On the other hand, the reverse process never has been properly exploited. In one of his early

stories J. M. Barrie told of two men who found the beginning of a beautiful friendship in a common dislike for rice pudding. There is an almost virgin field for organizing men on the basis of mutual distastes. Adequately directed, it might solve the problem of the unemployed. Think, for instance, what a titanic organization could be enlisted of men who dislike to dress for dinner! It could send a lobby to Washington which would make that of the American Legion look like the Three Blind Mice.

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NOR is the idea unadapted to the Drifter's own trade of word-slitting. What started his train of thought, in fact, was a recent number of the *American Mercury*. The bellyband of the magazine—or whatever is the technical name for the paper sash which is tied around many foreign and a few domestic periodicals—bore the words: "Not a line about technocracy." The Drifter does not know whether the newsstand sale was good or bad and has not inquired for fear that it might present evidence in opposition to his theory. It is much easier, and probably quite as valuable to humanity, merely to go on playing with the theory. Thus a new magazine might be launched with success solely on the promise that it would print no articles by Bruce Barton, while a moribund review might be revived with the announcement that it had obtained the sole right in the United States and Great Britain to exclude the entire literary output of Floyd Gibbons for the year 1933. When the Drifter comes into the possession of the daily newspaper which every toiler for the press expects to own some day, his first act will be to announce: "There positively will be no column tomorrow by Arthur Brisbane." And for the financial betterment of *The Nation* the following offer is suggested to the circulation department: "Annual subscription, \$5; without the Driftway, \$5.50."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

One Doctor's Reply

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You say in your editorial on Doctors and the Public, in your issue of February 22, that "too many persons, especially in these desperate times, have been financially devastated by doctors' and hospital bills." I reply that too many persons, in these and other times, have been devastated by landlords' and bakers' and butchers' bills. Why single out the doctor?

You make a point of the fact that the Report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was indorsed by twenty-five medical men on the committee. But these were all the capitalists of the profession, who practice in the upper strata of society, men without knowledge of the problems of the average practitioner or the average patient. These men are as competent to pass upon the problems of the average doctor or patient as the members of Mr. Hoover's countless futile commissions on the problems of the man in the street.

Personally I am of a deep shade of parlor pink. I should welcome the socialization of medicine together with socialization of industry. But I object to the socialization of medicine under a Tammany, or its organization by a profiteering insurance company or under the benevolent paternalism of a Dr. Wilbur.

New York, March 1

MARKS S. SHAINÉ, M. D.

Economics and the Press

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The greatest obstacle to a public understanding of the real causes of our industrial and business troubles is the attitude of our ignorant, cowardly, or venal newspaper editors, who suppress so far as possible all discussion of the fundamentals of our economic system that make inevitable such conditions as now obtain.

On January 5 Senator Carter Glass declared on the floor of the Senate that so many banks are in such bad condition, owing to their managers having lent their depositors' money on doubtful or worthless securities, that for two years past the Comptroller of the Currency has winked at violation of the banking laws. Only one paper in this city, and none in other cities so far as I could discover by looking over the papers in the Public Library, printed Senator Glass's charge that a high government official was deliberately breaking the law.

I wrote to five city papers, asking whether the charge was true. Not one of them printed my query. The *Wall Street Journal* wrote that they did not regard it as "advisable" to discuss the matter. The *New York Evening Post* refused to print a query as to whether the Comptroller had the power to dispense with the law. The *Herald Tribune* failed to print my suggestion that for the protection of many thousands of bank depositors it should make an investigation into the facts.

Thousands of columns of space for prize fights and the crooked horse-racing racket. Not a word about violation of law in high places.

New York, February 21

WHIDDEN GRAHAM

City Affairs

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The City Affairs Committee believes that New York City now has the greatest opportunity in a generation to reconstruct its government. We have persuaded a group of distinguished lawyers and students of city affairs to address interested groups on the various proposals for charter revision in New York City. If any of your readers are interested in holding meetings of groups to which they belong, information concerning available speakers may be obtained from Mrs. C. D. Williams, City Affairs Committee, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York. Telephone, Algonquin 4-8838.

New York, March 1

PAUL BLANSHARD

Scientific Citizens

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Immigration officials at Oklahoma City have added the question, "Do you believe in Technocracy?" to the examination schedule for applicants for citizenship. They are absolutely right. We live in an increasingly complex society founded on technology and science, and the government should take the utmost care to see that prospective citizens are mentally capable of meeting the new situation. The only trouble is that the examination does not go far enough. I should suggest that the following questions be added:

1. Do you believe in Millikan's theory of the origin of cosmic rays?

2. Do you believe that of all the cycles that a mass of gas can pass through between given extreme temperatures, the cycle of Carnot gives the maximum ratio of work performed to heat spent?

3. Do you believe in Henderson's theory concerning the effect of phosphate fertilizers on the pollination of Macintosh apples?

4. Do you believe in Shaw's hypothesis of the cross-linkage of the "J" and "M" chromosomes in *Drosophila* spo.?

5. Do you believe Cannon's explanation of catalysis?

Anyone who objected to these questions on the grounds of irrelevancy should certainly be denied citizenship.

Moline, Ill., February 10

HENRY BLACK

The New Scottsboro Trial

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This is a cry for help from the death cells of Kilby Prison, Montgomery, Alabama, where eight of the Scottsboro boys are awaiting a new trial. The ninth, who was fourteen at the time of his arrest, is in a nearby jail. The new trial, which is set for this month, offers a ray of hope, but it must be prepared for with vigilant care. All witnesses must be investigated; every vestige of evidence must be tracked down; documentary material must be gathered; all of these must be welded into a powerful defense weapon.

The defense has gained signal victories in having snatched the boys from the electric chair four times and awakened world-wide protest against their execution. But now it is endangered by lack of funds. Already many thousands of dollars have been spent in defense of these boys—dollars made up of the pennies and dimes sacrificed by poor and unemployed workers. Now we call on those socially-minded persons who can do more. Please send your contributions to the International Labor Defense, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, and send them today. Later may be too late.

New York, March 1

BELLE TAUB, Secretary,
Scottsboro New Trial Fund

Contributors to This Issue

LAWRENCE DENNIS was formerly connected with J. and W. Seligman and Company. He has also been in the diplomatic service in Nicaragua, Honduras, Haiti, and Rumania, and is the author of "Is Capitalism Doomed?"

NORMAN HAPGOOD is the well-known editor and author. SIDNEY HOOK is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University and a lecturer at the New School for Social Research. His book, "Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx," will be published this month.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

ERNEST ANGELL was a captain in the American Expeditionary Force and has been commander of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion.

JOHN T. FLYNN is the author of "Graft in Business" and "God's Gold."

ELBERT LENROW translated and edited "The Letters of Richard Wagner to Anton Pusinelli."

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the department of philosophy of the University of Wisconsin.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University.

C. K. BAUER is working on a book on housing and modern architecture.

G. C. CONVERS has studied psychology and mental pathology at the Sorbonne and in Vienna.

Books, Music, Drama

Footnote

I SHOULD like to add a footnote to the trenchant and entertaining article on Joseph Hergesheimer which Clifton Fadiman contributed several weeks ago to the pages of *The Nation*. In the course of that article Mr. Fadiman wittily exhibited two indubitable facts. The first of them is that Mr. Hergesheimer concerns himself exclusively with a privileged class. The second is that he has become a very vulgar man, who parades the vulgarity of his tastes and opinions with an obtuse self-satisfaction.

With this demonstration I have no quarrel whatever. Indeed, it seems to me that Mr. Hergesheimer has never been disposed of completely before. But when Mr. Fadiman implies that the second of the novelist's characteristics is the inevitable result of the first, and when he then seems to reach the conclusion that the defects of the novels are to be attributed to the fact that their author does not concern himself with the injustices of society, I cannot help wondering if this conclusion is justified. Would it not be simpler and safer to say merely that Mr. Hergesheimer is a bad artist because he is a vulgar man? It is not difficult to defend the general applicability of that reasoning by showing that no good art is vulgar; it is less obvious, at least, that no good art fails to deal with social conflict.

To me the case seems strikingly parallel to those cases in which a moralistic critic condemns a bad writer on the basis of his moral improprieties. Of course it happens often enough that inferior novelists or playwrights employ indelicate language and defend unconventional ethics. In such instances it is, moreover, easy to make it seem that the bad writer is bad because of the offense which he gives to convention. But I have yet to find a case where such considerations had to be relied upon to demonstrate the aesthetic defects of a specific work. It has always seemed to me evident that the play or novel was either actually sound as a work of art or that it was offensive in other ways also—that it was also unintelligent, clumsy, or obtuse. For that reason I have concluded that the moral test is irrelevant and unnecessary in literary criticism. For the same reason I conclude that the test of "social attitude" is equally irrelevant and equally unnecessary. No bad artist needs to be damned on such grounds alone; but if one does accept them as sufficient, then one is likely to find oneself in the position of being compelled to discount the worth of some very excellent works.

The case of Marcel Proust is the one which comes inevitably to mind. His interests were extremely limited, and when he refers with affectionate understanding to the lower classes, it is always with a kindly condescension which makes possible an appreciation of their human qualities without exhibiting the slightest comprehension of their economic difficulties. Indeed, the only passage in the whole of "Remembrance of Things Past" which touches upon the possibility of social conflict is that in which the dining-room at Balbec is compared to a vast aquarium whose glass sides may some day be smashed; and even here the purpose seems merely to define more clearly the limitations of Proust's subject

matter. Yet the fact that Proust and Hergesheimer are alike to the extent that both accept as justly inevitable the privileges of their heroes does not make them alike in any other respect. Judged by purely Marxian standards their worth should be equal, even though the Marxian might admit a superior technical skill in the Frenchman. But unless one is willing to proclaim that "Remembrance of Things Past" is not superior to "Cytherea" in any really important respect, then one had better refrain from suggesting that the former is bad because its author seems oblivious to the wrongs of the class upon whose backs his heroes ride.

Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to make the suggestion. It is obvious enough that Proust and Hergesheimer differ in respects concerning which the tory and the radical need not disagree. The one is coarse in his perceptions; the other almost pathologically refined. Surely the test which will enable us to discriminate between the two is, as a principle of literary criticism, preferable to the test which would tend to equate them.

To show that a certain quality is absent from certain inferior works of literature is not sufficient to demonstrate that the quality is actually a *sine qua non* of literary excellence. If it were, then it would be easy to prove both that art must be moral and that art must be non-moral. It would also be easy to prove that it must be realistic and fanciful, formal and informal, poetic and matter-of-fact. The real tests of literary excellence are, on the other hand, those qualities which no great work is without, and the weakness of the Marxian approach is inherent just in the fact that its criteria are not qualities universally present in great art. One might have Mr. Hergesheimer's limited interests and still be a great novelist; one could not have the vulgarity of his mind and be more than what Mr. Hergesheimer is.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

They Done Him Wrong

Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox. Los Angeles: Published by the Author. \$3.

THIS book might have been titled "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox in the Nude." Fox, when he decided to tell his story of how he had been rooked by a group of Wall Street and La Salle Street bankers, might have gone to any one of a score of good publicity men and advertising copy writers currently pounding the pavements. In which event no one would have read the tale. As it was, a kind of impish luck brought him into the hands of Upton Sinclair. Thereafter, under Sinclair's artful management, Fox proceeded to strip down to his conscience, and to trot out upon the stage a cast of eminent financiers and industrialists and lawyers and judges, who also proceeded to strip off their dinner jackets, their judicial robes, their monogrammed undies, their very flesh and bones, and to dance about in their naked souls.

This is an odd book—Sinclair, the arch sheriff at the whipping-post of big business, appearing in the role of an apologist and counsel for one of the fraternity. But the book is not what it seems in this regard. The thing that makes this volume one of the most important and devastating that have appeared in these famine years is that it is not Sinclair's book at all, but Fox's. This is a tale of big-business rascality told, not by a professional

muckraker, but by one of the most successful of the big-business millionaires of the day. This is Fox's story, not Sinclair's. What Sinclair has done is to record with glee, but with care and accuracy as well as with dramatic gusto, the movie magnate's own account of how he fell into the jaws of a pack of ravening wolves.

This is big business, and no historian of these times and of this singular infamy which we call modern finance will be able to write the story without consulting this narrative. It is the most amazing account of the long, patient, ruthless, relentless drive by a gang of highly respectable racketeers to rob another operator of his millions. The story unfolds in a series of episodes in which Fox is permitted to tell his own story, Sinclair stepping out upon the stage at intervals to explain or correct the tale or, even, to warn the audience against his star.

It is of no importance to record that Fox himself is not altogether the blameless captain of industry he paints himself. The fox is a sly beast, sleeplessly vigilant and cunning. And yet, I have no doubt, if we were to sit down with him in the forest for a chat he might turn out to be as naïve as any nun, as he told of his wrongs at the hands of the sheep and poultry he had eaten. This Fox, however, tells not of his adventures amid chickens and chipmunks, but of the bigger foxes and wolves and poisonous snakes which have at various times pursued him. And it is not at all surprising that he should tell of his sufferings with the naïvete of a ravished virgin. Fox may be no virgin. But it is written in the lawbooks that even an old battle-ax madam may be raped. And this was rape. Moreover, it is delicious to hear this injured soul as he unravels the melting yarn of how they did him wrong.

The heroes and villains of this piece are not anonymous. Fox names all his enemies. What I am interested to know is how some of these eminent gentlemen will manage to ignore a serious book by a big business man in which they are depicted as rogues, as hypocrites and rascals. If these tales are not true, Fox may now be stripped of his remaining fifteen or twenty millions in libel suits. He may even be put in jail.

For instance, he accuses the former head of a great New York bank of being the secret partner of a man and an enterprise into which the bank poured a third of its capital. He makes innumerable charges against dozens of men of the highest standing. It is shocking to see all these great leaders accused of such cruel and mean-spirited actions. But we rejoice that there are laws in this great country of ours to protect the reputations of these noble citizens.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Ernest Newman's "Wagner"

The Life of Richard Wagner. Volume I: 1813-1848. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

A FEW months ago, when the music critic of one of our leading newspapers asked the present reviewer what biography of Richard Wagner was most satisfactory, it seemed impossible to name any altogether acceptable work! With Wagner dead fifty years, one might with reason have supposed that excellent accounts of his career existed in more than one language, and one might further have believed—as many persons apparently do believe—that there remained at this remote date little to add to the story of this greatest of dramatic composers. That the latter supposition was unwarranted will at once be manifest in a reading of Ernest Newman's most recent study of Wagner, the first section of which has been released in commemoration of the semi-centenary of the composer's death. More important still, the present work brilliantly exemplifies the kind of critical "Life" for which there has been increasing need, and promises, with its completion in two subse-

quent volumes, to constitute our most comprehensive, illuminating, and authoritative—if not actually definitive—presentation of this subject.

It is eminently suitable that this great enterprise should crown the long and distinguished career of Mr. Newman as a musical critic and commentator. He was the first to write of Wagner with "scientific" impartiality in English, and one of the most alert of those who have exposed the misconceptions—unconscious or disingenuous—promoted by partisans and disciples. Earlier studies have been vigilant in distinguishing "fact" and "fiction," and if here and there in this latest penetrating and persuasive commentary it will be observed that Mr. Newman has modified viewpoints expressed previously, the book is a final effort to pass judgment based on an acute understanding of the psychological conditioning which played a part in the development of Wagner's character.

Mr. Newman begins by rehearsing both sides of the recurrent question of the composer's paternity. Then follows a survey of the first half of Wagner's long span of seventy years—an absorbing and beautifully written narrative of which every page reveals a profound command of the complex problems involved in Wagner's career and in the vast literature which has grown up about it. Mr. Newman checks carefully every statement in Wagner's autobiography against the evidence of his letters, the testimony of contemporaries and reputable biographers, and the amplifications of the important discoveries which have been made during the past decade. His conclusions bear out Wagner's own account to a marked degree, and Mr. Newman frequently takes issue with the "official" Glaserapp and even with such open-eyed investigators as Julius Kapp, Wilhelm Altmann, and William Wallace. No statement is ever accepted as fact without a most searching scrutiny, and every fact that is recorded is clearly documented with citations which should prove invaluable to the serious student.

After a sympathetic account of the childhood and school and university experiences, Mr. Newman vividly unfolds the narrative of Wagner's novitiate as conductor in Magdeburg, Königsberg, and Riga, his fruitless "conquest" of Paris, and the vicissitudes of the Dresden Kapellmeister period, in which the patterns of later habits and idiosyncrasies are already clearly evident. Of particular interest is this most satisfactory of all accounts of Richard's courtship of Minna and their early married life. Consideration of the revolutionary activities which caused the flight from Dresden is reserved for treatment later. Much attention, however, is given to the vagaries which occasioned Wagner's incessant debts and to the genesis of the financial crises which abounded from this time on—a subject the consideration of which Mr. Newman emphasizes as being "decidedly more vital," if perhaps less "piquant," than the story of the women in his life. Finally, one cannot too highly praise an invaluable feature of this volume—the two chapters in which are reconstructed for the reader "the musical, economic, and social conditions in Europe during the first part of Wagner's life." Without a knowledge of this background it is impossible to understand the conditions against which Wagner contended and to appreciate the great change in status which he achieved for the composers of the next generation.

It is difficult to speak in restrained critical language of Mr. Newman's masterful accomplishment. Measured beside our considerable productions in the fields of literature and the social sciences, research in musical scholarship in the English language has lagged notoriously behind such research in French or German. Here at last, judging by what we have already been given, Ernest Newman is producing what must be acknowledged everywhere as the finest account of a musical figure ever achieved—and one which will serve as a new and exacting standard for all subsequent undertakings of its kind.

ELBERT LENROW

One More Christian

The Other Spanish Christ: A Study in the Spiritual History of Spain and South America. By John A. Mackay. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

THE reviewer would find it difficult with even twice the space he has at his disposal to list all his objections to this book. Its author, we are informed in the blurb, is a graduate of Aberdeen, a former student at the Princeton Theological Seminary and at the famous Centro de Estudios Historicos at Madrid; he has a D. Litt. from a Peruvian university, is a former professor of philosophy, and is at present a member of the staff of the Y. M. C. A. in Spanish America. But one would be very rash indeed to consider this formidable intellectual panoply a guaranty of our author's intellectual integrity, of his logical clarity, or of the urbane detachment, the freedom from parochial prejudice, which is essential to the trained mind.

One of the most objectionable aspects of the book is its specious intention. The irritation created in the reader by a prose studded with journalistic and revival-meeting clichés is slight by comparison. For the work pretends to be a "study" of the history of the spiritual development of Spain and South America. Obviously, such a study, even if done in a pedestrian manner, would constitute a contribution to scholarship and would be of genuine interest to practical sociologists in North as well as in South America. But the reader soon discovers that this pretended study is no such thing, for, in spite of his claims to objectivity, Dr. Mackay, who in his daily life is a missionary by profession and temperament, reveals himself as a religious propagandist. The "religious problem" of which Dr. Mackay speaks, and which he believes to be the "major problem of the Hispanic world," is not what spiritual and religious forces have played or are playing a part in the historical rhythm of the southern continent. This question is an incidental concern with him. Rather, as one soon suspects and becomes absolutely convinced of when one reads Chapter XII, his problem is to discover how the "Evangelical task" can best be carried out in South America—the problem of how the running wolves of imperialism can be made to pass for the brother-lambs of the "natives."

Like most missionaries, Dr. Mackay reveals a most Olympian condescension underneath the sanctimonious pretense of love for the countries he seeks to "save." One finds also throughout the book, sandwiched between paragraphs of gushy sentimentality, passages which no doubt the author considers analytic and descriptive. Analysis, however, Dr. Mackay never quite reaches, because his interest in propaganda is consistently dominant. In those sections in which he comes closest to it the result is pitiful, since his intellectual tools are antiquated and rusty. The communal ghost of the nineteenth century—the *anima naturaliter iberica*, the "Latin spirit" (of which he makes use throughout the book, but which he finds inconvenient and therefore repudiates on page 260), and the whole discarded paraphernalia of "racial psychology"—is made to explain historical and psychosociological phenomena. But the most lurid way in which Dr. Mackay discloses his incompetence as an analytical historian is by his use throughout the book of the assumption that Catholicism is unethical, unspiritual, irreligious, and socially and politically retrogressive, while Protestantism is a force making for progress, for liberalism, for freedom, for political and social melioration and enlightenment. Those who are neither Catholic nor Protestant, and who are acquainted besides with a more impartial historical view, would regard this interpretation of Catholicism and Protestantism as ludicrous were it not fraught with such ugly practical consequences. Because of his use of it, Dr. Mackay's criticism of the low condition of religious insti-

tutions in South America is robbed of whatever force it might otherwise have. For his partisanship is so obvious that the impartial reader, unless otherwise capable of substantiating them, tends naturally to doubt the facts which Dr. Mackay presents. The reviewer does not wish to be understood as implying that Dr. Mackay's book will be entirely ineffective. As scholarship it is inconsequential; but the fact that it has been issued by a reputable publisher will no doubt give it an unfortunate prestige before a large audience.

ELISEO VIVAS

Why We Laugh

The Secret of Laughter. By A. M. Ludovici. The Viking Press. \$1.75.

MOST disquisitions on the problem of laughter have been at fault in limiting the field to those qualities and situations which are open to exploitation by art—stupidity, incongruity, humiliated pomposity, and the like. But laughter in its various degrees is the result not only of explicitly "funny" situations, and it is the virtue of Mr. Ludovici's truculent little book that it widens the field to cover many kinds of laughter and provides a useful hypothesis to account for them. This hypothesis is derived from Hobbes, who wrote: "I may therefore conclude that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others or with our own formerly." This "sudden glory" with its concomitants of superiority Mr. Ludovici translates as "superior adaptation." Sometimes laughter is an expression of actual "superior adaptation"—as when we laugh from the "sheer joy of living" though there is nothing "funny," or at nonsense which frees us from the tyranny of logic, or smile when we meet a friend and are strengthened by his presence. Sometimes it is a defensive symbol of "superior adaptation" or a desire for it—as when we meet an enemy and laugh, or when we are humiliated or embarrassed.

The genesis which Mr. Ludovici offers for this gesture of superior adaptation is far less satisfactory than his hypothesis of the meaning common to all kinds of laughter. At a hint from Darwin, he has traced it to the animal snarl—the showing of teeth, which he makes synonymous with laughing. For, he contends, the showing of teeth is, with animals, the warning assertion of power, and it is the constant and essential characteristic of all kinds of laughter. In this way Mr. Ludovici seeks to establish further the predatory nature of laughter which his phrase "superior adaptation" implies. But the whole question of animal and primitive-human gesture is so subtle (as a reference to Sir Richard Paget's "Human Speech," with its gesture hypothesis of speech, will show) that this theory is on the face of it too simple. For one thing, as Paget mentions, apes seem to have the use of the smile as an ingratiating gesture (Mr. Ludovici, by the way, does not explain the servile smile) quite apart from the frown. Again, the convulsions of the belly and diaphragm which sometimes accompany "showing teeth" are not explained by the snarl hypothesis. They would seem to have some connection with the *suddenness* which Hobbes stresses but which Mr. Ludovici slurs. His suppression of the reflexive nature of laughter—his explanation of hysterical laughter, of nitrous oxide laughter, and of tickling laughter as being obscurely the results of "superior adaptation" is notably weak—is a serious flaw in the hypothetical genesis.

From his discussion of its nature and genesis Mr. Ludovici goes on to an analysis of laughter as a symptom of modern culture. His estimate of the role of humor in modern life, though not especially original with him, is substantially correct. He finds that it has been given an unprecedentedly exaggerated

position, that, indeed, a sense of humor has become the *sine qua non* of good character: Chesterton has even required a humorous Christ. Laughter is not the only expression of superior adaptation but it is the easiest; through it one escapes the necessity of adaptation by more difficult means. It thus becomes the anodyne for a confused civilization (or class?) and a force for inaction or reaction.

LIONEL TRILLING

Towns Should Be Towns

Town and Countryside: Some Aspects of Urban and Rural Development. By Thomas Sharp. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

COMING as it does at the height of general English satisfaction with the million and a quarter small dwellings constructed since the war with government assistance "on garden-city lines," and at the beginning of what promises to be a strong movement toward the preservation of the English countryside, this book, severely criticizing the one and passionately urging the other, has a definite timely significance.

Mr. Sharp's thesis, when stated in its simplest terms, is just one. Town as town is one thing, and country as country is another. Each has its own inherent functions, aesthetic qualities, virtues, and amenities, and all good planners respect them as separate identities. It is also true that, whether or not town and country may ever be successfully merged into a new identity (a possibility which the author denies and the present critic considers dubious), the new form has certainly not been achieved in the large body of recent English housing, even though it spreads itself out over the countryside at very low densities—the legal maximum in England being only twelve houses to the acre. It is unfair, however, to blame the original creators of the garden-city idea, as Mr. Sharp does, for the fact that "garden-city lines," under governmental aegis, mean merely low-density suburban housing. Letchworth and Welwyn, the only real garden cities, are as a matter of fact the outstanding and almost the only English examples of efforts at recentralization and community integration.

Mr. Sharp does, for the most part, distinguish between the virtues which one may expect from a consciously planned new town and those which adhere, as a picturesque patina, to an ancient planless village. The photographs of dignified and urbane old squares which he uses for object lessons are well enough selected. But there his imagination stops, and the future of English architecture, urban or suburban, remains as vague as it was before. As to rural planning, the author's advocacy of "by-passes" and of respect for the "normal English scene," as well as for the legal "beauty-spots," and his hatred of roadside advertising and indiscriminate widening of country lanes into often unnecessary "arterial highways" are well supported by his illustrations.

Mr. Sharp is no liberal. He despises democracy, and implies that all the old virtues—rural and civic—were the result of autocratic control and aristocratic taste. It is the more interesting, therefore, to find that the only concrete proposal for preserving rural England which he can think of is state ownership of most of the land.

The book as a whole is less important than its thesis deserves because of the limitations inherent in the author's conservative background and his rather sentimental point of view. For one thing, he persists in considering England—whose countryside is "so national and so lovely"—as an entirely special case. And for another, he remains either ignorant of or indifferent to the innumerable Continental experiments which might have bolstered up his argument and carried it to more dramatic and significant conclusions.

C. K. BAUER

Morals and the Child

The Moral Judgment of the Child. By Jean Piaget. Translated from the French by Marjorie Gabain. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

IN undertaking this study Piaget did not set out to prove a point. For the first part he selected the simple game of marbles, because he saw here, ready at hand, a complete ethical system accepted and practiced by all children. He mingled in their games as if he were doing it for the sake of the game only. Thus he skilfully drew out from them their actual practice of the rules. As he played, he questioned them to find out their consciousness of rule as differentiated from practice.

In general, practice and consciousness increased in stability with age. To the younger children these rules had always been thus. They had been set down by the older children, by the parents before these, and by God farther back. They could not be changed even by mutual consent. Here we have the consciousness of what Piaget terms a morality of constraint, the respect of the inferior for the superior. As the child grows older, however (eleven to twelve years), there comes into the game more stability of practice, more definite codification; and as to consciousness, there develops a sense of mutual agreement, reciprocal respect, equality—the morality of cooperation, as Piaget calls it.

These two conceptions—two moralities alongside each other, and the gradual shift from one to the other with increasing age—are evidenced throughout the book. Piaget discovers this apparent rule of moral growth in the child's idea of responsibility, punishment, and the sense of justice. In this part of the study he tells the children short simple stories of wrongdoing and of the punishments imposed by adults, and then questions them on responsibility and on the fairness and efficaciousness of the punishment. It is amazing and fascinating to see how a little story and some skilful questioning will invariably bring out the fact that as the child grows older there is a moral growth from practice and consciousness of a one-sided morality of constraint to one of reciprocal respect and cooperation.

Is this discovery of any particular significance or is it simply an ascertainable fact from which no valid principle can be evolved? Piaget considers it of great importance, for it points to the obsolescence of an educational system based on compulsion and expiatory arbitrary punishment within which there can be no real moral growth toward autonomy, inner discipline, and a rational morality. It brings home with great force a lesson we have already learned from the experience of our progressive and experimental schools: outside of home, school, and the adult world children form societies governed by social rules in which the source of authority is different from that imposed upon them by their elders. This source is reciprocity and cooperation, not one-sided arbitrary respect. For years, however, neither lay adults, sociologists, nor educators realized the existence of these societies and they failed to take advantage of the principle in their work with children. Certain writers have maintained that all morality has its source in adult society, and that adult authority is thus the source of the moral life of the child. These ideas were thrown overboard by the early practitioners in the field of active and group education, and now Piaget has, as an experimental psychologist, found ample material to disprove them. For it now seems certain that this early one-sided respect is not a stable system, that the tendency is toward mutual respect. As the child grows up he tends to discredit the idea of submitting his conscience to the adult mind, and unilateral respect tends of itself to grow into mutual respect.

The final chapter on *The Two Moralities of the Child* is a critique of the theories of certain European writers. It contains indispensable and illuminating material on discipline, punishment, group work, "self-government," and other items related to child morality. But these are educational matters into which I cannot go, first for lack of space, and secondly because the book is an experimental study of morality and not one on education. I want, however, to comment upon Piaget's ingenuity in devising the stories for his experiments, upon his extreme cautiousness about hasty interpretation, and upon his integrity in presenting material and ideas unfavorable to his own. And I must add due praise to Marjorie Gabain for an extraordinarily accurate and readable translation.

G. C. CONVERS

Shorter Notices

Psychology of Sex. By Havelock Ellis. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$3.

A good many facts have been collected since Havelock Ellis published the sixth and last volume of his "Studies." It is partly in order to revise his conclusions that he has written this one-volume manual, but there are other reasons besides. One of them is that the sale of the "Studies" is still restricted; another, that comparatively few people will take the time necessary to read the more extended work. There was, therefore, a real need for a short statement of his conclusions in a form available to the general public, and here it is. No one has studied the subject more exhaustively than Ellis and no one is less partisan or doctrinaire. For that reason there is probably no better introduction to contemporary knowledge and contemporary theories about the physiology, psychology, and hygiene of sex.

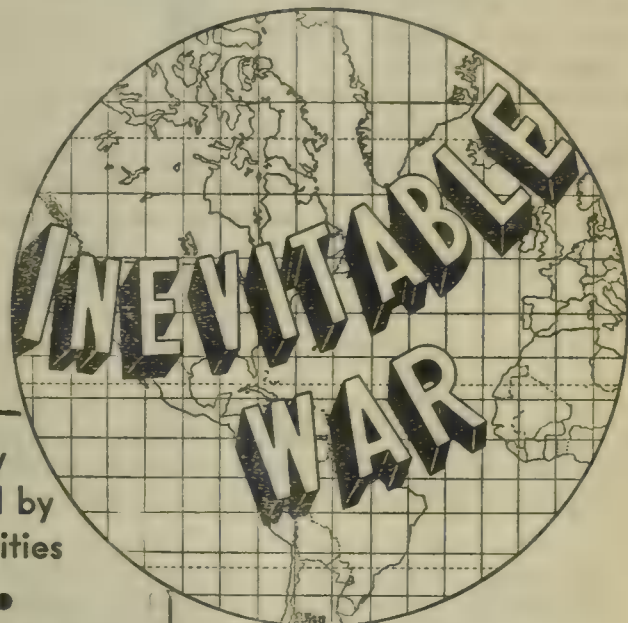
Germany Puts the Clock Back. By Edgar Ansell Mowrer. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

In reaffirming, and buttressing with a great deal of unsailable evidence, the fact that one cannot have a successful revolution without completely exterminating the former political, social, and economic system, Mr. Mowrer has performed a valuable service. He reveals that the Social Democrats and other republican parties, either through ideological weakness or sheer carelessness, allowed the old regime in Germany to keep its roots sunk deep in the courts, the schools, the army, and other branches of the supposedly revolutionary republic. "The republicans could have done anything they wished," the author declares. "They could have abolished the old institutions and created new ones of their own, they could have filled the key positions with faithful followers and eliminated the hostile and doubtful, they could have gone far toward socializing and democratizing business and possession. Yet they did none of these." Indeed, quite to the contrary, upon numerous occasions they sold out to the counter-revolution; twice after the revolution the Socialists delivered the country into the safekeeping of the reactionary militarists. The Socialists have frequently tried to excuse their conduct on various debatable grounds. The only sufficient answer is to be found in Mr. Mowrer's book. Far from having revolutionized Germany, the republicans bungled the job so thoroughly that a large part of the population now wants to turn the clock back, not to 1914, but to 1848.

The Scottish Queen. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

Out of what he calls "the remorseless desert of my curiosity," Herbert Gorman has emerged with a biography of Marie Stuart which amply justifies the three years spent in research

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and composition. It is written with abounding vitality, and it places the central figure against a richly tinted background of history. "I cannot assert," writes Mr. Gorman, "that I am impartial, and it would be unfair to the reader for me not to admit candidly that emotionally I believe Marie innocent of atrocious criminal intent." He attempts, however, no hypothetical solutions of those mysteries the clues to which have been irrecoverably lost. Stuart partisans may regret his caution, but they cannot overlook his scrupulous weighing of evidence and his rejection of conjectures. Toward Marie's enemies, "whose characters become a strong point in her favor," he is severe, notably so in the cases of Queen Elizabeth, for whom he can find no good word, and John Knox, whom he holds in particular detestation. Expression of prejudice is confined to the notes and appendices, leaving the text free from auctorial intrusions other than implications of phrase and epithet. To heighten the vivid and pictorial quality of his narrative Mr. Gorman has used some of the novelist's devices, but he has nowhere overstepped the boundary of biography, provided it is agreed that a biographer is entitled to know his subject's thoughts.

Civilizing Ourselves: Intellectual Maturity in the Modern World. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

Mr. Martin diagnoses our industrial crisis as "a phase of the psychological or cultural crisis." He contends that the trouble with the world today is the preponderance of immature intelligence.

The crisis in industry is the result not of failure in production, but of failure in salesmanship, distribution, and politics. In production men have long been using mature intelligence. In the other aspects of industry, they have either been obliged to appeal to immature intelligence, or have themselves not risen above this psychological level. The same defeat of mature intelligence by adolescent mentality is evident in political affairs.

He compares our sad state with an ancient civilization overthrown by a barbarian invasion, with the difference that our invasion has come from within. The gradually rising tide of mental immaturity is threatening to submerge the mentally mature minority.

Barbarians come in hordes, and I should say that any tendency to ignore or minimize the individual variations among us, to turn us into a horde, is a barbarian tendency. . . . Barbarians tend to destroy what they cannot understand. They are adolescent, almost infantile in their point of view. . . . The conditions of modern life have worked not so much to civilize the barbarian mind as to organize it and make it powerful.

The Art of Henri Matisse. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

Strongly as one may dislike the finality with which these authors pronounce their aesthetic judgments, one must applaud the intelligence and perspicuity of their reasoning. Not even their wearisome autoptic method of criticism—an "objective" method first introduced and applied by Dr. Barnes in "The Art in Painting"—can make us yawn away the value of this book as a key to better understanding of Matisse. Although the authors start out by laboring the point that art is not a "relapse into mere feeling"—as if to apologize for the lack of it in Matisse—a fine-comb examination of every phase of the master's painting and drawing forces them eventually to concede that the work of this "superlatively able and competent designer" seldom conveys the profounder human and plastic values which we find in Giotto, Tintoretto, El Greco, and Cézanne. "By centering his interest upon decoration he misses the supreme value of painting." A considerable portion of the text is devoted

to tracing the numerous traditional and contemporary sources from which Matisse borrowed many of his plastic themes, his delicate pastel-like colors, his modeling, brush strokes, and color-hatchings, and those bizarre tapestry, cretonne, poster, and rosette effects that he brought to his canvases. He drew most heavily, we are told, from Japanese prints, Persian miniatures and textiles, Chinese frescos, Egypto-Roman encaustic painting, Byzantine mosaics, Egyptian polychrome fabrics, and Negro sculpture. His Occidental borrowings are said to come mainly from Manet and Cézanne. Since Miss de Mazia and Dr. Barnes went to the trouble of compiling so comprehensive a critical index to the work of Matisse, they might also have included his sculpture and ceramics. The appendix contains eighteen detailed analyses of important paintings. Every Matisse student will want to consult this book, if only for its wealth of photographic material—151 half-tone reproductions.

My Sister My Bride. By Cyril Hume. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

In "My Sister My Bride" we see a group of artists, including a painter, a theatrical producer, an actress, and a novelist, who are all very much involved with the life of a sixteen-year-old girl. The main theme is that of the love of the painter, Lawrence, for the girl, Nancy, whose qualities, besides her youth and a charming naivete, are her devotion to "beauty" and her wilful blindness to the ugly things in life. To the painter she is the "essence" he has sought and missed in all the women he has loved. Because of the gulf of years between them, Lawrence denies himself the right to make her his. Out of this situation is developed a crisis which is brought to a head when Lawrence's son, an athletic simpleton, also falls in love with the girl. With him Nancy for the first time touches reality, and reality, which has had no place in her scheme of things, destroys her. The book is serious and ambitious, and if we accept Mr. Hume's premises we must admit that he has worked them out to psychologically plausible conclusions. Some criticism may be made of the characterizations of the artists in Nancy's coterie of admirers. As portrayed here, each of these figures represents to the letter the popular bourgeois conception of what painters, actresses, and novelists are like. This almost gives to the book an air of burlesque, which was probably not intended and certainly does not help to make the characters live.

George Washington: die Geschichte einer Staatengründung. Von Walther Reinhardt. Frankfurt-am-Main: Societäts-Verlag.

Walther Reinhardt, German consul at Seattle, Washington, modestly presents this biography as "a small German gift to great America" on the occasion of the Washington bicentenary celebration. In his native land the book has been awarded the 1932 prize of the Ralph Beaver Strassburg Foundation, following the decision of a jury which included Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Jacob Wassermann, and Stefan Zweig. It is an admirable study, colorful and sympathetic, and there is abundant evidence that the preparatory research was both scholarly and thorough. Mr. Reinhardt makes no parade of authorities, but he has patently absorbed them all from Irving to Hughes, for he writes from a full fund of knowledge. He is concerned primarily with observation of character reacting to the stresses of circumstance, and from that test of pressures he sees Washington's character emerging as fine metal. "His influence reaches to our time and will be active far into the future. No longer should he be thought of in the role of hero; he has been discovered as the human being, as a thinking, feeling, suffering man of flesh and blood. The aristocrat Washington, who renounced monarchy, became the founder of American democracy. . . . Greatest of all Americans. No other man's work on the Western continent has proved to be more comprehensive, more enduring, or more permanent."

Music

"The Emperor Jones"

A GREATER portion of the power of Eugene O'Neill's play "The Emperor Jones" remains in the operatic version by Louis Gruenberg, produced by the Metropolitan this season, than often remains in operatic adaptations of dramatic works. Most operas, on the other hand, boast music of some interest or attractiveness in itself—a distinction which Mr. Gruenberg deliberately sacrificed. Almost throughout, the music is entirely subservient to the play, the lines of which are mostly spoken to music instead of sung. The orchestral and general technical competence of Mr. Gruenberg's music cannot be questioned. But there is not enough of it in "The Emperor Jones" to explain the changed effect of that work in its transference to the opera house: one must look beyond the quality of the music to other causes.

O'Neill's play is essentially a tour de force in dramatic design, everything being made to contribute to one great crescendo in intensity. It begins with a quiet, sultry exposition: Smithers extracting an account of what is going on from the old native woman making her escape; Smithers and Jones describing or hinting at what needs to be told of the past and of plans for the future. Jones is the main theme, upon which the entire development section is to be based. Smithers is a subsidiary theme, entirely neglected in the development section and reappearing only in the return and coda. The exposition really ends, and the development section begins, with the first distant beats of the tom-tom. The development is symbolized by the increasing pace and loudness of those beats, which continue uninterrupted to the end of the play. But the play itself has a sort of return in the scene in which Smithers reiterates to Lem, leader of the natives, the confidence of both himself and the Emperor, in the first scene, that Jones is more than a match for his subjects and will never be caught. The coda, consisting of the shooting of Jones in the woods and the bringing in of his body, completes the tension.

The gradual stripping off of all the Emperor's glitter contributes to the force of the crescendo and unifies its episodes. In the original version this denuding of the Emperor Jones is carried through to the end. His silver bullet, made to impress the natives with the idea that ordinary bullets cannot harm him, and saved by him after all the other symbols of his magnificence have been shed, he shoots at the witch doctor's green alligator, and he is left naked of defense to receive the silver bullets made for him by the natives. The horrors summoned up by Jones's imagination and memory, too, grow steadily more fantastic, while the scenes grow shorter and shorter. Every means of plot, mood, tempo, and structure is made to contribute to the increase of tension symbolized by the drumbeats.

Almost all of these devices have been tampered with in making the operatic version. By placing before the sultry atmosphere and slow tempo of the first scene a prelude in which fore-rumblings of the horrors to come are heard, Mr. Gruenberg has begun the tension too early—its let-down in the first scene is unexplained and unsatisfactory. By lengthening certain passages, presumably for musical reasons, he has taken away much of that steady tightening that makes the crescendo. By superimposing music on the drumbeat, which is thus heard only intermittently, he has destroyed the effect of that device. He has altered the end of the play as well: Jones saves the silver bullet for himself and dies in a thoroughly operatic climax, followed by a dance of triumph by the natives. The scene between Lem and Smithers is omitted entirely. The witch

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doctor, instead of being a figure of Jones's imagination, becomes one of the natives. The whole point of the end of the play is missed, and the play's structure badly deformed, for the sake of an unnecessary and excessive simplification.

Even considered as incidental music, Gruenberg's work is definitely a liability, I think. For incidental music should not be just a pleasant texture of sounds running along beside the drama: if it does not clarify situations it is bound to obscure them. In the second scene Jones looks under the first white stone for the provisions he has stored away. Much of his confidence has rested on his assurance of food in the forest and on admiration of his own foresight in hiding it. He rolls back the stone confidently, and the shock he receives in finding nothing under it is his first serious hint of the possibility of failure. It is an important and an effective moment. It needs no underlining. But if a musical accompaniment is provided and it does not underline the incident, the effect is to hide from the listener the importance it would have if no music accompanied it.

Mr. Tibbett's compelling performance as the Emperor Jones needs no praise here. Jo Mielziner's setting for the first scene seems to me pretty far from O'Neill's conception: the throne for Jones is noble in proportion and color, and has nothing of the tawdry, Harlem tinge O'Neill describes. But the entire scenic part of the production is a moving work that contributes very importantly to the force of the performance. Especially noteworthy is the advantage taken of the size of the stage and house. The sets are not merely designs for "The Emperor Jones"; they are sets for the Metropolitan Opera House, and they make its size an asset, give the drama a bigger, more heroic scale than it could have in a smaller house. The rest of the production, too, is so skilfully handled that even with the music and the changes made to accommodate it "The Emperor Jones" is a credit to the Metropolitan.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films Miscellany

"ROME EXPRESS" at the New Roxy is an unusual picture if for no other reason than that it is probably the first importation from England which in movement and general technical excellence compares favorably with the better products of Hollywood and other great film centers. Despite the fact that it was produced by the British-Gaumont combination and that its stars are a well-known German actor and a once popular Hollywood actress, the picture has a distinction which is thoroughly English in character. The acting, for example, has all the suavity and naturalness of English acting at its best. The melodramatic interest derives not from any particular stress in the acting or the dialogue but from the development of a single central situation, which happens to be the theft of a famous painting by a group of international crooks, all of whom are brought together on the swift-moving express between Paris and Rome. What distinguishes the picture from its obvious model of a year ago is its superior unity; the various character-types are related and subordinated to the situation better than in Von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." It is interesting, for instance, to compare the restraint with which Esther Ralston plays her role of the publicity-weary movie actress with the manner in which Marlene Dietrich was made to play a corresponding role in the American picture. At the same time, it must be admitted that the photography throughout is mediocre. If the English directors can learn to combine a better use of this element with the already accomplished style of acting exhibited

in "Rome Express," the British motion-picture industry is likely to become increasingly important in the next few years.

It may be said of George Cukor's movie version of "Our Betters," Somerset Maugham's somewhat dated comedy of Anglo-American morals at the Radio City Music Hall, that it falls short of being as effective as the stage play revived a few years ago with Ina Claire and Constance Collier in the principal roles. The inanimate posturings of Constance Bennett as the completely non-moral American social climber in London sometimes approach the ridiculous; and the stately Violet Kemble-Cooper is certainly miscast in the role so hilariously played by Miss Collier on the stage. Moreover, in transferring the comedy to the screen, there was too little effort to add any scenic variety or to recreate any of the situations in visual terms. Fortunately, Maugham's lines are pretty consistently witty, the scenes follow each other in rapid order, and the total result is a fairly sophisticated departure for the talking screen.

The second program of the Film Society on Sunday evening consisted of a potpourri of delicacies, new and old, from various lands, the whole calculated to impress on the bewildered spectator a sense of the enormous variety of the screen medium. *Item:* an excerpt from D'Arrast's "Laughter," an American-made picture which seemed to combine the Keystone and early Chaplin technique with the "crazy-fool" humors of Donald Ogden Stewart. *Item:* a light-poem by Eisenstein, which included some of his most beautiful work, although much of it was marred by a too explicit symbolism at the end. *Item:* "Lichtspiel," an example of the film of pure abstractions based on mechanical forms. *Item:* an incredible succession of announcements and advance shots actually made for Hollywood pictures in recent years. After the intermission there was shown an episode from a Pearl White serial made in 1916 and, as the main feature, a first presentation of Pierre Prévert's "L'affaire est dans le sac," an extraordinary visualization of

the surréaliste attitude in contemporary French art and literature. So important is this film from the standpoint of its possible influence on the field as a whole that discussion of it must be put off to a later time.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

A Genius on Main Street

ONE expects a great deal of Katharine Cornell in a play by Sidney Howard. One tends to judge it by exacting standards, and to pay both the author and the star the compliment of not being too easily pleased. Unfortunately, however, neither is at his best in "Alien Corn" (Belasco Theater), and the production is a disappointment despite the high talents and the high intentions there displayed.

Perhaps the initial difficulty is with the theme itself. Mr. Howard has a beautiful title, but the story of the superior soul struggling against American mediocrity is a story which has been told too many times in too many ways. By very dint of repetition in novel and essay and play it has come to have that air of almost fatuous falsity which even a truth too often reiterated tends to assume. Out of mere perversity, perhaps, one finds one's sympathy changing sides; one finds oneself protesting that it is not, after all, so bad as that; and so it is in the case of "Alien Corn." Mr. Howard has a great gift for drawing realistic characters with insight and understanding, but in the present instance it works against him, for the simple reason that these characters soon come to seem more likable than the heroine they are supposed to annoy. Doubtless she had a great deal to bear; but so, one cannot help confessing, did the Middle Western col-

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 GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.
 ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.
 PIGEONS AND PEOPLE. Lyceum Theater. Two hours and a half of George M. Cohan in a play by himself. Well worth seeing.
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lege community in which she found herself. And of the two, the latter comes to seem the more tolerant, the more sympathetic, and—one is tempted to say—the more broad-minded. At least that community seemed to understand her and her cantankerous old father better than they understood it. The very people whom she scorns seem to devote their lives to trying to get her out of her difficulties, and they receive nothing in return except the various manifestations of an egotism which blandly accepts everything without even bothering to wonder if those who give have any lives or any desires of their own. I have never, I think, been inclined to sentimentalize Main Street. If any local patriotism lingers in my mind, it is well below the conscious level. Yet I could not help feeling that, so far as humanity was concerned, these Middle Western provincials came out pretty well from a comparison with the fine flower of artistic Europe.

Perhaps one would not feel all this if the genius of the unfortunate pianist could be made to seem as real as the devoted kindness of her blundering friends. Perhaps if one really believed in her tremendous gift, one would more readily grant her the artist's immemorial right to a blind and consuming egotism. But in the very nature of things it is difficult to do more than ask us to assume the existence of those talents which are supposed to justify her now ruthless and now whining self-absorption. We are told that she has talents which it were death to hide; but all we actually see is a discontented woman who has made herself the center of a band of ineffectual satellites. Besides, Mr. Howard has, I think, mixed realism with romance. His minor characters are real, and so is the whole atmosphere of the small college. But Elsa Brandt, the great pianist and glamorous woman, is conceived out of what seems to me a strangely youthful sentimentality, so that she appears a figure more likely to be born from the romantic imagination of one of the young instructors than actually to be found either in a college town or in that Vienna for which her father longs. Indeed, her unconvincing presence seems almost to spoil what would otherwise be an effective study of a characteristic American phenomenon, and in this particular case I am ready to maintain that, for once, "Hamlet" would be better with Hamlet left out. As for Miss Cornell, I suppose that she plays the character as it is written, but her performance does not escape a certain monotony of woe. She suffers too continuously and with too persistent and too loving a grace. Again I must say that if one really believed firmly enough in her genius one might suffer with her; but as it is, one is likely to find sympathy turning by imperceptible stages into mere irritation. So far as I am concerned Elsa Brandt may go to Vienna—or elsewhere.

Comment on the Theater Guild's new offering "American Dream" must be postponed until next week. Meanwhile there is space for brief approval of Owen Davis's "A Saturday Night" (Playhouse), a pleasantly human little comedy which describes what happens in a typical American home when Father and Mother plan a night out to celebrate the latter's birthday. On that particular evening all the problems of the home converge toward a crisis, and before the evening is over domesticity has been thoroughly defined and expounded. Mr. Davis is not particularly original in his conclusions, and there are moments when wholesomeness, as exemplified by the popular Peggy Wood, becomes a little oppressive. Nevertheless, "A Saturday Night" provides a genuinely diverting evening, and unless I am very much mistaken it will be something of a hit. There are few who will not recognize the truth of the situations either from experience or observation, and few who will not ponder the question proposed by the husband after listening to a bachelor friend's analysis of the husband's defects: "I wonder whether you single men know so much about women because you are not married, or whether you are not married because you know so much about women."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

MAY 9
1933

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1933

No. 3533

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	301
EDITORIALS:	
These They Cannot Take	304
The New Bank Law	305
Destroy the Money Power!	306
Preparing for War	307
ISSUES AND MEN. CONGRESS VOTES FOR A BILL. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	308
A SOCIALIST PROGRAM FOR BANKING. By Norman Thomas	309
MONEY: MASTER OR MEANS? By Lawrence Dennis	310
TRAVEL FOR A SONG. By Arthur Warner	313
RING LARDNER AND THE TRIANGLE OF HATE. By Clifton	
Fadiman	315
IN DEFENSE OF HOARDING. By George J. Hoarder	318
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	319
CORRESPONDENCE	319
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	320
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Proletarian Literary Sans-Culottes. By Charles Yale Harrison	321
Sonnet. By Mark Van Doren	322
The Universe Unbound. By William Gruen	322
Capitalism and History. By Charles A. Beard	323
Wilson, House, and War. By C. Hartley Grattan	323
Lawrence and the Short Story. By Ferner Nuhn	324
Unemployment Insurance. By H. H.	324
Shorter Notices	324
Films: Beauty and the Beast. By William Troy	326
Drama: Wake Up, Jonathan! By Joseph Wood Krutch	327

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT has so far swept everything before him with the strength and velocity of a March wind. His measures have been designed with consummate skill to give the country what it most desires: a sense of vigor and action. The slow results may fall short of the demands of the crisis and so prove ultimately disappointing, but the first effect has been thoroughly satisfying. One may doubt the wisdom of any one of his measures and yet be won by their form and manner of presentation—so refreshingly in contrast to the dull and ungrammatical pronouncements of his unlamented predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt's messages have been direct, terse, vigorous; his public statements lucid and simple. His address to the people over the radio was strikingly effective, partly because his voice is clear and attractive, partly because his words brought into the room a friendly, personal tone to which the most skeptical listener must have responded. His expression was varied and forceful, but never oratorical; he did not "talk down." His approach to the press in Washington has been equally successful. He has abolished the subterfuges behind which Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover took refuge. He employs no "White House spokesman"; he demands no questions submitted in advance. He talks to the correspondents face to face and answers their questions directly and without

preparation. Finally, he shows no inclination to utilize the old tactics of silence and deception as methods of "restoring confidence." As we go to press he is insisting upon the continuance of the Senate inquiry into banking practices—the very inquiry which, according to fearful conservatives, is supposed to have weakened confidence before the bank holiday. To us this act is an encouraging sign that Mr. Roosevelt realizes how much remains to be done before the financial structure can be considered sound. All of these attitudes reveal him as a person of courage and candor.

THE PRESSURE of public opinion has for once put to rout the organized lobbyists of Washington. Whether or not we like the powers bestowed upon President Roosevelt by Congress in the matter of reducing federal salaries and Veterans' Bureau expenditures, it must be conceded that he has been given this power in the face of the desperate efforts of one of the most powerful lobbies ever known in the national capital. As soon as the terms of the President's economy bill became known, these lobbyists invaded the Capitol and poured all sorts of dire threats into the ears of Senators and Congressmen. Their attack threatened for a while to disrupt the Roosevelt program, but so strong had the popular demand for government economy become that Administration leaders had no difficulty in finding two Republican votes for every Democratic vote that was captured by the representatives of the veterans and federal employees. The public will have its economy, but whether that will bring any immediate reduction in taxes is exceedingly doubtful. The best thing about the measure is its assertion that an end has at last been made of the scandalous draining of public funds into the pockets of persons who have no legitimate claim upon it.

UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF was almost lost sight of in the frenzy of the Roosevelt Administration's first fortnight. This grave problem should have received attention immediately after the passage of the emergency banking law. Certainly it should have come before Mr. Roosevelt's beer bill. It is reported that there has been a difference of opinion as to whether construction of public works or direct relief should be given precedence in the Administration program. Because of the pressing emergency it would be only natural and human to put direct relief first, to adopt the La Follette-Costigan plan and then proceed to a program of public building. It takes time to prepare plans and begin construction. Moreover, this sort of relief costs on the average 30 per cent more than direct assistance to the unemployed. The first need is to get food, clothing, shelter, and medical attention to those who must have it today, not next week or next month. By the time these lines appear Congress may have received from the White House a specific plan. Whatever it may contain—and we are assured that it will be much broader in scope than any relief program yet presented to Congress—the division of opinion between those who favor construction and those who want direct relief should not be allowed to delay its passage.

AT THE LAST MINUTE, fortunately, the provision for the housing of homeless boys in military training camps was cut out of the War Department bill. Not only would the measure have resulted in schooling some 88,000 boys in military attitudes and technique; it would also have meant a quite unnecessary expenditure of \$22,000,000. For the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture has stated that it has at its disposal several million acres of land for the housing and training of transient boys and young men. On these tracts of land are living accommodations for thousands of men which are ready for immediate occupancy. Several of the larger tracts are in the Southeast, in Louisiana and Florida, a part of the country to which thousands of transient boys have flocked during the winter months. The Forestry Service states further that it has work for 109,938 men and boys annually and is willing to pay its employees from \$3.50 to \$4 a day. Now that the army-camp proposal has been defeated, the government should proceed immediately to put into effect this excellent plan for employment and constructive relief.

AS A MEMBER of the Senate Claude Swanson was sent to Geneva by President Hoover with instructions to work for the limitation of armaments. But the moment he entered the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy he joined the admirals in bellowing for an "adequate" navy. Of course, Secretary Swanson was never a sincere advocate of disarmament—his presence at Geneva was simply another manifestation of the thinly disguised hypocrisy with which the United States and other Powers have regarded the disarmament conference. The Secretary says the navy should be built up to the extreme limit permitted by the London treaty. In view of President Roosevelt's vigorous and determined economy program it does not seem likely that this goal will be attained. Nevertheless, by their unending public utterances on the subject, men like Swanson and Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee are tending to commit Mr. Roosevelt to a big-navy program. If the President does not agree with these men who are members of his party and Administration he must silence them by letting the country know precisely where he stands on the naval question. Until the President disavows the recent statement of Secretary Swanson, the country will believe, justifiably, that the militaristic Swanson accurately reflects the views of Mr. Roosevelt.

WE CANNOT CONCEIVE of a gesture less complimentary to the memory of the late Thomas J. Walsh than the appointment of John E. Erickson as his successor in the Senate. The place heretofore filled by a public servant of fine intelligence and distinguished record is now to be occupied by a second-rate provincial politician who has been elected three times Governor not because of any fitness, mental or otherwise, but merely because he has been entirely acceptable to the copper interests that control Montana. The story of the methods by which he has been so often elected would include the appearance in one campaign of a mysterious "labor" newspaper supporting his candidacy. His appointment to succeed Senator Walsh involved a fast sleight-of-hand performance in which he resigned as Governor and was succeeded by the Lieutenant Governor, who gratefully ap-

pointed his predecessor to the Senate. In every way except technically, Governor Erickson appointed himself to fill the seat left vacant by Senator Walsh. It is doubtful whether anyone else in Montana would publicly care to take the responsibility.

HITLERISM CONTINUES to move ahead with menacing speed in Germany, although Adolf Hitler himself seems suddenly to have taken a more cautious public attitude. He speaks of peace, of a desire for universal disarmament—if only the rest of the world will disarm. He sternly orders the police to suppress hooliganism, a term which the American correspondents have adopted as a synonym for Hitlerism. But the German Chancellor only mocks himself, for even as he speaks the fascist excesses multiply in scope and ferocity. Jews and persons mistaken for Jews are attacked in growing numbers by the Nazi hooligans; Bavarian Cabinet ministers are dragged off to police stations in their night clothing, "under arrest"; Socialist and liberal members of the Reichstag are kidnapped; Communist leaders are found murdered on the public highways; foreign journalists are threatened with expulsion; the democratic newspapers are frightened into silence or suspended without explanation, as in the case of the liberal *Berliner Tageblatt*. What other perhaps more horrible outrages are taking place behind the veil of censorship can only be guessed at. But these acts of the fascist underlings are no worse than those of Hitler and his immediate lieutenants. They have captured the governments of Bavaria and four smaller states by a coup resembling that by which Von Papen nine months ago seized Prussia. They are browbeating Hans Luther, the competent and conservative president of the Reichsbank, and probably will force him to resign in favor of Hjalmar Schacht, the loose-tongued, erratic former president. England and France are gravely concerned with this turn of affairs. They are now reported to be preparing a common program of action "to guard against the German peril," just as the British and French general staffs secretly prepared a similar program for a similar purpose only a few years before the World War.

THE RISING TIDE of Hitlerism in Austria is also disturbing the large European Powers. Chancellor Dollfuss has at the invitation of President Miklas assumed dictatorial powers, ostensibly to check the increasingly confident Austrian Nazis. He has outlawed all political demonstrations and established a strict censorship of the press. Thus far he has retained the support of the army. Vienna dispatches say that troops have been called out to protect that city and that other army units have been concentrated along the German frontier. Despite these precautions, the Nazi movement continues to spread. It has even penetrated the ranks of the Christian Social Party, of which Chancellor Dollfuss is titular leader. For example, the city council of Kramsach, which has a Christian Social majority, recently made Adolf Hitler an honorary citizen. The advent of fascism in Austria would perhaps have no considerable international importance were it not that the Nazis are determined to bring about a union of Austria and Germany. "Not Dollfuss but Hitler is our Chancellor," declared Alfred Frauenfeld, leader of the Austrian party before a meeting of 40,000 Nazis in Vienna. "We have all Germany behind

us and we cannot be stopped." France showed in 1931 that it was ready to go to any length, even so far as to wreck Europe, to prevent the Austro-German *Anschluss* from materializing. There is no good reason to suppose that France has changed its policy in this respect.

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG, the man who swore to uphold the German constitution and for years defended the republic against all political comers, is dead. The old Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the Prussian militarist, the devout follower of the monarchy and the Kaiser, has now taken his place. That he has gone over body and soul to the Hitlerites is shown by his order declaring that not only shall the black, white, and red flag of the Kaiserreich float over public buildings, but that the swastika, the hooked cross of Hitler, must fly by its side. This is a direct violation of the constitution of Weimar; it spells complete treachery to the republic; it enables Frederick T. Birchall, a correspondent of the *New York Times*, to cable that "on this day the whole Reich took farewell of the Weimar republic and the regime built upon it." "These flags," says the Hindenburg decree, "unite the glorious past of the Reich and the puissant rebirth of the German nation." So over the remains of the German republic flies not only the flag of 1914, but the personal flag of Hitler, which stands for the abolition of personal liberty, for prejudice, for reaction, for race hatred and persecution, for terror and murder—all in the name of nationalism and the "puissant rebirth" of the nation whose military threat helped to keep Europe face to face with war for generations. Poor Germany! She is apparently bound for years to pay a high price for the inefficiency and the too easygoing and generous character of the Social Democratic republic.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS is being further embarrassed by the great Powers in its efforts to discipline Japan. First the British virtually wrecked the League's program for forthright action against the Japanese by declaring an arms embargo against both China and Japan. Having done this, the British withdrew their embargo order. Now Russia, without whose cooperation the Far Eastern problem can never satisfactorily be adjusted, refuses to accept membership on the Committee of Twenty-one designated to draw up a plan of action in Japan's case. The Soviet note to Geneva broadly intimated that Moscow's refusal was based on the failure of the United States to recognize the Soviet Union. Moscow certainly has some justification for its attitude; it would seem ludicrous for these two countries to work together to solve an important international problem while the government of one country refuses to acknowledge the existence of the government of the other. The United States has formally accepted the League's invitation to cooperate in the work of the Committee of Twenty-one, but has reserved its right of independence of action. Whether this guarded collaboration will reassure the League and encourage a strong stand against Japanese aggression is doubtful. It can hardly commit its members to any clear-cut action or attitude as long as the position of Russia and the United States remains undefined. And while Geneva, Moscow, and Washington are thus feeling their cautious way, Japan continues unconcernedly about its business of swallowing China piece by piece.

THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS have been granted a change of venue for their new trial. But Decatur, Alabama, is from all reports just a larger Scottsboro. It is only fifty miles away and lies in the same belt of race prejudice and provincialism. Within recent weeks the defense has obtained a photostatic copy of a letter presumably written by Ruby Bates, a principal witness for the prosecution, in which she repudiated her trial testimony and denied that she was attacked by any of the boys accused. But Ruby Bates disappeared from her home on February 27 and may not be found in time to tell her story at the second trial. Another attempt is being made to obtain a change of venue to Birmingham, where, the defense feels, a more civilized public opinion would increase the chances of a fair trial. The defense at the same time is trying to have the indictment quashed on the ground that Negroes were systematically excluded from the grand jury. The chance of success in either of these attempts seems slight—and the mere raising of these issues will tend to increase further the racial antagonism in Decatur. The Scottsboro boys are now more than ever in mortal danger. It is likely that only the pressure of public opinion upon the State of Alabama can save their lives. We hope that that pressure will be increasingly applied, by letter, by telegram, and by widespread publicity.

THE LONG WAR between the New York theatrical managers and the stagehands' union has entered a new phase. Under present conditions, and especially during the bank holiday, there has been a tremendous increase in the number of productions which cannot survive if the regular salaries are paid to actors and stagehands, but which could continue if the overhead were reduced. The Actors' Equity Association has agreed to permit its members to act in return for a percentage of the receipts if the stagehands will accept a similar arrangement. So far, however, the union has refused to consider the scheme, and the producers are threatening to post closing notices on a large number of current productions. Under the circumstances it would seem that the union is unwise and unreasonable. It naturally fears that the proposal might be disingenuous and constitute a plan for permanently reducing the wage of union members, but the managers appear to be willing to guarantee adequate safeguards. In many cases it is a matter of life or death for the individual production. Surely stagehands as well as actors would be better off under some such profit-sharing agreement than completely out of employment.

MARIA LUISA ARCELAY, member of the Porto Rican House of Representatives and Latin America's only woman legislator, is sponsoring a bill for the establishment of birth-control clinics on the island. A year and a half ago, in his inaugural address, Governor James R. Beverley, exhibiting a courage rare in public officials, stressed the necessity for birth control. In his first annual report a year later, he called attention to the steady increase in population—more than 2 per cent in the preceding year—bringing the total up to 1,599,142 inhabitants, or 465.5 per square mile. This is more than eleven times the density of population in the United States—a comparison which does not disclose the full extent of Porto Rico's dilemma since the island is wholly agricultural and a considerable part of its land is not arable. A

typical rural State such as Kansas supports just one-twentieth ■ many people per square mile. Porto Rican families average eight members, and more than half of these families live in one-room shacks. Of course, the two Catholic bishops—Byrne of San Juan and Willinger of Ponce—are calling for the defeat of the bill. In ■ country like Porto Rico such opposition is positively anti-social, even though other factors, such as the absentee landlordism of the American sugar companies, have helped to bring about Porto Rico's desperate poverty. But it is footless to pour "relief," as continental Americans have long done, into a community that will not adopt the maxim that "God helps those who help themselves."

WITHIN the next few weeks those of our readers who are not more than usually lucky will hear the words and music of a new song entitled "I'm Putting Money in the Bank Again." It has just been accepted for publication by the Miller Music Company, Inc., and the joker, according to *Variety*, is that the new Secretary of the Treasury is interested in the Miller Company to the extent of about \$100,000. Of course there is no serious reason why Mr. Woodin should not make private profit out of such admirable propaganda for the public good; indeed, if he commits no graver indiscretion he may live to deserve the title of the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury since the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton.

IT IS NONE of our business and we have troubles of our own, but it does seem to us that King George is losing his grip. Our English friends, to be sure, continue to insist that his symbolical value is more than worth the cost of his keep, but the trouble is that the kindly and undistinguished gentleman doesn't seem to symbolize anything in particular. The Prince of Wales, of course, is different. Any man who can promote empire trade during the day and then spend his evening acquiring ■ reputation just ambiguous enough to intrigue a romantic nursemaid without shocking ■ respectable dowager, is valuable to any government. But modern conditions make it necessary that a king should be human, and that is the one thing that a symbol can't afford to be. Consider, for example, two recent items of news. One tells us that His Majesty has just set a good example to his people by giving three of his old suits to the unemployed. The other reveals that he and Queen Mary recently attended their first talkie, at which they were seen to laugh heartily at a "Silly Symphony." This is well and good even if not particularly original; but what is left of kingly majesty afterwards? Who can believe that any divinity doth hedge a man who is laughing at Mickey Mouse while an unemployed cockney is wearing his old pants about London? We know, to be sure, that "imperial Caesar turned to clay may stop ■ chink to keep the wind away." That is a remote possibility and sufficiently gloomy to be majestic. Indeed, a touch of mortality serves to emphasize the distinction of a king by calling attention to the one respect in which he shares our human weakness. But a man who discards his clothes because he has worn the seat shiny at a cinema is nothing else but human. You may call him King of England and Scotland. You may add Emperor of India for good measure, and translate the whole thing into Latin if you like. But a symbol which laughs at Mickey Mouse isn't worth much when it comes to holding the Empire together.

These They Cannot Take

THE Malefactors of Great Wealth have once more become unpopular figures. Gone are the days when it was fashionable to discover that they had been, even if unwittingly, contributing to the common good in mysterious ways, and we are not inclined to pity their present friendless state. But we are, in all seriousness, genuinely sorry for the vast number of Americans, big and little alike, who devoted their lives to nothing except "getting ahead." In the collapse of the world of which they were a part their tragedy is absolute, because they have seen both their material possessions and the only faith they ever had go down together.

The "intellectual," whether he was a professional or merely ■ spare-time amateur, is terribly lucky by comparison. He may have had less wealth to lose and he may have lost it as completely as his hard-headed companion. Actual want may be as near or even nearer to his door. But at least he has *something* left. He never committed himself to the belief that money was the only thing worth having, or that making his way in the world was the whole duty of man. He has something to fall back upon, something which still exists in the world he inhabits, and one is fortunate to possess so much as ■ hobby whose values are still sound. Even the man who can lose himself in a detective story or a jigsaw puzzle is not so utterly bereft as that practical citizen who sacrificed his life and confined his interests to the things which are now tottering. When banks close their doors, there are victims besides those who are plunged into actual want. There are also those hapless men who must repeat with a new emphasis the words of Othello:

But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

The preachers who preached of "eternal verities" were perhaps as far wrong as the Poor Richards who enjoined thrift, for the treasures laid up in heaven were corrupted by rust long before the depression set in. But there are verities which still remain veracious. On the gold standard or off, "the topless towers of Ilium" is still a mighty line; *Sanguinaria Canadensis* still pushes its white flowers miraculously through the snow; and the integral of $2xdx$ is still x^2 plus C. Happy the reader who has learned to appreciate the first, the lover of nature who has learned to feel the beauty of the second, and the mathematician who can take that joy which only mathematicians know how to find in the cold beauty implied by the last.

Adversity, it is said, turns the mind to higher things, and moralists of the unctuous sort have predicted that the depression would be followed by that great spiritual awakening which failed to materialize after the war. As to that we have our doubts, for the simple reason that those who did not discover during prosperity what else life has to offer are not likely to discover it now. But the man who has always known may feel that his wisdom has been justified and that he has come into his own. To him the universe can never be as blank as at this moment it must be to thousands faced with a world in which business is not "as usual."

The New Bank Law

THE emergency bank bill rushed through Congress in seven hours has many defects, but it is probably as good a bill as could reasonably have been expected under the circumstances. What it does, in effect, is to embody the principles of the Robinson banking law enacted in New York State a few weeks previously. After a new and hasty survey of Federal Reserve member banks, those banks declared to be 100 per cent solvent have been permitted to reopen in full. Banks found to be insolvent are not closed down, as they would have been under the old law, but permitted to remain open under the direction of a federal "conservator." They can then accept new deposits, segregating them, keeping them only in the form of cash or government securities, and undertaking to pay them out at 100 cents on the dollar. For the rest, they can make old deposits withdrawable to the extent that the conservator thinks safe, holding the remaining assets for gradual liquidation.

This means, in effect, that the new Administration has decided to let the bank depositor take his losses. The history of our dealings with the banks remarkably parallels that of our dealings with wheat and cotton. At first we decided that we could not afford to allow the farmer to sell his crop for what we regarded as ruinously low prices. We felt we could not afford, for example, to have him sell his wheat for \$1.18 a bushel, so the government lent him money to hold his wheat off the market for higher prices, and itself entered the open market as a purchaser to "stabilize" the price of wheat. But after the futile expenditure of several hundred millions of dollars, during which the price of wheat, cotton, and other agricultural commodities continued to decline, the government felt that it could continue no longer, stopped buying, and finally sold. It sold at nearly the lowest prices, thus forcing those prices down still further and increasing the farmer's distress. In dealing with the banks, the Hoover Administration went on the assumption that the unparalleled shrinkage in the value of bank assets was temporary, as it had supposed the decline in agricultural prices to be. It therefore created the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend money to the banks to tide them over this supposedly temporary period of distress. After throwing billions of dollars into the gap, only to have the banks closed down after all, it felt again that the process could go no further. So now, the insolvent banks, instead of suffering gradual liquidation, are to be wiped out at once. The bank depositor is to be considered no more immune from losses than the stockholder, the real-estate holder, the bond holder, or the mortgage holder; he is being asked to take his losses with the rest, regardless of the individual cruelties involved.

The new currency is probably as satisfactory a solution of that aspect of the banking problem as could have been devised. Its success depends in large measure upon its administration. It is not in itself inflationary, for it means merely the substitution of hand-to-hand currency for deposit currency, of bank notes for potential checks. If there is no great run on the banks for withdrawals, the new currency will not be needed, and very little may be put out. Only in a run of extraordinary proportions could it prove inadequate.

The State banks that are not members of the Federal Reserve system have reason to complain of their treatment under the new law. They cannot take their liquid assets directly to the Federal Reserve banks for currency but must take them to some correspondent member bank. Some of them will doubtless experience difficulty in getting their paper indorsed. Possibly the intention behind this was to force non-member banks into the Federal Reserve system, but it may be questioned whether the Administration was justified in using such strong-arm tactics at this time. The provision permitting the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to buy preferred stock in national and State banks will doubtless save some institutions that would otherwise be embarrassed. It represents at least some tempering of the Administration's policy of letting the devil take the hindmost.

It should be recognized, however, that the new banking bill is essentially a stop-gap measure. It does nothing to remedy the fundamental ills of our banking system. It will doubtless bring more banks into the Federal Reserve system, but banks brought in by these methods may resent them, and withdraw at the earliest opportunity. We shall not have a genuinely unified banking system until the power of the individual States to grant banking charters has been removed. A constitutional amendment to make this possible should be submitted to the States immediately. Nothing less than a unified system of national banking under rigid government control can get to the root of the difficulties that have resulted in the present collapse.

By suspending gold payments we have for the time being abandoned the gold basis. There should be no attempt to return to it at the old parity of the dollar; we have suffered enough through making a fetish of that parity. Our first step should be to ask for the calling of the World Economic Conference at the earliest opportunity, and we should propose at that conference a general and uniform devaluation, by approximately 50 per cent, of the world's currencies. Failing a general agreement, we should attempt to reach one with Great Britain. Failing such an agreement, we should act alone. Only by this method can we hope to achieve a rise of commodity prices to pre-depression levels. Only by this method can we hope to exercise any real control over the price level, to inflate to the extent that we want to inflate and no more. Elsewhere in this issue we print an article by Lawrence Dennis taking a different point of view, but we cannot accept his criticisms of devaluation or his own plan for the issuance of government fiat money. To issue such money would create, in our opinion, a situation that could not be controlled; the value of such currency would fluctuate daily, largely in accordance with the whims of international speculators. A price in any gold-standard country represents the relation between the value of gold and the value of the commodity priced. If the gold unit in which the price is expressed is cut in half, the price, other things being equal, will double. As other things will not be entirely equal, this consequence is not inevitable; it is merely immensely probable, but in all human affairs we must deal with probabilities and not with certainties.

Destroy the Money Power!

NOW that the crisis has yielded slightly to emergency measures, it is imperative that the new Administration should go to the bottom of the whole complex disaster and lay enduring foundations for a new financial and economic system. And it would be well for President Roosevelt to press to the full the unique strategic advantage given him by the magnitude of the disaster.

The dramatic closing of every bank in the United States has emphasized the primarily financial nature of the greatest failure in American history. The catastrophe—whose end is not yet—may justly be ascribed to the assumption of control of the nation's life by the money power. Just before assuming the Presidency, Woodrow Wilson warned the American people that the "money monopoly" dominated the country, that it controlled our entire system of credit, that all our activities were in the hands of a few men who "by very reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom." Twenty years ago Louis D. Brandeis wrote even more prophetically, "We must break the money trust or it will break us."

We have not broken it and it has broken us. In a pioneering series of articles, appearing first in *Harper's Weekly*, later in book form, and recently reissued,* Justice Brandeis, with ample specifications, sounded a warning which, if heeded, would have gone far to avert the collapse. There is, incidentally, complete refutation of the long-current apology for the "leaders" of our society that "nobody foresaw it." Mr. Brandeis not only foresaw but foretold it, in words that with the barest modification are applicable today:

There is not one moral, but many, to be drawn from the Decline of the New Haven and the Fall of Mellen. That history offers texts for many sermons. It illustrates the Evils of Monopoly, the Curse of Bigness, the Futility of Lying, and the Pitfalls of Law-Breaking. But perhaps the most impressive lesson that it should teach to investors is the failure of banker-management.

Substitute the Decline of Everything and the Fall of Mitchell, Insull, Lee, Higginson, etc., etc., and the lesson is even more impressive. Mr. Brandeis was writing in the wake of the insurance scandals, of the looting of the railroads, of the findings of the Pujo committee. But since then banker-domination has not only spread into every corner of American life, grasped the utilities, and directed the policy of our national government, but reached abroad and scattered the savings of the American people to the far corners of the globe. Senator George W. Norris's "spider-web chart of Wall Street" shows graphically that the directors of eight large New York banks hold 301 directorships in other banks, 287 directorships in insurance companies, 521 in public utilities, 585 in air, rail, and ship transportation companies, 846 in manufacturing companies. Their total of 3,741 directorships is more than twice as great as that of the fifteen largest banks a generation ago.

The unprecedented expansion of the financial power has been followed by a collapse of unparalleled magnitude. So

that we must reread another of Mr. Brandeis's injunctions with allowance for the subsequent extension of the far-flung financial empire:

... the investment banker has, within his legitimate province, acquired control so extensive as to menace the public welfare, even where his business is properly conducted. If the New Freedom [substitute New Deal] is to be attained, every proper means of lessening that power must be availed of.

These Cassandran warnings of a great American have a value far beyond their curious appropriateness. They justify the belief that measures of the kind that seemed hopeful twenty years ago and will doubtless be urged again will once more prove inadequate. The Sherman Law, the interstate-commerce legislation, the Federal Reserve Act—these and other measures enacted to prevent the recurrence of grave abuses and the pillaging of the people have shown themselves to be utterly ineffective. Bank inspection has not prevented the closing of 10,000 banks, with the loss of billions in depositors' money. Anti-trust legislation merely developed hydra-headed monsters. Public-utility regulation has degenerated into a farce. The circumvention of legal restraint becomes increasingly flagrant while corporations grow larger and larger. "Frenzied finance" is still the prevailing type. What Mr. Brandeis referred to twenty years ago as the "vanishing" and "archaic doctrine of *caveat emptor*" has been restored and amplified to *caveat emptor et depositor*.

But to get a satisfactory answer to this overshadowing question, it is necessary to go beyond the confusion created in the minds of laymen—and experts, too—by the current technical discussions of currency, "sound" and otherwise, of inflation, reflation, and deflation, of the value of staying on or tumbling off the gold standard, of the merits and demerits of branch banking. We must examine this temple of our recent worship, the mysteries of which have so long been jealously guarded by the priestcraft of finance, whose failure to exorcise the demons of depression with the usual incantations has bred irreverence and skepticism.

What is the true function of currency, finance, banking? The first currency in primitive society was a convenient substitute for barter. (That the nation has in considerable measure reverted to barter is suggestive of the extent to which the habits of centuries of civilization have lapsed.) The function of tokens—be they ivory tusks, bronze *denarii*, wampum, gold or silver coins, or the more convenient paper bills—is to facilitate the exchange of goods. As our society has become infinitely more complex, and both space and time have extended the cycle of production and consumption, the element of credit has entered. Originated for the purpose of facilitating those two basic functions of the human race—the extraction and elaboration of materials from their natural state, and their ultimate enjoyment by man—the finance system has become an instrument of profit and control. And it obtains that profit by charging a vast variety of tolls for its fancied services under penalty of not permitting the commodities to pass. Here is the modern equivalent of the tithe and tribute of feudal times—collected today by a few hundred

* "Other People's Money—and How the Bankers Use It." By Louis D. Brandeis. New Edition with an Introduction by Norman Hapgood. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

bank barons and their retainers from a hundred million vassals. A fictitious price system prevents the fulfilment of the most elementary of earth's rhythms—production and consumption. There lies the explanation of that now tritest of contemporary truisms—want amid plenty. The financial system, designed for the supposed purpose of transferring goods from those who create them to those who desire them, has broken down.

Surely there is intelligence enough in our "advanced" civilization to end this form of lunacy. That this can be done without an abolition of the profit system is open to doubt. But we can at least make a beginning by attempting to take away from the financial oligarchy the control and profit of the machinery of exchange of the elements of life. And whether that can be achieved by any steps short of ultimate public ownership of that part of our currency, exchange, and credit system now privately conducted remains to be seen. Certainly the failure of private control has been complete and its rescue by the government was inevitable. But so far our hastily conceived bank legislation, however necessary in the emergency, has achieved nothing fundamental. The bitter lessons of our past should guide us beyond halfway measures.

Preparing for War

WHATEVER may be happening in other lines of industrial activity, the war-materials industry is not suffering from depression. The armaments ring is busier today than it has been for years. Only a few weeks ago the ring provoked a political crisis in Europe, which, but for the weakness of Austria, might have had tragic consequences. This was the so-called Hirtenberg incident, involving an attempt to smuggle 50,000 rifles and several hundred machine-guns from Italy, across Austria, into Hungary. Wholesale bribery and coercion were resorted to in an effort to conceal the shipment. Now it is reported that several cargoes of asphyxiating gases have actually been smuggled into Hungary in this manner. In Rumania, on the other hand, the kept press of the "secret international" has been stirring up violent demonstrations against Hungary, and has persuaded King Carol that he must build up a huge military machine for the sake of his personal security. In Poland the munitions-makers, by playing on the popular fear of Hitlerism in Germany, have induced the government to cut its school budget in order to have more money to spend on war equipment. In England, where even high government officials are financially interested in the manufacture of armaments, the new budget calls for greatly increased military expenditures. And we learn from Hector Bywater, naval expert of the London *Daily Telegraph*, that "Britain intends in the near future to reassert and reestablish herself on the high seas."

No less active have been the friends of the "secret international" on this side. Big-navy propaganda is filling the daily press, and Democratic Congressman, like Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee, are hinting that "President Roosevelt will not oppose a naval-construction program for the gradual building up of the navy."

It is an open secret in Washington that the two wars

now being fought in South America are being kept alive solely by the efforts of the munitions-makers. If the steady supply of war materials to Paraguay, Bolivia, Colombia, and Peru were cut off, the hostilities would quickly cease, for these countries have no munitions plants of their own. Happily, the League Council is now drafting a resolution to shut off this stream of munitions. But the League and the United States must act quickly, for the activities of the munitions ring now seem likely to drag Chile, too, into war. Munitions destined for Bolivia have been transported across Chilean territory. Chile has protested that this violates its neutrality, but to no avail, for the munitions interests are lined up solidly behind Bolivia in the dispute. Now the patriots of Chile want to go to war with Bolivia. Nothing could please the munitions-makers more.

The Far East, however, offers the biggest and most profitable field at the moment, and the purveyors of armament and other war materials have overlooked no possibilities in that direction. Although Japan continues to get machine-guns, rifles, shells, bombs, armored cars, and the like from Europe—as is shown by the latest reports of the British and French governments—the Japanese are equipped to produce at home most of the actual implements of war which they will need for the Jehol and North China campaigns. Therefore raw materials have made up the bulk of their purchases abroad. The commercial journal *Business Week* recently reported that Japan had been "accumulating 'war essentials' for months. Included importantly are cotton from the United States, wool from Australia, wheat and lumber from Canada, oil from the Soviets, scrap iron from Great Britain and the United States." The Department of Commerce has stated that while the total volume of American trade with the Far East slumped considerably in 1932, Japan in that year bought from the United States 28 per cent more raw cotton than in 1931, 200 per cent more kerosene oil, 33 per cent more crude petroleum, 16 per cent more lead, and larger quantities of iron and steel. Another commercial periodical, *Steel*, recently said that "the foreign situation as it pertains especially to Japan and China is commanding the attention of steelmakers. American iron and steel exports in January made a sudden spurt to 56,270 tons, largest since last May, and of this amount Japan took 24,662 tons, of which 22,640 tons was scrap." In England the Japanese have recently purchased more than 600,000 tons of old shipping to be broken up for scrap and used, according to the London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "for the manufacture of munitions."

Business Week further stated that "a large delegation of Japanese business men are reported to be in New York now negotiating for hurry-up orders of machine tools, in case the United States (and other nations) decides later to set up an embargo on shipments of arms." Similar delegations on similar missions have been reported active in Chile, where Japan has placed a number of orders for nitrates, and in England, France, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy.

In whatever direction one looks one finds the purveyors of war materials hard at work. In the Far East, as in South America, they are reaping ridiculously easy profits. Business comes to them with little or no effort on their part. They will continue to enrich themselves by means of mass murder, which they themselves often instigate, so long as the leading Powers lack the courage to suppress their bloodthirsty trade.

Issues and Men

Congress Votes for a Bill

ABSIT omen! Not since the declaration of war against Germany has the Congress of the United States done anything as amazing as it did on Thursday, March 9, when it voted to make Franklin D. Roosevelt, in financial matters, dictator of the Republic. In some respects this action was even more astounding than the fatal vote of April 2, 1917, to which most of our troubles of today are due, for then at least Congress understood what the immediate issue was. On March 9 the House of Representatives, probably for the first time in its long history, voted for a bill which only one member had seen and held in his hand. The others listened while the clerk read the text. The eight or nine men who rose to speak about the bill spoke briefly, but not briefly enough. The cry of "Vote, vote," went up as soon as some of them concluded. Then, without further ado, the Representatives unanimously approved the bill.

Now, if the bill had been such a simple one that everybody knew just what it meant, such action might have been understood. Suppose it had read:

WHEREAS, The Congress of the United States has been trying for three and one-half years to legislate prosperity back to the United States, and whereas, it is now scared to death at the imminence of financial and economic disaster and does not care what happens as long as something happens, be it

Resolved, First, that the Congress hereby passes the buck to the new President in the belief that his wisdom will be greater and the actions he may take will be wiser than theirs; second, that it hereby abdicates its constitutional functions and responsibilities and turns over the safety and financial security of the Republic to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and may God have mercy on his soul.

If the bill had read thus, it would at least have described accurately the frame of mind of Congress and the action proposed. As it was, no Congressman could have understood in full the contents of the real bill, or its ramifications and implications. All they wanted was to get it off their hands. They were as hysterical as their predecessors of 1917. Then the Congress voted in fear of an aroused and deceived public opinion and of the wrath of President Wilson—many in both houses voted against their consciences and their sound sober sense. Had they not just heard the President denouncing the "twelve wilful men" who had opposed his bill for arming our merchant ships? Were those men not thrown by him to the ravening wolves of the daily press, the hysterical patriots, the financiers who were interested only in saving the vast sums they had lent to the Allies?

As I sat in the Senate throughout Thursday's debate I could not but recall the scene of sixteen years ago. Then, too, men voted aye because they thought there was nothing else to do; the next day the country rose exultant in its belief that war was going to be banished from the world, that democracy was to be made safe everywhere, that the millennium to be achieved by mass murder was at hand. We are witnessing the elation following this setting up of

Franklin Roosevelt as financial dictator. Will history still further repeat itself?

In the Senate the scene was as tense and dramatic as such a historic occasion ought to be. Ex-Senators and Representatives stood around the walls of the chamber, which appeared strangely unfamiliar because of the few desks on the Republican side of the house and the great majority on the Democratic side. The galleries were jammed and long queues sought entrance. Senator after Senator rose to his feet to declare that he did not believe in the bill or in making the President dictator, but that he would vote for it because of the national emergency. Senator Connally of Texas declared that never in his life had he expected to vote either in war or in peace to confer such powers upon the Executive as he was now going to do. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan made the most forceful and unanswerable speech against it—and then voted for it. Huey Long really astounded even conservatives, and men as prejudiced against him as I am, by his courage and directness and the ability of his attack, but none the less he voted for the bill.

Indeed, as I looked at the faces of the men on the floor I was struck not only by their deep concern, but by their obvious agreement with the opponents of the bill. There was no doubt that many were wrestling hard with their consciences. All that Carter Glass could say for the measure was that it was the best of those that had been offered to his committee. He could not, or would not, answer Huey Long's charge that this bill would put thousands of State banks out of business. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., repeated history in that, like his father in 1917, he spoke and voted against the bill—a worthy son of a great father. Unfortunately, he, too, felt the pressure of time and spoke too quickly to be as effective as usual. Here are the seven who voted against the bill: Borah, Carey, Dale, La Follette, Nye, Costigan, and Shipstead, with Senator Norbeck paired against it. Borah did not speak. Dale of Vermont is himself a bank president. They may be right or they may be wrong, but they were sincere, honest, and brave, and they saved a little of the reputation of Congress as a calm reasoning body.

All through the debate the Senators were told that there was not a moment to lose, that the bill must be in the hands of the President within a few hours, so that four or five thousand banks could be notified at once that they had the President's permission to reopen on Friday morning. But the banks were not reopened on Friday morning or Saturday morning, and comparatively few on Monday morning. No harm would have been done if the debate had gone on through Friday, and probably much good. The danger is now not that Congress will fail to give the President what he wants, but that it will act too quickly for the best results, and for the safeguarding of our liberties.

Dwight Garrison Kilgore

A Socialist Program for Banking

By NORMAN THOMAS

THE editors of *The Nation* do me the honor to ask me: "What would you do about the banking problem if you were sitting in the White House?" No fair or reasonable answer is possible without a preliminary statement. I am concerned with achieving the most rapid and orderly transition possible from a dying capitalism to a Socialist society. Presumably President Roosevelt is concerned with making the capitalist system work as effectively as possible. I should find no joy in trying to do anything in the White House except as the leader of a powerful party bent on establishing a cooperative commonwealth. The Democratic Party has no such purpose. To me the amazing revelations concerning the ill-ordered racket that American banking has become are indicative of the state of our whole capitalist society. I can imagine that, if not President Roosevelt, then some other believer in a better-ordered capitalism might at this juncture want to go even to the length of nationalizing banking. That such a desire could be realized, given the practical and psychological hold of capitalist finance on our existing order, I have grave doubts. Conceivably, however, the nationalization of banking in a capitalist society might be used for fascist instead of Socialist ends. True socialization of banking can only be achieved hand in hand with the general socialization of natural resources, public utilities, and basic industries. It must be the work of a government consciously dedicated to production for use, not profit, in the interest of the great mass of those whose labor of hand and brain maintains human existence.

In the light of this statement of my essential convictions, it will be seen that I have no particular criticism of President Roosevelt as an individual in this crisis. It is the fundamental philosophy which he shares with the great majority of the American people to which I am opposed. In an emergency he acted promptly to lance an abscess. That process has not cured, because it cannot cure, the deep-seated sickness of the body politic. The cure, I am more convinced than ever, is intelligent socialization. With regard to banking and currency, socialization requires the following things:

A. Some degree of inflation, or rather reflation, is imperative. No currency is sound when a farmer has to pay off his mortgage in from two to five times as many bushels of wheat, or bales of cotton, as when he made it. On the other hand, an uncontrolled inflation will be particularly disastrous to those whose whole security rests in a savings-bank account or insurance policy. It will work havoc on employed wage-earners, whose outrageously deflated wages will never catch up with rising prices. The present inflationary measure is solely for the benefit of a banking system which has all but ruined itself and us. Inflation should be directed to the relief of unemployment by a maintenance allowance and public works. It should be checked if and when the commodity price level crosses the level of 1926-27.

B. The vital question is the control of the banking system. Profits from banking in good times, and for the stronger banks even in bad times, have long been outrageously large. During the boom years they increased, on the average,

at the rate of more than 16 per cent a year. What Mr. Mitchell made everybody knows. His neighbor, the First National Bank, was at one time making about \$2,000 annually on every \$100 of its original capital. Banks made money out of an indefensible system of affiliates, out of the privilege of issuing money, and out of their control of the life-giving stream of credit. How they used this power is known. Yet in the years of the depression they failed at a rate which rose to 10 per cent in one year, and they had in the end to be rescued by desperate measures. Profits are supposed to be the reward of risk. And now that the risks in banking are being transferred to the government, it is more than ever essential that the banks should be owned by the government. The method of procedure should be as follows:

1. The Postal Savings Bank should at once be converted into a general, publicly owned bank, administered not under Mr. Jim Farley but under a federal board. Commercial and thrift accounts should be carefully segregated.

2. All banks which have been or are to be rescued by governmental agencies should become government property, to be liquidated or incorporated in the publicly owned system.

3. States and cities should be allowed, under proper regulation, to open publicly owned banks similar to the successful municipal bank in Birmingham, England.

4. All Federal Reserve banks should be completely managed by public representatives in the public interest. Of course, the publicly owned banks should belong to this system.

5. For the present I think that existing privately owned banks, State or national, which are completely solvent may be allowed to operate, provided that they are completely divorced from their affiliates, and that, under the direction of the Federal Reserve system, they guarantee deposits. The absurd and dangerous chaos of forty-eight different State codes of banking should be ended for all banks.

Finally there should be a National Credit Board to direct the general flow of credit. It must be made forever impossible for a few New York and Chicago investment bankers, for their own hope of extortionate profits, to float Peruvian loans against which their own experts have warned them, or to back the crazy financial schemes of an Insull or a Kreuger. This Credit Board should work in harmony, on the one hand, with the Federal Reserve Board, and on the other, with the National Planning Board which Socialists would set up. It should be observed that a proper control of short-time credit by the Federal Reserve Board and of long-time credit by the Credit Board could and should be used to stimulate and encourage such sound labor policies as the thirty-hour week.

This practical program can be worked out to the vast advantage of America. It will scarcely be adopted, and certainly it will not be intelligently used for social ends, until there is a new birth of purpose and effective organization among the masses, who have everything to gain by taking for society that which has heretofore been wasted and misused by the very nature of a system in which every basic enterprise is managed for the profit of a class of private owners.

Money: Master or Means?

By LAWRENCE DENNIS

FOR over three years the bankers slowly deflated the credit structure as they and our political leaders continued to predict the early and spontaneous generation of prosperity through finance. (When depositors started deflating the banks, not excepting the Federal Reserve banks, a nation-wide collapse of credit and suspension of the gold standard ensued within a week.) While our leaders preached and practiced deflation, our banks held almost constantly more than half a billion dollars of surplus cash reserves which might have supported ten times as much bank credit. And we held about 40 per cent of the world's gold. With a capacity for an almost unlimited credit expansion to finance industry, our money changers withdrew credit from trade and industry. New investment has, practically speaking, ceased. Financial fuel was piled up while Mr. Hoover and our bankers protected our sacred gold standard and credit from the incendiary match of the inflationist. The grim irony is that no orgy of war inflation ever culminated in a breakdown of credit and money so catastrophic or so idiotic as that which we have suffered at the hands of fanatical deflationists.

The profits resulting from a rapid opening up of new continents by European immigrants and capital constituted a dynamic factor in past recoveries. Another factor was the then uncompleted transition from feudal and agricultural economy to modern industrialism. Today these factors no longer exist. The transition from agriculture to industrialism has turned into a trek back to the soil and peasantry. There is no more migration of capital or of people, and there is no longer a reason for such migration. There are no more domestic fields for large-scale profit-yielding investment.

To be sure, certain undeveloped lands, like Russia and China, remain unindustrialized, but we are as yet uncertain whether they will be industrialized or whether their industrialization will be effected under capitalism. There may be reasons of which I am ignorant for giving away money to Russians and Chinese instead of to hungry Americans, but there can be no sound reason for capitalistic investment in lands ruled by anarchy or communism. If further creation of capital must be justified by the expectation of a fair return, an indefinite scrapping of productive plants and a steady fall in the standard of living of the people are indicated. They have, in fact, been in course since 1929.

The doctrine of spontaneous revival through new investment has always rested on the fallacious assumption that persons and banks will not indefinitely hoard money. The assumption is contrary to history and theory. Rich princes and merchants for thousands of years did just what the classical economists for a hundred years have said people would not do, and just what millions of Americans are doing at this moment. Hoarders did not seek to obtain the Calvinistic or kosher 6 per cent in investments, for the rather good reason that such investments were not to be found in appreciable quantities before the advent of modern industrialization. We are today reverting to a conduct in respect of wealth which has been normal since the dawn of history. Human history did not begin in 1775 with Adam Smith. Economic behavior

patterns are not merely the chronicle of a passing phase of British culture.

The question is not how might banks contribute to recovery, for that we know already, but why they should do it as long as new investment offers no profit. The banks are a transmission system, not dynamos. In their true function they have never been more efficient than in America since the war. Since the creation of the Federal Reserve system by the act of 1913 our banking system has met all demands, including that of suicidal deflation, in deference to a fetish of sound money. Before 1913 we had occasional money panics owing to the inelasticity of our available supply of paper money. These small and recurring panics were correctives which cramped the style of the Insulls and Mitchells of that period and kept the public mindful of the true character of bankers and financial speculation. The Federal Reserve Act of 1913, however, introduced in American banking the era of sweetness and light which ignominiously closed on March 4, 1933. The Federal Reserve system gave us an elastic currency and credit structure which avoided small monetary panics and made banking safe for get-rich-quick bankers until the entire credit system collapsed in one fell loss of public confidence. The Federal Reserve system made it possible for us to conduct a war, a boom, and a depression, each the biggest in history, according to the rules of sound finance. Two eminent exponents of sound finance, Carter Glass and Andrew Mellon, presided over our finances during practically all of this period, and each was pleased with his work. Excesses and follies in finance were made safe and profitable over a maximum period. About 75 per cent of the bank losses sustained since 1914 have been incurred through old-fashioned, honest, short-term commercial loans, mainly to agricultural enterprise. The racketeers, however, flourished. Speculative finance was praised from the White House. Owen D. Young and Charles G. Dawes became household saints.

Then, in 1929, something went wrong and has grown worse ever since. Let the following figures of new capital issues tell the story of how the American people for a time willed prosperity by investing in the expansion of their country, and how in 1929 they willed the depression by deciding to curtail new investment for profit at a moment when money income and profits were highest.

NEW CAPITAL INVESTED IN NEW ISSUES OF CORPORATE, FOREIGN-GOVERNMENT, FARM-LOAN, STATE, AND MUNICIPAL BONDS AND STOCKS OF ALL SORTS. (Figures taken from the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*.)

Units of \$1,000,000

1924.....	\$5,593	1930.....	\$7,023
1925.....	6,220	1931.....	3,108
1926.....	6,344	1932.....	1,190
1927.....	7,791	January	
1928.....	8,114	1932.....	184
1929.....	10,183	1933.....	64

Profits and not welfare motivated this investment. The banks facilitated it. About the middle of 1929 the American people decided that a further increase in the nation's produc-

tive capital would not be profitable. The decision was probably correct. This decision started the depression. A dictator—king by divine right, communist, or fascist—could have prevented in 1929 the start of the present decline in spending and investment. He could have forced continued investment without regard for profit—for instance, in better homes for the poor or in works of art or utility. He could have kept up production and consumption with regard only for the willingness and capacity of the people to produce.

The decision to curtail new investment was dictated by the prospect of declining profits, the result of the inevitable working of the capitalist system. The decision to spend less was an obvious result of a reduction, toward the middle of 1929, in total wage payments. These two results of the capitalistic system started the depression and forced the bankers to begin a contraction of credit, amounting, as I showed in my previous article, to some \$16,000,000,000 in four years. The decline in the circulation of what bank money there is appears to have been no less than the shrinkage in its absolute quantity. The activity of banking accounts, or the circulation of bank money, is best indicated by figures of what are called "debits to individual accounts." From 1925 to 1928 such debits averaged about \$50,000,000,000 a month. In 1929 they rose to over \$70,000,000,000 a month. In January, 1933, they were running about \$25,000,000,000 a month.

At the time of the credit collapse the people had about \$15,000,000,000 less money in the banks than in 1929, though they had over \$1,000,000,000 more in currency, because of hoarding. People were spending bank money, or drawing checks, at a rate about one-third as fast as in 1928 and 1929. Yet we had as much gold to support credit; there were as many people with as many wants as before; and there was a larger equipment of productive capital with which to supply things on which to spend money. Could bankers have increased investments and loans and thereby have helped us out of the depression? The answer is that bankers cannot finance the building of more factories or renting properties in the face of waning consumption and increasing vacancies in rented properties. Banks cannot give away money to relieve depression. The state, however, can give away money, because the state, unlike the banks, has the power of taxation.

Had the bankers gone temporarily insane, as they not infrequently did, and made large investments and loans contrary to the apparent indications of commercial supply and demand, depositors would have defeated such well-meant efforts to save capitalism. The collapse would have come a little sooner. The state must save capitalism if it can be saved, though it has been the American big-business doctrine that government should keep out of business. In the absence of profitable fields for new investment in a world already glutted with unsalable products, the only way to increase spending is for the state to do so on non-profit-yielding public works, slum clearance, social services—or war. Japan has chosen war and has obtained from it relief which will last as long as the war, or any war substitute which may be developed. To say that the state cannot maintain adequate consumption and activity by state fiat is to assert a historical untruth. This simple exercise in taxation and expenditure has been performed by governments for thousands of years.

State expenditures at first would have to be financed in large part by fiat creations of money, mostly through bank-deposit credit. All money, whether bank money or paper cur-

rency, except gold, is really fiat money. It is fiat money because it is created without any other limit than the fiat of state authorization, which prescribes the quantity and conditions of issue. Bankers make 80 per cent of our money by a stroke of the pen setting up a deposit credit and a borrower debt. The government printing-press makes our paper money. There can be no valid standard for determining the future value of currency, bank money, gold, or bonds. The chief reason is that human preferences change in unpredictable ways. When a man speaks of "sound" money, he means money issued not in excess of what he considers enough. More than enough is fiat money. And nearly every believer in sound money has different ideas as to what constitutes enough money and credit at a given time.

Sound money is merely money that maintains or increases its purchasing power. Unsound money is money that declines in purchasing power. The degree of soundness or unsoundness is the extent of appreciation or depreciation. A dollar which soars in value, beyond the reach, first, of the unemployed, secondly, of the state which fails to balance the budget, and, lastly, of the 19,000 banks of the nation which have to close and issue scrip or clearing-house certificates—such a dollar is thoroughly "sound" and thoroughly idiotic. The rise of barter and the substitution of scrip, clearing-house certificates, or other forms of irregular money for regular money mark the final triumph of Mr. Hoover's fight to save the American dollar from the inflationists. The dollar is saved by being made unobtainable.

Sound-money advocates delude themselves with the notion that they have quantitative formulas to regulate the future value of money and credit obligations, much as physicists have formulas for calculating the impact of falling bodies. Many sound-money advocates suppose that money is good, or not fiat money, if it is issued against goods produced or in course of production. Such money, they fail to recognize, may be issued against unsalable goods, such as the twelve million bags of coffee burned last year in Brazil or our surpluses of wheat, cotton, and copper. The banker who creates credit can seldom be sure that goods will be sold at a price to permit repayment of the loan. The truth is that money or credit can never have any other security than that afforded by a right course of future events. And no banker can foretell the future. A sound bond pays the expected return. An unsound bond does not. Most European government bonds were sound before the war and have been unsound since. Watered stock of the United States Steel Corporation was unsound before the war and proved to be a bonanza from 1915 to 1929. And so on.

Money and credit are means of exchange. They are not automatic devices by which property rights, existing values, or prevailing patterns can be perpetuated. In 1933 we have more wealth for use than in 1929 but probably only half as much value in exchange. Much of our wealth has no exchange value because many people have no money to make purchases. Sound-money advocates in 1929 thought it sound to create credit and money to build factories then productive and now idle. Today they denounce the suggestion of creating money or credit to give people better homes or better living conditions. Karl Marx predicted a struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat. We may have such classes but they do not answer to those names. We are, however, coming to a death struggle between the advocates of sound money

and the believers in every man's right to work and eat. These arguments appealed to those who had money, and vainly imagined they could get more while millions of others grew poorer. No sound-money argument is valid for a government employee who is thrown out of work to balance the budget and protect government credit. No good deflationist argument exists for a man denied by the exigencies of sound money the right to earn his living. This is not a talking but a fighting matter for the moneyless and hungry.

Security for the working or declining years must be found in steady production, fair distribution, and a responsible, humane state which looks after all. There can be no security for the thrifty or for the worker in a state that allows production to become paralyzed and millions of men to be without work. March 4, 1933, marked the collapse of every sound-money argument. The truth then emerged that even if we grant that a sound dollar comes ahead of welfare and that a sound dollar is the best way to assure welfare, there is no one in America who knows how to maintain a sound dollar in a depression. It is also evident that the recommendations of the devotees of sound money are utterly impossible to carry out.

Most theorists about money think prices can be raised by various types of financial sleight of hand, such as manipulating the central bank interest rate, changing the gold content of the dollar, or coining silver above the market price of silver. It is thought that once the hocus-pocus has raised prices (no proof is offered that it will raise prices) demand will increase, since people will buy on a rising market. The assumption is that the market regulates human behavior and not behavior the market. As for central bank management of anything except the printing-press when the state orders money for a war, the whole story can be written in the one word—failure.

Reducing the gold content of the dollar will increase the purchasing power of those few people who own gold or gold mines. Coining silver above the market rate for the metal would, likewise, help the owners of silver and silver mines. There is \$12,000,000,000 worth of gold in the world and we have \$4,500,000,000 of it. The world produced \$480,000,000 worth of gold in 1932, of which our share was about 10 per cent. As for silver, we have less than \$300,000,000 worth of the metal in coins and commercial use. Compare the foregoing sums with \$40,000,000,000, our national income in 1932, or with \$85,000,000,000, our income in 1929. And remember that over three-fourths of our gold is held by the Reserve banks, which cannot spend gold, however much its value in dollars may be increased by law. It is unreasonable to argue that the Reserve system would lend more if its gold were by law made worth twice as many dollars as at present. Under the pre-March 4 gold parity the Reserve system could have kept lent out twice as much money as it did. The commercial banks could have done the same. Credit was contracted not because of inadequate cash in the tills of commercial banks or insufficient gold in the Reserve banks, but because of insufficient consumptive demand to justify the use of more business credit. Changing the ratio of dollars to the gold buried under the Federal Reserve banks will not put more dollars into people's pockets or bank accounts unless banks choose to create more loans. The only possible stimulus to trade to be expected from a devaluation of the dollar would be an inducement to foreigners to ship more gold to

this country to buy goods in a market in which gold—not dollars—had acquired increased purchasing power. But this stimulus would be slight and temporary because (1) we already have 36 per cent of the world's gold, (2) foreigners could not spare much more gold, (3) the total quantity of available gold is small in comparison with the volume of our domestic trade, and (4) foreigners would raise tariffs.

A particularly erroneous idea about devaluating the dollar is that it would help debtors. It would do so only if there were an important rise in commodity prices, such as failed to follow the depreciation of the British pound. The fact is that if a man owes \$100 and has only \$50, it rarely happens that he has that \$50 in gold, which would enable him to pay off the \$100 debt with his \$50 of gold if \$50 of gold were made legal tender for a debt of \$100. Devaluating the dollar does not devalue debts or increase the quantity of the debtor's dollars. Of course, if the government starts spending on a large scale to "recruit labor," as Mr. Roosevelt humanely proposes, fear might render necessary an indefinite suspension of the convertibility of dollars into gold. Therefore, the government, in order to be able to restore convertibility, eventually might make paper dollars convertible into less gold than at present, or, rather, than up to March 6. In this way a devaluation of the dollar in its gold equivalent may seem necessary to penalize gold hoarding and gold exports as well as to encourage the surrender of gold for dollars. The important fact here is that if the dollar should be redefined as containing, say, ten instead of twenty-three grains of gold, such devaluation would be the consequence and not the cause of increased spending and higher prices.

The behavior of money and prices can never be the subject of a theory valid for predicting the future or controlling prices. The future is determined by future decisions of human beings. Certain phenomena of the past, like prices, are measurable by adding machines and their manipulators. The behavior of money and prices can only be one of many corollaries of human behavior—and a minor one at that. Human and monetary behavior is history; and history only teaches that history teaches nothing. If the present collapse of money and credit teaches anything, it is the absurdity of every theory of money, credit, and prices which professes to be more than a historical and philosophical explanation of how and why men reacted as they did to a given past situation which will never be duplicated and probably never closely approximated.

It has never been shown what effect, if any, a change in the general price level has on total demand. It seems indisputable that demand is the chief factor determining price changes, as when war demand creates inflation and higher prices. The criticisms of inflation really apply only to the causes of inflation, which are usually wars. Inflation to develop the American continent is rarely denounced. When inflation to relieve human suffering is denounced, the use of inflation to pay German reparations is cited as a horrible example. Intellectual honesty would direct the criticism at the war which caused the demand for reparations, or at the demand for an impossible performance, rather than at the use of the means of inflation in an attempt to meet the demand.

If falling prices stimulated demand or righted anything, we should not have the present depression and all the banks closed after twelve years of falling prices. If rising prices stimulated demand, we should not have had a depression at the end of a twenty-four-year period of rising prices and the

sensational price advance of the war period. As for stable prices, they have never existed outside the dreams of persons crazed by too many statistics or too little philosophy. There has been no unsuccessful or other attempt at inflation since 1929. Federal debt has increased by \$5,000,000,000, of which about one-fourth was bought by the Federal Reserve banks through an expansion of Federal Reserve credit. At the same time the banks of the country extinguished some \$16,000,000,000 of commercial loans and bought nearly \$4,000,000,000 of federal bonds. When a bank calls \$3 lent to a business man and buys \$1 of government debt, the bank is not inflating, however vehemently certain uninformed persons may so term these operations.

Government expenditures have not been increased materially during the depression. Government debt has been incurred by covering half of the ordinary budget by loans instead of taxes and by refunding corporate debts. The reasons for incurring this government debt have been a desire to spare the rich increased taxes and to bail bankers out of bad loans.

Not a fourth of Reconstruction Finance Corporation loans has gone to finance new spending. The net result of financial operations since 1929 has been deflation. Spengler foresaw the present impasse when he spoke mystically of the coming conflict between blood and money. Paradoxical and ghastly as it may seem, war creates the necessary will for activity to save a people from the paralyzing effects of sound money. A passion for social welfare might generate a will to spend and consume, if the people had a humane religion as well as a national patriotism. Hitler and Mussolini show leanings toward the war generator. Japan has started it. The state everywhere is able to command. The banks can furnish the money for war, for profits if they are to be had, or for welfare. The people must eventually say which and give the word go. They can, and of course should, declare for welfare. Money is a means to the achievement of man's ends—not his master.

[This is the second of two articles on banking by Lawrence Dennis. The first was published last week.]

Travel for a Song

By ARTHUR WARNER

TRAVEL has reached the bargain basement. Like much other merchandise it is to be had for the traditional song—by those who are so fortunate as to have even that. Transatlantic steamship fares have been raised a shade since last spring, but hotel rates and most other expenses abroad are lower, owing to the continuing world depression and, until recently at least, to the larger purchasing power of American money since Great Britain, by slipping from the gold standard, made it possible to buy more pound notes for a given number of our dollars. Largely because of that the Dollar Line (named after its owner, not the fickle goddess of our currency) last winter cut the price of its round-the-world trip by 40 per cent.

What position the dollar will have abroad next summer is anybody's guess, but the considerations in favor of the American traveler growing out of the world depression are not likely to change in the immediate future. The industrial stagnation in the United States is of less than four years' standing—even if it does seem longer—but there have been hard times in many of the countries of Europe, and everywhere at sea, since the end of the World War. Yet in spite of more ships than cargoes, the intense post-war rivalries have led to expensive government-subsidized building programs, and rates have had to be slashed in an effort to create new business.

The Canadian National Steamships were led lately to offer a 10 per cent reduction to bridal couples to Bermuda and the West Indies. Information is lacking as to what extent marriage certificates were required or of how recent date they had to be. The owners of the world's two fastest steamships have advertised what must be the record short tour abroad. They offer to take the traveler to Europe and back in two weeks, tourist class, giving him four or more days in London and Paris, for \$192. The record for cheapness is perhaps achieved by a travel agency which lately announced some "economy tours" by third class, including a

nineteen-day trip with three or four days in Paris for \$159. A line of vessels, mainly cargo carriers but having room for a few passengers, has advertised a round trip from New York to Havre or Antwerp for \$145.

Anyhow it all reads well, and may perhaps be enjoyed vicariously by many who would be unable to go even if costs were reduced by 99 per cent. Travel is like wheat and shoes and copper in that it is cheap because there are more who need to sell than there are who are able to buy. But for those who are able to buy—there must be some still—there are unusual opportunities for pleasure and education.

In what follows only foreign travel will be considered, and chiefly that to Europe, as getting about in the United States is relatively easy. Besides, for the average American Europe yields a greater return to the square mile than any other part of the world, while owing to low cost of living and comparative accessibility it is the region toward which the person with small funds naturally turns.

Although this is a year of exceptional opportunities, even more than usual it is well to keep in mind the legal maxim "Caveat emptor," or, rendered into Americanese, "Watch your step!" The wise traveler nowadays makes full use of travel agencies and tourist bureaus in his locality. In that way he obtains much information in one place that otherwise would have to be assembled piecemeal, and since the travel agent gets his pay in commissions, the cost is no higher. This is equally true whether a person wants to participate in a conducted tour, to have an individual trip arranged for himself or a party, or merely to buy transportation or get hotel reservations.

It is a common practice in advertising travel facilities to quote only minimum prices. Often accommodations so advertised are few in number and speedily snapped up, or else highly undesirable. Sunday newspapers in New York contained an advertisement not long ago of a cruise to Quebec and back for \$60. By 9.30 a. m. on Monday there were no

accommodations left for less than \$125. The irritations due to advertising minimum fares have led some organizers of cruises to fix a flat price with "no ups," giving the first comers their pick of accommodations. Generally, although not always, tours are arranged at a single price, but there are differences in regard to what is included. It may be interjected here that in tourist-bureau parlance a cruise is a trip on which one lives most or all of the time aboard ship, while a tour embraces considerable travel on land.

Whether a person joins a tour or arranges his own depends upon taste, temperament, and experience as a traveler. In Russia a tour is for most persons the only practical method. Some of the curse of the old-fashioned tour has been removed in recent years by the selection of more intelligent leaders, by a better grouping of parties, and by less hackneyed programs, but anyone contemplating a trip in that way will do well to study it with regard to a number of considerations besides the obvious ones of cost, time required, and region covered. First of all, what is the traveler's own purpose and does that of the tour correspond to it? Is the traveler seeking rest or excitement, education or amusement? Does he want to do general sightseeing or has he special interests? Then there is the question of speed. Many tours cover too much ground in the time allotted. The prospective traveler realizes too seldom that this is a disadvantage. Especially if it is the first trip, or the traveler surmises it may be the only one, he is ambitious to do as much as he can, regardless of the possibility that he will return bewildered and maybe tired. Finally, who and of what caliber is the leader? Will he accompany the tour all the way, or will the party be passed about from one courier to another after arrival in Europe?

There are many excellent commercial tourist bureaus capable of serving travelers effectively, as well as a few which go on the principle of "catching them once." In addition there are several non-profit organizations engaged in arranging tours abroad, especially for persons who have considerable time to spend and with whom study or some special interest is an uppermost consideration. Of the many excellent commercial tourist agencies it is impossible to speak in detail, but a word will be said about four non-profit organizations: the Open Road, the Bureau of University Travel, the Pocono Study Tours, and the Committee for Cultural Relations with Latin America.

In the summer of 1925 three young men recently students in Harvard University were fired with a desire to bring Europeans and Americans together on a personal, unofficial basis. They were George D. Pratt, Jr., patron of liberal causes; John Rothschild, one-time secretary of the National Student Forum; and Gerhart F. Jentsch, who was the first German to register as a student at Harvard after the World War. Thus there arose on this side of the water the Open Road, with Mr. Rothschild as director, and in Europe the International Student Hospitality Association, no longer limited to serving students, with Mr. Jentsch at its head. The Open Road, with offices at 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, feels that one great value of travel is in meeting as friends people of the country to which one goes. It takes parties of students and others to Europe, where with the aid of the International Student Hospitality Association they meet with fellow-minds and take home some understanding of the human values of Europe, as well as recollections of cathedrals, museums, and night clubs.

In line with its purposes the Open Road limits its parties to about ten persons and arranges its groups as far as possible according to the ages and special interests of members. The policy is to have Americans and authorities as the leaders. They accompany their groups all the way from America and back, although assisted in each country visited by a guide from it, chosen not from the ranks of professional couriers but from a background likely to make him sympathetic to the party. The Open Road generally avoids hotels for Americans, patronizing those catering to the people of the country. It believes that group travel rightly organized does not mean cramping routine but participation in events which cannot ordinarily be arranged for an individual.

Since 1927 the Open Road has been taking parties to Russia. Working in collaboration with Intourist, the official Russian travel agency, the Open Road has acquired a reputation for signal success in enabling its groups to see what is going on in the Soviet Union. For the fourth consecutive summer it is arranging under the sponsorship of the League for Industrial Democracy a two months' tour for the study of socialism, fascism, and capitalism in Europe, including Russia. Another event is a summer school in French studies at Grenoble. For those willing to travel third class a six weeks' course has been announced at a cost of \$390.

"If we amuse you less than some, we shall interest you more. Pleasure comes not so much from seeing as from understanding. The mere sightseer is quickly bored." These sentences from the booklet of the Bureau of University Travel suggest the aims of that old-established organization of high reputation. While the Open Road stresses the opportunities it gives by bringing Americans into contact with people of the countries visited, the Bureau of University Travel emphasizes the distinction of its group leaders. It does not make use of local guides in Europe. Standing somewhat in the position of a faculty toward a student, it promises university specialists who will give "not information but interpretation." The organization believes that unless one has at his disposal at least five weeks, a trip to Europe is not worth while. Its briefest tour requires thirty-seven days, but this can be taken for as little as \$380 if one is willing to travel third class at sea.

The Bureau of University Travel has arranged a Russian seminar for the first time this summer. Sailing on June 28, the party will be back, according to the plan, by September 8. Although there will be lectures before, during, and after the visit to Russia, "there will be no propaganda, no attempt to establish a preconceived theory." Besides the Russian seminar and numerous trips to other parts of Europe, the Bureau of University Travel announces a tour to the Orient and one to Mexico. The organization is chartered as an educational institution under the laws of Massachusetts. Its headquarters are in Newton, Massachusetts. H. H. Powers is the director.

More than 200 Americans gathered last summer in the little Alpine village of Oetz-in-Tyrol for the informal education made possible by the American Peoples College at the foot of Ocherkogel peak. The people's-college idea originated in the past century in the mind of N. F. S. Grundtvig at a time when Denmark, exhausted by the Napoleonic wars, was bankrupt economically and spiritually. That 60 per cent of the country's young men and women have since attended a people's college is by some persons thought to be

the reason for Denmark's present enviable situation. The people's college is designed primarily for those who have not had the opportunity of university education, though it is not limited to them. For five years an American Peoples College was maintained at Pocono, Pennsylvania, but in 1931 it was transferred to Oetz because of the desire of so many of the students to study and travel abroad.

There are no grades and no diplomas at the American Peoples College in Europe, although those to whom credits in American institutions are important can commonly arrange to obtain them. No entrance examinations are demanded, but prospective students must show evidence of likelihood to profit by the work before they are accepted. The teaching staff consists of both Americans and Europeans, and a considerable amount of travel, as well as study, is arranged for. Courses of study are provided for varying periods of time and at various seasons of the year. The longest course is fifteen months and the shortest seven-and-a-half weeks. The cost of the latter has been set at \$344 including transportation. Arrangements in this country are in charge of the Pocono Study Tours, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York, S. A. Mathiasen, director.

Mexico! Although just across our southwestern border, it is known to nothing like the number of our citizens who are familiar with the cathedrals of York and of Cologne, the galleries of the Vatican and the Louvre, the cafes of Unter den Linden and the boulevard des Italiens. Yet every year it is drawing more visitors who are animated by a desire

to know of its archaeology and art, its economic experiments and social life with values so different from our own. In order to crystallize this interest in a fashion which will develop a friendly understanding between Mexicans and citizens of the United States, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America is planning its eighth Mexican seminar from July 8 to 28. The committee does not limit its activities to Mexico, but the coming seminar is to be the chief event of the summer and probably an important agency in the organization's aim to create "informed and concerned public opinion in the United States in regard to the life of the Latin American peoples."

A distinguished group of leaders from Mexico and the United States will participate in the seminar, the first half of which will be conducted in Cuernavaca and the rest in Mexico City. There will be lectures and conferences, field trips and social functions. Nobody need be repelled for fear of hot weather. A large part of Mexico is high land, and the climate of the capital is similar to that of New York City in spring or autumn. It is expected that for those wishing to keep expenses at the minimum the trip may be made by water from New York and back for \$335. Details in regard to the seminar may be obtained from Hubert C. Herring, its director, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

[This is the first of several articles on phases of travel and life in foreign countries, designed to give practical information to persons of moderate means and liberal interests. The next in the series will appear in the issue of March 29.]

Ring Lardner and the Triangle of Hate

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

THERE is a story about a famous orchestra conductor who during rehearsals noticed that the countenance of one of his best first violinists was overcast by a peculiarly woebegone and dissatisfied expression. For some time the musician refused to offer any explanation. Finally, after much urging, he owned up: "Well, maestro, I'll tell you how it is: I just don't like music."

The special force of Ring Lardner's work springs from a single fact: he just doesn't like people. Except Swift, no writer has gone farther on hatred alone. I believe he hates himself; more certainly he hates his characters; and most clearly of all, his characters hate each other. Out of this integral-triune repulsion is born his icy satiric power.

There is no mitigating soft streak in him as there is in the half-affectionate portraiture of Sinclair Lewis; and none of the amused tory complacency of H. L. Mencken. He can be utterly savage with his "puppets" because he is merciless with himself; his rage, a double-pointed sword, turns inward and outward at the same time. Ring Lardner has spent his life in the company of commercial ball-players, prize fighters, Great White Highwaymen, song-writers, wealthy Long Islanders, and upper-class players of bridge and golf. He hates and despises this unsavory assortment of Americans. Yet he has elected to remain in and of these worlds perhaps because any other American milieu seems equally contemptible to him. There is, he would aver, little choice in a democracy of baseness. But he is honest enough to realize that his as-

sociates are at best a *pis aller* from which he can take no unction to his soul. He has found nothing whatsoever in American life to which to cling. Other writers who reveal this masochist pattern in a less pure form are George S. Kaufman and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But neither of these is cursed with Lardner's intuitive knowledge of the great American swine, a razor-keen knowledge which he uses as an instrument of self-torture. Like all puritans of stature he is self-accusatory. Despite his apparent objectivity, the blackness of American middle-class life (he never deals with workers and only occasionally with petty clerks) has entered into his own soul. Read beneath the lines and you will see that everything he meets or touches drives him into a cold frenzy, leaving him without faith, hope, or charity.

His burlesque autobiography, "The Story of a Wonder Man," outwardly in the Frank Sullivan-S. J. Perelman-Donald Ogden Stewart tradition of cuckoo hilarity, is really a savage, if not particularly interesting, piece of self-exposure. It is far less funny than the dada it kids. Its jokes and puns are purposely bad. Lardner throws in the reader's face his own scorn of himself as a popular humorist. Though he goes through all the motions it is clear that he is not having a good time. Toward all his work, even at its best, he preserves an attitude of bitter-comic mockery. He cannot publish "The Love Nest" without adding a burlesque preface and inventing Sarah E. Spoolripper for the purpose of ironical self-castigation:

It is hoped that a careful reading of the stories collected in this book will dispel the general illusion that in his later years Ring Lardner was just a tiresome old man induced by financial calamity and a fondness for narcotics to harp constantly on the futility of life on a branch line of the Long Island Railway.

Since 1927 there has been nothing new from his pen except "June Moon," written in collaboration with George S. Kaufman, and a few baseball yarns which have been recently collected under the title "Lose with a Smile." These latter are formula stories repeating efficiently enough his more mechanical humorous effects and clearly written to keep the pot a-boiling. What has happened to the genius which created Haircut and Honeymoon and My Roomie? Has it devoured itself, like the genius of Dean Swift? It is difficult to spend even a few years of one's life with the bridge-players of Great Neck without feeling the after-effects. Subhuman associations of this kind may produce the fussy inanity of Hergesheimer, or the smooth compromise of F. Scott Fitzgerald—or the silence of Ring Lardner.

Run over in your mind the stories he has written. Can you remember half a dozen sympathetic characters? Maxie, in "June Moon," a decent fellow, stands out sharply amid a company of conceited saps, quarrelsome, decaying husbands, and nagging, mercenary wives. The late William Bolitho divided Lardner's population into fools and swine. It is a fair summary. Somewhere Lardner refers to "this special police dog" which "was like the most of them and hated everybody." Lardner himself is the police dog of American fiction, except that his hatred is not the product of mere crabbedness but of an eye that sees too deep for comfort. As a whole his work is devoted to tearing down the stucco façade of certain familiar American types. He has a uniform method of attack. He takes some recognized national trait which is ordinarily treated with good-natured humor and reduces it to its basic viciousness. Thus Pullman-washroom sociability is revealed as vulgar garrulity which in turn conceals brutal egotism (Sun Cured). Simple boy-and-girl calf love is shown to have its roots in colossal selfishness (Some Like Them Cold). The practical joker, that standby of amiable American humor, turns out to be vicious, cruel, and heartless (Haircut, The Maysville Minstrel). The wife who is proud of her husband's achievements betrays herself as an insufferable and witless bore (Who Dealt?).

Lardner's subtlest story is without doubt The Golden Honeymoon. When this was first published most readers thought it very touching, even a trifle sentimental—this account of an old couple's wedding-anniversary trip to Florida, their little quarrels, their small-town complacencies, their petty satisfactions. Actually it is one of the most smashing indictments of a "happy marriage" ever written, composed with a fury so gelid as to hide completely the bitter passion seething beneath every line. Under the level of homey sentiment lies a terrific contempt for this quarrelsome, vain, literal old couple who for fifty years have disliked life and each other without ever having had the courage or the imagination to face the reality of their own meanness.

What Lardner, even in his simplest magazine stories, is interested in getting at is the core of egotism from which even our apparently most impeccable virtues spring. The lavish open-house hospitality which members of the American

upper strata are supposed to extend to each other is analyzed and found to conceal nosiness, lack of imagination, possessiveness, and, if you go deep enough, actual antagonism (Liberty Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Fixit).

Lardner's best-natured stories deal with saps and boneheads such as the classic Keefe of "You Know Me Al" and the Warner of "Lose with a Smile." These stories convey simultaneously two different impressions, one for the *Saturday Evening Post* reader and one for the civilized reader. The *Post* reader gets his laugh out of his sense of superiority—very slight—to the bushers and prize fighters whose asininity Lardner cleverly shows up. But behind this asininity lurk a conceit, a selfishness, a brutality which the more sophisticated reader easily perceives; and as he perceives it he is bound to realize that the Ring Lardner who is apparently writing funny stories for the amusement of yokels is really drawing up an indictment of large areas of American society.

The baser part of the soul of a class or nation is frequently revealed in the sports to which it is addicted. Thus most, if not all, of the vices of the British aristocracy are symbolized in the fox murder; the sadism of Spain finds perfect expression in Mr. Hemingway's beloved bullfights. What are the great American middle-class (and particularly upper middle-class) sports? Two dominate: golf and bridge. For a pair of farcical golf stories which hide in their hearts a scathing exposure of the moral bankruptcy of the millionaire sportsman I refer the reader to A Caddy's Diary and Mr. Frisbie. But contract bridge was invented by a malevolent deity for the special employment of Lardner's most vitriolic pen. Everything he most detests he finds focused in this typical American pastime: stupidity, meanness, avariciousness, false gentility, sex antagonism, bullying, deception, quarrelsomeness, inanity, brutality, humorless solemnity about trifles, bad temper, and disguised commercialism. Here in this "game"—exploited and manipulated by the twin elements of American aristocracy and international crookdom—Lardner finds a heaven for his satire. He who wishes to understand the psychological base which makes it possible for bridge to become a great American racket, and for "experts" to wear dinner clothes when they would look much more at home dressed in bullet-proof vests, should devote his days and nights to the study of Lardner's Contract.

His attitude toward the more democratic sports—boxing, baseball—is equally realistic. He is absolutely never taken in by them. While his baseball stories are full of the game's color and humor, he never allows this element of the picturesque to becloud his essentially cynical viewpoint. It is interesting here to compare his press-bench eye with Hemingway's boy-scout-and-red-Indian whoopdoodle. Hemingway sees sport as a human value, founded on the pleasures of the body but flowering in all kinds of instinctive-emotional satisfactions. Even when he sees through the venality of modern commercialized sport (as in My Old Man and Fifty Grand) he is spellbound by its romance, its terror, its brutality, and its sentiment. He presents a semi-philosophical apology for sport, as do the tory fox-murderer and the fanatical cricketer. But Lardner, with much the same technical training as Hemingway, sees American sport preeminently as a focal point drawing together bonehead and sharper. For entertainment purposes he chooses to devote most of his attention to the bonehead ("You Know Me Al"). But when he elects to attack a professionalized sport without any gloves on, we

get a brutal masterpiece (Champion). The direct, vicious hatred which animates Champion is far removed from the reined-in fascination underlying a fight yarn like Fifty Grand. The two stories are equally effective, but one feels that Lardner is far closer to the facts of American sport than is Hemingway. He does not inject himself into the story; he has his eye coldly fixed on the object, whereas Hemingway, despite his lean pared style, is fundamentally lyrical. Even in the comparatively good-natured "You Know Me Al" series one can feel Lardner's hatred of his conceited, slow-witted, heartless bushier.

His gift of mimicry, his astonishing phonographic reproduction of our flat democratic speech, has been highly praised, but possibly for the wrong reasons. It is not admirable merely because it is accurate—and humorously accurate—but because he uses it as a prime means of showing up, without comment, the fuzzy, flat, miserable mind of the American boob. Sinclair Lewis has the same reportorial ability, but frequently he records conversation just out of excessive gusto, because it amuses him. Lardner never wastes a word; each twisted idiom, each horrible neologism, is a stab, an expression of his fascinated hatred.

To see how implemental, how purposive is his style it is only necessary to note the twist he lends to our traditional humor of exaggeration. When Mark Twain exaggerates, it is to procure an effect of comic absurdity; but when Lardner says, "He give her a look that you could pour on a waffle," the mad metaphor has the power to fill us with an instantaneous horror of all sentimental affection. Even a line like "French trains run like they was on pogo sticks" conceals an undercurrent of exacerbation. He manipulates a whole repertoire of purely American humor-forms—notably the wisecrack, the "raspberry," slang, the calculatedly odorous pun—to gain satiric effects which can only be described as Swiftian. Here, for instance, is a sentence or two of superficially conventional parody:

"Carmen" ain't no regular musical show where a couple o' Yids comes out and pulls a few lines o' dialogue and then a girl and a he-flirt sings a song that ain't got nothin' to do with it. "Carmen's" a regular play, only instead o' them sayin' the lines, they sing them, and in for'n languages so's the actors can pick up some loose change offen the sale o' the librettos.

This deceptively simple speech punctures opera and American popular entertainment at the same time that it casually rips the cover off the cheap mind of the speaker.

The third angle of the triangle of hate which is Lardner is the hatred all his characters feel for each other. Lardner's world is a world of eternal soreheads and kickers. His country is Moronica, a land in a never-ending state of civil war. Whatever humor his people extract from the contemplation of each other is the humor of denigration. Any two Lardner characters, when they get together, are bound to quarrel about something; they are hedgehogs, always gregarious and always hurting each other with their quills. When the Lardnerian American tours Europe (The Other Side) it is with a chip on each shoulder, an attitude of mean truculence, a determination not to enjoy himself which far transcends the simple inverted snobbery of Mark Twain's innocents abroad. So omnipresent in his work is this soreheadedness, this constant irritation, this nervous mutual belittling that I believe it to be

Lardner's central feeling about our social life. He is the epic recorder of the Great American Bicker.

This appears most clearly in his treatment of women and marriage. It is understandable why women cannot read him with any enjoyment—he makes them too uncomfortable. If his men are mainly niggling pewts garrulously trying to impress the world with their non-existent virtues, his women are mainly gold-diggers of the most predatory type, barren of all glamor, charm, humor, or sexual attractiveness. In story after story he strips American bourgeois marriage of every last one of its pretensions, revealing it as a shell filled with hypocrisy, selfishness, henpecking, and constant antagonism between husband and wife, held together within a quivering circle of mutual repulsion. While he has little respect for wives—and in this regard alone departs from the realistic comic-strip conception of American marriage—he has less for husbands, whom he conceives as a crew of weak suckers, existing only to be exploited by their stronger halves. There is a single line in "June Moon" in which Lardner has crystallized everything he feels about American marriage. A husband is being addressed. "Lucile (*the eternal wife*): 'Everybody makes money but you.'" The stage direction tells all. Passion, sentiment, generosity, sympathy, and humor are barred, leaving the four components of comic-strip marital comedy: contentiousness, henpecking, gold-digging, and that peculiar, hopeless dry irony of the American male which (in both Lardner and Maurice Ketten) is his only defense against the onslaughts of the female.

In The Big Town a husband-hunter has become enamored of an aviator. While endeavoring to demonstrate his invention before a group of entrepreneurs who he expects will enrich him, his plane falls and he is killed. Does the girl go into a coma at the loss of her lover? "No," said Ella. "Sis is taking it pretty calm. She's sensible. She says if that could of happened, why the invention couldn't of been no good after all. And the Williamses wouldn't of give him a plugged dime for it."

In the face of Lardner's perfectly clear simon-pure, deliberate misanthropy it is a little difficult to understand how readers could ever have welcomed him as a popular humorist. The world he shows us—and it is one in which we feel not the slightest exaggeration or lack of balance—is a world of mental sadists, four-flushers, intolerable gossipers, meal-ticket females, interfering morons, brainless flirts, liars, brutes, spiteful snobs, vulgar climbers, dishonest jockeys, selfish children, dipsomaniacal chorus girls, senile chatterers, idiotically complacent husbands, mean arrivistes, drunks, snoopers, poseurs, and bridge-players. Funny? If these people are funny, so is "Gulliver's Travels."

In his apparently burlesque introduction to "June Moon" Ring Lardner has condensed his confession of faith and his last word on the values of American society as at present organized:

It is estimated that if the horse vehicles and street cars had kept on fighting and maintained their early leadership over automobiles, by the year 1970 the entire population of New York City would have been wiped out and no harm done. The "World Almanac," from which this information was gleaned, gives us only one ray of hope. In New York's biggest borough, Brooklyn, there were a thousand fewer births and thirteen hundred more deaths in 1928 than in 1927.

In Defense of Hoarding

MY DEAR MR. WOODIN: I hope I won't bore you if I begin with a bit of my personal history. I used to be, Mr. Woodin, what is called a patriot. I believed whatever the big people told me. They used to quote J. P. Morgan to me: "The man who sells the United States short will go broke." I'll admit that that argument sounded pretty unanswerable. This was a great country, and it would always go in one direction, which was up. So I put my savings into some securities—not fly-by-night stuff, Mr. Woodin, but first-class securities, because I was told that was the thing to do. Some people said that the safest and soundest things were bank stocks, others said public-utility bonds. So I bought some bonds in the largest public utility there was, Mr. Insull's, and some stock in the two largest national banks there were, the Chase and the National City. Sitting pretty, I thought. Well, you can guess what happened to me, Mr. Woodin. My friends just gave me the laugh. "What," said one of them to me, "you bought National City stock in 1929 at over 500, when it wasn't yielding 1 per cent, and expected it to stay there? You're a fool, George. I got out at 540." I forgot to add, Mr. Woodin, that I deposited my money in the Bank of United States. That name sounded so solid! After it closed, my friends were all amazed that I hadn't known to begin with that the bank was being run by a gang of sharks. I suppose I'm a simple-minded fellow, Mr. Woodin. I thought it was the business of bank examiners to look into such matters, and I took it for granted that they had, and that everything was all right. Some people told me that they saw the whole thing coming, and took out their money the week before. Everybody agreed that these people knew what was what. They weren't fools like me.

Well, when the Michigan bank holiday came along I got to thinking. I don't claim to be a smart man, Mr. Woodin; certainly I don't set myself up against all these smart governors, but I began to be puzzled. The governors said they were shutting the banks to protect the depositors. You protect the depositor by not letting him draw out his deposit. That puzzled me. And I thought to myself: If I lived in Michigan, the first thing I would do when the banks opened in eight days would be to go down to my bank and get my money out. I like to have my money on hand when I need it. Besides, everybody else will act the same way, so perhaps I ought to act first. That seems to be the thing to do. Well, then came bank holidays in twenty or more other States, and I said to myself: Listen here, George, your own State is going to declare a holiday next. The Governor, of course, gave absolute assurances that nothing of the kind was contemplated, but then, I had listened to Mr. Hoover's assurances for four years: "The country is fundamentally sound—recovery in sixty days sure—everything depends on confidence . . ." You know. Well, my confidence in the past had cost me a lot of money. Confidence comes high.

So, Mr. Woodin, I took out of the bank enough money to tide me over any little period of difficulty. Wasn't that the thing to do? I had been reading editorials denouncing the people who put their money into speculative things in 1929. They deserved to lose, I was told. They ought to

have put it in safe things. They ought not to take risks. That sounded sensible, so, as I say, I took the money out of the bank. When I had it in my hands, I looked at it. The bills said: "Redeemable in gold on demand . . . at any Federal Reserve Bank." That's fine, I said to myself; that's Uncle Sam's own promise, his pledged word. Not Ponzi's, not Insull's, not Mitchell's, but Uncle Sam's. This is *one* promise that will be kept. Besides, Mr. Mills says hard money's the thing. So I'll get hard money. I took my money around to the Federal Reserve Bank, got a few hundred dollars in gold for it, and put it in a safe.

The next day all the banks of the country closed down, and the government stopped keeping its promise about the gold. I was terribly upset by the whole situation, Mr. Woodin, but I must admit that I was just a little bit proud of myself. I had protected my savings. For once I had acted in time. I told a few friends about it, and nearly all of them said: "Gee, I wish I had done that. Why didn't you tell me?"

But what happens, Mr. Woodin? I suddenly find myself denounced in newspapers and by people in Washington as a hoarder, and a hoarder, apparently, is considered to be a great deal worse than a burglar. A new law is passed which makes anybody holding gold liable to a \$10,000 fine, or ten years in jail, or both (which is certainly worse than most burglars get); and in addition, if the gold is found, you can be fined up to twice the amount of the gold. I was made to feel that I was a terrible criminal, and of course I am turning the gold back. But, Mr. Woodin, what did I do wrong? As far as I can make out, my crime was that I seriously believed in the government's promises, as printed on its bills, and acted on them. And the government gives me the money, and then turns around immediately and tells me that it will put me in jail for ten years and take twice as much away from me unless I give it back! And it stops keeping its promise to everybody else.

I asked my friend Charlie about this. Charlie is very cynical; he is an expert in these matters. "Charlie," I said, "does the government really need this gold so much that it has to put me in jail to get it?" "Well," said Charlie, "the statement of the Federal Reserve banks as of March 8—that is, after the banks closed down and the gold run was stopped—showed that the reserve banks held \$2,684,000,000 gold compared with \$2,959,000,000 gold in the same week last year. That's a loss of only \$275,000,000 gold, or about 9 per cent. I understand that of the \$226,000,000 pulled out in the last week, \$116,000,000 went to foreigners; so if the government gets all the gold back that was pulled out in that week, it will only increase its supply by about 5 per cent. I don't think that will make much difference. You see, George, when anything like this happens, somebody has to be made the goat. The gold hoarder is the goat." "But, Charlie," I said, "what about these people who pulled their money out of the banks? I'm told that that was terribly unpatriotic, because if everybody tried to pull his money out, the banks would have to shut up." "Well," said Charlie, "if everybody tried to go to the same theater in one night it wouldn't hold them; if

everybody tried to use the subway at one time, they just couldn't ride; if everybody tried to telephone at the same minute, the service would break down. But if you were one of those persons, that wouldn't mean that you as an individual would be a criminal, would it?" "But, Charlie," I said, "if everybody runs for the theater exit when someone calls fire, nobody gets out, does he?" "Well," said Charlie, "what they're doing is to threaten ten years in jail for those who ran for the exit. Why don't they get after the fellows who started the fire? Nobody is suggesting that Mr. Mitchell be put in jail for undermining confidence. They simply want to jail the people who lost the confidence. Nobody is saying anything against the Governor of Michigan. And anyway, George, you acted strictly according to the rules of the profit system. The profit system rewards and praises the man who gets there first—who buys before everybody else buys, or sells before everybody else sells; who gets in first and gets out first." "Charlie," I said, "that's not patriotic language." "George," he said, "did the people who left their money in the 5,000 banks that have failed since the depression began leave it there because they were patriots, or because they didn't know any better? As I see it, when the people at Washington say patriot they mean sucker."

Won't you please tell me, Mr. Woodin, what I should reply to Charlie?

GEORGE J. HOARDER

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has lived enough in the country to know that urbanites are commonly guilty of two errors of thought, and that both of them have to do with the weather. The first is that there are four seasons—that is, that fall follows at the close of summer; that winter is recognizably different from fall; and most erroneous of all, that at the termination of a sound winter sleep the buds and birds, not to mention the bees and flowers, toss off their winter coverlets, open their hibernative eyes, and deck themselves for summer. It is true that there seems to be an incontestable difference in the appearance of nature—at least in the temperate zones—between, say, the Fourth of July and New Year's Day. But if the Drifter knows the cautious countrymen who have been his neighbors, that is about as far as they would want to be quoted on the subject. A careful observer walking in the woods and fields in January finds green leaves under the snow, round, shiny new buds on every branch, new grass shoots under brown stubble, and the celebrated smell of spring that drives poetical city-dwellers into raptures every April quite definitely in the air. Unpoetically enough, it seems to be the smell of last year's rotting leaves, but one may like it for all that. There is no moment when the trumpets of spring herald an awakening year. Flies and wasps at any ray of the sun, whether in January or June, begin to crawl around and even to fly. There are even leaves on a good many trees—the oaks and beeches cling faithfully to theirs until new buds push them off; the willows burn bright yellow from fall to the time of opening leaves again. One is impressed in winter in the country by the continuity of nature, not by its careful husbanding of resources with which to begin a new year.

THE second city error is the belief that country people are universally occupied with the weather. It is, surprisingly enough, in the city that the weather becomes an all-important phenomenon. Is it raining? Then we must wear rubbers. Is it blowing? What a dusty, paper-ridden street! Is it snowing? Snow for the city assumes Economic Importance. It provides work for the unemployed; it must never be allowed to interfere with the life of the city. Everybody thinks about it, from the mayor—or his Man Friday—to the lowest man on the street. In the country one takes the weather as it comes. A little snow, a little wind, a little rain, a little sun. One wears in general the same clothes, except that the top layer comes off with a rising temperature. There are, in the country, not seasons or weathers but times. Time to pick apples; time to make cider; time to cut ice; time to collect maple sap; time to pick the first spring greens out of the lush, thawing meadows. And these are all good times, properly taking their turn, received with due respect but not any perceptible elation. It is not too much to say that the only persons with whom country people discuss the weather are city folks. "Is it cold enough for you?" they ask. Or "We're going to get that blizzard soon!" Their conversation among themselves is likely to be about the distressingly low price of milk, or how the hard cider is keeping.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence Poison for Profit

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I was much interested in the article, *Poison for Profit*, which you printed a few weeks ago, because of experiences that I had with a large drug and biological firm in Detroit. A few years ago, while in its employ as a bacteriologist, I was ordered by a foreman to use four or five gallons of putrid cow blood in preparation of a human biological product known as hemostatic serum. One lot of the finished product failed to pass the activity test but the rest apparently was sold on the market as a good sound product. A report of this matter is on file at the United States Department of Health at Washington.

Detroit, February 17

ALBERT W. HAINES

Critical Irresponsibility

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is probable that not only defenders of proletarian literature but also defenders of the principles of serious and dispassionate criticism will take issue with Edward Dahlberg's summary execution of most of his fellow-writers of proletarian fiction in *The Nation* of March 8. Protest against the conclusions of Mr. Dahlberg's review is justified, but I think it will be unnecessary when it is understood that Mr. Dahlberg has, with obvious disingenuousness, completely perverted the intent of the passage he cites from John Dos Passos. Mr. Dos Passos very obviously intended the cited passages to be the ironical description of the discreditable artistic philosophy of thoughtless and second-rate novelists. Furthermore, in a passage not many lines farther on, he explicitly discredits this philosophy: "Making a living selling day dreams, sensations, packages of mental itching powders, is all right, but I think few men feels it's

much of a life for a healthy adult." Yet Mr. Dahlberg has made it seem that, in the passage he quotes, Mr. Dos Passos is speaking in his own person, and having pretended to believe that the artistic credo Mr. Dos Passos condemns is Mr. Dos Passos's own credo, proceeds to attack it. When the irresponsibility of this device is understood, I believe that the other judgments offered in the review may be passed over in silence.

Mr. Dahlberg's very real sense of artistic responsibility as a novelist makes such critical irresponsibility the more shocking.
New York, March 9 LIONEL TRILLING

Confidence and Censorship

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Last night I spoke under the auspices of the League for Industrial Democracy in Schenectady on A New Philosophy for a New Age. Arrangements had been made for a brief broadcast on the same topic over WGY, the General Electric station, at four o'clock the same afternoon. Shortly before the time of the broadcast, the head of the local committee of the L. I. D. was informed by the officials of WGY that the talk must be canceled, because of objections to the manuscript submitted. The Schenectady station, acting upon orders from the National Broadcasting Company in New York—a fact which was made plain by WGY spokesmen—took the position that nothing could be broadcast which would tend to "undermine confidence and faith." I quote a few of the statements which were found to be so fearsome.

After outlining the optimism which pervaded the liberal world at the end of the war, I declared:

That we have seen exactly the opposite of this, only the most blind and stupid could deny. Instead, we see the nations with more men under arms than in 1913; we see the impoverished peoples of the world obliged to live in penury, with 45,000,000 unemployed and with a collapse of security from pole to pole—nevertheless having to pay out every year for armaments nearly five billions of dollars; and we see, not a growing harmony among the governments of the world, but aggravated tensions, augmented fears, and the development of new engines of destruction.

After recounting the manner in which our economic situation had been permitted to drift, and fresh utterances of optimism were depended upon to serve in place of constructive action, I said:

Unless, however, I read wrongly the signs of the times, it seems to me that throughout the country these fine phrases about prosperity have themselves been shoved around the corner, and no longer grip the imagination of the people. Nor do I find today any widespread belief among the masses that we can depend upon the predictions or upon the leadership of such pioneers of prosperity as some of the officials of the great utilities and certain great banks.

A third objectionable passage referred simply to the existence of an economic war today and condemned the movement to Buy American. And finally, at the beginning of a closing paragraph offering the socialization of industry as the ultimate way out, I asserted:

If there are those who still hold hopefully to the ordinary, time-tried methods of capitalist business and finance, let me remind them that we have had a significant depression in this country, since the Civil War, on the average of once every seven years. What is the promise of a system which, at best, can only bring us out of the crisis and keep us out just long enough to catch a deep breath before we go down again?

When the local committee took the matter up with the city press, one paper was already made up—a satisfactory excuse;

but the other turned the issue aside by declaring that the radio station must be treated as another newspaper would be treated, and that to print anything about the prohibition of my address would be contrary to journalistic ethics!

As a sample of what we may anticipate as capitalism girds itself for its final effort, this single incident is not without significance.

Schenectady, N. Y., March 9

DEVERE ALLEN

For San Francisco Readers

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The *Nation* Club of San Francisco is being reorganized as an intimate study and discussion group instead of the open forum which it has been hitherto. The main purpose is to bring together people interested in discussions, preparing papers, engaging in debates, and so on. Occasionally, also, an open-forum meeting will be held. Readers who are interested are asked to communicate with me at 775 Guerrero Street. Telephone, Valencia 0984.

San Francisco, March 1

SOPHIE GREENBERG

In the Interest of Accuracy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Apropos of a paragraph on page 79 of your issue of January 25 dealing with a statement by Commander John Kenworthy, may I point out in the interest of accuracy that the Commander is not now a member of Parliament and never was a member of the Cabinet. He represented Hull in Parliament until the last election.

New York, February 28

MAURICE FIRTH

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN THOMAS is the author of "America's Way Out: A Program for Democracy," and coauthor of "What's the Matter with New York."

LAWRENCE DENNIS was formerly connected with J. and W. Seligman and Company. He has also been in the diplomatic service in Nicaragua, Honduras, Haiti, and Rumania, and is the author of the book "Is Capitalism Doomed?"

ARTHUR WARNER, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

CLIFTON FADIMAN, head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster, is at work on a book of criticism entitled "American Life and American Novelists."

CHARLES YALE HARRISON is the author of "Generals Die in Bed" and "A Child Is Born."

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of a new anthology of American poetry, "American Poets. 1630-1930."

WILLIAM GRUEN, formerly an instructor of philosophy in the College of the City of New York, contributes frequently to the *Monist*.

CHARLES A. BEARD, author of important volumes on politics and American history, published last fall "A Charter for the Social Sciences."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought."

FERNER NUHN lives in Iowa and writes for various magazines.

Books and Drama

Proletarian Literary Sans-Culottes

By CHARLES YALE HARRISON

PROLETARIAN literature, its exponents say, is the answer to the spirit of disillusion and despair which has descended upon American authors since the close of the World War. Unless our writers ally themselves with a militant sociological force, we are told, the poison of social pessimism will destroy American literature. Newton Arvin, writing in these columns some time ago, declared that "now that American writers, consciously or unconsciously, have made their final break with the middle class, it should be obvious that, unless they prefer a bleak or elegant futility, they can turn in but one direction, the proletariat." The word "proletariat" may mean one of two things: it may signify, when employed in its broader sense, the working class as a whole, or, as it is used by proletarian literary critics, the revolutionary section of that class. The largest and most representative organization of the American working class is the American Federation of Labor. Now surely Mr. Arvin does not intend that American writers should turn to William Green and Matthew Woll for inspiration and guidance. Quite obviously he means that they should turn to the Communists.

Politics and literature, the proletarian critics say, are inseparable social manifestations. Certainly proletarian literature and politics go hand in hand. Therefore an analysis of the proletarian literary movement must be preceded by a discussion of the Communist Party and its attitude toward writers and the artist class generally. Since the economic collapse in the fall of 1929, an increasing number of intellectuals have been clamoring for admission into the party. Very few have been admitted for the reason that while the Communist Party theoretically rests upon a "broad democratic base," in reality membership in the party is as restricted as it is in the Daughters of the American Revolution. In both groups birth is of the essence.

For years the word "intellectual" has been a term of reproach in Communist Party circles. Until quite recently "counter-revolutionary" and "intellectual" were synonymous. Even today a member of the middle class is admitted into the party only after he has been tested in the so-called bridge organizations—the International Labor Defense, the Workers' International Relief, the Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, and other party-controlled groups.

The trickle of intellectuals into the ranks of the proletariat prior to 1929 became a freshet after the panic of the ensuing years. Frustrated and economically defeated intellectuals found in the ranks of the Communist Party and its allied groups *une raison d'être*. The romantic program of the party, its Blanquist theatricalism, and its deliberately inflamed oratory appealed to certain sections of the disinherited intellectuals. College graduates looking with despair at overcrowded professions, school teachers long on the waiting list, and other impoverished professionals began to yearn, in their impatience, for a chance at the barricades. Lenin once remarked that there is no fury comparable to that of a dispossessed member of the middle class. The swing to the left was

a manifestation of this rage. Certainly, the movement was actuated not by logical reasoning but by emotionalism.

The movement of creative writers to the extreme left has not been as great as the sound and fury would seem to indicate; but each convert, no matter how minor, was greeted with loud salvos of publicity. Among the novelists, Dreiser's conversion was the most outstanding, but he has since found it difficult to swallow the entire dogma and has moved somewhat to the right. While novelists, in the main, fought shy of the proletarians, critics in some cases welcomed the new literary credo. They immediately found it delightfully easy to explain everything from the psychological morbidity of Poe and Bierce to the phallic symbolism of Cabell in terms of ill-digested historical materialism. The eager young critics discarded aesthetic criticism for the heady, magic facility of pseudo-Marxian proletarianism. In Greenwich Village the revolution seemed about to burst forth at any moment. By a strange coincidence, the full force of the literary swing to the left synchronized with the Presidential election campaign in the fall of last year. In New York City the Communist campaign was conducted almost exclusively by *littérateurs*; a mystic philosopher lectured on the anthracite mining situation, a *transition* poet discussed technological unemployment, and an arty cinema critic demanded the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In Kansas, Oklahoma, and Iowa, communism was unknown, but in the ateliers and speakeasies of New York the social revolution suddenly became the mode.

After election day, when noses were counted, it was discovered that about one hundred thousand Americans had voted red— $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1 per cent of the electorate. The millions of unemployed, the dispirited of the bread lines and flophouses, had voted for either Hoover or Roosevelt. Even the mild Socialist program suffered overwhelming defeat in terms of percentages. The proletarians, it seemed, had been preaching to themselves. After three years of provocative and bloody tactics in which demonstrators and strikers had been clubbed in scores of American cities in order to "inure the masses to police violence," the masses stubbornly voted Republican or Democratic. Of course, the party apologists will explain this lack of working-class support with devious charts and scholastic analysis, but the fact remains that the American workers have crushingly rejected the little Lenins of Fourteenth Street and the would-be Plekhanovs of the John Reed Club. If, as Plekhanov pointed out, art is the manifestation in form of the cultural superstructure of society, then, on the basis of the 1932 election returns, the proletarian literary movement in America is a synthetic monstrosity imposed upon American literature by a handful of wilful propagandists.

The John Reed Club, which is the organizational center of the proletarian literary movement in America, is in reality political rather than cultural in its activity. The slogan of the club reads: "Art Is a Class Weapon." Consequently, the basis for membership is the acceptance of the current political "line" of the Communist International recently promulgated

at the last session of the International Convention of Revolutionary Writers in Kharkov, Russia. Writers and books are judged solely on their political merits. John Dos Passos's "1919" was criticized both in the Soviet Union and here as "bourgeois defeatism" because this astonishingly original novel failed to end on a note of class struggle. By the same standard a mediocre labor novel becomes "an imperishable epic."

This preoccupation with purely political rather than literary values leads the proletarians into odd situations. The case of Theodore Dreiser is an excellent example. Before the author of "Sister Carrie" indorsed communism, he was, in the eyes of the left-wing critics, "a confused liberal humanitarian." On his return from the Soviet Union he was embraced as "the most distinguished American novelist of our day, a titan . . ." A similar about-face occurred in the controversy over Diego Rivera, who was considered by the proletarians as one of the most vital modern painters. After his expulsion from the Mexican Communist Party he was reviled as the merest of daubers. The artist was reported to be considering a portrait of the late Ambassador Dwight Morrow. Joseph Freeman, writing approvingly in the *New Masses* of February, 1932, said: "There were revolutionary artists in Mexico who thought they saw definite marks of decline in Rivera's technical skill as he abandoned his revolutionary faith." One wonders at the nature of the revolutionary faith of Comrades Rembrandt, Da Vinci, El Greco, and Van Dyck.

Proletarian or Communist literature (the terms are used interchangeably by nearly all left-wing critics) is an anomaly in present-day America. If and when it does gain a footing here, its sponsors will have to be more responsible artists than the romantic literary *sans-culottes* who dominate the movement at present. They will have to learn the bitter lesson the Soviet Government has learned—that a politically indifferent but capable engineer can build a better hydroelectric plant than a loyal but inefficient party member. The Russians are learning that the same holds true of literature, which never did and never will thrive under political coercion. From now on our writers will do well to ignore the blandishments of all party encampments, left, center, or right. Instead of writing soap-box orations, our proletarian writers ought to create authentic, representative American literature. That is a task of major proportions.

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

Among love's alms let there be never rest;
 Whatever else he gives, let him withhold
 This certainty no heart has repossessed
 Since the first lover who was hot and cold
 Together at a time—Oh sweet confusion!
 Oh knowledge lost, with only this to gain:
 Uncertainty, repeating the profusion
 Of spring when all the world is drunk with rain;
 When grasses grow that sensibly should sleep,
 And rise and mix their spears, and greenly blush;
 But frosty nights will lay them in a heap—
 Oh, like my heart, wherein a sudden hush
 Tells me our love is ended; yet again
 March blows, and I am happiest of men.

The Universe Unbound

The Expanding Universe. By Sir Arthur Eddington. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

THE recent history of physics has been marked by a closer approach to some of the major problems of the physicist and the philosopher. In its pursuit of physical explanation science has discovered new aspects of old metaphysical problems. It has taken a philosophical turn, and philosophy is applying a closer scrutiny to the concepts of science. I am not referring to that "philosophical outlook" which has taken recent developments in physics as occasion for consolatory speculations on life, God, and the freedom of the will. Such empirical theology might cast a momentary glamor around the theories of science, but it can have little effect on their progress. There are, however, other philosophical problems whose solution is necessary to the clarification of scientific concepts. To these latter problems, unfortunately, few scientists have given attention, and few philosophers have brought to bear on them an adequate scientific knowledge.

In consequence the layman is doubly taxed in his efforts to follow the developments of modern physics. On the one hand, in reading the present book—which the publishers have called a book of "popular science"—he will discover that not even Eddington can reduce the concepts of modern physics to the terms which form the layman's elementary scientific equipment. The subject of this book, despite the author's graceful and dramatic exposition, is beyond the comprehension of anyone who is not familiar with some of the more abstruse aspects of physical theory. On the other hand, not all the layman's difficulties arise from the esoteric nature of the subject. There are inherent obscurities in some concepts of modern physics which require more than mathematical and experimental clarification.

Physics cannot avoid metaphysical analysis, for metaphysical assumptions underlie every effort to attach a "physical significance" to the concepts of mathematical physics. One of the foremost scientists of our time, Hermann Weyl, saw this clearly when he wrote: "In spite of the fact that the views of philosophy sway from one system to another, we cannot dispense with it unless we are to convert knowledge into meaningless chaos."

Eddington has been much criticized for his ventures into philosophy in his "Nature of the Physical World." In the present book he is rather insistent in claiming to have eschewed all philosophical speculation. But in forgoing all tempting digressions into what I have called his empirical theology, Eddington needlessly avoids all philosophical analysis and leaves some of the major concepts of his theory in a state of disturbing ambiguity.

One of the most interesting problems of modern physics is the quest for a theory which will correlate the observed recession of the galaxies, the determination of the "cosmical constant" in Einstein's relativity theory, and the concept of finite space. The tentative solution described by Eddington is an expanding universe—a universe in which "both the material system and the closed space in which it exists are expanding."

According to Eddington the universe has expanded to such an extent that "corresponding to any star or system there is a region of the universe which its light can never reach. And if light cannot, no other causal influence can reach it." In other words, there exist parts of the universe which can exert no influence whatever on us, although they are at a finite distance from us. But if they exert no influence, by what operations can the physicist determine their existence? Further, what is the operational distinction between a finite distance which separates two material systems that can exert no influence on each other, and an infinite distance which separates any two material sys-

tems? Throughout the book Eddington insists on a strictly operational interpretation—that is, in terms of the operations of measurement—of physical concepts. But in terms of that operational interpretation the statement quoted is utterly meaningless.

These contradictions are not incidental to the theory of the expanding universe. They are intimately involved in that theory as applied to the physical world, although they do not affect its mathematical development. They result not from any mathematical or experimental error, but from the inadequate analysis of such concepts as "existence," "totality," "physical meaning," "magnitude of the universe," and "measurement."

There are those readers of popular books on modern physics who gambol through the physical universe in the hope of repeating Alice's adventures in Wonderland. To them Eddington's book has little to offer. But for those who seek some insight into cosmological theory this book will be a source of profound enjoyment. They will find in Eddington not only a great scientist, but also a writer who can impart to a difficult subject a delightful literary grace and—within the limitations I have indicated—an extraordinary clarity.

WILLIAM GRUEN

Capitalism and History

Entwicklungsgesetze des Kapitalismus. Von Alfred Müller-Armack. Berlin: Junker and Dünnhaupt.

WHAT are the conditions favorable to penetrating and creative thought in the field of humanistic studies? A fine office, with a padded swivel chair, a laboratory and a library equipped with filing case, adding machines, comptometers, and delicate instruments for measuring emotional reactions to aesthetic experiences, a rigorous empirical method, the golden glow of a new Gothic window, and the Indian summer of a safe job cushioned with a pension at the end? Perhaps so. Perhaps not. Judging by the books on economics, politics, cultural anthropology, and historism that have been coming out of Germany since the war, a big jar, a dissolving cosmos, and a touch of hunger in the offing may be conducive to a fresh survey of accepted ideas and methods. At all events, American readers who deem it constitutional to read foreign books (if they can) are finding in the works of Dilthey, Plessner, Mannheim, Carl Schmitt, Jostock, Kurt Riezler, and others of the humanistic school something besides the barren husks of old corn.

In the volume before us by a Privatdozent at Köln is a searching inquiry into the nature and tendencies of modern capitalism, which ought to be read with Jostock's "Der Ausgang des Kapitalismus." Here are explored the origins of capitalism, theories of capitalist evolution, industrial crises and their relation to capitalist evolution, structural changes in capitalism, the relation of capitalist evolution to the movement of total actuality called history, and the political forms of capitalism.

If capitalism is a closed system of terrestrial mechanics operating under its own laws and momentum, why does it break down occasionally? Is the crash due to some internal defect in the machine or to some outside intervention? If to the former, then the machine is not a true machine. If to the latter, then the system is not closed, but is a part of the whole movement of history—ideas and interests—in general.

With Teutonic courage Dr. Müller-Armack walks squarely up to the ancient demons: the determinism of the theological idea and the determinism of physics. In America, of course, we refer these futile matters to theologians and philosophers with a gesture of impatience, and turn to our adding machines, graphs, curves, and correlation charts. But this author thinks we must wrestle with them if we are to do any serious thinking about the evolution of capitalism as a phase of cultural anthro-

pology. In this he is in harmony with such writers as Riezler.

Cultural anthropology makes short work of the tyranny of theological determinism. Then the question is asked: What imperative requires us to assume that the determinism of physics (old style) is applicable to the world of intuition and thought? What imperative indeed, my masters? If we look at the facts in the case we cannot accept a theory which treats history as a chain of causes (running back to what point?) determined throughout, to the falling of the last hair from the head of the last patriarch. In the place of this theory we must establish one which assumes that we can merely discover the conditioning realities which make possible what happens without causally determining it in detail. Into this theory of history the evolution of capitalism must be fitted. Thus a way is open for the peril of choice, which may be the Marxian *Sprung in der Freiheit*.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Wilson, House, and War

The Strangest Friendship in History. Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House. By George Sylvester Viereck. Liveright. \$3.

MR. VIERECK'S book is more valuable than will be granted by most reviewers, who will find it written in a florid, "now it can be told" manner which somehow invests statements of the best-known facts with an aura of the extremely revelatory. The book is valuable because it directs attention to facts which the "official" historians are just beginning to admit, and which the general reading public has carefully avoided knowing. There is little original research embodied in the volume, but it is valuable as documentation for the quoted conversations which record what the Colonel now thinks of events of long ago. Of himself Mr. Viereck writes:

I was a pro-German, true, but I was an American first. . . . When I began my study I looked upon Woodrow Wilson as the villain of the ensuing drama. As I proceeded to delve into the debris of reminiscences and unwritten history, he gradually assumed some aspects of a martyr and a saint. There was a time when there was no one in the world whom I more distrusted than Edward Mandell House. Today he seems to me a genuine philosopher and a gifted statesman. Even if his good intentions, like Wilson's, have helped to pave mankind's way to hell, they gave me a glimpse of the Promised Land where peace abides and a new sanction governs the fate of nations.

This rather long passage has been cited because Mr. Viereck's facts are so contrary to his opinions about them and the men back of them that this reader is lost in utter amazement. If Viereck feels that way about Wilson and House when he once hated them, the only logical conclusion one can draw is that in the process of revising his judgment he has not been content to hold the balance even; he has also felt it necessary to throw away the balance altogether and appear before the astonished public as a House-Wilson worshiper. Yet there are greater adulators of House and Wilson than Viereck, and few of them are so prepared, in a work about their heroes, to cite facts which contradict the mythology presented therein. This allows Mr. Viereck to appear in a double role—a man with a high opinion of the pair who yet is not a falsifier of the historical record.

If nothing is to be gained by this sentimentality, a good deal is to be gained by Mr. Viereck's honest admission that Wilson and House were hopelessly biased in favor of the Allies; that America's alleged neutrality was a snare and a delusion; that the case against the Allies was always stronger than that against Germany; that all the facts warranted a war with England if they warranted war at all; that House and Wilson were jointly

responsible for selling the cornerstone of any sensible American policy, the Declaration of London, for British good-will, such as it was; that Wilson and House consistently and persistently endured the most exasperating insults from the British; that both of them were roped in by the callow, slimy virtue of Sir Edward Grey, the grave-digger of the British Empire; that both of them shut their eyes to the secret treaties and were so utterly ignorant of international practice that they thought the Fourteen Points superseded the treaties because they were enunciated after them; and so on far into the dark and gloomy night. Mr. Viereck's book tells us all these things, and it is valuable because it does tell them. The interpretative decoration he adds is weak stuff. He has been beguiled by the fact that Colonel House talked to him. He would have written a more realistic book if the Colonel had slammed the door in his face.

Mr. Viereck believes that the partnership between House and Wilson was a sort of intellectual symbiosis, and that neither man was complete without the other. "Woodrow Wilson stalks through history on the feet of Edward Mandell House." Perhaps so. Perhaps also, and more probably, they were both men who "meant well" (oh, horrible and disgusting phrase that covers so many villains with a forgiveness they do not deserve!) and who had muddled and muddled minds. Wilson saw clearly enough at times and announced his insights in resounding rhetoric. House never saw clearly at all. The roots of his foreign policy were false roots, every one of them. Viereck's facts prove that. They prove also that if House had not been constantly selling war to Wilson, the President would have kept us out of it (barring some other equally malign adviser). House wanted war; he intrigued for war; he won Wilson to war. Wilson did not want war but he was ill prepared to hold his position. He did not have the type of mind which could handle, realistically, the difficulties with which he was faced. He was defeated by defects seemingly inherent in the American mind, plus the stupidly bad advice of House. "The pacifist Wilson never forgave himself the surrender of his dearest convictions," writes Viereck. House forced him to surrender them. The Germans with their submarines provided the flimsy occasion. And when Wilson discovered in Paris that he had lost the game by playing it according to House's rules, he quietly dropped his old friend. It was a bitter way to salve one's conscience, and one that has led to the cry that he was ungrateful. Viereck prefers to look for the woman, and thinks that the alienation was brought about by the jealousy of the second Mrs. Wilson. This is good drama but bad in every other way. It simply emphasizes once more that Mr. Viereck's facts are more valuable than his interpretations. Respect for facts is the beginning of wisdom. Mr. Viereck was well along the road when he turned back and began to apply the gilt.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Lawrence and the Short Story

The Lovely Lady. By D. H. Lawrence. The Viking Press. \$2.

THE short story seemed hardly a first-choice form with Lawrence. Only occasionally he gave it the deliberate attention which produced an "England, My England." In the present collection of seven examples (two of which, by the way, have been printed before, in 1927 and 1928) only one is a first-rate short story—The Rocking Horse Winner. For the most part, when Lawrence used the form, there was a negligent air, as of improvisation and short attention. Often it seemed to serve him only for a gathering of chips left over from his novels. Thus *Mother and Daughter* in this volume is clearly an offshoot of "St. Mawr," and *The Overtone* is a bit of addendum to "The Escaped Cock." Furthermore, Lawrence tended to let himself

go in the short story in a sort of bitterness toward his characters which, with greater integrity, he had resolved in his novels. The mother in *Mother and Daughter* is only the meaner half of Mrs. Witt in "St. Mawr," and most of the main figures in the other stories are but spitted, as it were, on the points of their weaknesses.

Nevertheless, there are memorable things in the volume, or it would not be by Lawrence. One will not forget the marvelous Armenian widower in *Mother and Daughter*, with his heavy lids and white lashes, who could sit "like a toad, as if seated for a toad's eternity"—humble, sensual, and conquering. There is a note of enjoyable humor, rather rare with Lawrence, in *Rawdon's Roof*. ("Rawdon was the sort of man who said, 'No woman shall sleep again under my roof.'") The story *Things* is a sharp satire on the sort of intellectual New England couple, worshipful of Europe, who build their lives on a collection of objects of art—a rather jeering footnote to Henry James. (In the end the husband is described: "Round his nose was a queer, evil, scholastic look, of pure skepticism.")

And finally there is *The Rocking Horse Winner*. This story of disastrous precocity has a queer, bizarre, but powerful quality hard to describe. It is rather off the line of Lawrence's usual vein. It is somewhat like a Hans Andersen sophisticated by Freud, or Poe let loose in the nursery. It is a complete thing, strange and provocative, and seems to prove, if anything, that a great writer has potentially many facets.

FERNER NUHN

Unemployment Insurance

Standards of Unemployment Insurance. By Paul H. Douglas. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.

The British System of Social Insurance. By Percy Cohen. With an Introduction by Neville Chamberlain. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

Insuring the Essentials. By Barbara Nachtrieb Armstrong. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

Human Aspects of Unemployment and Relief. By James Mickel Williams. The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

IN the present group Percy Cohen's volume attempts to be nothing more than a handbook describing in detail the actual laws and practices governing health and unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, and widows', orphans', and old-age insurance in Great Britain, and as such it is very fully and competently done. Barbara Armstrong's volume covers a much wider field, discussing minimum-wage legislation and social insurance in nearly all the principal countries of the world; it is almost encyclopedic, and runs to 717 crowded pages. Mr. Williams, a relief worker, describes the human effects of the depression in general and on particular families—the homes destroyed, the impairment of health, the breakdown of morale and morals, the effects on children. His material is extremely impressive, but his writing is pedestrian and amateurish; the book would have been much more effective if it had been cut down to two-thirds of its present length.

Professor Douglas's volume is by far the most readable and important of the present group. It is not a description of foreign plans of unemployment insurance except in so far as it attempts to profit from the lessons of foreign experience. What it does is to describe how unemployment insurance could best be adapted to America. It discusses fully but concisely the case for unemployment insurance, the proper scope of unemployment-insurance acts, the conditions of eligibility for benefit, the amount of benefits to be paid, the probable costs, the sources and amounts of contributions to the fund, problems of administration, and

the question of constitutionality. The texts of the Wisconsin act and the Ohio bill are printed in appendices. The book is admirably organized. Professor Douglas's plea for compulsory unemployment insurance has the strength of understatement. He points out, for example, that in 1931, when total wages were 40 per cent less than they had been in either 1926 or 1929, dividends and interest were still 87 per cent above their 1926 total and still somewhat above that of 1929. He permits himself this mild comment:

It is, therefore, cruel irony for members of the comfortable classes whose own incomes have been appreciably stabilized by the reserve policies of corporations to object to the setting aside of similar reserves for labor. There is, indeed, but one feature more ironical, and that is the spectacle of people contributing small sums of money and cast-off clothing ■■ charity to the unemployed and at the same time insisting that the latter should be protected from self-respecting insurance.

H. H.

Shorter Notices

Tattered Banners. By Talcott Powell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

To those who are inclined to view as an individual episode the great financial burden saddled on the United States in behalf of World War veterans, Mr. Powell's book is a reminder that throughout all history the demobilization of citizen armies has often been as great a hazard to the state as if the enemy had been allowed to invade it. "Tattered Banners" tells of the troubles nations have had with their returned soldiers since the time of the Romans, especially of happenings in the United States, which as a democratic nation has suffered acutely. By the year 1860 this country had got so clear of soldier claims arising from previous wars that the commissioner of pensions proposed to reduce his staff of seventy-one. The outbreak of the Civil War changed the situation, and no commissioner of pensions since that time has felt that he could cut his force. Indeed, the redoubtable Corporal Tanner, President Harrison's commissioner of pensions, boasted: "I will drive ■■ six-mule team through the Treasury. God help the surplus." Although for the fiscal year ended in 1932 one-fourth of the federal expenditures went to 1 per cent of the population, represented by ex-soldiers and their dependents, the demand for class favoritism has not yet reached nearly its full stride, if past experience is an indication. The disability allowance, jammed through Congress in 1930, opens the road to ■■ general service pension. It provides for payment to any veteran who is as much as 25 per cent disabled, even though his disabilities have no connection with war service. Since the Veterans' Administration has ruled that cross-eyes, nearsightedness, farsightedness, and inferiority complex are compensable, the possibilities under the new act seem almost unlimited. As a story Mr. Powell's pages are entertaining; as a tract they are disturbing.

One Against the Earth. By Daniel Mainwaring. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$2.

This first novel by a young writer shows power in plotting and, what is more important, knowledge of a background—the California farm lands and farm people. The author, reared in that setting, understands and interprets very sensitively and intelligently those men and women whose struggle is with the earth. His hero is a boy born with a passion for individual freedom, and caught both by the necessity of keeping the farm and by his mother's intense and earthy maternalism. Earth and Woman are the forces which keep him from the freedom he desires. He flees

from both, but only into disaster. With ■■ kind of fatal irony Earth and Woman in the end break his strength and cause his destruction. The story has the power to hold the reader's attention, but it has the weaknesses common to young writers—a lack of humor and a tendency to overintensify the drama. A writer, however, who so completely understands one group of human beings and is so poetically sensitive to the beauty of a natural background has every chance to develop into an interesting novelist. Realism here is tempered with poetic insight. The prose has rhythm and, in several chapters, ■■ powerful economy of phrasing.

One More Spring. By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Robert Nathan has not done much more here than retell with new characters and new settings the charming story he has told a number of times before. But the story has a sting, this time, that it did not have before; "One More Spring," with all its fairy-tale paraphernalia, is a fantasy about very immediate and acute things. It is ■■ pastoral of starvation and cold in Central Park. Again there are the gently comic doings, the airy situations, the delicate balance of character against character. A bed is finally obtained, so that the lovers in the end will not need to worry about that. The book will probably do no one any harm, provided the very keen pleasure it gives does not obscure the reality it plays with so charmingly. One sentence, at least—Mr. Otkar's remark about the merry-go-round—is memorable for itself.

The Unconquerable Tristan. The Story of Richard Wagner.

By B. M. Steigman. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

Mr. Steigman is interested chiefly in telling the story of Wagner's life from the viewpoint of his relations with the three women who most greatly influenced him—Minna, Mathilde Wesendonck, and Cosima. That desire is commendable, for it might have led to ■■ work of constructive value. What has been produced purports to be a biography, although it bears distressingly the earmarks of the romanticized "biographical novel" of which we have had altogether too many unedifying examples. Mr. Steigman deserves praise in so far as his work is the result of serious study of letters and other source material (although he fails to take advantage of some important documents recently published); but the merit of his work is considerably impaired when he supplements quotations of authentic first-person narrative with dialogue or indirect discourse that is wholly invented. And whatever value there might be in the author's entirely personal "notions" of how the drama was enacted is, for one reader at least, entirely destroyed by the over-concerned and sentimental style in which the book is written.

The Surge and Thunder: Trends of Civilization and Culture.

By Charles Gray Shaw. American Book Company. \$5.

Dr. Shaw's exposition of the idealistic leaven at work in the body politic is described in the subtitle and not in the title itself, which one surmises to be the publisher's dubious device for stimulation of sales. Certainly this dispassionate survey has nothing contentious about it, and its serenity is far removed from the surge and thunder of battle. Mankind is here considered not as a pugnacious breed, but as a species that adds to its stature by taking thought. With encyclopedic thoroughness Dr. Shaw follows the process of social growth from the primitive family to the complexities of international credit, and traces the parallel cultural developments. Without dogmatism, in a spirit of balanced judgment, he presents ■■ remarkably comprehensive résumé of man's intellectual adventures. His catholicity of taste is such that he seems equally at home in speaking of philosophical systems and of the merits of contemporary composers. Tolerance of manner, clarity and animation of style, and a dry humor make this book eminently readable, and there are no stretches of pedantic tediousness in its 650 pages.

Jehol. City of Emperors. By Sven Hedin. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.75.

Vincent Bendix, a Chicago millionaire, wished to have a Lama temple, either an original or a replica, erected in Stockholm and another in Chicago. He commissioned Sven Hedin to make one of his jogs through unknown China to select a model; and this book is a result of the journey. The expedition took its course to Jehol, summer capital of the early Manchu emperors, because a group of Lama temples had been erected there for the convenience of one of the pontiffs of the Lama church, who was virtually kept prisoner for political reasons, and another group had been built there to celebrate the return from Russia of the Torgots, the Tartar tribe whose flight is the subject of one of De Quincey's most brilliant pieces. Jehol is only a few days' distance from Peiping, in the province bordering on Manchuria which the Japanese have begun to make suddenly and bloodily historical. As the events of the expedition could not make an adventure story like the author's previous volume, "Across the Gobi Desert," he turned to the brilliant reigns of Kang Hsi and Chien Lung, the greatest of the Manchu emperors, to the terrible and fascinating migration of the Torgots, and to sensational episodes in the court history of the emperors who amused themselves at Jehol. Mr. Hedin is a mediocre historian and a mediocre writer, but he has happened upon absolutely spoil-proof material, and his book, in spite of its superficiality, makes very lively reading.

Ramillies and the Union with Scotland. Volume II of England Under Queen Anne. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.

This is the second volume of a work (planned in three) that is likely to become one of the historical masterpieces of our time. It deals with three important developments in British history: the war against Louis XIV which ended the threat of French hegemony on the Continent and established England's position as the decisive outsider in European quarrels; the initiation of party responsibility in English government practice; and the union with Scotland which integrated the power of the British nation. Mr. Trevelyan's treatment of these three great events is masterly. His narrative is well ordered; he has an eye for significant detail and a shrewd insight into the characters of historical figures. These are literary values; but history is still a variety of literature rather than a department of science, and these virtues are enough to outweigh such faults as an excessive admiration of generals and an excessive interest in political affairs to the neglect of the social and economic factors of the period dealt with.

Haiti Under American Control. By Arthur C. Millspaugh. World Peace Foundation. \$2.50.

This is a useful and ably assembled compendium of many—if not all—of the essential facts concerning the United States occupation of Haiti by one of the ablest American officials who served there, and one of the few who exhibited some understanding of the Haitians. His is an obviously scrupulous effort to hold the scales even in presenting both aspects of a highly controversial issue. Careful reading fails to disclose any great enthusiasm for the achievement of the United States in Haiti. On the other hand, the natural predisposition of an American official to assume the essential rightness of his country's position occasionally seeps through. Witness the reference to the tendentious and inaccurate report of Dr. Carl Kelsey as "a scholarly justification of intervention," and the final sentence that "it should be a satisfaction to citizens of the United States that their own country has been able to render a service to a neighbor in need. . . ." The record scarcely justifies the conclusion that altruism played any part whatever in the assault on our needy neighbor.

Films

Beauty and the Beast

AT least one of our national characteristics is illustrated in the RKO-Radio production of "King Kong" which loomed over the audiences of both Radio City movie-houses last week. It is a characteristic hard to define except that it is related to that sometimes childish, sometimes magnificent passion for scale that foreigners have remarked in our building of hundred-story skyscrapers, our fondness for hyperbole in myth and popular speech, and our habit of applying superlatives to all our accomplishments. Efforts to explain it have not been very satisfactory; the result is usually a contradiction in which we are represented as a race that is at once too civilized and not civilized enough. If Herr Spengler interprets the extreme gigantism of the American mind and imagination as the sign of an inflated decadence resembling that of Alexandria and the later Roman Empire, others discover in it the simpler expression of a race still unawakened from childhood. At Radio City last week one was able to see the contradiction pretty dramatically borne out; an audience enjoying all the sensations of primitive terror and fascination within the scientifically air-cooled temple of baroque modernism that is Mr. Rockefeller's contribution to contemporary culture.

What is to be seen at work in "King Kong" is the American imagination faithfully adhering to its characteristic process of multiplication. We have had plays and pictures about monsters before, but never one in which the desired effect depended so completely on the increased dimensions of the monster. Kong is a veritable skyscraper among the apes. In his own jungle haunts he rules like a king over the rest of the animal world; and when he is taken to New York to be exhibited before a light-minded human audience he breaks through his chromium-steel handcuffs, hurls down two or three elevated trains that get in his way, and scales the topmost heights of the Empire State building with the fragile Miss Fay Wray squirming in his hairy paw. The photographic ingenuity that was necessary to make all this seem plausible was considerable, and in places so remarkable as to advance the possibility of a filming of certain other stories depending largely on effects of scale—"Gulliver's Travels," for example, and possibly even the "Odyssey." But, unfortunately, it was thought necessary to mitigate some of the predominant horror by introducing a human, all-too-human, theme. "It was not the guns that got him," says one of the characters at the end, after Kong has been brought to ground by a whole squadron of battle planes. "It was Beauty killed the Beast." By having Beauty, in the person of Miss Wray, lure the great monster to his destruction, the scenario writers sought to unite two rather widely separated traditions of the popular cinema—that of the "thriller" and that of the sentimental romance. The only difficulty was that they failed to realize that such a union was possible only by straining our powers of credulity and perhaps also one or two fundamental laws of nature. For if the love that Kong felt for the heroine was sacred, it suggests a weakness that hardly fits in with his other actions; and if it was, after all, merely profane, it proposes problems to the imagination that are not the less real for being crude.

The technical difficulties, both of acting and photography, inherent in any treatment of the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde theme were pretty consistently ignored by those responsible for "L'Autre" at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. Nothing in its direction reminded one that it was the work of Robert Wiene, whose "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was so important in the devel-

opment of still photography in the silent film. The German operetta "Friederike" at the Europa is worth seeing principally for the charming reconstruction of eighteenth-century Germany which is its background, and worth hearing for those of the Franz Lehar songs which are sung by Mady Christians.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Wake Up, Jonathan!

SOME weeks ago I contended that Mr. Behrman's "Biography" was a "serious" and "important" play. Since I expressed that opinion I have been told that a great many people are unable to understand how a mere comedy dealing with mere individuals could possibly deserve either of these two adjectives. To such I accordingly recommend as probably nearer their taste the latest offering of the Theater Guild at its own theater, for whatever the other merits and the other defects of "American Dream," no one could possibly fail to observe that its intention is to be both "serious" and "important." In the first place, the three little plays which constitute this trilogy in miniature cover America from 1650 to the present day. In the second place, the real if not the nominal hero of the last section is a Communist leader of fabulous serenity who drifts in and out of the action while waiting for the inevitable revolution to take place. And if these two facts do not make "American Dream" serious and important, then I do not know what would.

I do not want to suggest that the work is without its merits. The first two scenes have a rather genuine if conventional literary quality; the last, which goes modern with a vengeance, is competently written in the manner, somewhat flashy and somewhat splashy, of the smart contemporary playwright; but the confusion of intention is almost as marked as the confusion of manner, and the result is a collection of shreds and patches which one hardly knows what to make of. Indeed, the change in both style and mood is violent enough to arouse the suspicion that the author underwent a change of heart between the time when he began and the time when he finished his work; that the first two scenes were written under the influence of that traditional American liberalism which is expounded by such literary historians as Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford, while the last scene was either written or rewritten after the author had become a subscriber to the *New Masses* or some other Marxian organ. It is well, of course, that authors should change, and that they should grow if possible; but the change should take place between works, and when a playwright undergoes conversion in the middle of his play the result is likely to be more than a little bewildering to an audience which finds it difficult to shift its allegiance during a ten-minute intermission.

The first of the three plays reveals how a lusty young Puritan rebelled against the theological tyranny of his parents and went West in the company of a bastard child of nature who lived in the woods with her hair down her back. The second shows an equally lusty descendant of the first hero who leaves his family and goes still farther West to escape from the tyranny of industrialism. In the third, however, lustiness has run out of the strain. A prodigiously wealthy scion of the family writes a radical book, discovers that it has become a best-seller, and then shoots himself because the Communist leader referred to above cannot get him taken into the party which the latter is supposed to lead. The difficulty is the difficulty of making out what all this is supposed to indicate. At first the

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author seems to be saying that the American dream is a dream of liberty which each generation pursues anew. But the "message" of the last act is not equally clear. Does it mean that this dream has been revealed at last as merely a dream which it is now time to abandon; or is our author trying to advance the rather difficult thesis that communism is really a part of the continuous tradition of American liberalism?

On this last point the author is perhaps clear in his own mind, but the last of the Pingrees is not, and it is only from him that we have an opportunity to learn what his ideas are. Indeed, it is evident that his wealth is not the only reason why the party will have none of him, for even my lay mind can perceive that he is doctrinally far from sound. He looks out upon the night, broods over the meaning of the stars, and goes into ecstasy over the song of the whippoorwill. What is more, he speaks affectionately of liberty and seems to believe that it is of considerable importance. But surely even a Pingree ought to know that neither the poetry of nature nor the intrinsic value of liberty is highly regarded by Marxians—however important they may have been in the texture of the earlier American dream. In any event, his determination to shoot himself just because a Communist Party refused to let him in seems a little precipitate. In the first place, a number of American intellectuals get along very well while advocating the rightness of an organization which refuses to recognize them. In the second place, there are four different Communist parties right here. Surely our hero might at least have tried the other three before shuffling off this mortal coil.

Philip Moeller directs the production with his usual skill, and the acting of Douglass Montgomery, the hero, and of Samuel Goldenberg, the serene proletarian, is commendable. Something must also be said for Helen Westley, who adds the touch of humor conspicuously absent when she is not on the stage. Nevertheless, "American Dream" is primarily for those who want their seriousness and their importance to be absolutely unmistakable.

"Forsaking All Others" (Times Square Theater) and "Our Wife" (Booth Theater) bear a general resemblance to each other. Both are ultra-smart farce comedies which deal admirably with the sayings and doings of sophisticated monsters who bear some slight resemblance to the young men and women of our fast set. Neither is very firmly written and both tend to wobble a good deal as they go along, but of the two "Forsaking All Others" has decidedly the best chance of success for the simple reason that it is that little bit better which is enough to make all the difference. Also it has the advantage of returning to the American public Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who reveals herself as an actress of genuine, if rather tenuous and decidedly decadent, charm. Probably she will carry it along for some weeks to come.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Run, Little Chillun!" by Hall Johnson at the Lyric is a successful dramatization of the community background in which Negro spirituals were born. The story is based on the conflict between the imposed white customs, as represented by a Baptist congregation, and those deeper urgings aroused by a nature cult sponsored by a group calling themselves the New Pilgrims. It is not the plot, however, but the superb singing and stage direction and, above all, the genuine reproduction of Negro folkways, that makes the play memorable. The first act in the minister's home drags somewhat, and could be improved by cutting. The second act, showing the New Pilgrims in their revels, is exaggerated and more suggestive of a fantastic Caribbean isle than of conditions to be found in the South. A more subdued lighting in this act would go far to lessen this objection. Nevertheless, the play deserves a long run for its color, its harmony, its verve, and its large content of authenticity.

E. G.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1933

No. 3534

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	329
EDITORIALS:	
Terrorism Rules Germany	332
War Clouds Over Europe	333
The Defeat of the Patrioteers	334
Chain Stores and the Judges	335
ISSUES AND MEN. THE NEW DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS. By Oswald Garrison Villard	336
HITLER TAKES POWER. By John Elliott	337
THE MONEY CHANGERS LINGER. By Paul Y. Anderson	339
RUSSIA LOOKS FOR FRIENDS. By Louis Fischer	341
HAMMOND AND GARY FACE THE DISASTER. By Oswald Garrison Villard	343
SHARING DOESN'T HURT. By Henry J. Rosner	345
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	346
CORRESPONDENCE	347
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
All Foxes. By Robert Liddell Lowe	349
Professor Whitehead's Theology. By Joseph Wood Krutch	349
An American Tragedy. By Alter Brody	350
A Great Obscurity. By Othon Guerlac	350
Documentary Evidence. By Gerald Sykes	351
The Goethean Ideal. By Martha Gruening	351
Transition in China. By Isidor Schneider	352
Shorter Notices	353
Films: Virtue in 1933. By William Troy	354
Drama: The Minutes Stand Approved. By Joseph Wood Krutch	355
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	356

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE NEW FARM-RELIEF BILL has one merit: it reveals completely the dangers of haste in legislation and of uncritical subservience in the legislative branch of the government to the wishes of the executive. It can be said for the banking bill that the need for immediate action was vital, for the economy measure that its wisdom was almost universally recognized, and for the beer bill that Congressional sentiment was already known to be overwhelming; but none of these things can be said for the new farm bill. That measure would have little chance of passage if President Roosevelt's personal prestige were not so high as it is at the moment. Its introduction seriously undermines that prestige. If it becomes law, it may prove to be the most harmful single piece of legislation adopted in many years, not even excluding the Smoot-Hawley tariff. In principle it is a mere resurrection of the allotment and parity plans, with a few dubious amendments, such as the cotton-option plan, tacked on. What it aims to do is to pay a special class of producers an enormous subsidy—\$800,000,000 even on the very modest estimate of the Secretary of Agriculture—at the expense of the general consumer. The last Congress wisely and courageously refused to levy a sales tax of 2¼ per cent, even though that tax exempted most foodstuffs. If the present farm measure goes through, it will mean that

Congress is willing to levy a sales tax of from 100 to 200 per cent or more on the necessities of life, in order to pay over the proceeds to a special group of producers. This tax will not be levied in accordance with ability to pay; among others, it will fall on the 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 unemployed. It will be paid to agricultural producers, not in accordance with individual need, but rather the contrary. The bigger the farm the producer owns, the bigger the bonus that will be paid to him; it will be paid in accordance with his "domestic" production.

IT CANNOT EVEN BE SAID in extenuation of the new farm measure that farmers as a whole, big or small, will benefit at the expense of city residents as a whole. For the producers of only nine commodities—wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco, and milk—will be directly helped. If a farmer happens to be producing principally poultry and eggs, or grains like hay, barley, rye, and buckwheat, or any of the scores of vegetables and fruits, he will have to pay a bonus to the producers of the nine chosen commodities. Most of the defenses offered for the bill will not bear examination. It begins with the amazing assumption that there was something sacrosanct and "right" about the price relationships that happened to exist from 1909 to 1914. To maintain such relationships it might be necessary to pay certain bonuses in perpetuity, ignoring the most fundamental changes in supply and demand and in relative costs of production. It is contended that the bill will restore prosperity by increasing the farmers' purchasing power. Such an argument is almost completely fallacious: exactly as much purchasing power would be taken away from the consumers who paid the proposed farm sales tax as would be gained by those who received it.

THE OBJECTIONS to the administrative features of the farm bill are hardly less serious than the objections to its principles. It places unprecedented peace-time powers in the hands of the Secretary of Agriculture. Again and again it leaves fundamental decisions to his personal "discretion." It is well to remember that he will be subjected to enormous pressure from all the beneficiaries of the proposed bonuses, against comparatively little specific pressure in the other direction from the general public that is being asked to foot the bill. From this standpoint the measure threatens to repeat the history of payments to war veterans. The administrative expense, with all the national, State, and local committees that it would be necessary to establish, would be enormous; it would greatly reduce the ultimate amount received by the farmer, would put thousands of men on the federal pay roll, and would tend to create a gigantic bureaucracy interested in its own perpetuation. It is extremely dubious that crop acreage would be reduced in the way expected. It is almost certain that under its provisions nearly every farmer in the country would try to lease to the government his swamp land and wood lot. President Roosevelt's promise—that if the legislation does not produce the hoped-for results he will be the first to acknowledge it—

must be received with skepticism. This sounds suspiciously like President Hoover's promise to revise the Hawley-Smoot tariff rates downward should they prove excessive. This sort of promise to revise always accompanies legislation that cannot be justified on its face. The new farm bill, in brief, marks a return on an unparalleled scale to the subsidy methods that broke down when they were attempted under the Farm Board and under the old loan policy of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. If the President wishes to do something quickly for the farmer, he should begin negotiations for lower tariffs that will open foreign markets to his surplus products.

ON THE SURFACE, the nation appears to have recovered from the banking panic with amazing rapidity. The banks that have reopened have reported a net increase of deposits over withdrawals. The position of the Federal Reserve system is remarkably improved. The combined statement as of March 15 showed a gain in gold holdings, largely as a result of the threatened penalties to hoarders, of \$327,000,000 over the week before, and of \$113,000,000 even over the corresponding week a year ago. The ratio of reserves to combined note and deposit liabilities jumped in the same week from 45.6 to 49.1 per cent. Federal Reserve note circulation increased very little, and the new emergency currency printed so rapidly was practically not used at all. This does not mean that it was not needed, but merely that the public, once assured that it could obtain all the hand-to-hand currency it wanted, ceased through that very fact to want it. This surface improvement in the situation, however, merely obscures the most serious problems. Depositors everywhere, in the thousands of banks that have not yet reopened or have been opened only under conservators, are suffering heavy losses. They are finding that their supposed resources were partly illusory. This wiping out of imaginary purchasing power can hardly help business. Industrial activity during the crisis fell to the lowest levels of the entire period of depression. And in Congress the whole question is being treated as if it were solved, while interest centers in beer. Nothing, apparently, is going to be done about the abolition of the State banks and the bringing of our banking system under single, unified federal control, the first step to any thoroughgoing reform.

THE ROUT of the bankers continues. Bernard K. Marcus and Saul Singer, officials of the criminally mismanaged Bank of United States, have been ordered to prison. Joseph W. Harriman, head of the Harriman National Bank and Trust Company, of New York, has been arrested on a charge of misusing depositors' funds. The federal inquiry into the activities of Charles E. Mitchell, former chairman of the National City Bank, is to be pressed to the utmost. All the higher officers of the two largest Detroit banks, whose difficulties brought on the Michigan banking holiday, have been summarily discharged by agents of the Comptroller of the Currency, after looking at the books of the banks. A Newark, New Jersey, banker and his son have been indicted on charges of forgery and grand larceny. A Washington, D. C., banker killed himself when his bank was refused a license to reopen. As individuals the bankers are falling rapidly. They have been thoroughly and justifiably discredited. But as a class they remain a powerful and influ-

ential as ever. In his inaugural speech President Roosevelt demanded that the money changers be driven out of the temple. But these very money changers, the big New York bankers, flocked from the temple to the White House to have a hand in framing the emergency banking act. And ever since, their agents have sat in the Treasury Department "helping" the new Administration to formulate its financial policies. "The new deal has started," said a Republican Senator who supported Mr. Roosevelt during the campaign, "but the same old people are shuffling the cards."

S. W. STRAUS AND COMPANY, which advertised "forty-five years without loss to an investor" until the authorities forbade the continued publication of the falsehood, recently went into a long-overdue receivership. Not only have millions of dollars of the real-estate mortgage bonds which that company sold become long since worthless, but those "securities" had so little substantial value behind them that against \$380,000,000 worth unloaded on the public, only \$29,000 of liquid assets remain. That in part was the basis for the resignation as receivers of former United States Senator William M. Calder and Robert Moses, chairman of the New York State Council of Parks. They reported to Supreme Court Justice Lockwood that "S. W. Straus and Company is simply a shell." They further recalled that they had been advised that S. W. Straus and Company would go out of business, but that instead it had merely moved downtown and gone into business under a slightly different name. Meanwhile, the divested investing public had received the impression that this concern guaranteed and stood back of their numerous bond issues. This, the receivers pointed out, was not only not the case, but the bond holders "have no adequate disinterested representation except at a very considerable cost to themselves." Mr. Calder and Mr. Moses are quite right in pointing to the inadequacy of the Martin act and of existing federal and State legislation to protect the public and prevent repetition of the practices that caused such devastating losses. Even after complete default, the mulcting of investors through so-called protective committees, the successful persuasion to "throw good money after bad," often continues. Apparently even a shell can continue to work a shell game.

HOUSE BILL NO. 3341 "to provide revenue by the taxation of certain non-intoxicating liquor and for other purposes" has become law. Beer is now one of the Treasury's liquid assets—designed to balance the budget without unbalancing the consumer. The new-deal beer can scarcely be regarded as a noble beverage. Solemnly classed as non-intoxicating by Congress, it is nevertheless to be excluded from dry States. The Senate inclined to the view that the 3.2 per cent alcoholic content which was voted by the House was unconstitutional by fifteen-hundredths of 1 per cent but finally accepted the higher percentage. The Supreme Court will not, let us hope, interpose its own prohibition, which, needless to say, it will be asked by the dries to do. Another unsettled and really important problem now is to secure non-political control. What New York State does will influence the character of much of the new legislation throughout the country and determine whether new rackets will replace the old. Governor Lehman must be uncompromising in preventing Tammany from tapping the barrel.

A DESIRE FOR PEACE and preparations for war seem to go hand in hand in Washington. President Roosevelt, it is reported, will soon ask Congress for virtually unlimited authority to declare embargoes on munitions shipments to belligerent countries. There is every indication, despite the fate which ■ somewhat similar request from Herbert Hoover met in Congress, that Mr. Roosevelt will be granted the authority he seeks. The President also appears anxious to relieve the political tension in Europe. To this end he is sending Norman Davis to Europe to confer with the heads of the leading governments there, while he himself has been discussing the situation with the British, French, and German ambassadors in Washington. That ■ being done, doubtless with genuine sincerity, in the name of peace. On the other hand, however, President Roosevelt has never repudiated his frequently repeated statement that he stands for an "adequate" navy. Nor has he done anything to check his subordinates in the Cabinet or the leaders of his party in Congress who are insisting upon the adoption of a naval-construction program which will cost the taxpayers anywhere from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. If these people do not accurately represent the President's views, why does he not denounce them? It is an open secret among Congressmen that men like Secretary Swanson and Congressman Vinson would not be agitating for ■ big navy were they not certain of support from the White House, and it is generally believed in Washington that Mr. Roosevelt will himself before long call for ■ naval-construction program on the ground that that will help to meet the unemployment problem! Europe is not alone in the business of talking about peace while preparing for war.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE is obviously imperative, and it is gratifying that New York State, with the encouragement of Governor Lehman, is moving in this direction. Several bills under consideration at Albany reveal the various attitudes toward this form of social legislation—the bill of the American Association for Labor Legislation, introduced by Senator Mastick; the bill of the American Federation of Labor, supported by Senator Byrne; the measure presented by Senator Feld, based largely on the Wisconsin Unemployment Insurance Act; and the proposal, based on researches of the Ohio Unemployment Commission, drafted by the legislative committee of the United Neighborhood Houses and introduced by Senator Albert D. Wald. This last bill, which at this time seems on the whole the most practical and liberal of the several proposals, calls for contributions from employers of 2 per cent of their pay roll until July 1, 1937. Employees are asked for ■ contribution of 1 per cent of their wages. The resulting fund is to be administered by the State at its expense, a participation which may be calculated as equal to 0.4 per cent of the total. The Wald measure provides a period of three weeks after loss of employment for investigation of the case and for the discharged employee to register and seek a new job. After that interval, if he has been employed for twenty-six weeks, he receives for sixteen weeks 50 per cent of his salary, but not more than \$12.50 a week if he is without dependents, to which is added 10 per cent for ■ dependent wife or husband, and 5 per cent for each dependent child or parent. These payments are limited to 75 per cent of the weekly wage and to not more than \$17.50 per week. After July 1, 1937, the

employer's contribution may be raised to ■ high as 3½ per cent or lowered to 1 per cent, according to his record of labor turnover. If he has kept his employees, he benefits by a lower rate. If his discharges have been numerous, he must contribute a higher percentage. Benefits cease at the end of sixteen weeks. This limited period of compensation is all that the proposed employer, employee, and State contributions will permit.

WHILE CONTRIBUTION by employees will be attacked by the more radical, *The Nation* believes that the theory of employee-sharing is socially expedient, though the proportion provided in this measure is disputable. It would seem desirable, in view of the extent of unemployment, to regard it as ■ larger and more enduring social phenomenon and therefore to increase the State's share of the burden. The measure at best is but ■ palliative which will neither relieve already existing unemployment nor take care of the permanently unemployed of the future. It ought not to be regarded as other than an integration in our statutes of unemployment insurance. As such, it is a notable step forward. But only ■ such is it worthy of adoption.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION for India, as one delegate to the third Round Table Conference has pointed out, is more concerned with safeguards than with self-government. Certainly the published summaries indicate that Great Britain has reserved to itself powers over finance, foreign affairs, defense, and internal political affairs even wider than were contemplated at the first Round Table Conference. It remains to be seen whether the constitution can be worked, even if it is enacted into law—the safeguards, high as they are, are still not high enough for the Tory die-hards. Gandhi and the main body of the Congress Party will refuse to cooperate, and the Congress, despite the government's long and fierce attempt to suppress it, is still the most important political group in India. The Moderates are half-hearted in their support of the new constitution. There remains the not too reliable support of conservative and reactionary minorities such as the Indian princes, the landlords, and the Moslem Old Guard—a sorry basis on which to build a self-governing state. The prospect for amicable British-Indian relations is dark. It will remain so until Great Britain offers ■ constitution that self-respecting Indians can accept. We hope the offer will not come too late.

BEEER, unlike prosperity, is just around the corner and enterprising beverage companies have already begun to advertise in some of the magazines. The advertisements, however, are not calculated to appeal to those who romanticize beer as the poor man's drink. The honest workman carrying his bucket of suds is nowhere depicted; instead, the illustrations show elegant ladies in evening gowns sipping what might just as well be Veuve Clicquot, Goût Américain, out of delicate tapering goblets. Indeed, it is reported that one prominent brewer refused a "tie-up" with the movie "What, No Beer?" on the ground that that opus laid too much stress on sawdust, free lunches, swinging doors, and such plebeian accessories. Perhaps these brewers know their business, but we wonder. They are certainly going to alienate such robustious experts as our friend Mr. Mencken. He wants no elegance with his beer.

Terrorism Rules Germany

ADOLPH HITLER has been in complete control of the Reich only since March 5, but in this short time he has created a new Germany—a Germany in which freedom and democracy dare not even ask to live. His uniformed followers terrorize the few citizens who have the courage to protest against persecution and repression and thousands of others whose only fault is that they belong to a race or follow a calling which is displeasing to the dictator and his party. The police stand by, indifferent or powerless, while members of the Hitler storm-battalions vent their rage against Jews or Communists or liberals. Several Americans have been brutally assaulted, among them Edward Dahlberg, who has been a contributor to *The Nation* and is now in Germany as an observer and journalist. Hitler's own moderate radio appeal to his followers to mingle discretion with their zeal has only resulted in less open methods; the outrages go on. Jews are subject not only to physical violence; many thousands face a more cruel fate through loss of their right to follow certain trades and professions. A strong movement is on foot to bar Jewish lawyers from the courts; Jewish professors are driven from their classrooms; Jewish actors are prevented from appearing; famous Jewish conductors are refused a hearing. Before this terror large numbers of Germans are fleeing across the borders into Austria, Poland, and Switzerland, but only those of independent means and moderate views are sure of escape. Communists are turned back and Jews find no welcome in the countries to the east. Lion Feuchtwanger is living in Switzerland. His home in Berlin was invaded by Nazi terrorists and the manuscript of his latest book—a novel about Hitler—destroyed. Albert Einstein will take refuge in Switzerland until his return to the United States in the fall, nor does he "intend to put foot on German soil as long as conditions in Germany are as at present." Bruno Walter has gone to live in Austria. Even that veteran Socialist statesman, Otto Braun, so long the head of the Prussian state, is now a refugee in the Alps.

The Nazis are not required to charge their victims with specific offenses. Take the case of Otto Lehmann-Russbüldt. His sole crime was that he had been president of the League for Human Rights and had made pacifist speeches in behalf of his organization. His fate the Vienna *Montag-Zeitung* reports thus:

The old man was kept in chains for days. When he was brought before the Berlin police prefect he was told to stand at attention. When he did not comply promptly with this military order he was taken into a dark corridor and beaten by a crowd and again chained.

As to Carl von Ossietzky, editor of *Die Weltbühne*, a weekly which in many respects represented *The Nation's* point of view, the Vienna *Morgen* vouches for the report that his teeth were knocked out with a revolver butt. It reports him as "completely shattered." Dr. Apfel, a Jewish lawyer, distinguished because his services have always been available for the victims of social and political tyranny, was so tortured that he attempted to commit suicide. According to the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung*:

Nazi storm-troopers broke into the house of a Socialist member of the Reichstag, Sollmann, in Saarbrücken, beat him unconscious, revived him by burning his feet with a torch, spat in his face, and threw powdered mustard in his eyes. . . . They again beat him until he became unconscious. They dragged him to a Nazi cafe where they revived him only to beat him again. Finally the Nazis threw him into a coal cellar.

Even the distinguished German General, Von Schönaich, a successful commander in the World War and a contributor to *The Nation*, has been thrown into prison merely because he had demanded disarmament and peace. The residence of Prince Hubertus von Löwenstein, a member of the oldest German aristocracy, was five times raided by Nazis who stole his money, broke the furniture, tore up his books, helped themselves to what they liked, and departed; the Prince has been a member of the Social Democratic organization, the Reichsbanner. On the other hand, Hitler has released from prison, where they were under life sentence, the five Nazi soldiers who last summer took an unresisting Communist from his bed in Beuthen, Silesia, and literally stamped him to death with the heels of their boots.

These are a very few of the incidents in the Nazis' nation-wide pogrom. Last summer when Hindenburg first parleyed with Hitler with a view to his entering the government, Hitler demanded for his shock troops three days of immunity from the law, the courts, the police, and the army. Hindenburg indignantly refused. Today the pogrom is on—with Hindenburg either ignorant of what is happening or conniving at the suppression of the minority press and at the persecution of men with whom he has shared the government of Germany, and especially Prussia, for the last eight years.

The National-Socialist dictatorship has already forfeited the respect of decent-minded men and women everywhere. In England the press is solidly anti-Hitler, including the courageous journals which, ever since the war, have demanded equality and justice for Germany and unceasingly denounced the Treaty of Versailles. Those who have believed that the Reich would eventually solve its problems and work out a progressive government today stand aghast. Let no one be misled by the fact that most of the dispatches reporting the atrocities and repressions come from outside Germany. They are thoroughly confirmed. Correspondents in Germany are able only to hint at the true state of affairs, although a few have written in terms so plain that they cannot hope to go unmuzzled for long. The Hitler Government has put rigid limits on the activities of German correspondents in the United States; they may not even report back to Germany unfavorable comments from the American press. Evidently the Nazis hope to insulate themselves within the boundaries of their own narrow and barbarous credo.

And perhaps for a time they may succeed. By terror on the one hand and the creation of popular illusions on the other, they may hold power for months or even years. With the Communist deputies interned in concentration camps and the rest of the opposition silenced, Hitler has ordered the Reichstag to enact into law the terms of his dictatorship. He

will no longer need to consult even a subservient parliament. Now he must face the task of governing. The Nazis rode into office on a wave of reckless despair. They promised all things to all needy men, and their words were believed by millions of unemployed and underpaid Germans. It is easy to make promises, to create hopes, to utter magnificent threats; but to rebuild a nation shattered by a terrible war and an even more terrible peace is a task that requires other qualities than those of the bully and the demagogue. Hitler must stand and deliver or he will eventually fall. "Sic semper tyrannis."

War Clouds Over Europe

NOT since 1914 have European statesmen and publicists been so alarmed by the prospect of war. Lloyd George expressed this growing apprehension in precise terms a few days ago when he said: "The nations are marching toward the battlefields with the dove of peace embroidered on their banners. Ever since the Kellogg Pact was signed, armaments have been increasing. The underground rumble of cannon is getting louder. It is useless to pretend. The situation is grave." And so it is. Nothing, not even the MacDonald disarmament plan, can disguise this fact. That plan itself is the work of a desperate man, the product of a terrible and growing fear. Almost overnight international crises have arisen in half a dozen places on the European Continent. Some of the nervous tension may be due to the terrific strain of the economic situation, but the depression itself is in a certain sense a continuation of the war which was supposed to have ended in 1918.

From the north of Europe to the south controversies have arisen and suspicious maneuvers have been taking place. Sweden and Germany have been exchanging unpleasant compliments, the latest being a political speech by Premier Hansson of Sweden disparaging the Hitler regime. The Soviet Union has been building military highways and making other preparations of a military nature in the vicinity of the Finnish frontier. Moscow has also got into another row with London over the arrest of several British engineers in Russia. On the southern shore of the Baltic the Poles have been unusually active. Disturbed by developments in Germany, and fearful of a possible Nazi *Putsch* in Danzig, they have reinforced the military guard at the Westerplatte munitions depot, which overlooks Danzig harbor, and have brought additional troops into the Corridor. While the League of Nations has persuaded Warsaw to reduce the size of the Westerplatte guard as soon as that can practically be done, the Polish-German crisis remains acute.

The Austrian situation grows daily more ominous. To the probability of a fascist or royalist coup, with its promise of an Austro-German union—which France is determined to oppose at all costs—has been added a threat of civil war. The Austrian Socialists, who control Vienna, are as much set against the present Dollfuss dictatorship as they would be against a fascist regime. Hungarian irredentism has taken on new life. It has been openly encouraged by the fascist Premier, Julius Gömbös, and stimulated by the fact, recently revealed, that despite the vigilance of the Little Entente and France fairly large quantities of arms have actually been

smuggled into Hungary from Italy. Relations between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria have become critical. Early in March the Sofia government permitted a Macedonian irredentist congress to be held in Bulgaria. Several Yugoslav revolutionaries addressed the meeting, and the local military commander told the congress that the whole Bulgarian army sympathized with the movement. Despite the urgent demands of Belgrade, Sofia has refused to make amends. Yugoslavia now threatens to "take independent action on Bulgarian territory" to suppress Macedonian raids. Nor have relations between Italy and Yugoslavia improved in the slightest degree, the only change being found in the attitude of the Italian press, led by the more or less official *Giornale d'Italia*, which lately launched a bitter, vituperative attack upon French policy in southern and southeastern Europe. To guard against Hitlerism, an Austrian explosion, Hungarian irredentism, a possible revolution in Yugoslavia, the infiltration of German and Italian propaganda in Rumania, and Italian machinations throughout the Balkans, the Little Entente has formed what virtually constitutes a new continental Power. While the Little Entente countries may find more security for themselves in the treaty they recently signed at Geneva, their action has added to the suspicion and confusion now prevailing everywhere in Europe.

Most of these critical developments can be traced to the operation of French policy in Europe and even more to the victory of Hitler in Germany. Just as Prussian militarism frightened Europe in the years prior to 1914, Hitlerism has now become the great menace. Obviously, a disarmed Germany is not so dangerous to world peace as was the thoroughly militarized Germany of two decades ago. Yet France and England fear the worst, and with them lies the answer to the question whether Europe shall go to war in the near future. These two countries are anxious now to "save" the disarmament conference. They realize that final failure at Geneva will be the signal for a new and calamitous armaments race but both countries lack the courage necessary to accomplish any important results. The French still insist that they must have security first and upon their own terms. This the British are unwilling to concede. They propose that land armaments on the Continent shall be equalized by doubling the size of the German army. This is sheer madness. Can we have peace by arming still more men? Can the suspicion and fear of France, which is the real source of danger in Europe today, be laid by increasing the military strength of the country it fears?

Mussolini now proposes that Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany seek a common understanding on "larger political questions" and unite in a "no-force declaration" to insure "a long period of peace" for Europe. The larger political questions, of course, relate to revision of the peace treaties. Revision of the right sort must undoubtedly precede any lasting European peace, but it is too much to hope that Mussolini's purpose is wholly disinterested. France immediately saw in it a plan to negate the recent accord of the Little Entente, to render innocuous France's present alliances with the Little Entente and Poland, in a word, to reduce French dominance in Europe. It is reported that MacDonald approves the plan; Germany would no doubt be amenable; but it is difficult to see how France could be brought to accept the proposal, even if it were sponsored by a person less suspect in her eyes than Mussolini.

The Defeat of the Patrioteers'

IN the nation-wide chorus for the Administration's economy bill, its most noteworthy aspect has been almost universally slighted. It is not the estimated annual saving of half a billion dollars, necessary as that may be to balance the budget. It is not the removal from the pension rolls of veterans suffering from non-service-connected injuries, and the termination thereby of one of the most far-reaching of the numerous "rackets" with which the United States has been afflicted. More important is the repudiation and defeat of an organized minority whose activities were in every way injurious to the larger well-being of our nation. That a coterie of professional patriots, not unjustly dubbed "pay-triots," under the aegis of the American Legion have suffered a check in their increasingly rapacious raids upon the Treasury is gratifying. But in that activity they were not only following—though on a larger scale—the historical precedent of pension raids, which in this country have succeeded every war, but were emulating the prevailing custom of powerful groups of obtaining special advantages from the government. Far more sinister was the potential menace to our civil liberties, which in country after country have been destroyed by irresponsible patrioteering groups. In our land the sporadic attempts to suppress speakers of "radical" or pacifist tendencies, often accompanied by violence, the effort to militarize education, to regiment our thinking, and to bulldoze public authorities into taking the path of a narrow, chauvinistic nationalism may be laid largely at the door of this powerful, highly organized Legion minority. The danger of fascism in America, of an obscurantism not unlike that of the brown-shirted Nazis, derives precisely from the super-government of those elements which were defeated when Congress passed the economy bill.

This type of potential dictatorship, which for ten years had shown its effectiveness in organization and in the intimidation of legislative officials till its exactions had neared the staggering total of a billion dollars annually, seems to us far more perilous than that alleged to inhere in the unusual powers granted the President. Careful study of the bill and the arguments advanced for and against it leads to the conclusion that the charge of "dictatorship" has little substance. The bill was a needed revision of our unconscionably swollen pension and veterans' legislation. It establishes anew on a more rational and equitable basis the classes of veterans and dependents entitled to receive benefits, fixes maximum and minimum rates of compensation, and authorizes the President to determine how these shall be awarded. While there are to be reductions in the fixed pensions consonant with the reduced cost of living, the essential reform—and financial saving—is to be found in the elimination of the disability payments for illnesses supposedly of war origin but actually arising years after the conflict, often in the cases of men who never smelt powder or suffered exposure to hardship. Undoubtedly there are a certain number of tubercular and neuro-psychiatric cases which are connected with war service but did not manifest themselves until some years after. It should be possible to distinguish these. But they have been obscured by the vast number of spurious claims. On

January 1 the non-service-connected disability compensations totaled 438,884. Their wide discrepancy in different States indicates the varying attitudes adopted by the officials of the different State veterans' bureaus. Thus, of Mississippi's 62,345 men in active service in the World War, 18,238 are drawing disability compensations not connected with war service. By contrast, New York, which sent 489,608 men into the service, actually has a smaller number—16,040—who are drawing such benefits, a ratio of approximately ten to one.

To assert that giving to the President the power to prescribe the details of this new legislation and to administer it is bestowing upon him "dictatorial" powers and imperiling the traditional independence of our three branches of government seems somewhat far-fetched. The Senate debated the measure at length. Numerous amendments were presented. Those which aimed to emasculate the measure and in effect to nullify its essential benefits were defeated. But not fewer than forty-two other amendments, certain of which restored some of the objectionable graft in permitting free hospitalization to veterans for illness or injury in no wise connected with war, were accepted. While party organization held the large Democratic majority firm, in the Senate, where the discussion was ample and unrestricted, 66 votes were recorded in favor and 17 against—and in both houses a decided majority of both parties voted yea.

The alternative method—to meet the objection of undue assumption of legislative powers by the executive—would have been for President Roosevelt to send a message asking Congress to work out specific legislation instead of granting him power as it did to fix and administer the detail of a more general bill. If there is a vital difference in principle here, we fail to grasp it. Congress chose to delegate, for this one measure, a function which is essentially administrative. That the resulting legislation will come far closer to producing the contemplated results is obvious. What Congress would have done under the usual procedure is amply indicated by the amendments proposed.

In recording approval of the legislation, we wish to emphasize that we do not share the prevailing view that "balancing the budget" is the *summum desideratum* of the hour. The value of the economy bill—apart from the defeat of essentially predatory forces—lies in its elimination of totally unmerited subsidies for thousands who may not even need them, and for whose support the entire people pays. The wisdom of cutting deserved pensions and of reducing indiscriminately the wages and salaries of government employees, few of whom have ever been overpaid, may be doubted. Indeed, the economy bill, except as it represents a spectacular victory for leadership and effective action, for which the nation has clamored, can be judged finally only as part of a large program to redistribute income and increase the purchasing power of the American people. The bill, of course, makes no direct contribution to that end, but serves it indirectly by strengthening the government's credit and enabling the Treasury to borrow henceforth without paying the excessive rate of 4¼ per cent recently demanded.

Chain Stores and the Judges

A GAIN the Supreme Court in a six to three decision has furnished ground for the quip concerning "judge-made law" in the recent report of President Hoover's Committee on Social Trends. On the one hand, we have the majority of the court intervening to nullify an important policy made into law by a sovereign State. On the other, we have two dissenting opinions, one by Justice Brandeis, another by Justice Cardozo with Justice Stone concurring. Judge Brandeis, ■ usual, exposes in lucid and vigorous terms the bias underlying the decision and expresses his conviction of the right of ■ people to use taxation as an instrument of social reform. The State was Florida, and the public policy involved was embodied in a novel form of discriminatory chain-store tax legislation.

In May, 1931, the Supreme Court, by ■ vote of five to four, held that nothing in the Fourteenth Amendment barred the State of Indiana from adopting ■ measure of taxation for chain stores different from and higher than that applied to stores owned and operated as individual units. Justice Roberts, speaking for the majority in that case, said that it was not the function of the court to consider the propriety or justness of the tax or to criticize the public policy behind it, but rather to allow the discrimination "if any state of facts reasonably can be conceived to sustain it." Last week the same judge wrote the opinion of a differently constituted majority in a different mood. The rejected Florida tax law differed from the approved Indiana tax law only in that it imposed heavier fees per store upon chains whose units were located in several counties than it did upon chains all of whose units were located in ■ single county; the tax was graduated not only, as in Indiana, according to the number of stores in the chain, but also to the spread of business beyond the county line. The purpose behind this legislative device was explained in the dissenting opinion of Justice Cardozo. Generally speaking, chains that are confined to local areas are smaller than chains that cover large sections; they provide less concentration of control and capital and offer fewer of the advantages that are supposed to be found in chain-store organizations. It is therefore reasonable, he held, to maintain that sectional or national chains may be taxed at ■ different rate from local chains. "Law-makers," the Justice said, "are not required to legislate with an eye to exceptional conditions. Their search is for probabilities and tendencies of general validity, and these being ascertained, they may frame their rule accordingly." The majority, however, were able to imagine a hypothetical situation in which ■ local chain would have more stores and more power than ■ chain that extended beyond a single county, and on the basis of this pure speculation concluded that the discriminatory tax had "no foundation in reason or in any fact of business experience." Judge Cardozo replied:

The question for them [the Legislature] and so for us, is not how ■ business might be expected to develop if its forms and lines of growth were to be predicted in the abstract without reference to experience. The question is how it does develop in normal or average conditions, and the answer to that question is to be found in life and history.

Justice Brandeis, in his opinion, raised the larger question, What is behind discriminatory chain-store tax legislation? In his view it is popular realization that the corporation is ■ device for assembling and controlling aggregations of capital which may prove politically and economically omnipotent but are socially irresponsible; that concentration of wealth and economic power are "thwarting American ideals; . . . making impossible equality of opportunity; . . . converting independent tradesmen into clerks; . . . sapping the resources, the vigor, and the hope of the smaller cities and towns." He added:

There is a widespread belief that the existing unemployment is the result, in large part, of the gross inequality in the distribution of wealth and income which giant corporations have fostered; that by the control which the few have exerted through giant corporations, individual initiative and effort are being paralyzed, creative power impaired, and human happiness lessened; that the true prosperity of our past came not from big business, but through the courage, the energy, and the resourcefulness of small men . . .

With the technical distinctions which resulted in a different decision in the Florida case from that in the Indiana case, the layman may properly be impatient. And he will be apt to applaud Justice Brandeis's contention that "the State's power to apply discriminatory taxation as a means of preventing domination of intrastate commerce by capitalistic corporations . . . flows from the broader right of Americans to preserve, and to establish from time to time, such institutions, social and economic, as seem to them desirable; and, likewise, to end those which they deem undesirable." But the social thesis that underlies his dissent is certainly debatable. Is the solution of our existing economic difficulties to be arrived at through the sacrifice of such benefits as large-scale industrial organization can apparently supply? Twenty years ago Mr. Brandeis denounced "the curse of bigness," a doctrine popular with the trust-busters of that era. But does not ■ better remedy lie in the application of greater social control to prevent discriminatory practices against the producer of foodstuffs, the exploitation of employees, the bludgeoning of competitors—and, above all, in the enactment of evasion-proof taxation on excess profits? From ■ legal standpoint Mr. Brandeis's dissent appears admirable. But as an economic doctrine the Florida legislation which he upholds seems to us more dubious.

That, however, is secondary. What is significant is the repeated demonstration, of which this case (*Louis K. Liggett et al. vs. Lee*) affords one more bit of evidence, that the social attitude of judges profoundly affects the degree of social change which the people of the United States may establish by law. Opinions will differ as to the wisdom of Florida in enacting this legislation. But of its right to do so, there should be no question. "It is," says Justice Brandeis, "obviously, a matter with which this court has no concern." But he was mistaken. The court concerned itself to the very material extent of telling the State of Florida that it could not do it!

Issues and Men

The New Diplomatic Appointments

THE righteous acclaim given to Franklin Roosevelt for the vigor and speed of his attacks on the problems that have been menacing the welfare if not the very existence of the Republic should not becloud the fact that he has made a series of very poor diplomatic appointments, worthy neither of him as President, nor of Franklin Roosevelt the man. This is the more surprising because, as a man of means, he has traveled a great deal in the course of his life. Indeed, as a boy he spent summer after summer abroad. He must know full well, therefore, the importance of picking diplomats who will not only uphold the prestige of the United States but advance it. He had before him not only many of the appointments that have been made since the regime of Mr. Wilson, but the horrible example of the appointments made by the last Democratic President himself. When the great catastrophe of 1914 occurred, Mr. Wilson had in the key positions in Europe men whom he rapidly came to dislike and distrust. With one of them, Walter Page, he was soon not on speaking terms. Gerard in Berlin, Penfield in Vienna, and Sharp in Paris—in all three of these he lost faith. They had been appointed, it may be said, by William J. Bryan, and all of them had made handsome contributions to the Wilson campaign fund, the figures usually being given as \$13,000 for Jimmie Gerard, and \$50,000 for Penfield. Page did not contribute as he never had money.

Now we have Franklin D. Roosevelt doing the same thing. The chief diplomatic offices have been given to large contributors to the campaign fund, or to newspaper supporters. Thus, London goes to Robert W. Bingham of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a man whose great wealth is in part inherited from his second wife, who had been a Mrs. Flagler. Josephus Daniels is slated for Mexico. The new Ambassador to Spain is Claude Bowers, the chief editorial writer of the *New York Evening Journal*, author of an excellent book on Jefferson and Hamilton, and a less valuable book entitled "The Tragic Era—The Revolution After Lincoln." Now as a journalist I have long been constitutionally opposed to the rewarding of journalistic support of a candidate by any office whatsoever. Can a newspaper whose proprietor is an ambassador attack the man who sent him abroad? Is there any easier or more dangerous way of influencing the press than this? Yet it is done constantly and on a larger scale than the uninitiated realize. In the case of Mr. Bowers, who is merely an employee of Mr. Hearst, it may be argued that this objection does not hold. None the less I maintain that writing two good books and interesting and often valuable editorials, and being the keynoter at the Democratic National Convention in 1928, do not fit a man necessarily for the diplomatic service, though I recognize fully Mr. Bowers's ability and intelligence.

Mr. Bingham's contribution to the campaign fund was only \$5,000; Jesse Straus's contribution was \$10,000, just double what his brother Percy gave. He donated a great deal to the prenomination campaign. Both of them were pikers compared with the new Secretary of the Treasury, William

H. Woodin, whose contribution of \$40,000 was the largest reported by the Democratic National Committee on January 4. It is reliably stated that Jesse Straus was actually offered the Secretaryship of Commerce, but that the offer had to be withdrawn because of the threat that a certain association in New York City intended to file a protest against the business methods of R. H. Macy and Company. Hence Mr. Straus was switched to Paris, the highest diplomatic position yet held by a Jew. That he is able, there can be no doubt. Under his management and that of his brother, Macy's has reached great heights of prosperity. Mr. Straus, moreover, is a popular and influential Overseer of Harvard University. But does this record make him a diplomat and the right man for the place, which is of very great importance because of the strained relations between France and the United States? It does not. One thing Mr. Straus plainly lacks, and that is a sense of humor. If that were not the case he could certainly not have put into the newspapers the sob-story advertisement in large type which bore his name on March 6. It began: "On Saturday I saw Franklin Roosevelt inaugurated as thirty-second President of the United States. I heard his inaugural address." It then furnished a "code" for every patriotic citizen to adopt which read as follows:

I trust my government. I trust our banks. I do not expect the impossible. I shall do nothing hysterical. I shall act as nearly as I can to normal [*sic*]. If it is normal to carry little cash in my pocket when there is plenty to go round, I shall carry little now. There never was a time when everyone on earth could possess all his cash in his pockets, his stockings, his safe-deposit box, or anywhere else.

All of which must have afforded intense pleasure to the 14,000,000 unemployed, most of whom are carrying their total possessions around in pockets with holes in them.

As for Mr. Bingham, he is a pleasant-mannered man, an agreeable companion, I am told. But he is merely a rich man and a newspaper owner. And that hardly makes him a fit successor to the long line of distinguished men who have been our ambassadors to London—John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, to name only a few. As for Josephus Daniels, he is the owner and editor of the *Raleigh, North Carolina, Observer*. Beyond that I am afraid that I have to agree with the *New York Evening Post* that he is an "old and tired" man. I must add, too, that he is capable of talking complete nonsense, as he did recently at the grave of Woodrow Wilson. It is a pity that James M. Cox has declined the Berlin post. He owns the *Dayton, Ohio, Daily News*, the *Springfield Press-Republic* and *Sun*, and the *Miami, Florida, Metropolis*. That makes him a diplomat four times over. Report has it that Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution* is to be ambassador to Italy. Step up, journalists, and get yours!

Quincy Garrison Killard

Hitler Takes Power

By JOHN ELLIOTT

Berlin, March 8

ADOLF HITLER on March 5 won the greatest parliamentary victory in German political history. An amazingly brilliant propaganda campaign and a well-nigh complete repression of the two principal opposition parties, the Socialist and the Communist, in part explain Hitler's triumph, but only in part. For the election, if not fair, was at least free. The Nazi leader's victory was the result of the greatest nationalist uprising in Germany since General Yorck called the German nation to arms against Napoleon in the early winter of 1813. If the elections had been held under a system like England's instead of the method of proportional representation that permits minority opinion to be registered, Hitler would have had an even more overwhelming majority than Ramsay MacDonald in Great Britain after the elections of the autumn of 1931. However vehemently liberals throughout the world may detest Hitler's political tenets and his philosophy, they are bound to recognize that he has the highest credentials any statesman can have—the mandate of his people.

The most surprising part of the Nazi success was the way in which the party made a "perceptible breach into the South German and the Marxian fronts," as one of their spokesmen put it. While the Social Democrats held their own, the Communists lost more than a million votes compared with their poll in the November elections. As these Communist votes did not go to the Socialists, and as the unprecedentedly heavy poll precludes the thought of many abstentions, the conclusion seems inevitable that many members of this party have now changed their color from red to brown.

Equally astonishing were the enormous gains made by the Hitlerites in Bavaria and other parts of South Germany. Although "the leader" himself is an Austrian and his party was founded and still has its headquarters in Munich, Catholic Bavaria with its jealousy of Prussia and its democratic instincts has always remained rather cool to Hitlerism, while Protestant North Germany has been shouting itself hoarse for the Hakenkreuz movement. But on March 5 the brown landslide was as pronounced south of the Main River as north of it, and the Nazis polled 700,000 votes more than the Bavarian Peoples' Party, the clerical party which from the revolution up to the present has been the largest political organization in Bavaria.

Next to Hitler himself, whose oratorical ability and organizing talent have made of a Munich beer-cellar group the largest political force in German history, the two principal individual factors in accounting for the party's victory were Dr. Joseph Goebbels and Captain Hermann Göring—the first by his brilliant propaganda work and the second by his ruthless use of the Prussian police force.

Goebbels is the foremost journalist in the Nazi movement. As editor of the party daily in Berlin, *Der Angriff*, he writes slashing fiery articles of a type that passed out of vogue in American journalism with Mr. Jefferson Brick. Since the radio had been forbidden to the Nazis, Goebbels

never had an opportunity of displaying to the full his admirable talents as a publicity chief until this election. But when his chance came, diminutive, swarthy Dr. Goebbels showed the Republicans something about the art of propaganda that they had never learned in their days of power. Every day for a fortnight before the election the radio was reserved exclusively, as regards political speaking, for Cabinet ministers. Hitler made no less than three nation-wide speeches over the wireless, and each time Goebbels gave a rousing *Stimmungsbild*, or color picture of the scenes taking place in the hall where his chief was speaking.

Goebbels's masterpiece was his idea of the "Day of the Awakening Nation," a party celebration which was held on the eve of the polling. Bonfires were lighted on the principal mountain tops throughout the Reich, church bells pealed in the advent of better times, and Nazi storm-troopers carrying lighted torches marched in procession to the public squares of the cities and towns to which Hitler's speech was transmitted from Königsberg. It was an admirable bit of stagecraft to have Hitler fly over the Polish Corridor and make his speech from the "burning frontier," and the story lost nothing in the telling of it by Goebbels through the microphone. This publicity genius is now slated to be head of a new office for government propaganda.

No less important was the contribution of Captain Göring, who as Prussian Minister of the Interior has been the driving force behind the government. One of his first acts was to issue a decree to the Prussian police, who fell under his charge, informing them that they were expected to stand in with the "constructive forces of the nation," including storm-troopers and Steel Helmets, but to act ruthlessly against the reds. In a public speech Göring defended this discrimination, asking how anybody could expect him to be "objective" when on the one side stood the forces of national reconstruction and on the other those of national destruction.

But Captain Göring's opportunity came with the burning of the Reichstag building less than a week before the election. The cause of this act of arson will probably always be wrapped in mystery, but it is difficult to conceive of the Communist leaders being so stupid as deliberately to offer the Nazis the pretext they were seeking for suppressing the reds. The arrest of the Dutch Communist, Van der Lubbe, and his alleged confession, gave Göring his chance of putting the blame for the fire on the Communists. Two days later, over a nation-wide radio hook-up, Göring worked up a dreadful Bolshevik scare, telling listeners-in how a Communist plot had been formed to overthrow the government by violence and painting a lurid picture of how the Communists were planning to dynamite railway bridges, poison public drinking places, and demoralize the police by forged commands. Such plots as these, as even a conservative Berlin newspaper was honest enough to point out, could be found in revolutionary literature obtainable at most of the bookshops of the city, but Göring's speech probably served the purpose of making many an honest *Spiessbürger's* hair stand

on end. This Bolshevik fright, skilfully worked up by Nazi propaganda, probably sent thousands of people who are normally indifferent to politics to the polls on election day to save the threatened Fatherland, just as the notorious Zinoviev letter served a similar party purpose in England almost a decade ago.

After the partial destruction of the Reichstag building, the election propaganda of the Socialist and Communist parties, which was carried on already with difficulty, was entirely suppressed. Publication of Socialist and Communist newspapers was forbidden, their meetings were prohibited, their placards on the billboards pasted over, and their literature confiscated. All the leading Communists were arrested, including nearly every Communist member of the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet. Nazi storm-troopers and Steel Helmets, enrolled as police auxiliaries by Göring—an act generally regarded as the first step toward making them part of the regular armed forces of the state—raided the offices of the Marxists and arrested their functionaries. The only opposition party of consequence free to carry on a campaign in North Germany was the Catholic Center. Even some of their leaders, like Brüning and Stegerwald, were attacked by the brown shirts at first, until Hitler issued an order to his followers telling them to concentrate on the battle against the Marxists.

On election day only the imperial and the swastika flags were to be seen in Berlin. Not a republican black-red-gold banner could be hung from the windows, although according to the constitution this is Germany's national flag. A leading politician of the democratic State Party who tried to display the republican colors was ordered by some Steel Helmets acting as auxiliary police to haul it in again. Even in the workers' quarters the Socialists did not venture to put up their "Iron Front" banner with the three arrows pointing downward, or the Communists their red flag with the hammer and sickle.

The election campaign as carried on by the government parties was of course a masterpiece of intellectual dishonesty. The country was told nightly over the radio that the Hitler government was taking over a "heap of ruins" from the Marxist parties, and the impression was successfully created among a large part of the electorate that the Socialists had laid low a flourishing empire by their treachery. The fact that the Socialists in 1918 had taken over a state that had been forced to fight a world of enemies through the diplomatic blunders of the Kaiser and his advisers, and had lost the World War because of the political blindness of the German generals who threw up the sponge weeks before the revolution, was not mentioned. Nor was it pointed out that the Socialists alone had had the courage to undertake the task of saving the nation in the midst of the debacle, when most of the royalists were fleeing to cover and their organ, the *Kreuzzeitung*, was removing from its masthead its motto, "Vorwärts mit Gott für König und Vaterland." Among other things entirely overlooked were the services of Gustav Stresemann in securing the liberation of the Rhineland and the achievement of Brüning in winning the respect of foreign creditor nations in the teeth of lying anti-German propaganda, such as "Other People's Money," and so paving the way for the abolition of reparations practically without conditions. Needless to say, Nazi speakers did not tell their audiences that the Socialists were in the government only for

a total of six years from 1919 to 1932, and that the allies of the Hitler party in the Harzburg Cabinet, the Nationalists, were twice in the government during this time, and that the Dawes Plan was passed through the Reichstag only by the acquiescence of the party which is now led by Alfred Hugenberg.

Otto Braun, who for many years was Prussian Premier, was especially marked out for attack by the Nazis. When this Socialist leader went over the border the night before the election to visit his wife who was ill in Switzerland—although he returned next day to vote—the Nazi announcer on the radio made it appear that Braun was fleeing the country. Franz von Papen, to his credit, did intervene when the Nazis tried to accuse Braun of appropriating two million marks of state funds for election propaganda last year, and issued a statement that there could be no question of Braun's personal integrity. But the most dramatic moment of the entire campaign came near the end when Dr. Brüning, the former Chancellor, speaking at an election rally in the Berlin Sport Palace, called on President Hindenburg to intervene "actively" in behalf of the people (the Socialists) who had supported him for reelection just a year ago this March and who were now being deprived of their rights by the parties (Nazis and Nationalists) which at that time had opposed the Field Marshal.

President Hindenburg has keenly disappointed those Socialists and Liberals who voted for him a year ago in the belief that although he was a monarchist at heart he could be relied upon to see that the constitution was upheld. That confidence does not exist today. The first shock came when Hindenburg suddenly dismissed Brüning. The Catholic leader's resignation—for the first time under the republic a chancellor had been forced to resign without losing the support of the parliament—revealed to the public how accessible the aged President was to the suggestions of his Junker friends. During the campaign Hitler, Hugenberg, and other Cabinet ministers repeatedly announced the intention of the government to remain in office no matter how the elections turned out, without once being contradicted by Hindenburg. Friedrich von Winterfeldt, vice-chairman of the Nationalist Party, revealed a talk he had with President Hindenburg in which the latter was quoted as expressing his satisfaction that "at last" a "national government" had been formed. Hindenburg's picture was used on the party placards of the Nazis, who only a year ago were speaking disrespectfully of him as an old man, and his name was drawn into the arena of party politics by being mentioned by government speakers as the patron of the Harzburg Cabinet, although the constitution intends that the president should be above the parties. Republican confidence in the President was undermined when he allowed the decision of the Supreme Court at Leipzig to be set aside by an emergency decree depriving the Braun Cabinet in Prussia of its remaining powers, and confidence was well-nigh destroyed when the Field Marshal failed to protect the constitutional rights of the minority parties. A prominent Socialist leader, when I asked him if he thought the Social Democrats had made a mistake in supporting Hindenburg last year, replied: "I always said that Hindenburg was not our man, but I told our people that he had a sense of right. I would not say so today."

Germany has now ratified the nationalist alliance that

has been struck between Hindenburg and Hitler. Fascism or monarchy seems to be the choice facing the Reich today, with the odds in favor of the dictatorship. In the Harzburg Cabinet are the Hugenberg Nationalists who are openly for the restoration of the monarchy. As Winterfeldt said recently, "A president dies, but a king never dies." Hitler has always avoided taking a definite stand on this question, although it is significant that he was lately quoted as saying in an interview with an English correspondent that there could be no question of the return of the Hohenzollerns. The fact that his party is built on fascist traditions and his own personal ambition probably precludes any great inclination to bring about a return to Germany of the fallen dynasty.

For the paradox is that Hitler, although he publicly derides democracy, is himself the product of German democracy. This former paper-hanger boasts that he is "a son of the people," and, indeed, in the old imperial order that existed before the war he could never have hoped to fill the seat of Bismarck. His is an anti-democratic party that has gained power and office by democratic methods. The

aristocrats, the "fine people," like Papen, thought a year ago that they could patronize Hitler and restore the old regime in the Reich by climbing on the back of his mass movement. They soon discovered their mistake. Hitler's party overthrew in turn Papen and Schleicher, both of whom thought they could tame the Nazi leader. And when the Junkers and Papen fancied that they could put Hitler in chains by giving him the chancellorship on terms, it appears that they erred again.

For the Nazis have been elected to the Reichstag in more than five times the strength of their Nationalist allies. Even with the accession of Papen and the Steel Helmets, the Hugenberg Nationalists were barely able to maintain their strength in the parliament in an enormously increased poll. Hitler can do without the monarchists, but they remain in the government now only on his sufferance. The future of Germany lies in the hands of the politically untrained middle-class masses of Germany that raised Adolf Hitler to the place of the princes and not in those of the representatives of that feudal and industrial aristocracy which still dreams of restoring the system of 1914.

The Money Changers Linger

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 18

THE last fortnight has left Washington breathless and bewildered, not to say dizzy. The transformation of the old merry-go-round into a roller-coaster was a bit sudden for the passengers, and not all of them have been able to keep their hair out of their eyes. We asked for action, friends—and did we get it! Just what the ultimate results will be no man can foretell. It is plain that some thousands of banks have closed, never to open again, and that the innocent depositors must suffer with the guilty bankers. Official assurances to the contrary are applesauce. A vast curtailment of the veterans' graft is in sight, but with it comes a threat to impose new hardships on an army of underpaid federal employees. Worse, hundreds of conscienceless scoundrels throughout the country have already seized upon that threat as an excuse for inflicting additional cuts in the pay of their own miserable hirelings. For the first time since the depression set in, there will be an honest effort to relieve unemployment, although, to be effective, it must include more than the employment of sufficient men to clear the underbrush out of the national parks. Enough currency for everybody is now available, the only problem being how to get hold of it. It might reasonably be inferred from events of the last week that the Administration proposes to restore prosperity by inflating the currency while further deflating credit and wages, but I hasten to add that it is too early to draw inferences of that breadth and finality. The confidence and enthusiasm which Roosevelt has kindled—rapidly approaching idolatry—are bound to have beneficial effects, especially in a time like this, although I never took much stock in the theory that economic dislocations can be cured by Dr. Coué's method. Hoover tried that. Even at this early and fluid stage, however, we may be positive on one score. We shall soon have beer, and that is something.

THE truth is that Roosevelt walked into a perfectly terrifying situation—and was not the least bit terrified. He delivered his inaugural address with full knowledge that the entire banking system of the United States was getting ready to explode in his face. Few executives have been in a tougher spot. He acted drastically, even brutally, but I have yet to hear what else he could have done. He knew, to be sure, that many of the banks would not reopen, but it seems to me he was faced with the alternatives of closing some of them permanently or seeing all of them closed by panic. The haste with which the emergency bank bill was drafted and passed naturally exposes it to criticism, although its defects would appear to be those of omission. In the bankers Roosevelt was dealing with a class of individuals who, on the whole, have fairly earned the title of public enemies, and if he had elected to treat them as such the country would have supported him with all its heart. Having them at his mercy, two tremendous opportunities were open to him. First, he could have provided himself with power to raise the limit on deposits in the postal savings banks, and to open them to checking accounts; second, he could have obtained authority to declare the Federal Reserve banks commercial banks, thus establishing the nucleus of a unified banking system under control of the Federal Reserve Board. Before these two clubs the most arrogant of our financial masters would have groveled in submission and terror. There is a danger that the strong surviving banks will seize the opportunity to gobble up the country's business at about ten cents on the dollar, and, as one of my colleagues phrased it, "simply centralize the stealing." Let me add, moreover, that some of us would breathe more freely if Mills, Meyer, and Ballantine were seen no more around the Treasury. They appear to have hung on as "technical advisers," but in this situation "technique" is indiscernible from policy.

The proximity of Barney Baruch is equally alarming. Who told Secretary Woodin it was necessary to pay 4 per cent for short-term money, when the Treasury recently was borrowing for as little as $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 per cent? Why didn't we ask for bids in the first place? It is good to hear about the money changers being driven from the temple: it will be better still when they are actually out.

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PUBLIC resentment against the greed displayed by the veterans has become so strong that some of the deserving are now likely to be deprived of their due. That I am not unsympathetic with the plight of unemployed ex-soldiers and their families will be attested, I think, by anyone who read my narrative of their treatment by Hoover's army here last July. But their insistence on favored treatment, as distinguished from the other ten million of unemployed, has effectively alienated public sympathy. If the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, instead of pursuing a policy of narrow selfishness, had espoused the cause of all the unemployed, all would now be better off. As it is, every nickel hereafter paid out by the Veterans' Bureau will be scrutinized with a grudging eye, and properly so. At the same time, all friends of democratic institutions must look with deep misgiving upon the abdication of Congress by which this result is to be achieved. Nobody with a grain of discernment can question Roosevelt's good intentions: it is the precedent which is dangerous. "I could not vote," said Senator Clark of Missouri, "to confer these powers upon a President who combined all the great qualities of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln." The very fact that Roosevelt may be expected to exercise his unprecedented authority with restraint, and to relinquish it cheerfully, contains the seed of future perils. It is the unpopular dictator who makes dictatorship unpopular—and vice versa. In this instance, moreover, the transfer of legislative powers to the President was patently unnecessary. Congress had demonstrated its willingness to enact any measure recommended by him. To argue that the same Congress which gave the President authority to make these reductions would have refused to make them, is just about the limit in absurdity. As a matter of sober fact, nine-tenths of the discussion in Congress revolved around the merit of the proposed cuts rather than around the manner of making them. That is why Borah, replying to the ancient pedagogue, Simian Fess, said: "There may be reasons for doing extraordinary things in extraordinary times, but there is no justification for perverting American history." We can only be thankful that the recipient of this extraordinary—and unnecessary—grant of power is a man of good sense. Of course, he will exercise a very small fraction of it. Of necessity its practical application will be in the hands of a horde of bureaucrats. And as Henry Mencken says, the only good bureaucrat is one with a pistol at his head.

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IT is difficult to describe the change which occurred in the atmosphere of Washington on March 4. It was like walking out of a reeking chamber into cold air. Every afternoon, indeed, thousands of people may be seen walking briskly up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, inhaling copious draughts of this new, untainted, and invigorating ozone. As they walk they talk to themselves. One mutters: "No

Doak, no Hurley, no Hyde, no Hoover." Another exclaims rapturously: "These Roosevelts are real people!" To the simple cliff-dwellers of Washington it is mainly a matter of atmosphere, but the change goes far deeper. We of the working press, for example, at last find ourselves assembled around a President of the United States who not only is willing to answer direct oral questions, but actually invites them. He has been warned that this is dangerous, but he is willing to take a shot at it. We crowd about him. Not a Secret Service man in sight. Get within six feet of Hoover and he'd have jumped right through the window. But the crippled man has no apprehensions, no suspicions—not even after Miami. Incidentally, I suspect that is one of the things that makes the country so mad about him. But it goes deeper still. Perhaps the most eloquent opponents of his emergency banking bill were Senators La Follette and Costigan, a Republican and a Democrat. If speeches had been of any avail, they would have blocked it. Yet, on the following morning, Senators La Follette and Costigan were invited to accompany Democratic leaders to the White House. The banking bill had been passed; it was history. The President wished to discuss the problem of unemployment relief. Since La Follette and Costigan were authorities on the subject, he invited them as a matter of course. Indeed, he has continued to confer with them and with the third recognized authority on that subject—Senator Wagner of New York. In that fact we may find ample hope for an adequate national program. But Roosevelt's singular and almost incredible adaptability to the world's hardest job is not limited to his personal wholesomeness, his candor with the reporters, his individual courage, or his ability to work with men who do not always approve his measures. Thus far the quality which has stood out above all others is his amazing administrative efficiency. In addition to the banking crisis, in addition to the general economic collapse, in addition to the necessity of presenting a legislative program, he was required to take over ten major executive departments and God only knows how many bureaus and commissions, manned in the main by people who had voted against him, and sworn to do everything possible to hamper him. Nevertheless, he succeeded in getting things done, including a vast deal of detailed work—and without worry. The problem before him now is to increase the purchasing power of the people. This can be done (a) by giving them money; (b) by lending them money; or (c) by giving them jobs; or by all three. The first means a dole, the second means lending money to the unemployed, the third means a large program of public works. It is not an easy choice, but Roosevelt has the country by the tail with a downhill drag and he can do as he pleases.

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IN this day of social and political revolution the Supreme Court of the United States remains strangely apathetic. Mr. Dooley said that the American flag follows the dollar and the Supreme Court follows the election returns. The majority opinion of the court in the case of the State of Florida against chain stores would indicate that Mr. Dooley was wrong. In an opinion rendered, I regret to say, by my old friend Mr. Justice Roberts, the power of the State to apply discriminatory taxation as a means of preventing domination of intrastate commerce by capitalistic corporations was

denied. There were dissents by Justices Stone, Cardozo, and Brandeis, but the broad and brilliant statement of the case came, as might be expected, from Brandeis. I emphasize it because the daily press, in its ignorance, has neglected it. The right of the State, he said,

... flows from the broader right of Americans to preserve, and to establish from time to time, such institutions, social and economic, as seem to them desirable; and, likewise, to end those which they deem undesirable. The State might, if conditions warranted, subject giant corporations to control similar to that now exerted over public-utility companies. Or the citizens of Florida might conceivably escape from the domination of giant corporations by having the State engage in business. . . . There is a widespread belief that the existing unemployment is the result, in large part, of the gross inequality in the distribution of wealth and income which giant corporations have fostered; that by the control which the few have exerted through giant corporations, individual initiative and effort are being paralyzed, creative power impaired, and human happiness lessened;

that the true prosperity of our past came not from big business, but through the courage, the energy, and the resourcefulness of small men; that only by releasing from corporate control the faculties of the unknown many, only by reopening to them the opportunities for leadership, can confidence in our future be restored and the existing misery be overcome; and that only through participation by the many in the responsibilities of business can Americans secure the moral and intellectual development which is essential to the maintenance of liberty. I know of nothing in the federal constitution which precludes the State from endeavoring to give it effect and prevent domination in intrastate commerce by subjecting corporate chains to discriminatory license fees. To that extent, the citizens of each State are still masters of their destiny.

However, Mr. Justice Brandeis was mistaken. He was surrounded by immature men who had failed to learn anything about the society in which they lived. Mrs. Partington should have been a member of the United States Supreme Court.

Russia Looks for Friends

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Franco-Soviet rapprochement is a most significant recent development in international politics. Initiated by Briand under the threat of the German-Austrian customs union of 1930, the new bond between Moscow and Paris has been reinforced by the accession of Hitler. France is in a pacific mood. Soviet Russia always was. German fascism arouses dread in France and abhorrence among the Bolsheviks. Powerful influences in Berlin, including General von Seeckt and the Reichswehr, recognize the important role which friendship for Russia plays in Germany's relations with the West, but demagogues are never distinguished by excessive subtlety, and Hitler's frantic attacks on "Marxism" may well strain his tortured country's relations with the Soviet Union—although how he can afford to antagonize both Russia and Poland baffles all understanding. The Nazis, who yearn to restore the trappings of imperial Germany, may at least succeed in reestablishing the pre-war balance of power in Europe, with this difference: Germany is in a hopeless economic plight, the vital sections of old Austria-Hungary are French vassals instead of Germany's allies, and Russia has been rejuvenated and partially industrialized.

For an entire decade, from 1922 to 1932, the Soviet Government was Germany's buffer and insurance against intolerable pressure from France and Britain. That period is fast drawing to an end. It may already be a closed chapter. For Germany there is no substitute unless it be the Italy of war-time-treachery memory; Hitlerism, therefore, can only weaken Germany's international position. For Russia the alternative is France. Soviet Russia, to be sure, is France's ultimate rival for the hegemony of the Continent. But that situation is remote. For the present, Bolshevism is devoted to peace despite its violent aversion to the injustice of Versailles and its attachment to the world revolutionary goal.

The proofs and the results of the growing Franco-Soviet rapprochement are the non-aggression pacts Moscow has

signed recently with Poland and France. But no less important is the support which Maxim Litvinov has given to and received from the Quai d'Orsay's delegates at Geneva. When the Franco-Soviet pact was signed, Litvinov hinted in an interview with the Moscow correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* that Russia would be prepared to accept the French principle of security first and disarmament later. This represented a partial adaptation of the Kremlin's earlier views to the traditional French thesis. Litvinov repeated at the February 6 session of the Disarmament Conference that the way to disarm is to disarm. But the Bolsheviks are realists; they see that the world will not seriously discuss disarmament—much less armaments—without a preliminary understanding on sanctions, aggression, security, and the like.

The French have been worried about the Kellogg Pact. As it stands it is a pious hope. Mr. Stimson, too, was for years interested in finding a way of implementing it. Litvinov's address of February 6—by far the most important statement on Soviet foreign policy in recent years—in which he sketched a new function for the Kellogg Pact, was therefore an indication, among other things, that Moscow and Washington might see eye to eye on problems which concern America more than they do Russia. Litvinov advocated immediate consultation when any Power has committed an act of aggression, and agreed further that any violation of the Kellogg Pact should be punished by a universal economic and financial boycott. The Commissar then proceeded to give his definition of an aggressor—a document well worth studying. Thereupon Prime Minister Paul-Boncour rose, praised the Muscovite, and added that "if one overlooked some of the pin pricks for capitalist states," which were excusable as merely "returning tit for tat," the Russian definition was "very close" to that of the French. About a month later Paul-Boncour returned to Geneva to pay another glowing tribute to Litvinov's address on aggressors. Dovgalevsky, the Soviet ambassador to Paris, warmly thanked him. At

this, Paul-Boncour "crossed the room and effusively shook Dovgalevsky's hand." Never since the Entente Cordiale ended, one eyewitness commented, had such a tone been used by Russia toward France—nor, I might add, toward any bourgeois state with the exception, perhaps, of Germany. The new relationship between France and the Soviet Union, in other words, is already operating to change international constellations. It will probably have significant and early repercussions in the Far East.

France's role is to serve as an intermediary between Russia and Japan. The Chinese Eastern Railway may be the opening wedge and the connecting link. The Soviet attitude toward the Manchurian problem is very simple: the Bolsheviks do not like to have Japan in Manchuria. Japan is an embarrassing land neighbor. She has far-reaching ambitions in Siberia which necessarily make Moscow uncomfortable. The memories of Japanese invasions of Siberia in 1918, 1919, and 1920 still linger. But there is not much that Russia can do about the new regime in Manchukuo. She cannot go to war with Japan, and nothing less than war will get the Japanese out of the Eastern Provinces. Japan, moreover, subjects the U. S. S. R. to constant diplomatic pressure, military threats, and economic flirtations which make it increasingly difficult for Russia to remain isolated in her anti-Japanese attitude. It was a foregone conclusion that the Kremlin would not accept the League's invitation to associate itself with the Committee of Nineteen's condemnation of Japanese aggrandizement in Manchuria. The reason given was that more than a dozen of the Powers represented on the committee did not maintain normal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. The real reason was that the United States did not maintain normal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Russia cannot further antagonize Japan without some countervailing support, and that can only come from America. Indeed, Russia's neutrality is beginning to irk Japan, and, after all, when the Japanese finish the conquest of Jehol they can, if they have no immediate designs on Peiping and Tientsin, concentrate with dreadful intensity on Siberia.

All this means one thing: if the United States does not recognize the Soviet Government in the nearest future, the Soviet Government will be forced, regretfully, to indicate its formal acceptance of the new status quo in China. This would undermine the Stimson doctrine, which Mr. Roosevelt has approved, and weaken the League's anti-Japanese stand. The Stimson doctrine lacks force and substance without Soviet-American diplomatic collaboration.

Assuming belated recognition, or piecemeal recognition, or conditional recognition—the Bolsheviks would not be able to accept many conditions—France may be expected to act as go-between for Japan with Russia. When Matsuoka, Japan's chief delegate to the League of Nations, visited Paris recently, he dropped a hint that France could obtain a share in the Chinese Eastern Railway if both Russia and China, which now manage the line jointly, would renounce 50 per cent of their interests. This is an example of Japanese pressure on Russia. The railroad is Russian-owned; management is divided between the U. S. S. R. and all of China, not Manchuria alone. Matsuoka, nevertheless, reminds France of her old concern with the Chinese Eastern and of the fact that it was originally built with her money, and then proceeds to suggest that Russia should and Manchukuo will

surrender half of their hold on the line, so that France can be doubly as strong as either. The whole transaction, of course, is highly complicated, and could not go through overnight. Yet Japan and Manchukuo would like France to invest in the Three Provinces, and if Moscow were offered a hundred million dollars for its share in the Chinese Eastern there would be an almost irresistible tendency to accept. The line is not much good now anyway. The Russians would merely be selling their nuisance value.

This is only one of the bridges over which France can bring Japan and the Union together. They can also agree without an intermediary. The Bolsheviks want a non-aggression pact with Japan. Tokio has refused for the last sixteen months to negotiate one. The former Japanese ambassador in Moscow said: "We want a free hand." The Japanese have a single argument on which they could base their opposition to the pact. They might contend that since Russia would not be likely to attack Japan but could conceivably attack Manchukuo, Japan wants, in exchange for a treaty pledging herself not to invade the U. S. S. R., a Soviet promise to refrain from aggression against Manchukuo. Russia is extremely anxious to have a non-aggression agreement with Japan. It would give some limited measure of security. Russia is therefore prepared to sign simultaneously a treaty with Manchukuo—a step that would be real but not de jure recognition of Manchukuo. The Commissariat of Foreign Affairs contends that a non-aggression pact with Manchukuo would no more imply de jure recognition than Russia's and America's signing of the non-aggression agreement called the Kellogg Pact implied recognition of Russia by America.

If China were to complain that such a document seemed to sanction the separation of Manchukuo, the Soviets' easy reply is: "We want security. We will sign a non-aggression pact with Nanking. But would that safeguard us against aggression by Manchukuo? Obviously not." The Russians, in other words, see their way clear to an understanding with Manchukuo which may lead to a paper of truce with Japan.

A Soviet-Japanese-Manchukuo pact, of course, was just as possible four months ago. It did not materialize because the Russians have hesitated to sign an agreement with Japan. They have waited for some strengthening of their own position and some effective anti-Japanese measures by the Powers. No such measures have intervened. The League's decisions matter very little to Japan. The British embargo on shipments of arms to Japan and China was a pro-Japanese move. How, under the circumstances, can anyone expect the Soviet Government to remain in its exposed position and hold out against Japan all alone? Next to China, Russia is most accessible to a Japanese blow. Russia, therefore, cannot afford to defy or irritate Japan unless she has the feeling that she is not completely isolated.

Moscow may be able to postpone a definite shift of policy for a little while longer. But with France coming closer and Japan pressing harder, the time grows short. One cannot say it too directly: this is the hour for recognition by the United States. It would be an effective building a bigger navy and keeping it in the Pacific. In fact, that strategy seems inconsistent unless accompanied by recognition. If the United States is afraid to ruffle Japan by establishing relations with Moscow, it should transfer half the navy back to the eastern seaboard.

Hammond and Gary Face the Disaster

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

LAKE COUNTY, Indiana, which includes the industrial cities of Gary, East Chicago, Indiana Harbor, Whiting, and Hammond, has tried to meet the depression efficiently. It has mobilized its forces for self-aid; the authorities have fed and clothed 44,000 people, members of about 11,000 families, who are maintained by township taxes disbursed by the township trustees. Ten thousand additional families are being supported, in whole or in part, by employers, by the Red Cross, by the schools, and by the Community Chest. At least 80,000 people in the two great industrial towns of Hammond and Gary must be given aid. During the day I spent there recently a mob of 500 men and women "stormed the Hammond office of Trustee Myrtle G. Meara to protest against the present method of poor-relief distribution"—I quote from a Hammond paper. "The speakers demanded more food, a certain amount of cash, and discontinuance of the present basket system of poor-relief distribution." Of course the police, or the reporter, running true to convention, voiced "the belief that the demonstration was incited by Communist leaders." It would seem as if that were hardly necessary to cause a protest among the thousands who receive their dole in baskets of food and bundles of clothes, and rarely have a cent for any pressing personal needs. Lake County, I repeat, has done its best, but the relief funds of two of the townships are at present overdrawn by about \$2,400,000, which is covered by tax-anticipation warrants based on the 1933 and 1934 tax collections. With the industries of the communities operating at between 10 and 25 per cent of capacity it will be impossible to collect a large Community Chest fund this year. If the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or the government does not come to the rescue, there will be more serious happenings than protest mobs 500 strong.

It is a desperately difficult situation. What makes it an especially interesting study is that this group of cities covers one of the most highly industrialized areas in the United States. One drives past one huge plant after another. There are half a dozen large oil concerns, including a Sinclair depot, and Standard Oil and Shell plants. The Anaconda Copper Company, the United States Steel Corporation, the Inland Steel Company, the great Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the Universal Atlas Portland Cement Company, the Grasselli Chemical Company, the General American Tank Car Company, the Standard Steel Car Company are there in whole or in part, and so are several hundred other large and small plants. The Hammond and East Chicago areas include a population of 132,268, while Calumet township, which includes Gary and Hobart, has about 103,268. As is always the case where there is heavy industry, the bulk of the workingmen are foreign born or of foreign extraction. No less than forty-three nationalities are represented in the schools, chiefly Poles, Slavs, Serbs, Croats, Italians, Lithuanians, Hungarians, and Russians, generally of peasant stock, without much education among the elder group. In addition, there are 23,748 Negroes, and there were no less than 9,007 Mexicans—3,500 of these have been sent back to Mexico by special trains, and they have been glad to go. A

large percentage of the plants are operating on very short time. What aggravates the situation for the workers is the fact that no less than thirty-one banking institutions have failed since the crisis began. For one whole year the city of Hammond was without a bank. Today there is only one operating; all the rest are being liquidated.

When I asked my usual question: "What will these towns look like if the crisis goes on two years longer?" I got the stock answer: "God only knows, but there will certainly be bloodshed and complete misery unless the federal government steps in." Lake County spent in 1932 about \$4,000,000 for the relief of its poor, with private sources yielding \$700,000 of this amount. If the law passed by the special session of the Indiana legislature in 1932 limiting all tax levies of State, township, and city governments to \$1.50 a thousand were enforced, there would be an immediate breakdown of relief of a character to precipitate an immediate crisis; so far the law has been ignored. As it is, with the aid of the Red Cross 31,760 barrels of flour were given out in 1932, and community bakeries were established by charitable organizations, with the result that bread was produced at a fraction of a cent a loaf. Relief gardens and soup kitchens have also played their part, and a large quantity of vegetables has been canned. A total of 37,000 yards of material was worked up into clothes in four months in East Chicago alone, 75 per cent of this being done in the homes where the garments were to be used. The shirt factories sewed buttonholes, and gave free instruction in the making of the clothes, while the Albert Given Pants factory took care of cutting the garments. The fuel situation has thus far been met successfully with the aid of the oil refineries and other industries which gave coke and coal and the wood of old cars. Hundreds of tons of coal and coke have been mined by the people themselves out of the mill dumps, and thousands of cords of wood have been cut on the nearby dunes on the lake front.

I do not know whether all the companies have displayed the fine spirit of the Inland Steel Company and the Illinois Steel Company, but if they have one must write a fine chapter to the credit of big business. The position of the companies is extraordinarily difficult. Their reserves are steadily being drawn down, especially when they are working at only 10 per cent of capacity, yet their overhead goes on because they cannot dispense with their executives, their experts, or their long-trained key workers who are essential to any revivification of these plants. Some of them have, of course, taken the opportunity to modernize their plants and improve their methods of production. The technocrats will be interested to hear that the head of one of the great steel companies told me that they would never take back more than 85 per cent of their employees, even if prosperity should rise to the level of 1929, and the superintendent of one of the great oil refineries was quoted to me as having said that he would never again employ more than his present force of 600, although he had 3,000 men at work when the crisis came. It is this technological unemployment which renders Lake County eager to repatriate the rest of the Mexicans. The companies have

gone ahead generously and intelligently in helping where they could.

Take the case of the Inland Steel Company. It began its relief work in October, 1930, just as soon as it appeared that the serious decrease in production was going to be protracted. A relief club was organized and the men were asked to contribute a small percentage of their pay each month, nothing being expected of anyone who earned less than \$100 a month. An amount equal to that collected from the employees was contributed by the company, and the officials in the Chicago office met all the overhead expense of the relief work. The general superintendent, H. R. DeHoll, was quick to realize the need of professional aid in handling the relief and he turned at once to the Chicago office of the Salvation Army, which gladly contributed three of its best investigators. Mr. DeHoll headed a committee composed of various department superintendents. Upon the latter was placed the responsibility of seeing, first, that no application for relief passed through any hands but their own and those of their foremen, and, secondly, that through them aid should be obtained from outside sources such as schools, churches, and so on. In addition to personal visits from the superintendents and foremen, every application was investigated by the three Salvation Army workers. While this seems to suggest a duplication of effort, it made it possible for supplies to be distributed on the day on which the request for aid was made.

What makes this work the more praiseworthy is that it was undertaken at a time when the municipal authorities had not yet begun to act. In addition to giving food, fuel, and some clothing, light and gas bills were paid, medical treatment provided, and, to prevent evictions, rents were paid. The burden on the company has grown steadily lighter, partly because of the repatriation of the Mexicans, partly because many transient workers have left and some of the older employees have gone back to relatives; there has also been a real "back-to-the-farm" movement. Aid is now given only to employees who live in East Chicago and Indiana Harbor. Those outside these districts are being taken care of by the municipalities. Some employment there is, but the wages paid barely suffice to keep the men and their families alive; on the other hand, there is no favoritism, such as is to be found elsewhere, with some workers getting high wages and others getting nothing at all.

The Illinois Steel Company has stood behind the W. P. Gleason Welfare Center, which was established in 1913. In 1932 the officials of the center interviewed 28,458 individuals who needed relief, which was actually given to the representatives of 22,155 families in Gary. No less than 10,372 patients were given medical treatment and medicine. In nearly every case the sufferers were entirely destitute. There were 2,097 babies, 3,161 children between the ages of two and sixteen, and 5,114 adults. When families could not pay for gas, cooking stoves were supplied, as well as food, clothing, and milk. Even more important was the giving of advice in regard to mortgages, rents, evictions, insurance, heat, light, and water. Tubercular patients are sent to the State tuberculosis sanitarium after examination at the tuberculosis clinic, and orthopedic patients to the State Hospital for crippled children in Indianapolis. "There is no phase of family welfare work with which we do not have to deal in our daily routine," writes the superintendent of the clinic.

In addition, there are relief gardens comprising 253 acres of ground. No less than 5,000 bushels of potatoes and 7,500 bushels of turnips were produced on the seventy-six acres set aside for these crops; the rest of the land went into individual gardens. Hundreds of men were permitted to cut wood for their own use on lands acquired by the company. There is universal testimony that the chief credit for all of these activities belongs to W. P. Gleason, the general superintendent, who is indefatigable in his own efforts and recognizes to the full the social and moral responsibility of the employer to the employee.

It is unpleasant to turn from these pictures of what some of the companies are doing for their men to the general scene. It is impossible to view it without a sinking of the heart because there are so many obvious signs of the lowering of the standards of living and the decay of business and industrial life. There are not only visible all the closed banks and the usual empty shops; there are miles and miles of abandoned divisions and subdivisions and suburban properties which were laid out in the boom times and supplied with paved streets, water, gas, and electricity, even when there was not a single house in sight. Indeed, this real-estate boom and speculation in land were factors that account for the severity of the depression and the impoverishment of multitudes, even when they have kept their businesses and their jobs. There were 1,472 decrees of foreclosure in 1932. One hears the usual tales of men who had some wealth now reduced to absolute penury. Barter has come in, and by an ingenious scheme devised by Horace S. French, receiver of the First Trust and Savings Bank of Hammond, certificates of deposit in the closed bank are used as a medium of exchange and have been accepted as payments in the case of property sold at auction by the bank's receiver. Physicians are paid with chickens, turkeys, and vegetables of all kinds, and they continue to give their services, as they do all over the United States, even when payments are few and far between. American good-will and American ingenuity are playing their part here as elsewhere.

But when it comes to the future, the best of those who are working day and night to hold the community together cannot conceal their anxiety. Where is the money to come from? The county is borrowing, not only against taxes which may or may not be collectable, but from other sources. The State itself is obtaining help from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It is obvious that nothing but a State or federal dole will suffice a year from now unless people are to die of starvation—assuming, of course, that there is no radical improvement in the situation within the next few months. Meanwhile, the crisis has not only taught the people to pull together and aid one another, but has set them thinking. The minds of business men have been opened to new ideas. They are ready to listen to discussions they would not have tolerated two or three years ago. As in other cities in the Middle West, people are getting together to discuss the situation and see if they can ascertain what this economic breakdown means. The forums are well attended, sometimes crowded, and the speakers who are in demand are those who have heretofore ranked as radicals—in other words, mild liberals according to English and European standards. There is an intellectual ferment going on. It needs only a leader and a program for the West to take fire. Lake County is about ready for both.

Sharing Doesn't Hurt

By HENRY J. ROSNER

FOR two years the rich people of the United States have been flooded with appeals to contribute to funds to feed the hungry and destitute unemployed. It is common knowledge that these campaigns have failed to raise enough money to alleviate any but a small fraction of the known distress. Few realize, however, to what extent the failure of private charity in this depression can be directly attributed to the unwillingness of those with means to share with their less fortunate brothers.

The United States Bureau of Internal Revenue in its preliminary Statistics of Income for 1931, recently published, cites figures which should have received more attention because they destroy completely the myth of the generosity of America's millionaires. Under the federal income-tax act, contributions to relief, educational, and religious organizations may be deducted in arriving at the net taxable income. The government statistics show the total contributions made in the separate categories of income. Computations from their tables show the contribution and tax of the average income in each of the income groups. The results are startling, even to those who have never had much faith in the philanthropy of the wealthy. The following table summarizes a detailed analysis too long to be printed here.

Net Income ¹	Contribution	Percent- age	Tax	Left for Personal Use ²
\$7,000.....	\$161.....	2.3.....	\$33.....	\$6,967
14,500.....	391.....	2.7.....	231.....	14,269
34,000.....	1,088.....	3.2.....	1,646.....	32,354
67,000.....	2,546.....	3.8.....	5,700.....	61,300
120,000.....	5,280.....	4.4.....	13,900.....	106,100
200,000.....	9,000.....	4.5.....	27,300.....	172,700
382,000.....	19,100.....	5.0.....	60,000.....	322,000
690,000.....	41,400.....	6.0.....	104,300.....	585,700
2,173,000.....	136,890.....	6.3.....	350,000.....	1,823,000

In 1931 the plight of the distressed, broadcast as it was throughout the land, had evidently little effect in loosening the purse-strings of those who could give. The individual with a personal income of \$61,300 could have contributed more than \$2,546 for charitable, educational, and religious purposes; the individual with an income of \$1,823,000 suffered no reduction in his standards of living through his gift of \$136,890. It is interesting to consider how much could have been raised for unemployment relief if in 1932 the national government had levied on the 1931 incomes shown in the above table a special tax for this purpose, beginning with a tax of 5 per cent on the income left for personal use in the first group and increasing the tax by 5 per cent on each succeeding group until it reached a maximum of 45 per cent in the last category. It would have yielded additional revenue of \$763,000,000—a sum four times larger than the \$199,000,000 actually contributed. If the extra tax had begun with 10 per cent and ended with 90 per cent, one and a half

billion dollars would have been available for the relief of the unemployed.

If the reader is gasping at this proposal, let him ask himself whether, even with the additional tax, he would not be willing to exchange incomes with the persons affected. The possessor of the \$14,000 income would still have had \$11,000 to live on, the \$61,300 group would have had \$36,000, the \$322,000 group would still have had \$96,600, and those with incomes of \$1,823,000 would still have had \$182,000 to spend every year. If the proposed change in taxation still appears to be revolutionary, let the reader remember that there are at least 13,000,000 unemployed, and that persons who are employed today earn an average annual wage in the neighborhood of \$1,000.

It may be urged that the principle of levying a special tax solely for unemployment relief beginning with 10 per cent and increasing by 10 per cent on each category until it reached a maximum of 90 per cent would not yield enormous revenues in 1933 because of the recent increase in income-tax rates. Although the maximum surtax rates have risen from 20 to 55 per cent, the rise in the actual tax paid by the middle incomes, from \$7,000 to \$200,000, has not been so great as to make it unfair to apply the principle. This is important because the greatest yield comes from these groups, since they contain so many persons. Below is a summary table which shows the regular tax that will have to be paid in 1933 for the average incomes included in the above compilation, and the money that would be left for personal expenditure after both the regular income tax and the proposed special unemployment-relief tax were paid.

Income	Regular Tax	Special Tax	Income Left for Personal Expenditure
7,000.....	\$215.....	\$678.....	\$6,107
14,500.....	955.....	2,709.....	10,836
34,000.....	4,340.....	8,898.....	20,762
67,000.....	14,500.....	21,000.....	31,500
120,000.....	41,100.....	39,450.....	39,450
200,000.....	86,600.....	68,040.....	45,360
382,000.....	192,160.....	132,888.....	56,952
690,000.....	377,600.....	249,920.....	62,480
2,173,000.....	1,310,468.....	776,812.....	86,320

If the 1933 returns were identical with those of 1932, the yield from the special tax would be \$1,025,000,000. The Treasury Department estimates a 40 per cent decline in taxable incomes in the coming year, which would reduce the proceeds of the relief tax to \$600,000,000—still a tidy sum. It is assumed, however, that there will be no further evasion of the tax because of the drastic increase. It is up to the government to stop up the holes in the law which allow evasion.

The primary reason for recommending the unorthodox procedure of levying a tax specifically for relief in addition to the customary tax is that public sentiment is less likely to be aroused against drastic increases if it is understood that the proceeds are to be allocated exclusively to meeting the needs of the jobless. It can be seen from the table that the

¹ Net income is income left after deducting contributions, losses from sale of real estate, stocks, bonds, etc., other than similar losses from sale of assets held more than two years, taxes and interest paid. It includes, however, personal allowances exempt from taxation.

² This is arrived at by deducting the tax from net income.

plan would amount to a confiscation of all income above \$86,000 a year. This may sound radical, but would any sane social order tolerate incomes even as large as these when privation and destitution are so widespread and when the one-third lucky enough to get relief seldom receive more than \$20 a month per family?

Even \$600,000,000 in 1933 would not meet the needs of the unemployed. It would be well, therefore, to use these revenues as a basis for borrowing. This policy continued for ten years would make it possible for the government to borrow \$5,000,000,000 now for both direct relief and public works and pay it off at the end of the period. To restore the purchasing power of the workers in this way would hasten economic recovery and increase profits. Lower rates would then yield the \$600,000,000 with ease.

It might be argued that the flow of new capital into industry which comes from the savings of the rich will be destroyed by this process. Normally, if one is committed to the maintenance of the present system, that would be a serious objection. It is not applicable now, however. One-half of the industrial equipment of the country is idle today because the masses do not have the money to buy the products of available productive facilities. We do not need more factories and power plants; we need more buying power. The banks at present are choked with money because there is no place to invest surplus funds profitably. Now is the time to call a halt on new investment, except for needed public improvements and government housing to wipe out the slums, and use the money to stimulate consumption.

Turn now to the practical and human implications of these figures. In the city of New York a committee headed by Harvey Gibson raised \$15,000,000 this winter to finance the activities of an Emergency Work Bureau and the private-family relief agencies. The Emergency Work Bureau has been overwhelmed with applications from people in desperate need. The funds raised by the Gibson committee first enabled it to increase by 4,000, from the 56,000 applications received, the January pay roll of 17,000. Last week the Work Bureau announced that lack of funds compelled it to lay off 3,200 men, and that by April 1 another 7,000 would have to go. One reason for this lay-off is that many pledges that went to make up the \$15,000,000 are not materializing. The objective of the committee should have been \$35,000,000, not \$15,000,000, to provide work for those in need. Judging by the difficulty of raising the \$15,000,000, the directors of the drive were wise in not attempting to raise the larger required sum. Yet it should be easier to collect adequate relief funds in New York City than in any other community in the world. In 1929, though it contained only 5 per cent of the nation's population, New York City claimed 25 per cent of its millionaires. Certainly they could have afforded to be concerned with the plight of their fellow-men to the extent of \$35,000,000.

Does not the failure of the rich in New York and other centers to meet our present relief emergency voluntarily destroy the premise of our existing federal policy? The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been to date niggardly in distributing unemployment funds, having lent about two-thirds of its \$300,000,000 relief appropriation to local governments in the eight months that it has been authorized to do so. In support of their policy the directors of the R. F. C. assert that the intent of the federal relief act is that federal

aid shall be supplemental to the local public appropriations and private charity, and not in lieu of such efforts. This theory is sound only if people with means are contributing as generously as they can to private funds. Most local systems of taxation do not levy heavy enough tolls on the wealthy through progressive income and inheritance taxes. Real-estate tax delinquencies have so undermined the solvency of even large cities like Detroit, Chicago, and New York that public relief funds have grown increasingly inadequate. The moral is plain. Since the rich will not give voluntarily, the power of the federal tax collector must be employed.

In the Driftway

THE thought of Charlie Anderson came to the Drifter on a west wind the other day and has been haunting him ever since. At this moment Charlie Anderson, if he still lives, is sitting before a wood stove in a cabin beside a road that leads to the peaks and ravines of the South Missions in the Montana Rockies. The road has not been seen, of course, since September, and if Charlie travels at all it must be on snowshoes. But it won't be long now before the snow begins to sink into slowly warming ground, the sound of streams flowing under thinning snow will grow louder and louder week by week, and steel-blue sheets of ice will warm into rippling lakes. Glaciers will come alive again and send green water down the canyons; and the whole minute and varied life of mountains and woods and rivers will start again with quiet inevitability.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

AND life for Charlie Anderson will thaw out, too—become wider and warmer. Buds will swell and Charlie will put his cabin in order for its long summer emptiness. From last fall's supply of potatoes he will select enough for planting a new crop when the frost is out of the ground and the road is a muddy sponge. He will make a trip to the nearest store, and when he appears in its steaming, thawing "street," the straggling settlement will know that spring is imminent. With other grizzled mountain men and hibernating ranchers Charlie will exchange a few remarks as short as the winter has been long, and all of them will squint a little under the brightening sun.

* * * * *

AFTER June 1 Charlie will not be seen again where there are any human houses, but to anyone who cares to seek him out in his simple shelter on the top of a far mountain he will offer a generous meal, from a shelf of canned goods and a bag of flour, and a fir-bough bed as soft as anyone needs. He may be able to offer some excitement, too. For Charlie is a lookout man who for thirty years has watched for fires in the ranges of the South Missions. And if in the evening, as he talks about the family life of grizzly bears and gophers, of porcupines and moose, a tongue of flame should shoot from a tree across the deep valley, he might offer his visitor a government ax on a red handle and lead him twenty miles over a narrow trail to fight a forest fire. If there is a moon, well and good. If not, no matter. For Charlie can never be lost in the world he has chosen to live in.

A MOUNTAIN is a fine place to repair to when the world goes to pieces, and the Drifter has made up his mind. The sound of one more falling bank president and he will write to Charlie Anderson and pack his rucksack. He will buy a thousand cans of vegetable soup and disappear forever into pine-treed reaches where the gold standard is only a streak of sunshine on a fallen log.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Heywood Broun Protests

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The editorial in *The Nation* of March 8 called *The City Bank* and the Press gives the impression that the *World-Telegram* made no comment on the findings of the Senate Banking Committee. The editors must have overlooked the fact that the *World-Telegram* on Saturday, February 25, carried in "It Seems to Me" a column which criticized Charles E. Mitchell and said in conclusion: "In addition to reform we should have resignations."

On Tuesday, February 28, my column again was devoted to the bank investigation and contained the sentence, "Personally I think there is no sure ground this side of having the federal government take over in its entirety the business of banking, savings banks, and insurance."

While it is true that "It Seems to Me" is not a part of the editorial policy of the *World-Telegram* I think it not unreasonable to suggest that it does contain comment which should be classed as editorial.

New York, March 10

HEYWOOD BROUN

[If Mr. Broun has not forgotten his memorable controversy with the editor of the former New York *World* he must realize that editorial comment in a signed column is not generally regarded as representing the editorial view of the newspaper in which it appears.

The Staats-Herold Corporation informs us that the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* on February 24 published a vigorous editorial comment on the National City Bank scandal. We are glad to record the fact.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Tax Church Property

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In casting about for something to tax in order to help balance its budget, has the government ever considered laying a small tax upon church property in the United States? In the year 1926, before either the boom or the depression, the total value of church edifices alone was reported by the United States census to be slightly under four billion dollars. These buildings for the most part occupy the most sightly and valuable corners, the choicest locations, in all our cities and villages, so it is only fair to assume that the real estate is more valuable than the edifices. Here then is a total of perhaps ten billions of actual, tangible wealth untouched by a tax. Just the nominal rate of three mills—most of us pay more—levied upon this virgin source would yield three hundred million dollars every year. That is a tidy sum and would go a long way toward providing the battleships, bombing planes, and poison gas which most Christian nations seem to feel they need to carry on.

Norwalk, Ohio, March 10

KAY JACKSON

Buy American!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Evidently the United Cigar Stores Company is a Hearst disciple for in the window of one of its stores on our principal street is a huge sign bearing this legend under a picture of Uncle Sam:

BUY AMERICAN

Every Piece of Merchandise Displayed
in This Window Made in U. S. A.

You Help Americans—When You Buy American

Among the "pieces of merchandise displayed in this window"—and taking up most of the space in the window—are one-volume editions of Ibsen, François Villon, Rabelais, Nietzsche, Boccaccio's "Decameron," Tolstoy, Schopenhauer, Balzac's "Physiology of Marriage," and the "Arabian Nights."

Thank goodness they don't make us read American.

Wilmington, Del., February 11

ISIDORE BLEIBERG

"Inevitable War"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Miss Dorothy Detzer, in the first sentence of her review of my book "Inevitable War," indicated an unfair attitude in that she tried to stamp me with militarism by mentioning the fact that I wrote "Troops on Riot Duty" and "The Guardsman's Handbook," but omitted to mention "Peace Insurance," a title hardly appropriate for the "militarized mind" with which she attempts to endow me.

More important is her quotation of two brief statements from my conclusions as to the navy—presumably as illustrations of what she calls banal "sophomoric drivel." The substance of these conclusions is (1) that the power of maneuver of the navy should not be restricted by considerations of local defense; and (2) that the navy should be strong enough to control our home waters, to maintain our national policies, and keep open our essential lanes of commerce. Her most serious error is in quoting, as "drivel," a principle that is well recognized by all who know anything of strategy—namely, that even a large fleet, scattered for reasons of local defense, can be defeated by a smaller one which, remaining concentrated, outnumbers and defeats the scattered units one at a time. As for the strength which I advocate for the navy, her quotation is misleading when removed from the text, but I may ask exactly what use we have for a navy which cannot even control our own waters? However, as Miss Detzer's name appears on the letterhead of the War Resisters' League as a member of a committee to arrange a conference to encourage Americans to refuse to fight for their country under any conditions, she is consistent in this respect, at least.

In one instance Miss Detzer is guilty of one of the meanest forms of misquotation—that of omission—when she leaves out the end of a sentence quoted. After quoting my opinion that, in war, "the thing that stands out most in my memory is not the comparatively few who broke down, but the hundreds of thousands who did not break down until shot down," she omitted the remainder of the sentence in which I said that I was most impressed by those "who went into war, did their duty as they saw it, and came out of the war still reasonably normal, neither turning themselves into beasts nor into cringing craven cowards." "That," I added, "is the remarkable thing about war, and not the cowardice and bestiality that these [pacifist] authors love to portray." I still am glad to believe that the stoic heroism of mankind as a class is much more re-

markable than the weakness which some human beings show in battle, but if Miss Detzer was attempting to imply that I favored war, it is indication that she did not read the book. I favor war no more than I favor crime—but both are inevitable for years.

The final bit of "drivel" which Miss Detzer quotes is my conclusion that it is "unwise for any nation to send militarily uninformed delegates, with pacifistic tendencies, to conferences where nations fight for strategic advantages in wars to come." Am I to understand that Miss Detzer believes that such a course is wise?

New York, March 10

RICHARD STOCKTON, 6TH

The Cuban Terror

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

How much longer must the United States be shamed by our despicable foreign policy in Cuba? That island today is the scene of a political reign of terror. There is no freedom of speech or liberty of the press. A rigid censorship prevails. Criticism of the administration is barred; foreign papers are seized and confiscated. The University of Havana has been closed for several years and many students are in exile.

Nine-tenths of the decent element in Cuba are opposed to Machado. It is only through military control that the government is able to carry out its barbarous program in the face of nation-wide resentment. Numerous political prisoners are still in jail. Members of the opposition who try to leave the country are denied military passes in order that they may be rounded up and shot at leisure. Killings and mysterious disappearances are of daily occurrence.

Our obligation to Cuba is clear. According to the Platt Amendment we are to insure the establishment of constitutional government in Cuba. Yet the very principles which we are pledged to see maintained are grossly violated under our very nose by a refractory dictatorship, and a peaceful and high-minded people have been brought to the brink of desperation.

New York, March 10

WILLIAM NAYLOR

Technocracy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As long ago as 1654 the German epigrammatist, Friedrich von Logau, had discovered a man who could easily be called a super-technocrat. Your readers may be interested in the original rhymes which are quoted here in modernized spelling.

Technikus kann alle Sachen:
Andre lehren, selber machen,
Reiten kann er, fechten, tanzen,
Bauen kann er Städt' und Schanzen,
Singen kann er, messen, rechnen,
Schön und zierlich kann er sprechen,
Staat und Land kann er regieren,
Recht und Sachen kann er führen,
Alle Krankheit kann er dämpfen,
Für die Wahrheit kann er kämpfen,
Alle Sterne kann er nennen,
Bös' und Gutes kann er kennen,
Gold und Silber kann er suchen,
Brauen kann er, backen, kochen,
Pflanzen kann er, säen, pflügen,
Und zuletzt erschrecklich—lügen!

Urbana, Ill., March 1

CHARLES A. WILLIAMS



EUROPE

May Celebrations
IN
SOVIET RUSSIA

A Special Spring Excursion to Central Europe and the U. S. S. R. sails from New York, April 13th

ON THE
S. S. DEUTSCHLAND

Rates including 7 Days in
Leningrad and Moscow

THIRD CLASS \$200 : : TOURIST CLASS \$242

(Class applies to Steamship; all R. R. Travel being in 3rd Class.) Soviet visa fee included in rate; other taxes extra.

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Books and Drama

All Foxes

By ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

All foxes in their sapience
Predict each winter's imminence:
Luxuriant of clothes, they go
Significant of future snow.
Small covenants of instant spring,
Birds fly upon prophetic wing,
Attesting that the stream long lost
Will move, enfranchised from the frost.
With such supply of augury
Men know which season is to be;
Yet they are never weather-wise
Though they employ attentive eyes:
A certain winter and ■ spring
Own dates beyond their reckoning.
For seasons in the skull elude
Prediction: No mind's solitude
Was ever host to fur or feather
Prophetic of approaching weather.

Professor Whitehead's Theology

Adventures of Ideas. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S new treatise forms ■ puzzling volume. Less specialized than his "Process and Reality," it is in parts less difficult than that work, but the range of its topics is wider, and merely to list the subjects of discussion would, indeed, more than fill the space allotted to this review. The four parts are respectively headed Sociological, Cosmological, Philosophical, and Civilization. In varying degrees the treatment of each is historical, expository, and metaphysical. Professor Whitehead, in other words, attempts to sketch the development of the leading ideas which have molded civilization, to analyze the nature and implications of each, and then to evolve a comprehensive metaphysical system capable of defending and promoting certain attitudes of his own. The result is much brilliant historical generalization, much subtle re-statement of various philosophic positions, and, finally, the formulation of ■ kind of poetic neo-Platonism which, to me at least, seems to lose itself in a cloud of words concerning "immanence." This is

... the doctrine of the unity of nature, and the unity of each human life. The conclusion follows that our consciousness of the self-identity pervading our life-thread of occasions is nothing other than knowledge of a special strand of unity within the general unity of nature. . . . The universe is dual because each occasion unites its formal immediacy with objective otherness.

The preface to the whole is somewhat misleading. We are, it is true, warned that the title is to be taken in ■ double sense, that the book is to be concerned with both a history of the adventure of thought and with the particular adventures of the author; but one is hardly prepared for the violence of the transition. As for the earlier portions, they are extremely brilliant. They do full justice to Professor Whitehead's vast famili-

arity with philosophical literature and to the extraordinary subtlety of his mind when dealing with technical problems. His account of the influence of certain conceptions, like that of the inherent dignity of the human being, upon such political institutions as slavery and, particularly, his analysis of the conditions necessary before such influence can be effective are especially noteworthy. So, too, to take examples from a different field, are his exposition of the various conceptions of the meaning of natural law and his formulation of the conception of physical laws as, in large part, conventional rather than either consequences of the essence of things or merely descriptions of observations. Indeed, all those portions of the book which are concerned with the role played by metaphysical ideas in influencing the direction of politics and physical science alike are admirable. But presently one finds oneself involved in what is essentially an apology for Plato and those Christian theologians who "have the distinction of being the only thinkers who, in fundamental metaphysical doctrine, have improved upon Plato."

Thus the book becomes essentially a defense not only of Christian ethics, but, in effect, of Christian dogma—though with ■ proviso of which the implications are not entirely clear, namely, the proviso that the kind of knowledge formulated in dogma is a kind which must never be regarded as "certain knowledge." The final service of philosophy, says Professor Whitehead, is to "seek the insight, dim though it be, to escape the wide wreckage of a race of beings sensitive to values beyond those of mere animal enjoyment." Plato, who anticipated "the doctrine of grace 700 years before the age of Pelagius and Augustine," pointed the way, and "the power of Christianity lies in its revelation in act of that which Plato divined in theory." The attack of the liberal clergy and laymen during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries upon systematic theology was, he continues, entirely misconceived, because it attacked the ideas themselves instead of attacking the dogmatic intolerance with which they were held. "An attack upon systematic thought is treason to civilization." A new religious reformation is in progress based upon the fact that it is possible to reach a general agreement concerning those elements in intimate human experience and in general history which exemplify "that ultimate theme of the divine immanence, as a completion required by our cosmological outlook."

At the end of the third section of the treatise Professor Whitehead remarks that "the task of theology is to show how the world is founded on something beyond mere transient fact, and how it issues in something beyond the perishing occasion." To that task he then proceeds to apply himself with all the subtlety at his command, only to issue with statements of which those quoted at the end of the first paragraph of this review may serve as typical examples. Whether such statements are meaningful or meaningless may remain a matter of opinion, but what seems to me a weakness of the treatise may be illustrated in another way.

Professor Whitehead, for example, uses the effectiveness of Gandhi as an illustration of ■ principle, "discovered by Plato late in life—the principle, that is to say, that the divine element in the world is to be conceived as a persuasive agency and not as a coercive agency." Now this may be truth or a fancy, but most people will be inclined to feel that the exact relationship between a familiar fact like the effectiveness of a great leader and a semi-mystical statement like that attributed to Plato is too dubious to be of much value in either explaining the familiar fact or supporting the semi-mystical generalization. For one thing, the effectiveness of armies is quite as familiar as the effectiveness of non-resistance. For another, to make the assumption that in these cases "persuasion" is "divine," while force is not, is merely to play with words in a manner which may have

beneficial consequences by inclining peoples to peace with one another, but which has little to do with exact thought of the kind in which Professor Whitehead excels so long as he confines himself to the technical problems of philosophy.

Indeed, one cannot help feeling that the whole treatise is a tremendous attempt on the part of the author to supply some sort of nexus between two halves of himself. As a simple human being he admires tolerance, desires peace, and approves of Gandhi. He has, besides, a perhaps long-ago-conditioned and largely emotional attachment to Christianity. But these things have little to do with the abstruse speculations with which most of his adult life has been busy, and he is determined to connect them. The attempt is understandable and perhaps laudable, but it is hardly effective. Most people who share his simple faiths have no need of metaphysical subtleties to support them. On the other hand, probably no philosopher who is not, for temperamental reasons, already in agreement will be won over to Christianity or anything like it by the analysis. Professor Whitehead is simply meeting an unusual personal difficulty. He is using super-subtlety to elude the difficulties with which subtlety has presented him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An American Tragedy

This Bright Summer. Anonymous. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

FROM time to time the smooth counterpane under which our fellow-citizens lead their supposedly conventional existence is kicked off by some over-violent commotion under the bedclothes, and the naked flesh of their lives is exposed. It gets into the newspapers, and suddenly Middletown seems strangely like Dostoevski's St. Petersburg, and the Bronx like Hardy's Wessex. But violent or tragical events in themselves, however faithfully reproduced in novels or plays, are "tragedies" only in the tabloid sense. Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" remains a newspaper tragedy, even though it has been put between boards. Whereas O'Neill's worst plays are saved from mediocrity by the tragic aura with which he is able to invest his principal characters. Emphatically, tragedy is made, not born.

The great religious myths of antiquity, including the Christ story, are tragedies in the highest sense of the word, but they too are highly elaborated products of collective imagination, artistic creations in the same sense as "Hamlet" and "The Idiot." What are the elements of tragedy? We do not know all, but some of them we do know. There is, for instance, the classic requirement that the hero must be a god or a king. That still stands, even in these proletarian times. Common people suffer misfortunes—only gods and heroes are capable of tragedy. If a proletarian artist wishes to create a tragedy about workingmen he must be able to deify them into importance as his great bourgeois predecessors deified their middle-class heroes. This gift of artistic transfiguration is a rare endowment, and to him who hath it much may be forgiven.

It is this quality which makes "This Bright Summer" a distinguished novel. For that much might be forgiven, but fortunately the author has not drawn too heavily upon his credit. Style, plot, and characterization blend here in a major tragic note for the like of which one has to go outside recent fiction to the poetry of Robinson Jeffers and the plays of O'Neill. Even the relatively colorless characters of the hero and heroine have their virtue in bringing into sharper relief the looming figures in the background which dominate this somber tableau. The story is framed in an isolated village founded a century ago by a mad preacher in the hills of Vermont. Sarah, the daughter of Enoch Wales, a creature of unearthly beauty and purity (don't blush for the author—Wassermann and Dostoevski be-

fore him have also gone in for such concoctions!), is courted by Mat Carver and Sam Hallowell. There is a blood feud between the Carvers and Hallowells. Sarah's father, who is drawn incestuously to her, is set upon marrying her to Sam Hallowell, the village roué. Unable to have her himself, he looks forward with a perverse pleasure to assaulting her vicariously through Sam. Mat Carver and Enoch Wales are the "originals" of the novel. There is an animal cleanliness about Mat's brute body and soul, and the terrible beauty of a rutting stallion in his lust for Sarah. Before the two or rather three rivals learn of it, Sarah is wooed and won by Lake Carver, Mat's gentle younger brother. There is a brief breathing spell in the evil storm which Sarah's loveliness draws down upon her like a fatal magnet, but finally it bursts, overwhelming her and Lake, Mat and Sam and her father, Enoch.

The raw material of "This Bright Summer"—incest, rape, castration, insanity—will inevitably call Faulkner to mind, but, as has been remarked, the kinship of the author is rather with Robinson Jeffers. He is frankly heroic, and despite its realistic associations, his psychopathic material lends itself ideally to such treatment. For in modern times the unconscious is the last refuge of the heroic—as Freud and Joyce and Jeffers has each in his own way discovered. Like Jeffers, the present author models his most loathsome types into a demonic nobility and orchestrates his violence into beauty. The rape of Sarah by Mat, realistic as anything in "Sanctuary," has a savage grandeur about it, a majesty of horror not to be found in Faulkner. The castration of the drunken Enoch by the village mob as he holds forth to them against the lure of the flesh becomes uncannily like a crucifixion. It stems from the fact that the author's people are all-important to him, whereas Faulkner parades his indifference to his. Realism is no arbiter here. The heroic and the realistic are equally valid approaches, philosophically as well as aesthetically. But the latter has not produced any great tragedies.

ALTER BRODY

A Great Obscurity

Vie de Lucien Herr. By Charles Andler. Paris: Les Editions Rieder. 30 francs.

LUCIEN HERR was for nearly forty years the librarian of the Ecole Normale Supérieure of Paris. Nothing more. He wrote some book reviews, generally ferocious, and contributed to "La Grande Encyclopédie" the article on Hegel, was for some time secretary of the *Revue de Paris*, translated Professor Max Farrand's book on the United States, gave a great deal of copy to the journal of Jaurès, *l'Humanité*, and did various anonymous editorial jobs, especially on the last volumes of the "Histoire de France," by Ernest Lavisse. That is all. He died in 1926 at the age of sixty-two. Many men about whom no book will ever be written have left behind more imposing literary baggage.

Why did Professor Charles Andler, of the Collège de France, author of the masterly and definitive work on Nietzsche, devote these 316 enthusiastic pages to a polygraph whose very name is unknown to 95 per cent of his compatriots? The reason is fully explained in this biography, written with the thoroughness that M. Andler brings to all his work and with the warmth of a faithful and admiring friend. Lucien Herr, son of an Alsatian schoolmaster, himself a graduate in the same class as Joseph Bédier and Emile Mâle of that Ecole Normale which has given to France hundreds of its best teachers, writers, and statesmen, was a unique character. In a country where the desire for advancement and the quest for honors and distinctions are well-nigh universal, he chose to be nothing but the librarian of the school from which he had just graduated. His

training as a philosopher would have taken him to the Sorbonne; he had the material of an epoch-making book on Hegel which he never finished. His wide knowledge, his versatility, his prodigious memory were the envy and admiration of his classmates, his professors, and all the generations of young men, the intellectual elite of France, and a very critical lot at that, who passed through the school. There was nothing, seemingly, in the most varied fields—philosophy, sciences, philology, literature, politics, history, and above all music—that he had not looked into and that he did not know. And in every branch of human knowledge he prided himself on being up to date. His biographer says of him: "He was perhaps the last scholar to have carried in his head the complete cyclopedia of the historical, philological, and moral sciences of our time." He read every morning an English, a German, and a Russian newspaper. For he was not merely concerned with the dead wood of so-called scholarship. He took a deep interest in the great social and political problems of his time. He was an active and ardent Socialist, who exercised a strong influence on Jaurès and perhaps determined his "conversion." He played a conspicuous part in the fight of the intellectuals for Dreyfus. At one time he thought of creating a French periodical on the model of *The Nation*.

Of all his activities, which M. Andler describes in full detail, none was perhaps more far-reaching than his role as counselor and guide of the hundreds of young scholars who came to him for advice. In the key position that he occupied, looked up to by his colleagues and by the students, his influence was tremendous and his prestige unquestioned. Many have regretted, and M. Andler voices their feeling, that Herr did not leave behind him some big work worthy of his intellectual power. Perhaps he was too busy accumulating knowledge to have time to dispense it in the form of books. Perhaps he thought that there were enough people cluttering up the stacks. He was content to guide and inspire others in the performance of their work. The gratitude of his disciples and the admirable biography of his friend and compatriot Andler will save his name from oblivion.

OTHON GUERLAC

Documentary Evidence

Mary Baker Eddy: The Truth and the Tradition. By Ernest Sutherland Bates and John V. Dittmore. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THE story behind this book is interesting. Early in the century, "through a personal experience which resulted in a great improvement in my health," Mr. Dittmore became interested in Christian Science, resigned an important business position, disposed of his stock holdings, and came to be one of the leaders of the Christian Science movement. For ten years he served as a director of the Mother Church in Boston and as a trustee of Mrs. Eddy's estate. Then something seems to have happened, for we are told that he is now no longer associated with the Christian Science church "in any way"; indeed, he now appears before the public as a collaborator in this distinctly unfavorable life of the church's founder. What changed this American Manning from convert to apostate we are not informed. He simply says that since 1907 he has been collecting data relating to Mrs. Eddy—a research which was facilitated by his means and his access to official archives. He disapproved of "the unacknowledged but none the less actual determination" of Christian Science officials "to create a legendary Mrs. Eddy." In 1929, aroused by the attempt of the church to boycott the publishers of E. F. Dakin's "Mrs. Eddy," he took three trunkfuls of data to Dr. Bates, a biographer by profession. Mr. Dittmore supplied documents and counsel;

Dr. Bates did "the actual literary labor." The present book resulted.

It is an amazingly painstaking job. Had Mr. Dittmore called in Pinkerton's, the true Mrs. Eddy could not have been hounded down more relentlessly. Dr. Bates seems to have leapt at the chance to sift the valuable evidence, knock down the prettifications of the official panegyrists, and pierce through the misrepresentations of Mrs. Eddy herself. The gilt-removing, truth-uncovering work of Mr. Dakin is most exhaustively continued. Not a stone of "the tradition" is left unturned. In fact, Dr. Bates has done such a zealot's job of exposure that the book, unlike Mr. Dakin's, lacks humanity. Where, we wonder, is the Mrs. Eddy who attracted so many followers? So much of her could not have been avarice, ambition, wilfulness, prevarication. What is more, some of her religious inspiration must have been authentic. The tendency of Dr. Bates's writing, while yielding verbal cognizance to her positive attributes, is to dwell too much on her failings and cultural inadequacies. In spite of his wise refusal to compromise his material by advancing any single thesis, he has prepared not a biography but a tract, a tract *contra* "the tradition."

In their general conclusions regarding "this amazingly paradoxical character," Mr. Dittmore says in his preface, he and Dr. Bates are "wholly at one." The reader will be justified in wondering if Mr. Dittmore, in outgrowing Mrs. Eddy, has not gone a little too far the other way by accepting the rather smug standards that are now used to demolish her. It was not necessary to treat her with so much irony. None of the book's drawbacks, however, will invalidate the service performed by the collaborators in making available this evidence, which should do much to remove the subject at last from a fruitless dispute over facts.

GERALD SYKES

The Goethean Ideal

Out of My Life and Thought. By Albert Schweitzer. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Albert Schweitzer. By John Dickinson Regester. The Abingdon Press. \$1.50.

A FEW years after the close of the World War," says Professor Regester, "the general public in Europe began to hear of a Dr. Albert Schweitzer who was trying to raise funds to continue a medical service which, with his own resources and the gifts of interested friends, he had been carrying on among the blacks of equatorial Africa. Now he had published a series of philosophical lectures that had been delivered at Oxford, or again he had just given a brilliant organ recital in one of the capitals of Europe for the benefit of his mission. People began to identify him with the Albert Schweitzer whom they had previously heard of as a rationalistic higher critic." Others no doubt recognized him as the author of the outstanding book on J. S. Bach, "Bach, the Poet Musician," which a few years ago was awarded the Goethe prize in Frankfurt. This was the man selected last year to deliver the address at the Goethe centennial celebration in Frankfurt, because it seemed to the committee making the selection that among living men he came nearest to the Goethean ideal, both as a man and an artist.

At the age of thirty Schweitzer had already distinguished himself in music and in theology. He was a member of the theological faculty of the University of Strasbourg and a preacher at the Church of St. Nicholas in that city. Then in 1905 he decided to study medicine to prepare himself for work as a medical missionary in Africa. He came to this decision quite simply from having read an article in the journal of a French missionary society on the urgent need of such work

among natives of the French Congo. But if the decision was simple, carrying it out was in many ways exceedingly difficult. Even his closest friends and relatives very generally thought the project a mad one. Nearly all of them believed—and felt bound to tell him—that he was burying his real talent and chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. "Now," he writes, "began years of constant struggle against fatigue . . ." But against great odds, he completed his medical course, and a further course in tropical medicine in Paris; and raised sufficient funds to establish a small hospital at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa, in which he worked from 1913 to 1917.

The World War tragically interrupted his work for seven years, during which he was transported to Europe and interned in France and Switzerland. In 1924 he returned to find the hospital in ruins, and at once set about rebuilding it. Here as elsewhere his gigantic physical and mental energy enabled him to do the work of half a dozen men—clearing the ground, building huts, planting fruit trees and oil palms, in addition to carrying on his medical work and an enormous correspondence with Europe in regard to the needs of the hospital and other matters. He even buried the dead because he would not force native laborers to do so in violation of tribal taboos. And at the same time he was playing Bach at night in the depth of the jungle on the metal-encased piano which had been presented to him by the Paris Bach Society, continuing his editing of Bach's works, and developing and writing the philosophy of reverence for life which is contained in his book "Civilization and Ethics."

Professor Regester's book is a clear and concise summary of Schweitzer's contributions. This is now supplemented by Schweitzer's own rich autobiographical record. Admirable as both these books are, however, in their different ways, they are insufficient. Readers encountering Schweitzer here for the first time get the kernel of his thought and feeling, but this thought and feeling have been developed by him so richly in his books that not to know these is to know him inadequately. In every field of thought or life which he has touched his contribution has been individual and important. But greater than any of them, in a time which seems so lacking in individual greatness of mind and heart, is the contribution of his personality. His prodigious intellectual and artistic endowment, his almost superhuman energy, give a legendary quality to his achievements which leaves one at a loss for contemporary terms in which to describe them. Only Nansen among his contemporaries seemed to approach him in his combination of idealism and courage, of intellectual eminence, integrity, and practical ability. He has been called a saint, but unlike most saints he believes in thinking. He is a mystic who does not shun facts or reason, a hero who does not feel himself heroic, a supremely great individual whose life affirms the value of individual thought and action.

MARTHA GRUENING

Transition in China

Land and Labor in China. By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

IN a shorter version this volume was first published as a memorandum to the Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations held at Shanghai in 1931. Interesting testimony to its value is found in the number of quotations from it that have appeared in authoritative works since published. The book is an accurate, so far as uncertain Chinese statistics allow, an objective, so far as a dynamic situation permits, and a strikingly well-written survey of present Chinese agriculture, industry, and, in less detail, education. It is interpreted with a discernment and sympathy that must be acknowledged even by a

critic who feels that Mr. Tawney's conclusions are neither radical nor practical.

The book corrects some common misconceptions. China is huge, but uneven fertility contracts the inhabited areas to a fraction of the whole. The river valleys and the plains have the look of an unending village. Peasants till minute farms that in average years barely return subsistence, and in bad years bring famine. The Chinese farmer's reputation for skill and industry is deserved; but with modern implements and a more scientific procedure his lazier rivals in the West get bigger crops per acre. Greater handicaps than this backwardness in tools and technique are the lack of roads, which makes it impossible for the farmer to dispose of his crops except to local factors, to whom he sells in time of glut and from whom he buys in time of scarcity; the insecurity of government, which exposes him to the exactions of the local armies and gangs of bandits; usury, high rentals, and other incidentals of an economic system which here, as everywhere else, operates in the interests of the few at the expense of the many.

It has been assumed that China is rich in the natural resources on which a great industrial system can be based. This is a mistake. Her deposits of coal and iron are relatively small, and a large part of them are in Manchuria and have fallen into alien hands. Her richest resource is a numerous, intelligent, skilful, and industrious population. Industry is gaining rapidly, but it is still confined to the margins touched by the Occident. The hope that China, in its industrialization, would omit the horrors that accompanied that process in the West is a pious futility. Only a planned economy, like that of Russia, presupposes sufficient social control for such a hope. In the meanwhile, infants labor, live, and die in the mills, and all the miseries of human exploitation are present. The advance of industry is moderated, not by humanity, but by a usurious and unstable government and by lack of communications. It is a longer journey from the center to the periphery of China than from a Chinese port to a port in Europe.

Now enlarged communications are impossible without orderly government, and orderly government is impossible without enlarged communications. The Chinese situation is packed with dilemmas like these. A new governing class must be recruited, and it can only be recruited by modern education; but modern education at present is so enthusiastically Western that its students are carried out of touch with Chinese life.

The situation at the moment shows China paralyzed by her dilemmas. But there can be no question of her ultimate success in working her way out. She is passing through the most gigantic transition from one civilization to another ever witnessed in human history. Never has so large a population over so vast an area changed its way of life so radically. Other races in similar situations have disappeared. The increase of the Chinese race in a period like this is an extraordinary sign of vitality.

Is the transition to be revolutionary or evolutionary? Mr. Tawney advises a cautious rate of change, and a larger use of Western administrative technique. But is caution practical or even possible? When a civilization transforms itself it requires revolution to supply it with energy or momentum. Caution in political affairs is synonymous with inertia. Japan required a revolution to Westernize herself; Russia required a revolution to industrialize herself. Revolution has been endemic in China since 1860 because revolution is called for by the logic of the situation; it has been an imprisoned revolution because of imperialism. And as successive Chinese governments yield to the seductions of caution, the mandate falls from their hands. The growing "red" revolution of China seems likely to become the heir of the compromising Nanking regime, even if the conflict with Japan should save that regime for a time.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Shorter Notices

Modern German Literature. By Arthur Eloesser. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Dr. Eloesser's two-volume "Die Deutsche Literatur vom Barock bis zur Gegenwart" has already established itself in Germany as a standard history. Nothing but praise is due Mr. Knopf for his enterprise in publishing the second volume for the benefit of American readers. The complicated story of German literature is traced from the new post-1870 empire down almost to the present day. Dr. Eloesser's prime merit as a literary historian is his powerful common sense, which refuses to be fooled by the fantastic excesses to which the German literary mind has been all too prone during the last thirty years. Hauptmann, Wassermann, and Thomas Mann emerge as the leading figures of the period; and Dr. Eloesser's best pages are devoted to the author of "The Magic Mountain." He is less trustworthy, as is only to be expected, when he deals with more recent figures. Many students will no doubt find him defective in his appreciation of men as diverse as Robert Musil and Lion Feuchtwanger. Dr. Eloesser stresses the regional interpretation of literature in a manner which takes us back to the methods of Taine. While this mode of analysis has its merits, it will probably prove puzzling to the American reader who lacks a specialized acquaintance with German topography and geography. Dr. Eloesser's rather heavy and uncompromising style will also prove a stumbling-block. But these are not fatal difficulties; and the intelligent reader who wishes to acquire a sound knowledge of the development of German poetry, fiction, and drama during the last half-century may turn with confidence to Dr. Eloesser's conscientious and learned chronicle, admirably translated by Catherine Phillips.

The Natural Sciences. By Bernhard Bavink. Translated from the German by H. Stafford Hatfield. The Century Company. \$7.50.

The subtitle of this comprehensive book is "An Introduction to the Scientific Philosophy of Today." The author presents in great detail and with unusual accuracy, for a work covering so many different fields, the data on which he builds his philosophy. Nor does he limit himself to the more technical problems, such as causality, mechanism, and vitalism; he considers also music, religion, and social relations in his efforts to discover how "nature herself stands toward our human judgments of value."

Earth's Processional. By David Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

Here is a new collection of beautifully turned sonnets by David Morton. And in this volume are some lyrics equally well written. The setting of these poems is, as always with Mr. Morton, New England. The descriptions of that countryside are delicately lovely. If the poet has nothing strikingly individual to say, no poetic method which is unique, no imagery which impresses us as unusual, he has, at least, excellent taste, a sensitive eye and ear, and unusual perception of the more fragile emotions evoked by the physical scene.

Barabbas. By Sara Bard Field. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

This is the story in verse of Barabbas, who was compelled by hatred to become the leader of the Jewish nationalists. When Barabbas is freed and Christ is crucified, the rebel's philosophy is opposed to Christ's philosophy of love as the only conquering force. And Barabbas is never again free of the doubt in his

soul; never again, although he joins Agrippa, becomes his counselor, lives on as a zealot into a terrible old age, can he be sure that his way to freedom is the right way. Sara Bard Field has told her story skilfully; her characterizations are intelligent and convincing. There is an epic quality in her use of Jewish history. If the story does not rise to great intensity, it is because the poetry itself has not that power. But the narrative is interesting, the details, partly Biblical and partly supplied, are believable. And the poet keeps a fine impartiality in relating the struggle between two religious ideas.

Must We Starve? By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

Professor Nearing begins with the assertion that so long as the capitalist world endures, "mass hunger has come to stay." He ends with the contention that only by creating a universal Communist society can we find "the one way out of the chaos of capitalist imperialism, of exploitation, war, hard times, and mass starvation." Between these two statements he has packed a brief but factually rich history of our "fall from prosperity to wholesale starvation"; an analysis of the economic breakdown based more or less on the Marxist method; a study of the futile and extremely feeble attempt of a few capitalists and petty bourgeois to turn the world to a planned economy as the solution of the crisis; and, finally, a presentation in elementary form of the Marxist-Leninist solution. Here and there Dr. Nearing's conclusions lack plausibility. The central argument is not always persuasive. But in electing to rest his case primarily on the hard, indisputable facts of economic disintegration, which the capitalist world itself has turned up for him in the last four years, Dr. Nearing has been able to build up a powerful argument for a new order of society. That that new order should take the form of collectivism, that is, communism, seems to follow in a most natural way.

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*From the Lexington Kentucky Herald,
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Films

Virtue in 1933

IT happens that the climaxes of the two pictures seen this week, one at New York's largest theater and the other at one of its smallest, hinge on the same problem of conduct in a young girl's mind. The problem, of course, is not a particularly new one. Long ago there was a picture called "Way Down East," in which Miss Lillian Gish was to be seen grappling with it in a manner destined to inspire some of the most luscious paragraphs of Joseph Hergesheimer. And there has been no end of pictures ever since built around the same problem. The only reason that one calls attention to its recurrence as a major theme at this time is that it may serve to illustrate further the profound change that has come over movie producers and audiences alike in their attitude toward this and similar problems. No longer is there a certain risk of sympathy in showing the hero in the arms of his mistress, the heroine having a child by someone other than her husband, the ingenue making a few mistakes before settling down to a closer observance of the conventions. What influences, we may ask, have been responsible for this very rapid change in the last few years? First of all, unquestionably, there has been the necessity on the part of the talkies of drawing on certain contemporary books and plays in which the modification of conventional standards and values was first reflected. In this list belong "Strange Interlude," "A Farewell to Arms," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," and "Animal Kingdom." There has been also the subtler influence of the European Continent as it is insinuated in the work of such directors as Lubitsch, D'Arrast, and Von Sternberg, and of such players as Chevalier and Dietrich. And there has been lastly the increasing sophistication of the American movie audience itself, which could sit unabashed through such pictures as "Our Betters" and "Christopher Strong" at the Radio City Music Hall.

In "Christopher Strong," for example, the action begins, cynically enough, with one of those post-war London treasure hunts in which prizes are offered to anyone who can find a married man of five years' tenure who has never been unfaithful or a girl over twenty who has never had a love affair. Of course the man (Colin Clive) and the girl (Katherine Hepburn) are promptly found, thrown together under suitable circumstances on the French Riviera, and involved in the usual complications. The first complication is the man's wife, played in a painfully whimpering fashion by Billie Burke, and the second is the unexpectedly moralistic attitude adopted by his daughter (Helen Chandler). But the climax, as we have hinted, occurs when Miss Hepburn finds herself faced with the problem that occupied Miss Gish in "Way Down East." The only difference is that here there is no remorse, no guilt, no playing on any but our most romantic feelings. Miss Hepburn ascends to a great altitude in her airplane, removes the oxygen mask from her face, and crashes to the ground. From such a summary it is obvious how much all this is reminiscent of the sort of thing Michael Arlen was turning out several years ago. Only the acting of Miss Hepburn and Mr. Clive makes it very much worth while. For Miss Hepburn, it should be reported, continues to communicate that quality of desperate uncertainty in the modern personality which has been one of her more notable additions to Hollywood acting in the present season.

It may seem like a contradiction to say that "Hertha's Erwachen," the Ufa production at the Little Carnegie, was held up for some time because of censorship objections. The story is no more unconventional than that of the Radio City picture:

WILLIAM TROY

The speech in which the latter describes how he used to battle with his good angel until the time came when he would look around for that adversary only to find the angel no longer there, is very nearly a great speech, because of the subtle, very human mingling of real sincerity with mere parliamentary orotundity; and, indeed, whenever that particular Congressman speaks, the play grows rich with purely human values. Nor does he, like the others, succumb to fear in the end, for when the little Daniel announces to the collected company that their day has passed, he enunciates his great and comforting faith: "It may be. But, gentlemen, my opinion is that we have only *begun* to tap this country's vast natural resources of political apathy." He may, as a matter of fact, well be taken as a model by those other playwrights who are anxious to write plays with a social purpose. Bunyan is the only great imaginative writer who ever succeeded in persuading the world to be interested in the ab-



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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

A SATURDAY NIGHT. Playhouse. Peggy Wood in an innocuous but amusing domestic comedy.

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BOTH YOUR HOUSES. Royale Theater. Reviewed this week.

DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Noel Coward and the Lunts having a good time in a play by the former.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Lively but pretentious melodrama by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

strait conflict between Mr. Badman and Christian, and even in this case I must confess that I am more willing to accept the traditional estimate of "Pilgrim's Progress" than I am to read it again.

Some who know Washington tell me that the bargaining and other corruption are not quite so frankly cynical as they are represented in this satire. Others, I am told, feel that the opening of the new deal is no time to present so unflattering a picture of the legislative process. However, I am prevented by ignorance from being too much troubled by the first of these objections, and by a certain fear that overnight reformations are likely to be less than entirely complete, from being troubled by the second. However, those who feel sure that crookedness has now departed permanently from Congress are at liberty to regard "Both Your Houses" as a purely historical drama. It will still be amusing.

"Strike Me Pink," the new musical revue with Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, and Hope Williams, scored such an instantaneous hit at the Majestic Theater that it had, so it is said, the proud distinction of being the only theatrical entertainment to sell out the house on Bank Holiday Saturday. It is, as a matter of fact, a more than ordinarily entertaining—as well as a more than ordinarily noisy—revue. The movies have made Mr. Durante's nose far more famous locally than that of Bergerac, and the audience did not seem to mind that he was handicapped by an almost total lack of material. Lupe Velez gives a delightfully malicious imitation of Gloria Swanson, and in her own person spits fire in all directions in a very satisfying fashion. There is also an extraordinary mimic named Eddie Garr, who does an Ed Wynn who is almost as funny as the original; but perhaps the best thing in the show is the burlesque on "Design for Living." As the original is not especially decent, I can only leave to the imagination what a scabrous parody would be like, though I will convey the information that the "Design for Living" has been expanded to make room, not only for Leo and Otto, but for a stranger named Baldo, who has crashed the gate in a manner which no one exactly understands. Hope Williams achieves the apparently impossible by making herself seem much like Lynn Fontanne.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

APR 5 1933
MAY 22 1933

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1933

No. 3535

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	357
EDITORIALS:	
Nazis Against the World	360
War Wouldn't Pay	361
Direct Relief at Last	362
The Children's Hour	362
CARTOON. By Georges	363
ISSUES AND MEN. AN OPEN LETTER TO COLONEL HOUSE. By Oswald Garrison Villard	364
WILL THE FARM BILL WORK? By B. H. Hibbard	366
GOLD-PLATED ANARCHY. AN INTERPRETATION OF THE FALL OF THE GIANTS. By Donald Richberg	368
SHIPS AND FLOATING HOTELS. By Arthur Warner	370
BRITISH POLICY IN INDIA FAILS. By Richard B. Gregg	372
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	374
CORRESPONDENCE	375
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	376
BOOKS, DRAMA, MUSIC:	
Sonnet. By Mark Van Doren	377
Blockhead and Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch	377
Truth for Children. By V. F. Calverton	378
"Popular Life." By Oswald Garrison Villard	378
No Frustration. By Eda Lou Walton	378
A First Novel. By Kenneth White	379
The Analysis of Culture. By Melville J. Herskovits	379
Guedalla Facing South. By Eliseo Vivas	380
Shorter Notices	380
Drama: Madness in Brooklyn. By Joseph Wood Krutch	382
Films: Eclecticism and Vision. By William Troy	382
Music: The Power of Implication. By Arthur Mendel	384

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE INDICTMENT of Charles E. Mitchell affords one gratifying bit of evidence that under the new Administration the gentlemen described by a well-remembered fifth cousin as "malefactors of great wealth" will no longer be granted the immunity which for twelve years they have so happily enjoyed. But the Attorney-General's office cannot afford either to let the belief gain ground that Mr. Mitchell is being offered as a sacrificial goat to appease the wrath of a mulcted public, or to allow other as yet unrevealed offenders to escape. Reports are current of a "deal" by which, in return for Winthrop W. Aldrich's recent dramatic confession of error, the government is to drop its investigation of Albert H. Wiggin's financiering and of the Chase Bank. Such reports should be refuted with vigor and dispatch. A selective prosecution will weaken rather than reestablish the majesty of the law, and nothing will impair the rapidly established confidence in the Roosevelt Administration so much as evidence that its justice is not the blindfold and even-handed goddess she has traditionally been assumed to be. Likewise, nothing should be allowed to interfere with the unflinching exposure, and prosecution where warranted, of any and all persons in banking or in govern-

ment circles who knew about, concealed, or compounded the false entries and misuse of funds now charged to the recently resigned president of the Harriman Bank.

BANK AND BUSINESS FAILURES have found "the depression" ■ most convenient alibi, especially where individual performances will not bear rigorous scrutiny. But an examination of the wide variation in different States of the percentages of closed banks suggests that incompetence or financial racketeering and administrative favoritism were factors at least as considerable as "general conditions" in the impending loss of the savings of thousands of depositors. Political pull which came to the rescue of two favored and badly mismanaged Baltimore banks led to the Maryland bank holiday, the subsequent closing of numerous thoroughly sound and solvent banks, and the present plight of their wholly innocent depositors. Maine, which last week showed the lowest percentage of banks reopened of any State in the Union, happened to be among the States least hit by the depression. Its disastrous bank situation may be ascribed in no small degree to laxity of bank supervision and connivance at patent abuses by the State authorities during the four-year administration of the Republican governor, William Tudor Gardiner, who has just been succeeded by the first Democrat since Bull Moose days. In the State whose motto is *Dirigo*, "I Direct," the directing came from the heads of an interlocking group of power companies, chain banks, newspapers, textile industries, department stores, and political machines. As Donald Richberg rightly points out elsewhere in this issue, "Economic power depends upon political power." If the American people will learn as a result of their staggering losses the price of vested privilege, the depression may not be wholly in vain.

THE INABILITY of the daily press to see, hear, or know any evil in advance of catastrophic events which implicate the mighty is artistically discussed in that excellent column entitled *The Wayward Press* which appears now and then over the signature "Guy Fawkes" in the *New Yorker*. As that writer well points out, the euphemisms and concealment of the newspapers on the eve of the recent bank collapse were justified in the eyes of those who manipulate the press on the ground that they were thereby "bolstering confidence," "maintaining the public morale," and being generally "helpful" and "constructive." Guy Fawkes ventures the belief that what will crash will crash—the helpful and cooperative press notwithstanding. In the category of benevolent morale-mending, Mr. Fawkes classes the editorial assistance rendered by the editor of the *New York Times* to James H. Perkins, the new president of the National City Bank, *vice* Charles E. Mitchell, resigned. Mr. Perkins's initial statement declared: "The primary business of the bank is to serve the domestic and foreign commerce and industry of the United States in the field of commercial banking . . . along the same lines as in the past." Evidently the *Times* editorial writer felt that this was unfortunate, and so improved upon Mr. Perkins by misquoting him to read:

"along the well-marked lines of commercial banking." Now that the banks have temporarily passed beyond need or hope of editorial assistance, it is the insurance companies that are being accorded a tenderly silent solicitude. No doubt it is all meant for the best, but when a policy holder in so large and impressive a company as the Equitable, after six weeks' earnest effort—including a three weeks' period before the solicited intervention of the State Superintendent of Insurance on March 9—cannot obtain even one hundred dollars' worth of cash on the surrender value of his life insurance policies, that, it would seem to us, speaking as a mere weekly, is in the nature of news.

FINANCIAL CONDITIONS as mirrored in the statements of the Federal Reserve system continue to show astonishing improvement. In the week ending March 22 the system's gold holdings increased \$182,000,000, and a remarkable return of other hoarded cash was reflected in the reduction of \$661,000,000 in the volume of money in circulation. The ratio of reserves to combined note and deposit liabilities advanced to 55.5 per cent compared with 45.6 per cent in the week of the bank closing. Those who make a fetish of the gold dollar at its present parity, and confuse means with ends, will be glad to learn that the system now has \$509,000,000 more gold than it held on March 8; indeed, the total gold holdings of \$3,192,000,000 on March 22 last were \$151,000,000 greater than at their highest point in 1929. In brief, the Federal Reserve banks—the bankers' banks—are, if anything, stronger than they need to be. But in celebrating this fact, let us not ignore certain signs that point the other way. Upwards of \$6,000,000,000 in deposits are still tied up in banks that have not reopened. Part of this will of course ultimately be released and recovered, but the purchasing power of millions of persons has been reduced, and even most of that remainder must for a considerable period be ineffective. The wave of public optimism following the reopening of the banks on March 13 was not sufficient to turn the downward slide of industrial production and employment. In the week ending March 18, the New York *Times's* index of business activity, as reflected in freight-car loadings, steel-mill operations, electric-power, automobile, and cotton-cloth production, fell to 47.9 per cent of normal, the lowest point it has yet reached.

SPLENDID NEWS has come from California: Tom Mooney is to be tried again on one of the unused indictments against him. To attempt to free a man by trying him for murder—how strange that sounds! It is no stranger, however, than the fact that Mooney is still in prison when almost everybody concerned in his original prosecution has demanded his release; when witness after witness has recanted or been proved a perjurer. Who hit upon the brilliant idea of retrying Mooney on one of the other indictments we do not know, but we suspect Fremont Older. The second trial will involve the same charge on which Mooney was convicted sixteen years ago and will require the same proof. District Attorney Brady has withdrawn from the prosecution because he does not believe that Mooney can be convicted, but Judge Louis H. Ward, who granted the new trial, has made it clear that he will appoint a substitute if the Attorney-General does not. Moreover, Judge Ward has insured that the new trial will be held by refusing to dismiss the indict-

ment. Of course, if Mooney is now acquitted, it does not mean that Governor Rolph will be willing to pardon him. But if the pardon is refused, the deliberate malice and prejudice that animate the Governor will be established beyond question.

THE LITTLE ENTENTE COUNTRIES and Poland have taken a strong stand against the four-Power peace plan by which Ramsay MacDonald and Benito Mussolini hope to stave off a new European war. On the other hand, Hungary and Austria seem well satisfied with the plan, while Germany is biding its time, waiting to see what action France will take. This suggests that there is more than rumor in the newspaper reports that MacDonald and Mussolini have already agreed upon a repartition of Europe. Since revision of the peace treaties would have to be undertaken largely at the expense of Poland and the succession states, it is natural that these intensely nationalistic countries will oppose any such move. It is obvious that revision must come sooner or later, but the particular approach that seems to have been chosen by the British and Italian Prime Ministers could not have been much worse. It has aroused new fears and suspicions and thus piled more fuel on the smoldering European fire. It may be argued that the smaller nations concerned would not accept revision even after open and free discussion, that revision would have to be thrust upon them by the great Powers. But this argument assumes that peaceful persuasion is futile and that force is and must remain the final arbiter. If that is truly the case, then all hope of preventing a new European war is lost. France still holds the key to the situation. If France agrees to the MacDonald-Mussolini plan, the Little Entente and Poland will be isolated. They must then choose between submission, which they cannot be expected to accept gracefully, and a desperate resort to arms to prevent consummation of a dictated revision. The future in either case looks dark.

SECRET NEGOTIATIONS are proceeding in Paris whereby Japan will grant France a share in the Chinese Eastern Railway, according to a dispatch in the New York *Times* which confirms the information contained in Louis Fischer's article in *The Nation* of last week. This move, says the *Times's* Paris correspondent, "may carry important consequences in international relations." Undoubtedly. And very bad consequences. The Japanese are angling for French economic and political assistance. They will give France, in return, a share in the Chinese Eastern Railway which runs through Manchukuo, thereby complicating an already complicated and dangerous situation. The road is Soviet-owned and operated under joint Soviet-Chinese management. Today that means under joint Soviet-Manchukuo or, actually, Soviet-Japanese management. Further to embarrass Russia, the Japanese have now reminded French investors of their defunct claim, through the non-existent Russo-Asiatic Bank, to the railway. These investors are being encouraged to dispute Russia's ownership. Tokio, as Mr. Fischer suggested, desires to deprive the U. S. S. R. of all, or at least part, of its interests in the railroad. These are fresh aspects of Japan's old game of so inconveniencing the Bolsheviks as to force them to acquiesce in the new status quo in Manchuria. The whole situation concerns America vitally. Secretary Knox and Secretary Stimson were not the

last State Department heads to call for the heavy Chinese Eastern Railway dossiers. Cordell Hull will now be compelled to study this problem with care and caution.

THE Japanese government believes that the national policy of Japan, which has for its aim to insure the peace of the Orient, and thereby to contribute to the cause of peace throughout the world, is identical in spirit with the mission of the League of Nations, which is to achieve international peace and security.

This is the opening paragraph of Count Uchida's notice of Japan's withdrawal from the League. The remainder would furnish equally delightful material for Gilbert and Sullivan. An accompanying rescript by the Japanese emperor likewise declares "our purpose" to continue the policy "of our imperial father" to promote "the advancement of international peace" and deplors that "unhappily there exists between our empire and the League of Nations a wide divergence of views concerning Manchukuo." "Our empire," he states, "deems it essential to respect the independence of the new state and to encourage its healthy development in order that sources of evil in the Far East may be eradicated and enduring peace thereby established." Synchronously with the establishment of this enduring peace comes word that the United States mission at Taotowying, inside the Great Wall a few miles east of Peiping, has been bombed by Japanese airplanes. Meanwhile Yosuke Matsuoka, upon his arrival in New York, blandly suggests that Japan's relationship to Manchukuo is analogous to that of the United States to Cuba. The analogy is hardly exact. More realistic, though hardly less disingenuous, is his statement that formerly John Bull and Uncle Sam were engaged in an international game of poker which Japan has now begun to learn, while they, having secured all the territory they want, now desire the game to be changed to "contract," and complain that Japan does not understand the rules.

RETURN OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS to the jurisdiction of the Navy Department is being seriously considered in Washington. The admirals want the islands back for reasons of strategy, though it is not at all clear what strategic value this territory possesses. Secretary Swanson favors the proposal, apparently for no other reason than that he wants to enhance the importance of his office. A few of the residents, primarily those concerned with shipping, believe that their particular interests would benefit by the return of the islands to naval rule. The islands, politely characterized by former President Hoover during a visit as "an effective poorhouse," are in pressing need of rehabilitation. Governor Paul Pearson has been working on a plan to achieve that end, and in the face of the universal economic depression has made a good beginning. He has turned over to Virgin Islanders 40 per cent of the administrative posts. As Negroes are barred from the navy except as mess boys and in other menial positions, return to naval control would mean ousting the Virgin Islanders from responsible offices. Our trusteeship of the islands requires, as a matter of common decency, a policy of increasing home rule and self-government. As *The Nation* pointed out as far back as 1923, naval government was characterized by repressions of free speech, the introduction of a rigid color line, and the

existence of a privileged class—the sailors and marines—apart from the natives and exempt from the ordinary restrictions of civil administration. To go back to this system of control would be a disaster.

DIEGO RIVERA, considered by many competent critics the foremost living mural painter, recently completed what he considers his masterpiece on the walls of a court in the Detroit Institute of Art. No sooner were these paintings unveiled than they precipitated an acrid controversy. A group of the clergy supported by the *Detroit News* has demanded that the murals be blotted out by a coat of white-wash. One Dr. Berry charges the curator of the art museum, Dr. Valentiner, with attempting to "sell out the best walls of the city art museum to an outside half-breed Mexican Bolshevik," and denounces the paintings, which express the artist's concept of Detroit's contribution to our civilization, as "Communist propaganda." The Reverend H. Ralph Higgins, senior curate of St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, condemns the "vaccination panel" as a caricature of the Holy Family. This painting depicts a nurse holding a child whom a doctor is vaccinating. In the foreground are the domestic animals from which vaccines and serums are derived. In the background are scientists at work, with a microscope, retort, and vivisection table. If this group is intended to suggest the Holy Family it does so in a spirit that only the sanctimonious could consider irreverent. In opposition to his critics, Rivera has received scores of letters of appreciation from every quarter; Albert Kahn, the architect who designed almost every important Detroit building, declares that art lovers the world over will make pilgrimages to Detroit to see the Rivera frescoes long after the present critics are dead and forgotten. Possibly a solution may be found in the happy thought supplied by the *Detroit Times* that Rivera has supplied the art institute with the "best advertising it has ever had." Detroiters should consider the possibility that the Rivera frescoes may bring visitors and revenue to the city. What has become of Detroit salesmanship?

MEMBERS of the New York Women's League for Animals were exhorted yesterday to study the Parisian dog-airing system while abroad this summer with a view to improving the recreational opportunities of the canine population along Park Avenue. The suggestion that the parkway in every fifth block along the avenue be opened to dogs was made tentatively at the monthly meeting of the group.—*New York Herald Tribune*, March 24.

We hope the ladies, while they are abroad, will also devote a little time to a study of the dangers inherent in dog-airing. According to Marx (apocryphal) it was dog-airing which precipitated the revolution of 1917 and brought so many highbred Russian wolfhounds to their present low estate. Many of them, slim-hipped and not equipped for the world's heavy tasks, are to be seen dragging carts along cobbled Paris streets. Still others have taken refuge in Manchuria. A few have even reached the haven of Park Avenue. To open the parks, even tentatively, is to invite disaster. Let them be opened at every fifth block but only by keys that will keep out undesirables from Avenue A. The League might well adopt as its crest the wolfhound rampant with the motto: Remember Nevsky Prospect. Beware the Under-Dog!

Nazis Against the World

THE power of public opinion against the brown-shirt bestialities has been demonstrated. Before the expressed sense of outrage throughout the world, the Nazi head devils have pulled in their horns. That there is ample ground for such protest and need for continued protest, their ludicrous denials and flagrant contradictions amply reveal. While there has been a cessation of the more overt and public physical maltreatment of dissenters, the no less damnable persecution through quasi-legal and economic means of those whom the Nazis have been goaded to hate—be they liberals, Socialists, Communists, Jews, or Catholics—continues. Indeed, a boycott against Jewish business houses and the "limitation" of Jews in the professions and in the universities is announced by the Nazi Party "unless governments abroad suppress anti-German propaganda."

Consider the evidence presented by the offenders, now suddenly on the defensive. Captain Hermann Wilhelm Göring, minister in the new Hitler dictatorship, expresses his passionate indignation at the "dirty lies" charging persecution in Germany: "Throughout all Germany there has not been a person from whom even one finger nail was chopped off," he shouts. But almost in the same breath he declares: "There have been a few cases where Jews and others have been dragged from their homes and beaten." He also admits: "Some foreigners have been molested, especially foreigners who looked like Jews." The Associated Press further reports his statement: "It is true that some storm-troopers have terribly beaten up this one or that one . . . it is humanly understandable if they took justice in their own hands . . . you know how bitterly anti-Semitic some of our people are. . . ." Well, if the German people, who have suffered cruelly in consequence of the World War and the Treaty of Versailles, "are bitterly anti-Semitic," it is due primarily to the incendiary propaganda which the Nazi chiefs have carried on. Seeking a scapegoat upon whom their followers could vent their long-suppressed resentments, Hitler pictured the Jews as responsible for all of Germany's ills and made their extermination a cardinal point in his program, should he come to power. And how revealing is the defense of former Foreign Minister Richard von Kühlmann: "Jews were undoubtedly mainly the victims of such excesses, following the well-known racial tendencies of the Nazi program, but those of other faiths were also affected."

Furthermore, what guaranty of an appreciably better attitude is there in Göring's statement: "I will not ever stand for persecuting a man simply because he is a Jew"? But Germans, whether Jews or not, presumably may be persecuted if they are liberals, if they are pacifists, if they are Socialists, if they are Communists, if their profession or business competes with that of Nazis, if they hold posts which Nazis covet—and if protests abroad continue! Indeed, wholesale discrimination is now taking place.

Socialists and Communists are being herded in concentration camps. "Protective jailing" is the euphemism under which arrests of innocent people are being justified. Imprisonment, terrorization, intimidation continue. "Mob violence has ended, at least temporarily, but legal oppression goes

on," reports Edmund Taylor, *Chicago Tribune* correspondent, who asserts further that never, not even in Italy or Yugoslavia, has he seen "law-abiding citizens living in such unholy fear." The Nazi protestations that these acts of violence are those of irresponsible persons or for personal revenge scarcely diminish the government's responsibility. Since when cannot a military autocracy control the acts of its rank and file? Further, the dictatorship directly incited to violence when it released from jails and pardoned Nazi murderers sentenced during the previous regime, whom Hitler then hailed as "comrades." No, the denials are essentially confirmations. The charge of wholesale pogroms contained in the obviously exaggerated stories of terror-stricken refugees has not been seriously advanced by responsible journals or persons. Denials of such tales are offered as a complete refutation of the valid accusations against the Nazis, thus dragging the familiar red herring across the trail of the larger atrocity—the persecution of whole classes and groups.

As for the denials from organizations or individuals subject to persecution in Germany, they are not impressive. Some are carefully qualified so that a particular form of atrocity is denied; others are strongly suggestive of duress. They recall the correspondence from a German prison camp during the World War of that amiable comic-strip character, Abe Kabibble, who wrote: "We are getting wonderful treatment here. The food is swell; we are living in luxury, and have nothing but kindness on every hand. P. S.: Meyer was shot yesterday for complaining."

What is still undenied and manifest is that liberal and Socialist newspapers have been suspended and their editors are in flight; that concerts have been stopped because the conductor was a Jew; that Jews have been removed as judges and prosecutors in criminal cases; that Hitler repeats his promises to drive out the Eastern Jews; that stores (including Woolworth's) have been arbitrarily closed, whether under government or "popular" pressure is inconsequential; that private bank accounts have been impounded; that Socialists and Communists are concentrated in camps; that Jewish or liberal or Socialist professional men, teachers, and merchants are victims of discrimination; and that, finally, a state of hate and terrorism has been created, the burden of which falls on every dissenter from the Nazi philosophy.

It is tragic that in the face of these critical events our tightened immigration laws and, even more, our own economic crisis prevent the American people from extending a whole-hearted invitation to the victims of this new Old World tyranny to come to these shores. The United States profited immeasurably by the emigration from Germany and Austria of the forty-eighters—those earlier refugees from militarism and autocracy. Now as then the victims of ruthless chauvinism include the bravest, the most cultured, the most decent citizens of Germany—the leaders in the arts and sciences, in the humanities, in civic affairs. They are truly citizens of the world—indeed, that, to the narrow nationalism of the Nazi, is their crime. The German quota to the United States of some 25,000 has in recent years not been filled. How much attempt at emigration to America there

will be, it is difficult to guess. But the Administration in Washington should adopt the most liberal and most humane interpretation possible under our statutes, facilitate the granting of visas, and consider even a brief modification of the law, if necessary, to permit the entry of the German victims of political persecution. Meanwhile, the economic plight of such refugees should have the earnest attention of organized groups. For although America has in some ways retrogressed since the days of Jefferson, when political liberty had a real meaning, that priceless heritage has still been preserved here to a greater degree than in all but half a dozen nations. We cannot better express our adherence to our finest principles than to continue our protest unceasingly, and to extend every aid and sympathy possible to the victims of a resurgent barbarism in Europe.

War Wouldn't Pay

THERE is no denying that the imminence of war in Europe is regarded with singular complacency by large numbers of persons of all classes both abroad and here. What appears chiefly to lie at the bottom of this complacency is the belief that war would stimulate business and restore prosperity. Nothing could reveal more clearly than such a feeling the hideous overgrowth of the acquisitive instincts that develops in a capitalist society. Simply because this belief is such a genuine force making for war, it may be wise, instead of merely denouncing it, to begin by asking ourselves calmly whether and to what extent it is true.

Lip service is now almost universally rendered, even by militarists, to the belief that in the long run war does not pay. Norman Angell made this conclusion clear enough in "The Great Illusion," published in 1910, and the aftermath of the World War has put it beyond all rational doubt. Yet the lesson has not really been learned. It is not even generally recognized that the present economic crisis is primarily a post-war crisis, the result of the inevitable collapse of the inflated war level of commodity prices, of the crushing burden of war debt, of the continuing economic war of tariffs. And among those who do recognize that war must wipe out wealth, and that a war boom must be followed by a collapse, many still feel that such a boom is worth having again, that we can let the future worry about the future.

It is precisely these expectations of a temporary war boom, however, that are most likely to be disappointed in the event of war. The situation is radically different now in many respects from that existing in 1914. Not the least of the differences lies in the profound change in the status of international credit. When Europe began buying foodstuffs, munitions, and other war supplies in our market in 1914, 1915, and 1916, it had to have something to buy them with. What it had was gold, large holdings of American securities, and credit. In 1915 an Anglo-French loan of \$500,000,000 was placed in this market. In 1916 France placed another loan here of \$100,000,000 and England two more loans of \$250,000,000 each; and even these had to be secured by the pledge of American securities previously held abroad.

The gold supply of the principal European countries, with the exception of that of France and England, has since been greatly depleted, and both France and England are

even less willing to part with gold than they were in 1915. Great Britain's holdings of American securities have been heavily reduced. And American investors have burned their fingers on foreign loans. It is true that the privately owned bonds of England, France, and Italy are still selling at comparatively good prices here, but German bonds are selling in the 50's, and a new war would have a violently adverse effect on the credit standing of the other nations. We need merely look at the recent record of Japanese bonds here. We have learned too much about the "problem of transfer" and post-war repudiation.

It is unlikely, therefore, that exports to warring countries would be financed to any appreciable extent by the general investor, who has not only less trust than before, but much smaller resources. The munitions-makers and other exporters themselves would have to take Europe's promises to pay and hold them. The incentive of a possible high margin of profit might lead them to take this chance. But they themselves would need money meanwhile to meet pay rolls and buy supplies, and most of them would have to go to the bankers to get it. Whereupon the bankers, having very little to gain by taking a risk, would weigh more coldly the munition-makers' chances of being paid, because these would determine their own chances of being paid.

Not only is the volume of credit extended to warring countries by neutral countries likely to be small; the demand of those countries for outside goods is also likely to be small. Their home capacity for producing war goods has been enormously expanded: it is precisely this overexpansion that is one of the causes of the present depression. They are also overexpanded agriculturally. In Japan, of course, we have an example of a nation already at war, but the record of its imports from us—\$259,000,000 in 1929, \$165,000,000 in 1930, \$156,000,000 in 1931, and \$135,000,000 in 1932—does not warrant the expectation of any boom from war orders elsewhere.

Nor is there any good reason to look for a boom within the warring countries themselves. Governments have learned a great deal about the technique of controlling prices and capturing war profits, and it seems likely that this technique would be very quickly applied. Further, the problem of a warring government financing itself at home would be even more difficult, compared with 1914, than that of financing its foreign purchases. French and Italian investors whose bonds have been paid off in effect at a rate of about 20 cents on the dollar, and German investors who received 12 cents on the dollar, will not subscribe to new victory loans very enthusiastically. If inflation were attempted, the rate of currency depreciation would this time be disastrously rapid. A new war would have to be financed almost entirely out of current taxes; but this means that the temporary boom caused by the creation of fictitious purchasing power would not occur; purchasing power for war-time goods would have to be quickly seized from that for peace-time goods, which would mean a violent drop in important commodity prices. The holders of high incomes would have more of those incomes taken from them than now, and would probably find fewer loopholes for escape.

Even war, in brief, would not be profitable today. Realistic minds must confess that a general recognition of this truth would do more for the peace of the world than any possible argument for justice, civilization, or humanity.

Direct Relief at Last

AFTER a two-year struggle, begun by Senator La Follette in the spring of 1931, the principle of direct federal unemployment relief has at last been accepted. President Roosevelt's program bristles with bad points as well as good ones, but at least it recognizes and accepts the responsibility of the federal government for its jobless citizens—which means, in fact, that it accepts the principle of the direct dole which *The Nation* has so long advocated. His special message calls for "grants to States for relief work," and the grants are to be precisely that—with no strings attached. In response to the message, Senator Wagner has introduced a bill embodying the principal features of the La Follette-Costigan direct-relief plan. This measure would appropriate the sum of \$500,000,000 to be distributed to the States through the office of a federal relief administrator. It should be enacted without delay and great credit should be given to Senators Costigan and La Follette, who, through the lean years of the Hoover decline, fought unrelentingly for their plan.

The Roosevelt message calls for "a broad public-works labor-creating program." The President had no such program to offer at the time he sent his message to Congress, but said he was "studying the many projects suggested and the financial questions involved." He promised that he would "presently" make recommendations in this connection. It seems strange that after so many years of discussion a comprehensive construction program for unemployment relief has not yet been evolved by the federal government. Mr. Roosevelt has, it is true, been in office only a month, but he has had at least five months in which to consider this subject since his election. It is explained in his behalf that many of the projects under discussion have been found impracticable for one reason or another. A large majority of them involved construction work at a distance from the industrial cities, the great reservoirs of unemployed labor. To carry out such schemes huge bodies of labor would have to be moved from their own communities, a process which would result in the breaking up of families and would raise other social problems. A second objection has been that many of the proposals call for a relatively small amount of human labor. Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, will approve only projects that are in or near the larger industrial centers, and that will employ as much labor as is practicable. These explanations may be accepted as valid, but it must be remembered that the value of a public-works program in the present crisis depends upon the speed with which it can be got under way.

The third section of the Roosevelt program, providing for the enlistment of men to work in the national forests and parks and on other public projects at a dollar-a-day wage under army officers, aroused a storm of protest, especially from organized labor. Witnesses appearing before the Senate and House Labor Committees contended with much heat that the dollar-a-day pay would put the government formally on record as favoring pauper wages. They declared that private employers would be certain to follow suit, although Administration spokesmen, including Secretary of Labor Perkins, argued optimistically that employers generally would not be so stupid, since such a course, which could

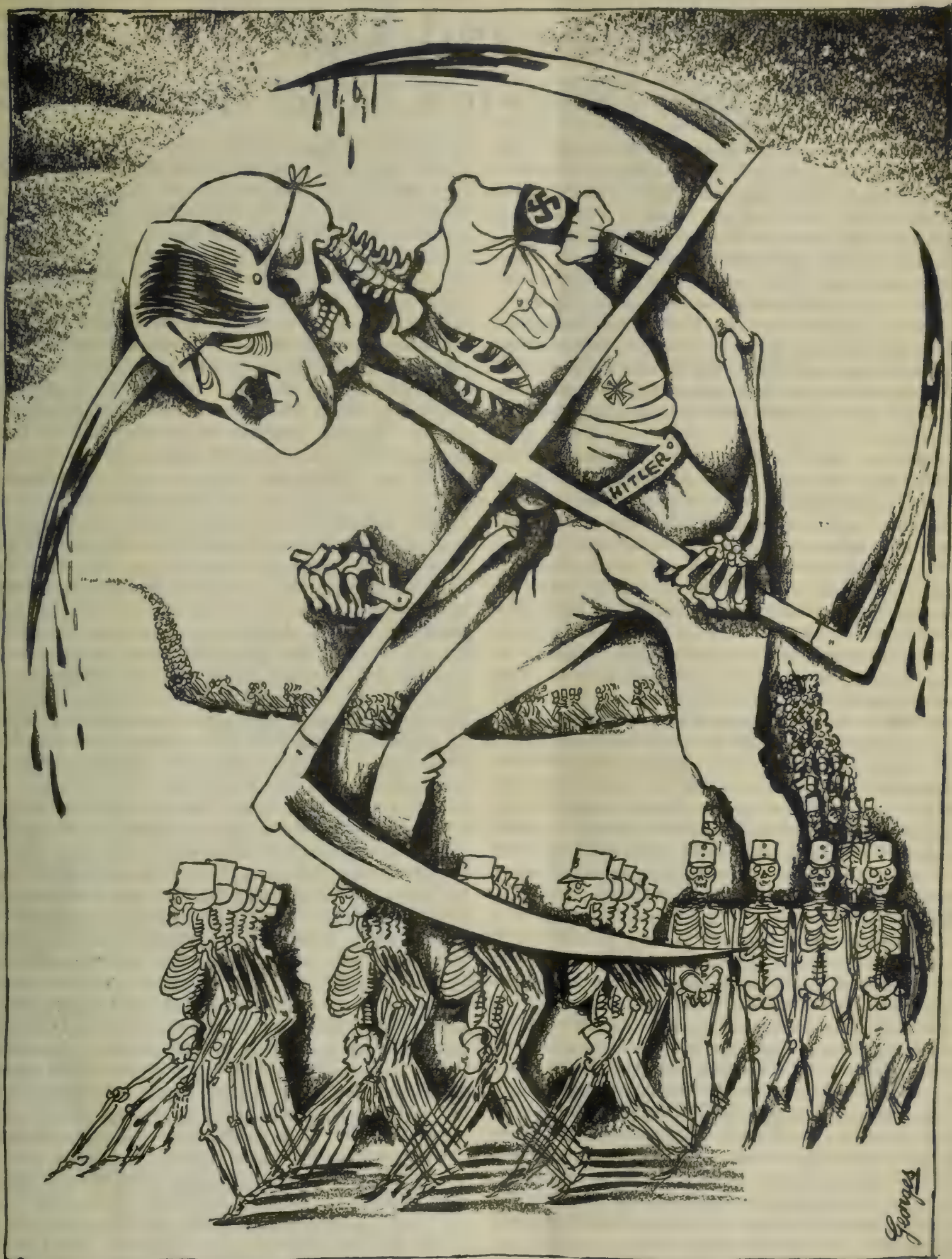
lead only to still further reduced purchasing power, would be suicidal. The labor witnesses also insisted that the enlistment provision of the Wagner-Robinson bill constituted contract labor of a vicious sort. So strong was the storm that the White House quickly agreed to substitute the Walsh bill for the Wagner-Robinson measure. The Walsh bill lays down no conditions whatever. It gives the President sweeping authority to hire men for work on the public domain on his own terms. We hope those terms will not include the objectionable provisions of the original plan.

The Children's Hour

THE class struggle is as nothing compared with the war between the generations. A particularly sharp encounter is recorded in the results of one more questionnaire. A group of mothers and teachers in Scarsdale, New York, set out recently to do something about the juvenile radio programs which corrupt the American home between 4:45 and 9 p. m., when all good children, heaven be praised, go to bed. Being modern parents they adopted modern methods. Instead of throwing the radio out the window as good Victorians would have done, they sent to 286 children between the ages of eight and thirteen a questionnaire to determine their favorite "hours." If it could be shown, we can almost hear fond parents telling themselves, that the little darlings preferred better things, the broadcasters would find it difficult to ignore their preferences.

If any mother has any faith remaining in the better nature of her children it should be completely wiped out by the results of the Scarsdale test. The only program on which the children and their elders agreed was Eddie Cantor. He was rated good by the mothers—which is enough to indicate that they were not attempting to impose pedantic standards; he was the most popular among the children. The second in popularity, alas, was Little Orphan Annie, rated "very poor" in the mothers' list because of "bad emotional effect and unnatural voice." For the rest the disagreement was complete and absolute. What the parents rated poor and very poor the little savages almost invariably set down as their favorite entertainment. In the mothers' list five of the forty programs under consideration were rated as excellent. They were *Roses and Drums*, *Current Events*, *Today's News*, *Great Moments in History*, *Dramatized News Events*. It is a touching list, full of vain hopes. Five children approved it, probably out of deference to a dear but dated mother. The other 281 children relegated the five "excellent" programs to from twenty-ninth to fortieth place, while Skippy, Chandu, Myrt and Marge, and Little Orphan Annie led the field. Children, in a word, like best those programs which according to mother "shatter their nerves, stimulate emotions of horror, and teach bad grammar." Beside which must be set the firmly written answer of one young hopeful, "I want a blood-curdling murder."

Poor and very poor programs will continue to blight the homes of Scarsdale and of all America. For children always win. Parents must take what comfort they can in the contemplation of a revenge that is neither sweet nor swift. It is to be found only in the probability that the children themselves will some day be parents.



Issues and Men

An Open Letter to Colonel House

SIR: Have you read the news from Germany? If so you are most assuredly entitled to pity. You must be lying awake nights horrified by the fact that German militarists, against whom you and Woodrow Wilson called the United States to war in 1917, are again intrenched in Berlin and that they have celebrated their accession to power by permitting nation-wide prosecutions and persecutions, and by throwing into jail thousands of people—all guiltless of any overt acts. For it was you and Woodrow Wilson who, believing that militarism could be overcome by militarism and war cured by more war, hailed the German defeat in 1918 as meaning the freeing of the German people from the fetters placed upon them by their abhorrent war caste under the Kaiser's rule.

Then you and Woodrow Wilson congratulated the American people upon their success in making the world safe for democracy, and on winning the war to end war. Today you read that a dictator rules Germany who demands the restoration of universal military service and complete arms equality with the other nations, and the revival of the old military order; who is pledged to tear up the Treaty of Versailles. You read that associated with him in the government are Field Marshal von Hindenburg and Lieutenant-Colonel von Papen, who, as German military attaché, was rightly sent from this country in disgrace in 1916. Further, if you read the dailies—I should not blame you if you never took another one in your hands—you have learned that within fifteen years after our victory in the war to end war there are a million more men under arms in Europe than there were on August 1, 1914, when the World War began. And that Lloyd George, your former associate, has just appealed to the National Council of Evangelical Churches urging "a world conference of all Christian churches to cry a halt to war before it is too late," because "all nations are marching toward the battlefield with the dove of peace embroidered on their banners."

Never, I venture to assert, has the progress of events so completely unmasked the hollowness and folly of a given policy or piece of statesmanship as have these last fifteen years the complete futility of your and Mr. Wilson's theory that if the United States threw itself into the World War it would be able to dominate the formulating of a peace to make over the world. That was the doctrine of Norman Angell and Herbert Croly and Walter Lippmann, to which you listened so eagerly, which you later adopted. Today, what do we see? The United States has failed to gain a *single one of the major objectives* for which it went into the war. Democracy the world over is menaced or destroyed or in ill repute—even in some circles here in the United States. Militarism destroyed? Today we ourselves have larger and costlier military and naval establishments than ever before in peace time. Largely as a result of our participation in the war we are plunged into an economic distress unsurpassed in our history, with 14,000,000 of our people unemployed. The very soldiers forced into our army and the killing business

by the universal draft favored by you and Mr. Wilson have in part revenged themselves by menacing the financial stability of the country. We are not even to have returned to us the billions upon billions of American money we poured into the coffers of our Allies, chiefly because their repayment so gravely injures us and our trade. Today the world groans under tariff burdens unequaled in history, which have effectively throttled the trade of the world. Do you by chance recall that one of your Fourteen Peace Points called for the "removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace"? I hope you do not; otherwise it must add to your mental torture as you look back on the past. Can you deny that the world's tariffs are higher than ever before and are steadily going up?

If you are following what is happening in China you will have noticed that war on a large scale is on again; that Japan is drawing out from that association of nations which the remaining admirers of Mr. Wilson claim to have been the superlative achievement of his career. That League faces more than one acid test. Perhaps you have forgotten that the fourth of your peace points specified that "national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety"? And that positive assurance was given to Germany that in return for her forcible disarmament the Allies and America would disarm promptly? Today the League is powerless to bring about disarmament and, despite the last-hour efforts of Ramsay MacDonald and Benito Mussolini, seems incapable of taking this vital step toward the safeguarding of our civilization. As for the German collapse, I earnestly hope for your peace of mind that you have not noticed that it is the unanimous testimony of the most competent foreign observers, as, for example, Edgar Mowrer in his book entitled "Germany Turns the Clock Back," that the disaster to the German Republic and the rise of the Hitler despotism are due in largest measure to the treaty of peace of which Wilson and you were in considerable degree, according to your own statements, the architects. At least, heaven be thanked, it was never ratified by the Senate of the United States! Look at Italy, look at Hungary, look at Poland. Can you maintain that their situation is better than it was when the war began? On the contrary, it is infinitely worse. They live under the heel of terror. Will you not maintain that the Austrian people have a right to their "own way of life"? But that, Colonel House, was what we guaranteed to do when we went into the war—safeguard little nations everywhere. What a humiliation it must all be to you if you ponder upon these things, as your mind wanders back to those cemeteries of the American dead in France, to whom this country gave its solemn pledge that there should be no further war, that the nations, like the oceans, should be safe and free, and that autocracy should be banished from this earth!

And that reminds me. Have you by any chance recently reread President Wilson's speech to the American Federation

of Labor delivered in Buffalo, November 12, 1917, when we were well along in the war? He said:

What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, *but I know how to get it* and they do not.

Now, frankly, Colonel House—I am asking you this question while the guns roar in China and in the two undeclared wars in South America—did Mr. Wilson really know how to get peace? Can you wonder that pacifists everywhere have today only contempt for your and Mr. Wilson's intellectual processes and your stupidity? In the next paragraph in that speech Mr. Wilson declared:

You will notice that I sent a friend of mine, Colonel House, to Europe, who is as great a lover of peace as any man in the world; but I didn't send him on a peace mission yet. I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war was to be won, and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes.

Years, Colonel House, we all know are but minutes in the lives of nations. But, honestly, did you and Mr. Wilson get us peace for more than a few minutes? Economically speaking, you did not get us peace for a single moment. I can bring you into touch with dozens of leading men on both sides of the ocean who will say to you as frankly as they have to me that as a matter of fact you and Mr. Wilson did not bring about peace at all, that the war has steadily gone on ever since that time. And now, with the mental and physical successors of what you were pleased to call the "Potsdam gang" in complete control in Germany, ready to strike hands with the Italian tyrant, is it any wonder that the British Cabinet is reported by one of the most reliable correspondents in London to be holding itself in readiness for emergency meetings at any hour of the day or night? Are you still as sure as you were in 1917 that you knew better than the pacifists? Do you remember that it is stated on page 80 of volume two of the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House" that you believed in 1915 that it was possible for the United States "to carry along," but you were convinced that "in the process the moral credit of the United States with the world would disappear and at the end of the war we should find ourselves without friends"? Well, Colonel, won't you tell us what moral credit the United States has left today in the world? What friends has it left? Will you undertake to deny that we are the best-hated nation on earth?

I suppose it is too much to expect that even this fact will cause you to question the superhuman wisdom which you and Mr. Wilson displayed in those crucial years. But I do want here to make acknowledgment of one of the most extraordinary prophecies of all times. Woodrow Wilson in his speech of January 22, 1917, said:

It must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. . . . I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealment. Victory would mean *peace forced upon the losers, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished*. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently, *but only upon quicksand*. Only a peace between equals can last.

Do you remember what you wrote in your diary at the time? Here it is: "He [Wilson] read the address which he had prepared in accordance with our understanding last week. It is a noble document and one which I think will live." You were right. It will live. It will live because it is the absolute truth and history has completely justified it. But it will also live as a monument to the folly and blindness of the two men who, having stumbled upon this truth, forgot it, abandoned the sound policy that it called for, and demanded, in Mr. Wilson's words, "force, force without stint."

Well, we used force without stint. We took part in drafting a peace which was imposed upon the vanquished. The results you see before you wherever you turn—a world in a quicksand, in chaos, a world with the spirit of war and war preparation more in evidence than ever before. Our armament bill, plus that of the nations of Europe, is now about five billion dollars a year, according to Herbert Hoover, at the moment when we and they are in economic ruin and, according to the International Labor Office, are maintaining fully 30,000,000 workless people. You see a world with great masses of people dominated by tyrants, some who found in the Treaty of Versailles their greatest aid in overcoming opposition and who openly say that they will no longer be bound by its provisions; a world so confused, so bewildered, so oppressed, that the most optimistic are now ready to admit that civilization is in jeopardy. I know well the plea that is put up in your behalf and that of Mr. Wilson. You meant well; you both tried your best at Paris; you were overcome by the brutal and vengeful statesmen with whom you found yourselves at the peace table; it is really wonderful that you were able to modify the treaty as much as you did. Accepting this as true—which I emphatically do not—for the sake of argument, please recall that these wicked statesmen were the very men whom you both recommended to the American people as entirely trustworthy, high-minded, unselfish, for whose cause, so you assured our drafted youths, it was right and just and noble and patriotic for them to die. You knew the treaty was bad, but you advised Wilson to sign it, and he signed it—as he should have, since some of the worst clauses in it were of his own creation.

"We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and power"—thus spoke Woodrow Wilson of the German government on April 2, 1917, to Congress. The brutal and unscrupulous group of men which has just reinslaved the German people is worse by far than the government of the Kaiser, because it has declared openly that liberty is not essential to the individual citizen, and that freedom is not requisite in the modern state. It has made a mockery of German *Kultur* and German reverence for learning, conscience, and the liberty of the individual and the state. Yet it is not sixteen years, Colonel House, since you and your chief called upon the American people to make the world safe for democracy by joining in the mass murders in Europe. What agonies of regret, what tortures of conscience must be yours!

Quincy Garrison Killard

Will the Farm Bill Work?

By B. H. HIBBARD

IT is not often that any man in a great republic, with the possible exception of a President, is privileged to frame and execute a measure of profound national significance. Something over half a century ago John Sherman, Senator from Ohio, engineered the greenback-redemption bill through the United States Senate. Four years later, as Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, he found himself responsible for carrying out the provisions of the act. A similar circumstance seems to be in the offing with respect to the allotment plan for aiding the farmer. For a decade Henry A. Wallace has been the outstanding advocate of national legislation designed to restore the purchasing power of agriculture. He was the most consistent and persistent advocate of the McNary-Haugen bill. He was willing to try the export-debenture bill, if nothing better seemed obtainable. And although it is hard to believe, he appeared willing to give the Federal Farm Board a free and full opportunity to spend its energy, and hundreds of millions of public money, in its quixotic excursion into the price-pegging land of promise. Be it said in his favor, however, that he did not applaud the attempt of the board to fight the battle of acreage reduction according to the campaign tactics of Wouter Van Twiller against the Swedes on the Delaware, "by proclamation." In any case, Secretary Wallace is now struggling with the plan, which it will be his privilege to put into effect, by and through which the purchasing power of agriculture may be restored.

At once the question arises: Restored to what? As at present projected, the proposal is to restore the purchasing power of the farmer's dollar to the pre-war (1909-14) level. This means that a given quantity of farm produce is to have the same purchasing power as before the war. For example, a self-binder could be bought in that earlier period for the proceeds from the sale of 145 bushels of wheat. Now it requires from 400 to 600 bushels. Under the bill for relieving farm distress, the pre-war ratio of wheat to binder should be restored, or rather the general parity of farm products and purchases by farmers should be restored.

This consummation is to be achieved by enacting the bill "to relieve the existing national economic emergency by increasing agricultural purchasing power." It is proposed that nine commodities shall be included within the operations of the undertaking—wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco, and milk and its products. The money with which to raise the prices is to be obtained from taxes imposed on the first processors of the respective commodities, the amount of the tax to be fixed by the Secretary of Agriculture. The intention is to apply these charges gradually, not the full, ultimate amount of any given tax all at once. The farmers are not to be paid higher prices directly, but are to receive a compensation from the government, which, together with the open-market price, will make a price equal in purchasing power to the pre-war price.

In the several earlier allotment bills (this bill is not by name an allotment bill, although essentially that in fact) it was stipulated that the farmers seeking to benefit must cut down production by 20 per cent the first year, with adjust-

ments to fit the occasion thereafter. In the present bill reductions are to be made "through agreements with producers or otherwise." Percentages are not designated in advance, and rest therefore mainly with the Secretary, who will, of course, strive to please the interested group. If, however, the group is not of one mind, the "or otherwise" provision will supply the required authority, incidentally neutralizing the earlier "voluntary" feature of the proposal.

The authors of this bill show insight and cleverness. Well aware that a tax on the processing of a product is likely to increase the price so as to drive the consumer to the use of substitutes, authority is given to the Secretary to impose such a tax on the substitutes, any and all, as may be necessary to wipe out the advantage of the shift, and collect the money required for augmenting the price of the farmers' product. For example, should a tax of 6 cents a pound on butterfat result in driving a third of the consumers to the use of oleomargarine, the Secretary might at once proclaim the 6-cent tax on oleomargarine. Should the combined taxes result in still too small receipts in impost taxes, he might raise the rate to 8 cents. Somewhere within the wide, unspecified range of possibilities, the Secretary should be able to get for the farmer the 25 cents, or such a matter, which was received before the war. But not for any predictable amount. On the contrary, the "operations" would involve the right of the Secretary to prescribe the required reduction in output necessary to bring the price up to the desired level. However, the Secretary is not so obligated to the farmers as to make it his unquestioned duty to raise farm prices to the pre-war level. He may, indeed, "he shall," on finding that consumption is greatly decreased by the price-raising program, "fix such lower rate as is necessary to maintain or restore such domestic consumption." In arriving at the decision as to the proper rate, higher or lower, he shall give due consideration to "wage scales, employment and unemployment in the cities, changes in cost of living of consumers," buying habits, and so on. The Secretary will, verily, draw on a great fund of information if he holds the scales with even-handed justice, and at the same time balances them with all the factual evidence implied in the instructions provided for his guidance.

One of the most interesting features of the bill is the blanket privilege given to the Secretary to rent the land, or some of it, which is not needed in providing the required domestic supplies. On this point the bill is very brief. From the report of interviews with farm leaders on the inside, it appears to be the intention to give the Secretary the power to decide whether to undertake to rent from private owners great blocks of marginal land, or to rent, piecemeal, fragments of individual farms scattered throughout the country. If the renting plan is followed, and the farmers are paid to refrain from farming certain tracts of land, they will not be entitled to the compensation prescribed for those who refrain from production in part on the basis of a payment supplementing the open-market price. To use one or the other basis of procedure, rental or bonus, would seem much

simpler than a combination of the two. The administration of the rental plan may occasion some misunderstanding. The land on which rental payments are demanded will not always be found in a state of bare fallow, easily discovered and measured. There will be volunteer crops with forage possibilities on some such acres. There will be left-over meadows. There will be cover crops ostensibly sown to prevent erosion. There will be magnificent growths of sweet clover on these unused acres, which will be plowed under as a fertilizer or, if not too well supervised, used as supplementary pasture.

Should the augmented prices resulting from the operations of this bill coax imports into the country, and so tend to nullify the effects, the Secretary may order tariffs raised, or new ones devised, to keep them out. Someone is sure to ask why the Secretary should not be directed to proclaim prices in advance of sales, and thus require the buyer to pay the amount which he is destined to pay anyway. There is a reason. As now provided, there may be some exports on which no tax is paid, or if already paid, refunded. However, there is no stipulation to the effect that any buyer shall buy more than he wants. No provision for the disposal of a surplus is made. This is somewhat understandable in view of the powerful provisions for cutting production. Even so, there will be surpluses of no small proportions due to variations in yield. Will Farmer A, who happens to hold a thousand bushels of wheat until the millers do not care to bid, be obliged to sell for export at 40 cents, while his neighbor, B, who was a little more apprehensive of the market, sold for 40 cents plus 40 cents? Presumably not, although the point is not clear.

While this bill is written in the interest of the farmer, the consumer is not forgotten. He is to be protected by the assurance that the dollar which he pays for goods shall contain no larger share for the farmer than it did before the war. If the farmer of that earlier period received 40 per cent of the 10 cents paid for milk in the city, he shall have no more than 40 per cent of the 10 cents, plus or minus, which the milk sells for under the new regime. There seems to be no inherent injustice in this proposal, but that it fits the exigencies of the milk market of today is not to be taken for granted. Possibly the poorer 40 per cent of the present-day consumers will not be able to pay any more than they are paying. We must, in considering such cases, not forget that if the product cannot be sold at the enhanced price, the Secretary may reduce the enhancement, or even wipe it out. Before we know it, we shall be selling milk for a price which the market will stand, instead of at a ratio which obtained twenty years ago. In any case, the framers of the bill are wise in recognizing the desirability of making sales, even at prices which are distressing to the producer. And these also, at present, may look high to the consumer.

It is gratifying to know that the authors of the measure face the issue squarely as to who pays the bill. The consumer pays it. Not necessarily to the last jot and tittle, but in the main the consumer must contribute the added funds which the farmer, through this bill, demands for his product. But in the end, if the consumer cannot pay, or will not pay, or does not pay the higher price, he will be able to get the goods at the same price as before.

The added sum to be paid to the farmers under the provisions of the bill will amount to some \$800,000,000 or \$1,000,000,000. The Secretary is reported to have said that

he believes the consumers will not mind the burden, since it will involve but a slight increase in retail prices. This billion-dollar tax will, however, amount to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the income of all the people as most recently estimated. It should increase the farmers' income by 20 per cent.

This immense tax, equivalent to a quarter or a third of the present federal revenues, is to be laid, is to be increased, is to be decreased, and the proceeds are to be distributed, virtually by one man; mainly at his discretion, guided by the most general statutory provisions, which hardly go beyond the requirement that he collect a billion dollars from a designated three-quarters of the people and pay it to the other quarter. It is much as though the Secretary of the Treasury were commissioned to lay and collect half or three-quarters of a billion dollars in import duties, arranging the schedules to suit the occasion as his own judgment dictated. Without doubt there are men who could exercise this function in such a way as to promote justice beyond anything Congress has ever done, but a democracy does not delegate such power even to its ablest citizen, unless and until it is ready for a dictatorship.

Should the bill pass and accomplish its purpose of raising farm prices, its very success would engender a difficulty not easily met. It will call into the farming field a new crop of farmers who will undertake to profit by the increased prices. While the enhanced prices hold, the governmental guidance will slacken or disappear, and a new surplus will appear as if by magic. It may be fairly easy to hold farm production down while prices are low. It would not be easy once they were brought up to the pre-war value ratio, since that would be a more attractive price now than it was then.

It is contended by the proponents of the bill that the added purchasing power to be put into the farmers' hands will, through its mere weight, pull industry off dead center and put stagnated business again into motion. This argument assumes that the farmer holds a distinct and peculiar position in the economic circle, and that the failure of the farmer has been the cause of the break in the round of economic transactions, which in turn has brought upon us the calamities of the past few years. This not only has not been proved, but is most assuredly not true. The troubles of the farmer are of long standing, and are due in no small measure to his earlier attitude on national issues. He traded foreign markets for home markets which have never been adequate. Our banking system is not well fitted to the farmer's business and needs. There has grown up among us a long list of institutions and companies which have capitalized their earnings into figures far beyond reason, and now the struggle is for a share in income which corresponds to the capitalization. As samples one may cite city milk-distributing plants and gas and electric plants.

Our land system needs revamping, so as to keep out of agricultural use much land which threatens to come in at the first opportunity. We need a foreign-trade policy of vigor and vision. We need a settlement of inter-Allied debts. It is true that we want to see prices scaled up, not down. Some sort of inflation is greatly to be desired over continued deflation. We may profit, while other and more fundamental reforms are in the making, by some sort of agricultural allotment act, but we should like to see in clearer perspective than the present bill affords the lines of its outer limits, and know with more certainty its center of gravity.

Gold-plated Anarchy

An Interpretation of the Fall of the Giants

By DONALD RICHBERG

AT this moment, when the giants of American finance who for decades have dominated our economic and political life are proved by their own confession to be irresponsible "money changers," devoid of social vision or of simple honesty, it is urgently necessary that the American people shall not be misled into centering upon a few individuals, culpable as they may be, a wrath which should be mainly directed against neither an individual nor a class, but against the business ideal of power without responsibility or obligation which permeates the upper as well as the lower strata of American life. It is this anarchistic ideal, held alike by the "hard-boiled" men who dominate huge corporations and by the racketeers of the underworld, that has so corrupted business and politics that our prevailing social condition is that of civil war between economic tyrannies, waged with reckless disregard for the general welfare.

In all the tumult following the collapse of the Insull empire, the most significant factor in Insull's rise and fall was given little consideration. Hasty biographers and superficial critics, emboldened by the spectacle of a fleeing ruler, denounced and explained his career by distinguishing his exceptional sins from the supposedly common virtues of men of large affairs. In the light of the revelations and events of the past few weeks it is more than ever apparent that the true significance of the career of Samuel Insull lies in the fact that his sins were *not* exceptional, save in the sweep of his ambitions and the extent of the injuries he inflicted.

Many years ago, in the heat of a public controversy in which Mr. Insull had been typically ruthless of public and private rights, I described him as a "gold-plated anarchist." It would be futile and might seem spiteful to revive this characterization if the fallen emperor were unique in the methods and results of his wrongdoing. But during more than fifteen years of persistent opposition to Insull control of public utilities, including twelve years as the official representative of the City of Chicago, my hostility has always been directed against an anti-social system and philosophy rather than against any individual—even one so individually important and dangerous as Samuel Insull. Now that the glittering names of so many former giants must be placed beside his, an interpretation of his career may aid in the understanding of the tragedy of irresponsible leadership that has wasted the wealth and jeopardized the security of the nation.

The outstanding characteristic of Samuel Insull was ruthlessness. Anything which blocked his path must be destroyed by any available method. Is this not a quality of successful business which we have practically deified? Do we become indignant at corruption of government, at private treachery, at callous cruelty, which are made the means of amassing great money power? The answer of the last twenty years is quite clear. We do not. We scorn the petty stealings, the small deceits, and the mean tricks of little men who go to jail. We do not applaud the imperial crimes of fortune-makers who keep out of jail. We do tolerate them as ap-

parently necessary methods of achieving a worthy ambition for wealth and power. But most unhealthy of all popular attitudes is our acceptance of the unwritten law that power brings release from the responsibilities and obligations of the humble. The coral growth of this false and menacing ideal has been difficult to observe, yet very rapid in the present century. It is only when we return from a journey that we suddenly note how a child has grown. It is only when looking back to the "Victorian" nineties that we may observe the startling growth of the gold-plated anarchy that has become in reality our "invisible government."

At the outset of this interpretation one fact of political economy, which is little appreciated, must be written in bold type. *Economic power depends on political power.* It is a common error to assume that most of the political law that is essential is inevitable—because it is the product of ancient customs and racial traditions. This error is the source of the commonly expressed desire of successful money-makers to be "let alone" by government. They really want everyone governed but themselves. The hard-headed realists, the Insulls and the Mitchells, who seek to capture and wield great money power, always see the need for controlling political power. Frequently they mask their effort by publicly asserting the need for "protection" from political interference. Indeed, this is such a prevalent disguise for political aggression that doubtless most of the Insulls most of the time feel assured that they only carry a sword for defense and not for attack when they lead a wealth-gathering foray. And in truth, if people would submit generously to exploitation, if they were willing to work for wages fixed for them and to pay prices fixed for them, if they were not competitive and liberty-loving, moved by appetites and emotions, and possessed of the normal human virtues and vices, their would-be rulers might gather their taxes with gentle hands and cunning words and never use the sword. But with human nature as it is, and generally selfish and combative, no self-chosen ruler can accumulate or retain the wealth and power which others desire without controlling the institutions of organized man power which we call government.

There is in this analysis of the Insull need for control of government no questioning of the logic that drives a captain of industry to become an overlord of politics. Nor is it worth while at the moment to debate the issue whether concentrated wealth, with its inevitable associate, an autocratic control of government, is "better" than a more democratic distribution of both economic and political power. The one important point is that no human power system can be sound or lasting in which increase of power is not accompanied by increase of responsibility and obligation to human beings. The undebatable error, the demonstrated insanity, of the Insull philosophy lies in its repudiation of this law of political science.

Throughout the years of his political rule in Chicago we heard many sermons from Mr. Insull, in newspaper inter-

views, on the witness stand, and over the radio, eulogizing his noble acceptance and fulfilment of responsibility and obligation to his investors, sometimes even to his consumers, always an obligation to be fulfilled by giving some pecuniary value in exchange for more value received—in other words, by being a good business man. Unhappily, in two decades of watering securities and overcharging for services, he never did keep faith with either his obligations to investors or his obligations to consumers. And during all his years of apparent success he never even accepted the responsibility for a beneficent use of the vast political power he acquired.

On the contrary, Samuel Insull was more responsible than any other one man in Chicago's history for the degradation of municipal government to its lowest level of corruption and incompetence. At the same time he played a very discreditable part in the downward slide of State and national governments during the post-war era of political decadence. It was this misuse of political power which in the end destroyed his economic power. Honest, watchful government would have saved Insull from himself. But the anarchistic purpose with which he sought to rise above the law, the success with which he stifled governmental efforts to regulate his activities, the arrogance with which he brushed aside criticism and restraint, prepared the way for his fatal failure to meet the social obligations which he had incurred, but which he would not permit to be enforced against him.

Insull gave Chicago three terms of Bill Thompson as mayor—twelve long years—not because he exactly wanted incompetent, wasteful, crime-ridden city government, but because above all things he wanted a city government sufficiently weak and crooked so that he, Insull, could ride above it and exercise his money power unrestrained by the demands of a strong, responsible government. He wove his tentacles of control into and around the State government, not because he exactly wanted a grafting, extravagant, political machine to run the State, but because he wanted weak puppets to sit on the State commission, whom he could tell—as he did—how far they would be allowed to “regulate” his utilities.

Down into the federal capital went the Insull wires. Congressmen, Senators, Cabinet officers responded to his call. Had not the Mellons of Pittsburgh financed his new Chicago gas plant, with profit to all except the gas consumers, who actually paid the entire cost of the plant and then went on paying Mellon and Insull interest on their own investment? There was no partisanship or political principle anywhere in Insull politics. He financed Thompson for three campaigns. But Roy West, Deneen's manager and Thompson's supposed enemy, profited steadily from association with Insull, as he testified to Senator Reed's committee—before he was named Secretary of the Interior by President Coolidge.

Insull contributed over \$150,000 to Utility Commissioner Smith's campaign for Senator. But he tossed an unasked \$15,000 to Smith's rival, George Brennan, in the same campaign. A year later, when Bill Thompson was running for mayor against Boss Brennan's candidate, Mayor Dever, a committee of independents began an exposé of the Insull support of Thompson. I was writing the articles and the *Daily News* had agreed to publish them. Brennan had shrugged his shoulders: “I can't control you people, can I?” He knew we would reelect Dever, an honest man, if we could get the full story of the Insull-Thompson alliance to the people.

Then came a long-distance message to Brennan and he changed his attitude. The exposé must stop, he said. Insull had threatened to spend half a million dollars if necessary to buy enough Democratic committeemen to swing a majority vote to Thompson. “I can't afford to lose my organization,” Brennan said. He could not stop our independent committee; but he did persuade the *News* that Insull could and would buy the election outright if the articles continued. So they stopped.

“Need any money, old fellow?” Insull had said to Brennan in 1926. A year later that same “friendly” money threatened to destroy Brennan's political power. It was always “the sword that knew no brother.”

Let it be granted immediately that we have thousands of business men entirely unsympathetic with the Insull aims and methods. Let it be granted that we have a few large figures in nation-wide business and finance who are vigorously hostile to Insullism. But at the same time we must also grant, if we are honest and well informed, that a large percentage of the most influential and powerful controllers of our money power are law-evading and law-defying to the full extent compatible with personal safety. I do not refer to the general disregard for the Eighteenth Amendment or to universal evasions of taxation.

I am not referring even to business graft or the unscrupulous competitive methods which great money-makers are perennially denouncing in their associates and consistently practicing with remorseless vigor in their own contests for power. Those are matters all worthy of separate consideration. I am referring solely to the demonstrated unwillingness of many of the uncrowned rulers of America to submit to any undesired control of their activities by law, and to their persistent policy of corrupting government so far as may be necessary to permit them to disregard regulatory law.

The activities of the electric light and power companies in poisoning public opinion and perverting State and federal regulation have been thoroughly exposed by the investigations of the Federal Trade Commission and various legislative committees. The degeneration of most of the State commissions from protectors of consumers to servants of the utilities is an often-written, shameless chapter of recent history. In these methodical programs to render public government subservient to private ends, the voice and hand of Insull were frequently evident, but it must be noted that the policies of the entire industry were shaped by, or in accordance with, his lawless ideals. The conspicuous leaders of business and finance who played the game with him for personal advantage—or competed with him—and shared in the spoils of outlawry should not now be permitted to blot their names out of the Insull chapter by suggesting that he was after all an exception.

In the hope of a “new deal” we are moving into a period of inevitable reconstruction. But the dominant question of the hour is: Are we to proceed along the old ways, under the guidance of “chastened” leaders, still leading us into the same promissory land, but now clad in white robes, newly dry-cleaned? The process of a genuine reconstruction cannot begin until we retire, not only from the front rank but from the inner councils of our accepted leadership, those who have demonstrated their incapacity for responsibility—their inability to understand or to fulfil the obligations of power.

Ships and Floating Hotels

By ARTHUR WARNER

FOR most persons the overshadowing aspect of a visit to Europe, physically and financially, is the steamship trip. The writer of this article confesses to certain prejudices in regard to ships, including a liking for ships as ships rather than as floating palaces or grand hotels. Unlike the unforgettable heroine of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," he does not just dote on ships and the sea, especially on the Majestic because she is so big that when aboard her one thinks oneself in a hotel and not on the ocean at all.

Yet it must be recognized that American travelers to Europe fall into two great categories: those to whom a sea voyage is in itself a joy, and those to whom it is a bore or a nightmare. They fall also into two other important classifications: those with plenty of time, and those limited to a short vacation. Any suggestions about steamships must have regard to the group in which the prospective traveler finds himself. For a person who suspects or knows himself to be unseaworthy, the voice of wisdom naturally recommends a large vessel and a fast one, even though it is possible to afford only the less favorable accommodations. As speed usually goes with size nowadays (it was not always so), the same type of vessel suits the person with a short vacation, unless his love of the sea is such that he would rather spend his holiday on the water than on land. On the other hand, the sea dog who is not too much pressed for time will look with favor on cabin ships and one-class vessels at tourist rates or less, especially if economy is a consideration—and with whom nowadays is it not?

The United States has not held to the pace in passenger travel on the North Atlantic which it set for itself at the end of the World War. It has had no ship but the *Leviathan* in the super-liner class, and thus has not been able to give a regular service comparable to that of the leading foreign lines. It has been said that our liquor laws have made it impossible to maintain a service of the first rank on the North Atlantic in opposition to European competition. There is something in that, but it should not be forgotten also that American companies are new in the business and have a great deal to learn from their overseas rivals.

Although American companies have been crowded out of the first rank on the transatlantic lanes, they have established a place for themselves in the operation of cabin ships. The new *Manhattan* is a splendid example of modern shipbuilding and equipment, and with her sister ship (expected to be in service this summer) is rated as the highest grade of cabin vessel afloat. Also, exceptionally economical service in one-class vessels is offered by several lines of American-flag ships.

When it comes to craft under foreign flags, it is a safe rule to pick one of a country whose nationals you like to mix with ashore. If you like the English, if you enjoy on ship-board adherence to convention and respect for tradition, you will be at home on a ship under the British colors. If you put good food and service at the head of your requirements, you can hardly fail to be satisfied on a French ship. If you find it convenient to use a North Sea or Baltic port, you

should not forget to consider the claims of Dutch and Scandinavian lines, on which the food is also worth commending. German vessels enjoyed a high degree of popularity among Americans before the World War, and in the intervening years a brand-new fleet has come gradually into existence, recapturing the old prestige.

This feat of the Germans in coming back in a decade with a newly created fleet of the first rank is equaled only by the performance of the Italians. Ten years ago Italian vessels were ignored by American travelers as small, slow, and inferior. Today Italy, with her new *Rex* and *Conte di Savoia*, is at the top in the evolution of the "luxury ship," and whatever one may think of the economics of the development, one must applaud it as an engineering and administrative accomplishment.

Before troubling oneself overmuch about class it is well to remember that on the North Atlantic routes, at least, one gets nowadays about what one pays for. The advantages of the much-extolled competitive system of industry make no appeal to the world's great ocean carriers. They had all they wanted of "rugged individualism" a generation ago when a steerage ticket across the Atlantic could be bought at one time for \$7.50. Today the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference grades every ship according to age, speed, and size, fixing fares for the various accommodations in conformity with what its experts regard as equal values.

Frequently the conference's ratings, which the steamship companies do not publish, cut ruthlessly across the nominal classes on one ship as compared with those on another, depriving them of meaning. For instance, since the recently built United States liner *Manhattan* is called a cabin ship, one might expect its minimum fare to be less than that of a first-class passage on any other vessel. Actually, one can buy a first-class ticket to Rotterdam on the *Holland-America's Veendam* or *Volendam* for \$132, while the minimum rate to Hamburg on the *Manhattan* is \$161, because the latter, despite the fact that she is designated to the public as a cabin ship, is in fact newer, faster, and larger than the other two vessels.

In the good old days when Warren G. Harding was President most vessels carried three classes of passengers—first, second, and third (or steerage). There were a few vessels, slow and not luxurious, carrying passengers in their best accommodations at second-cabin rates. They came to be known as cabin ships. The name is not descriptive and has caused some misunderstanding. A woman inquired recently of a travel agent the cost of a first-class passage on the *Aquitania*. Seeing that she seemed somewhat taken aback when he quoted the figure, the travel agent suggested tactfully, "Perhaps you would prefer to take a cabin ship?" "Why!" exclaimed the woman, still more surprised. "Are there no cabins on the *Aquitania*?"

Bad as the name cabin ship is, it has stuck, and vessels of that type have increased greatly in number and popularity. Meanwhile another class has burgeoned even more surprisingly. Immigration having nearly stopped a decade ago, the

third-class quarters of transatlantic steamships had become almost deserted. In this dilemma it occurred to some bright mind to segregate part of the steerage, sweeten it with a little perfume, throw in a jazz orchestra, and offer it to persons, especially students, unable to pay the higher rates. It was called student or tourist third, and at an advance of \$10 or \$15 above the usual steerage fare became as much a fad as jigsaw puzzles today. The word "third" was dropped after a short time, and the new category, known simply as tourist, grew so that it usurped the quarters of the second class—never popular among Americans because of the designation.

Today there are no second-class quarters on steamships on the northern routes to Europe except on the Bremen and Europa. The tourist class has in effect become the second, the difference in price between it and the third—to which less space is given than formerly—has widened, and we are beginning the old evolution again. To use a word much in esteem nowadays, one cycle has ended and another is under way. A couple of years ago what was called "restricted third" was offered on certain vessels. The Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference, swinging its big stick, has forbidden the use of the phrase, but the evolution is going on just the same. Various lines are offering on certain dates of the summer "student sailings," for which it is proposed to book white-collar travelers in the third class and shunt to other vessels the collarless and those whose linen inclines toward dark white. Anyway it is obvious that when a party or a travel bureau buys part or all of the third-class quarters on a steamship, it thereby accomplishes segregation of its own. Both the Open Road and the Bureau of University Travel are offering certain trips this year with third-class steamship travel, while the Pocono Study Tours is sending all its students that way.

Because fares are fixed according to ship as well as according to class, there is—as already pointed out—much variation in prices for a given class. There are slight differences also depending on one's port of departure on this side and arrival on the other. In a general way it may be said that minimum first-class fares run from \$132 on the Veendam and Volendam to \$221 on the Bremen and Europa; minimum cabin fares from \$115 to \$161; minimum tourist fares from \$94.50 to \$120.50; minimum third-class fares from about \$75 to \$100. There will be a 5 per cent increase in east-bound rates from the middle of June to the middle of July and in westbound fares from the middle of August to the middle of September.

One hears much nowadays of cheap travel on "freight boats." The phrase seems to have acquired a lure somewhat akin to that attaching to "tourist third" when that class made its debut nearly a decade ago. Unfortunately, the description "freight boat" is as loose as "cabin ship," since all vessels carry some freight and it is an important source of revenue even of most of the well-known passenger liners. There are, it is true, any number of vessels churning through the Seven Seas which are not licensed to carry passengers, aboard which one can, nevertheless, sometimes get a passage by signing on as a member of the crew but, by payment of a stipulated sum to the skipper or the company, travel in fact as a passenger. This technique, though possible, is not widely practicable, and is not what usually is meant by travel on freight boats. The phrase has reference to travel by ships which are primarily cargo carriers but are licensed to take

passengers and have accommodations for a limited number of them on a one-class basis.

Such vessels are small and slow as transatlantic liners go, but the accommodations are on upper decks and appeal to persons who like the sea and have time to spend upon it. They get less Broadway cabaret but more Atlantic Ocean. As the lines are not affiliated with the Transatlantic Passenger Steamship Conference, the fares are not regulated by that body but are as low as, or lower than, tourist rates, while travelers are in effect first-class passengers with the full run of the ship. One line sends vessels of this type from Baltimore and Norfolk to Havre and Hamburg. Another operates craft between New York and London and New York and Hamburg. A third runs boats between New York and Copenhagen. The vessels of all three are under the American flag. Several other companies dispatch ships carrying a few passengers at low rates.

There are four good-sized craft on the North Atlantic under the British flag two of which carry only tourist passengers and the others tourist and third-cabin travelers. Thus on all four ships the tourist cabin is the top class.

Prospective travelers to Europe will find it worth while to inquire about possibilities of transatlantic passage from the ports nearest to their homes, as considerable amounts in railway fare can sometimes be saved in that way. For persons living in the South sailings are available from a number of ports along the coast from Baltimore to Galveston. New Englanders have the advantage not only of services out of Boston but of those through the St. Lawrence River from Montreal and Quebec. The St. Lawrence River sailings, convenient also for residents of the Middle West, include some of the most economical of the cabin ships operated by Canadian and English companies.

Of course the lane across the North Atlantic is not the only path to Europe. If one is visiting Mediterranean countries, the Italian lines, now operating as a unit, offer a direct route by sea, and for one who is making an extended tour of Europe may often be used advantageously in at least one direction. The Italian lines do not encourage general travelers to use their third-class services, but their ships carry tourist passengers and, unlike vessels on the northern routes, still retain a second class. In addition, the two new superliners, Rex and Conte di Savoia, have what is known as a "special class" between first and second.

There is a sizable fleet operated by an American company to Mediterranean and Black Sea ports carrying passengers on a one-class basis. Besides the ships running on a fixed schedule, there are a number which, although regularly making certain ports, vary their itineraries somewhat in accordance with opportunities to take or leave cargo. The round trip by such ships, known as "vagabond cruises," takes from two to two and a half months, according to route, and may be made for less than \$5 a day.

Those looking for economical summer trips by water will find them also among the various services between New York and San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. One can make the two weeks' trip on passenger vessels under the American flag for as little as \$120, tourist class. There is a line devoted chiefly to cargo but carrying a few passengers in one class. Its boats take about a month for the run between New York and San Francisco, via Los Angeles. The fare is \$99, or about \$3 a day.

Besides information obtained from travel agencies and the standard guidebooks in regard to hotels and transportation abroad, recent data may be had from the tourist offices which most of the countries of Europe maintain in New York, as also from the headquarters in that city of foreign railway systems. A letter of inquiry addressed to the Consul General in New York of the country in which one is interested usually will reach a source of information. Persons looking toward Europe with the intention of studying there are invited to write to the University Service of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, 57 Broadway, New

York. Information is given gratis, without obligation to travel by the company's ships. The service aims to be a clearing-house for data in regard to courses in medicine, art, music, drama, language, economics, and other subjects which are given in European schools and universities and are open to Americans. A pamphlet outlining summer courses in Europe open to Americans has just been published and may be had free.

[This is the second of a series of articles on various aspects of travel. A third article, on travel in Soviet Russia, will appear in an early issue.]

British Policy in India Fails

By RICHARD B. GREGG

NOW that the British government has issued its proposals for constitutional change in India, and yet the British censorship lets so little news from India come through, many people are wondering what will be the final outcome of the struggle there. It is appropriate, therefore, to state the principal facts and reasons why we may be sure that India, as represented by the Indian National Congress, will win her political and economic freedom from Great Britain. Some of the reasons are found in India, some in Great Britain. In India the most important is that the Indian National Congress, despite the savage attacks upon it by the government for over a year, is still the largest and best-organized political party in the country, and is steadily growing in strength. An important corollary of this is that the Indian groups upon which the government has hitherto relied for support—the princes, landlords, Moslem Old Guard, and Hindu Moderates—are steadily growing weaker.

The brutality and thoroughness of the government's ordinances against the Congress have greatly decreased the number and size of mass demonstrations of civil disobedience. At the same time they have been one of the chief reasons for the growth of Indian sympathy with the Congress and its methods. In the debate during September, 1932, in the Indian Legislative Assembly, on the bill to turn the ordinances into statute law, one member, Jehangir Munshi, was reported to have said that men like himself who two years before had had no faith in the Congress had begun, thanks to the government's methods and policy, to believe that the Congress was the only living body and that its method represented the only way of obtaining the political objective. And in the same debate Sir Abdur Rahim, leader of the Indian Independent Party, a Moslem ex-judge of the High Courts of Calcutta and Madras, and ex-member of the Government of Bengal, is reported to have said that "Congressmen . . . would welcome the bill, while non-Congressmen would be driven to join the Congress by these stringent laws."

The Congress is also being strengthened by the Poona pact secured by Gandhi's fast in September last, and by the strong movement against all aspects of untouchability, which has created greater social and political unity among Hindus, has demonstrated once more to the British, and to the world at large, the immense moral and political power of Gandhi, and has strengthened the ideal of non-violence. It not only has unified the Hindu castes, but has called forth the

vigorous support of Indian women everywhere, and has mollified the attitude of Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees, and Indian Christians toward Hindus. Out of this grew the next movement which has strengthened the Congress and weakened the Old Guard Moslems, namely, the Unity movement and the Allahabad agreement between important leaders of all the Indian communities. Although that agreement missed complete ratification by a narrow margin, it was substantially successful except in Bengal. There is fair prospect of its ultimate success even there. It lays the basis for much stronger opposition to the government's program.

The government, by arbitrarily attaching the Indian rupee to the pound sterling when the British pound went off gold, has caused a drain of over \$300,000,000 worth of gold from India. Naturally this has angered Indian financiers and business men, and made them more opposed to the government and more ready to help the Congress. There is some indication that this drain of gold may be beginning to pinch the Indian landlords. At any rate the London *Times* of last November 28 tells of "an unprecedented situation" in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces "brought about by a decision of the landholders, who are ordinarily staunch supporters of the government, to oppose all official resolutions as a protest against the government's inability to accept their demands for remissions of revenue." If the landlords are being forced to sell their gold in order to pay their land taxes, their support of the government will tend to weaken further as the drain of gold continues. As a considerable number of the Moslem Old Guard are landlords, their support may become less enthusiastic also.

The younger men of all communities are disgusted with the communal jealousies, suspicions, and bickerings of the older men. For example, although the elders of the All-India Moslem Conference rejected the Allahabad agreement, it apparently cost them the support of the All-India Moslem Youth League, the Nationalist Moslem Party, the Afghan Jirga, the Majisli Ahrar, and the Jamiat-ul-Ulema, or association of Moslem divines of Delhi and of Cawnpore. So another pillar of the Empire in India weakens. Furthermore, the fact is being steadily hammered home to Indians of all sorts, that the Congress program and method are the only ones which yield results.

We have seen how the landlords and Moslem loyalists are losing strength. The Moderates have been much weak-

ened by the failure of the third Round Table Conference to yield any advance whatsoever to the Indian claims. After their return to India Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar issued a statement about the results of the conference which was so full of doubt and failure dressed in windy phrases that it convinced no one. The Bombay Liberal Association has recently condemned the proceedings of the third Round Table Conference. N. C. Kelkar, a delegate to the conference, on arriving home, expressed "our disappointment and dissatisfaction" with the results, according to the *Bombay Chronicle* of January 13, 1933. The same issue of that paper carried a long statement by the Indian Merchants Chamber which severely condemned the results of the third Round Table Conference and said that the words of Sir Samuel Hoare closing the conference "have given rise to apprehensions and misgivings in the minds even of some of the liberal statesmen of this country."

Even the Indian princes are becoming less helpful to Great Britain. As they watch the popular desire and demand for freedom grow stronger in all the Indian provinces of British India, as they note the rising power of the Indian Congress, as they see the uprisings and refusals to pay taxes in the states of Kashmir and Alwar and the intervention of British troops in both those states, as they note the eagerness of British statesmen to use the princes as a conservative brake on the proposed new Indian legislature, they grow averse to coming into closer political association with progressive Indian people, they dread the possibility of further British interference with their own internal affairs, and yet are increasingly reliant upon British troops as the possibilities of local disorders tend to increase. At the same time, because they have some grievances of their own against the British government, and because they want to be secure and if possible supreme in power in the proposed Indian federation, they are setting a higher and higher price upon their consent to enter it, and delaying their final decision as long as possible. These delays and obstructions are making all the British Indian elements still more suspicious and more angry against Great Britain.

The third Round Table Conference yielded nothing to Indian demands. Instead, it raised the "safeguards" still higher and watered down even the previous pretenses of self-government as shown by the recent British "White Paper." To this the princes, landlords, and Moslem reactionaries do not object, but they are not numerous enough to run the proposed new constitution. A far wider element of consent is necessary. Unless the Moderates are enthusiastic and convinced enough to be able to persuade a large number of other Indians, and show to such doubting and hostile and suspicious groups a really substantial grant of power to them, the whole scheme must fail. And since all those things are lacking, the Moderates are left high and dry, with everyone saying, "Fooled again!"

To such a handicap is added the further embarrassment of the continuing imprisonment of Gandhi and the other Congress leaders. At a meeting called by the Indian Conciliation Group in London, just after the close of the third Round Table Conference, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the chief leader of the Indian Moderates, said:

The amount of dissatisfaction with the government, the amount of discontent, the amount of bitterness in India in nearly every home have been far greater than at any time within my experience. . . .

We are anxious that the constitution which we accept here should be discussed among ourselves. I do want to discuss these things with Congressmen, and when I talk of Congressmen, it is impossible for me to discuss, it is impossible for Mr. Jayakar to discuss what we have been doing here with any Congressmen so long as Mahatma Gandhi is in jail. . . .

Despite this impasse, the British Tories in England and the British members of the Civil Service in India are strongly opposed to releasing the political prisoners. In India it is also widely believed that the Viceroy has an active personal dislike of Gandhi which interferes with his judgment. Gandhi's immense moral power over his people was strikingly demonstrated to the world at the time of his fast last September, and the British ruling class is afraid that if he is released he will be able to unite the entire country against it. My guess is that he will not be released until after Parliament actually enacts the proposed new constitution for India into law.

To sum up, the British "dual policy" of repression on the one hand, together with constitutional changes on the other, is a failure in both its aspects. Repression has not crushed either the Congress or the spirit of the people and has only driven its activities underground and helped to unify all Indian groups against the government. And the so-called "reforms" are so patently a fraud and breach of previous high-sounding British announcements that no popular consent or even acquiescence for them can be obtained in India. The present policy of repression cannot go on forever for financial, political, and moral reasons. It is too hard on British prestige in India, in Great Britain, and abroad. Military reconquest of India by the British would be too expensive from a financial standpoint; it would also probably smash the morale of the Indian army, and would completely ruin British prestige abroad.

Besides these factors in India, there are some in England. There is now an active organization, with many influential people in its membership, strongly opposed to the government's repressive policies in India. This is the India League, headed by Lord Bertrand Russell. Its influence is growing. During the spring and summer, after the publication of the new constitution and its presentation to Parliament, discussion of the Indian problem will become more open and intense than at any time yet during the struggle. The British people will then be squarely faced with an issue of immense importance to the Empire. With the lid off, the existing divisions among the British in regard to this question will become deeper, wider, and more numerous. There is a conflict of policy between British high finance and the army on one side and British trade, manufacturing, and insurance on the other. The latter group, despite their fears of the future, favor a more liberal policy. The British Labor Party and many Liberals want to end the repression. Much of this disagreement will come out into the open. The discussions and bickerings will be reported in the British journals and press and will be read in India. That will help to discourage British members of the Civil Service in India and Indian loyalists, and will tend to encourage sympathizers with Indian Nationalist aims.

There is a demand for Indian government securities because, since the great British government-debt conversion of last autumn, Indian government securities yield so much more interest than British government securities. This fact,

together with the continuance of the drain of gold from India, gives income and financial credit to the Indian government despite the greatly decreased regular sources of income from customs duties, railways, land revenue, income tax, and so on, and despite the fact that most of the Indian provinces have heavy deficits. This will enable and tempt the government to maintain its existence for some time after all popular consent is gone in India. This artificial appearance of financial and political solvency is the basis for the defensive optimism in recent speeches of the Viceroy and Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India. It will tend to deceive the British people and cause them to support policies which will destroy the government in India swiftly as soon as the break comes. Race pride and British imperial pride act both as censors on important information and as inhibitors of wisdom. The British governing class does not understand Gandhi or his methods, and underestimates the power of both. Hence this governing class will continue to make irretrievable mistakes and steadily lose ground in India. This will be true even if Gandhi dies, for he has a large following who understand and believe thoroughly in his method. The British are a remarkable people, highly disciplined and strongly united, but in these particular circumstances their very discipline and trust in their leaders are weaknesses. The leaders are mistaken and the nation is blind. The policies which are being followed are destroying every possibility of retaining British political and economic control of India.

This struggle comes at a time when Great Britain is surrounded by more complex, delicate, and fateful problems than perhaps at any previous time in its history. Ireland, ties with the dominions, trouble in Kenya, discontent in Ceylon, administrative difficulties in Malaya, the precarious balance of power in Europe, relations with Russia, relations with the United States, with Argentina, the situation between Japan and China, the internal difficulties connected with unemployment and the economic depression—all these weaken Britain in relation to India.

Everyone, including leaders of the British ruling class, admits that nationalism and desire for self-government are sentiments which are found in every section and class and community throughout India, and that the strength of these sentiments is steadily increasing. Years ago Sir John Seeley wrote in his "Expansion of Empire":

If ever there should arise in India a nationality movement similar to that which we have witnessed in Italy, the English power could not even make the resistance that was made in Italy by Austria, but must succumb at once. . . . If India does at last begin to breathe as a single national whole . . . then there would be needed no explosion of despair. The moment that a mutiny is threatened, which shall be no mere mutiny but the expression of a universal feeling of nationality, at that same moment all hope is at an end—as all desire ought to be at an end—of preserving our Empire.

Lastly, the Indian movement is only a part of an all-Asiatic movement against the exploitation of the West. When about nine hundred million aspiring people begin to move they acquire a momentum that is irresistible. The old idea that the East never changes is no longer true. Profound changes are taking place there more rapidly than in the West. Some fruits may take long to ripen, but when fully ripe they fall as quickly as any other.

In the Driftway

IT has often enough been pointed out that American civilization is declining. Gone are the good old days, and the Drifter has done his share of mourning for them. But in no aspect of our life has this decay, this disappearance of the heroic virtues, been more distressingly apparent than in the art of eating. The most eloquent tribute to American eating has lately been paid by Mrs. Sheila Hibben in her volume, "The National Cookbook." The Drifter does not pretend to know her admirable book by heart, but he cannot recall offhand any wreath laid by her at the feet—or around the edges of the Buckwheat Pancake. This noble concoction, he notes with pain, is disappearing from our national life. Although it still exists in certain sections of the country, city dwellers are almost completely strange to it. Not long ago the Drifter was present at a conference where five American cooks, all native born, and with plenty of general culinary competence, wrangled for an hour about how buckwheat pancakes should be made, and then were obliged to consult a cookbook, which naturally gave them information in almost every respect erroneous.

* * * * *

LET it be said first that the buckwheat pancake, in its true form, is black, sour, heavy, and completely full of dough. It is, of course, made with real buckwheat flour, not the pale imitations that are called prepared buckwheat. Moreover, one yeast cake is enough for a winter, since the cook saves enough of the batter to make a rising for the next morning. (Need it be said that buckweats are a breakfast dish?) The book consulted by the Drifter's cooks called for bread crumbs. Shades of our Puritan ancestors! Buckwheat cakes are made with water, soda, and molasses. Just before the batter is poured, after it has stood by the stove all night to rise (a real stove, of course, with a real fire in it, not a contraption that burns gas or electricity), it may be thinned with milk. In fact it is probably weeks of souring milk that give the batter its rich, dark-green smell. The molasses is said to be what makes the cakes brown. But the Drifter doubts it. When they appear in a stack on one's plate, about to be lathered with butter and smothered with maple—not cane—syrup, golden, crisp, weighty, he rather imagines that the brownness comes direct from heaven.

* * * * *

THE Drifter goes thus into detail about buckwheat cakes not in the hope that the effete cities will take to them, or that he will ever again have them for breakfast, but that an almost lost art may not quite perish from the earth. If we may not have buckweats in their own sweet flesh, we may have them in the words of a devotee. It is quite true that they may give a person who eats a great many of them—and who could eat fewer?—a slight touch of dyspepsia. But dyspepsia seems a welcome fate compared to that of the unfortunate children of the present day, to whom spinach water and prune pulp are delicacies. It is a poor kind of American who will deny himself ambrosia merely for the sake of avoiding the stomach ache.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The German Socialists

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am astonished at your jibe at the Social Democrats of Germany. You seem always to take the Bolshevik standpoint. You do not seem to realize that the Socialists never had full power in Germany. You also do not seem to know that Socialists are strong believers in the ideal of democracy and democratic methods, not only as a means to an end but also as an end in itself. What did you expect the German Socialists to do? Commit the same atrocities as the Hitlerites and their allies in barbarism, the Communists?

Why not blame the Communists with whom you seem to sympathize? They did everything possible to destroy the democracy and worked hand in glove with the Hitlerites in and out of Parliament, even exchanging editors in their publications and organizing a car strike just to hurt the Socialists in the election.

New York, March 29

J. BORNSTEIN

That Atheist Advertisement

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am exceedingly pleased and gratified to see that you are carrying advertisements of the *Militant Atheist*. I was one of the first subscribers to that publication, have already perused two issues, and have found them highly informative and exceedingly interesting.

Undoubtedly even in this day there are many educated and intelligent women who do not know that religion—especially the great religions of the world—is responsible for most of the humiliations that women have suffered.

New York, March 2

KATHERINE M. GODLEY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I quite agree with Mrs. Heywood Broun's protest about the *Militant Atheist*. The general appeal of the advertisement seems on a level with that of the Little Blue Books which issue from the same source; that appeal was neatly defined when I called at one of their stores for Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" and was understood to ask for "The Coming of the Stork."

Detroit, March 1

DOROTHY TYLER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a subscriber for many years to *The Nation*, I wish to add my protest to that of Mrs. Heywood Broun in regard to your advertisements of the *Militant Atheist*. I do not question your right to accept any advertisement. In this instance it is a question of taste, and of good manners toward those of your readers who are not atheists, militant or otherwise.

Winter Park, Fla., March 1

MARY FRANCIS BAKER

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mrs. Heywood Broun countenances drinking but complains against your printing atheists' advertising. Charles C. Ramsay approves of "free thought and free speech except such as is positively obscene."

Now I believe in God, in drinking, and in the atheist's right to advertise. But I also believe in and approve of obscenity, and I take umbrage at Mr. Ramsay's attempt to make me a

pariah. I certainly feel it is proper for Mrs. Broun and Mr. Ramsay to rein in their liberality at what point they wish, provided their reservations do not openly cast reflection on me.

I submit that we obscenists should be allowed space to combat ostracism by other liberals. The fact that our works may become canonized later does not entirely compensate such insinuations as Mr. Ramsay's that we are not here and now quite tolerable.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 15

GEORGE SMEDLEY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mrs. Heywood Broun, in writing about the *Militant Atheist*, asked: "Why this mania to take from others a privilege which we ourselves do not want?"

I believe that most religious sects make a very serious effort to convert other people to their faith. They employ missionaries and spend considerable effort and money in the process. If this action is justifiable, why is it not also right for an atheist to try to convert his neighbors to his lack of faith?

Chicago, March 3

S. M. FERGUS

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Haldeman-Julius's shocked surprise that I should suggest the suppression of an advertisement in *The Nation* or any other magazine is quite wasted. Of course, I was not guilty of any such stupidity, but I was offended by the advertisement's gratuitous abuse of the Christian church and its members. Charles C. Ramsay accuses me of hostility to the atheist cult. I concede to the individual the right to practice atheism, voodooism, nudism, or any other ism that may appeal; I only ask in return respect for those of other faiths.

New York, March 10

MRS. HEYWOOD BROUN

The Crawford Case

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Miss Boardman's article in *The Nation* of March 8 cannot fail to cause those who know neither Virginia nor Leesburg, the county seat of Loudoun County, to doubt that George Crawford will have a fair trial and adequate protection if extradited from Massachusetts. I am a Northerner born and bred, but for many years I have been a part-time resident of Leesburg, where Crawford will be tried if extradited. I have been in many parts of the country, but I have to find a more law-abiding and well-ordered country section than Loudoun County and its county seat, Leesburg, a small and quaint town whose history extends back to pre-Revolutionary days.

If Crawford is returned for trial, undoubtedly the prosecuting attorney will exert all his powers to secure a conviction. But that does not mean an unfair trial. It must not be overlooked that the present judge is a well-educated gentleman, an experienced lawyer, and a man whose character and family traditions would not allow him to conduct a trial unfairly in his court, especially when the accused is one of a race which in that part of Virginia still looks to the gentry for leadership and protection. Further, undoubtedly the jury would be a fair cross-section of the local white population, namely, farmers and business men. The jury will certainly not be of that type of park-bench semi-morons which, as a lawyer, I have often dealt with in juries in some of our large cities.

As for real danger of lynching, that is all past now. It is planned to protect Crawford by at least fifteen extra police and troops if necessary. I have no doubt that if Crawford is extradited, Virginia will see that no just criticism can be made of his trial or treatment.

Washington, March 10

CHARLES T. TITTMANN

An Important Omission

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Apparently an error in copying my original article, which I wrote when I was out of town, was responsible for the omission from my statement on banking in your issue of March 22 of an important specification, namely, that not only should the Federal Reserve system be socially controlled but that the twelve Federal Reserve banks should be completely owned by the government. This is the more important because an extension of their facilities throughout the country is essential to any scheme of socialized banking.

May I also claim enough of your space to point out that not only has the country lost a magnificent opportunity to nationalize banking, but also that the steps thus far taken, while doubtless necessary to protect us against unsound banks, are causing a further drastic deflation primarily at the expense of unlucky depositors in the 20 per cent or more banks still virtually closed. Unless there is affirmative legislation in the direction of nationalization, the vacuum will inevitably be filled by an extension, directly or indirectly, of the power and services of the big banks. The money changers, somewhat chastened, will be back again in the temple.

New York, March 24

NORMAN THOMAS

"Ann Vickers"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In justice to the seniors of Manhattan College, whom you mentioned in your issue of March 15, allow me to present the true facts concerning the senior poll recently held at the college.

The seniors number 170, and a recheck of the ballots cast shows that 143 students participated in the poll. Twenty-one books were voted upon, and since no restrictions were placed upon the seniors as to preference, no single book received more than eight votes, with the exception of the book in question, which received nine. During the course of the balloting, a senior facetiously inquired, "What about 'Ann Vickers'?" and in a jocular spirit, nine votes were cast for the book.

When the poll was published, it gave an apparent impression that a majority of the senior class preferred to read books of this stamp. But the circumstances surrounding the actual balloting are not known to the general public, and in all fairness to a group of young men who are sincere and earnest in their endeavor to emulate their worthy predecessors, I feel it my duty to acquaint you with the situation in its true light.

New York, March 18

WILLIAM A. BURNS

Editor-in-chief, the *Quadrangle*.

The "Ironical Temper"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Without wishing to step between the swords in the Chevalier-Wright duel on the subject of Anatole France, may I call *The Nation's* attention to a curious if minor point. Mr. Wright ends his letter printed in *The Nation* of February 22 with the statement that his strictures on Anatole France are no more "niggling" or "self-righteous" than those of several French critics, among whom he names Bernard Fay. Some of M. Fay's views might seem a bit out of place if adopted by a critic writing for *The Nation*. For instance, M. Fay cites as an example of Anatole France's lack of political stability the fact that he, while enjoying the favor of the republican regime

in France, was willing to serve as one of the contributing editors "de la revue anti-française *The Nation* de New York" ("Panorama de la littérature contemporaine," p. 105).

Of course this proves nothing, but may help explain why the "ironical temper," though it may be destructive, is not entirely obsolete.

Chicago, February 23

GRACE M. SPROULL

In the Interest of More Accuracy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of March 22, under the heading "In the Interest of Accuracy," you publish a letter from Maurice Firth regarding Commander John Kenworthy.

May I point out, in the interest of accurate accuracy, that the member of Parliament for Hull, Central, for many years until the last election was Lieutenant-Commander Joseph Montagu Kenworthy and not John Kenworthy, as your correspondent incorrectly pointed out.

New York, March 16

JOSEPH MARKS

Contributors to This Issue

B. H. HIBBARD, author of "Marketing Agricultural Products," is professor of agricultural economics at the University of Wisconsin.

DONALD RICHBERG is a Chicago lawyer. He is general counsel for the National Conference on Valuation of Railroads and for the Railway Labor Executives Association.

ARTHUR WARNER, formerly an associate editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "A Landlubber's Log."

RICHARD B. GREGG, author of "The Economics of Khaddar" and "The Psychology and Strategy of Gandhi's Non-Violent Resistance," spent nearly four years in India, living most of the time in the Gandhi colony.

V. F. CALVERTON is the editor of the *Modern Monthly*.

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KENNETH WHITE is a writer of book reviews for various literary periodicals.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology of Northwestern University.

ELISEO VIVAS, a member of the department of philosophy of the University of Wisconsin, was formerly Venezuelan Consul in Philadelphia.

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Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

All of the steps that our slow love has taken
Were your own steps at last, who led the way.
I was too fixed—or like an oak was shaken
That has been marked to fall yet never may.
Never unless you taught me had I known it:
Love must be advancing or it dies.
You found each resting-place, but had outgrown it
Before I too was ready to arise.
Love is a journey to no end, except
One traveler, halting, cannot journey more.
When I awoke you had as wisely stepped
As the sole fox across a forest floor;
So I would always follow you; and will
To the last hedge upon the highest hill.

Blockhead and Genius

James Boswell. By C. E. Vulliamy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

THIS is both a serious and an entertaining volume. Quite possibly an even better study of its subject may some day be written, but the present one has, among other advantages, that of being the first extended account of James Boswell since the publication of the Isham papers made him, perhaps, the best self-documented man in all history. Pepys's diary does, after all, cover only a relatively brief and unimportant period in the compiler's life. By comparison with Boswell, Pepys seems, besides, positively reticent. But the author of the greatest biography in any language was absolutely indefatigable in writing himself down as a silly fop, a beastly drunkard, and an indiscriminate, unimaginative lecher.

Mr. Vulliamy draws only sparingly upon the scandalous fulness of the "Private Papers." He feels, not unjustly, that for his purpose nothing would be gained by following in detail the dully repetitious accounts of those intoxications and fornications which Boswell never tired of detailing either for his own satisfaction or for that of Temple, the quiet, mediocre clergyman to whom he wrote so many letters full of matter hardly suitable for a clergyman's ear. Mr. Vulliamy does, however, give just enough to indicate how much of Boswell's time was taken up with such exploits, and what he has chiefly in mind is the problem which has puzzled all commentators—the problem, that is to say, of how such a man could have written such a book as the "Life of Johnson." That problem is not exactly solved, and perhaps it is not solvable. Nevertheless, Mr. Vulliamy does state it clearly, rationally, and without any of that deceptively dramatic emphasis which results if one yields to the temptation either to make the author worse than he was or the book better than it is.

The latter has its definite limitations. It reveals no otherwise unsuspected powers of thought or depth of feeling. It is great almost wholly because of the exquisite sense of conversational values which it exhibits, and one must remember that persons who knew Johnson well regarded it as essentially a clever caricature. Yet the fact remains that Macaulay's famous paradox of the man who wrote a great book *because* he was a blockhead will not hold. Comparison of the finished work with Boswell's notes shows that there went to the making of it skill

of a particular kind which would be amazing in any man, let alone in one so much of whose other literary work is indescribably silly.

The Boswell who finally prepared the "Life" for publication was a man deliberately making his last bid for a renown which he had always desired but which, as he knew with agonizing knowledge, he had so far missed. Many years of dissipation of the crudest kind had coarsened him, and his folly had lost that youthfulness which had made it not only tolerable but actually pleasing to other men besides Johnson. By then the virtue which he still possessed was too much overlaid to be still recognizable, and if we are to grasp what it was we had best go back to the vivacious young man who came from Scotland to London as to a promised land. He was, to be sure, unstable enough and foolish enough even then. All he seemed to want was to push himself forward into some kind of notoriety, and he was gradually to exhibit that utter inability to discriminate which allowed him to publish, late in life, a memoir of himself in which he referred complacently to such unspeakably fatuous compositions as his ballad "The Grocer of London, in Praise of Mr. Pitt's Conduct in the Dispute with Spain," and to "No Abolition of Slavery," another ballad based upon the ingenious idea that it was useless to forbid the slavery of Negroes so long as the universal "slavery to love" continued to exist. But this young man, for all his folly and for all his inability to discriminate so far as his own actions were concerned, did have sense enough to know that if one is going to be a hanger-on it is best to hang on to something worth while, and he did have, besides, the keenness of perception which enabled him to recognize the outstanding men of his generation. The unerring way in which he went for Voltaire, Rousseau, Johnson, and Wilkes may have revealed what Johnson would have called "his lack of fixed principles," but it also revealed something which often goes with a lack of fixed principles—namely, a catholic taste for strength and flavor of character of whatever kind. Delicate in none of his other pleasures, he was obviously a connoisseur of personality. He sharpened his perceptions by a lifelong passion for distinguished men, and fortune finally favored him by giving him the opportunity to write exactly the book which required, above all else, just that highly developed sense of social character which was the one thing he had. An utter blockhead could not have written it; but only one virtue was needed, and that happened to be almost the only one which he possessed.

After recounting his monstrous follies and dwelling upon that curious vanity which led him to prefer even ridicule to neglect, Mr. Vulliamy comes desperately to the conclusion that Boswell was not really sane. That does not tell us much, and it will, perhaps, not tell much more if we attempt to describe him as an exhibitionist; but the term will at least serve to unify the phenomena which his life presents. He never, so far as I know, exhibited his person, but his mania for publicizing his follies, his delight in exposing his weaknesses, and the complacency with which he tells the world of the slights which he received from the great, certainly suggest a pathological impulse more or less masochistic in character. The desire for fame may be, as some psychologists would insist, an exalted and purified form of exhibitionism, but it is not usual for this exalted and purified form to display itself in connection with the cruder manifestations of the same impulse. Boswell is remarkable as a man who could aspire to—and actually achieve—a genuine fame, while, at the same time, taking that delight in making a spectacle out of himself which is sometimes observed in imbeciles or insane persons incapable of discriminating between the attention which springs from admiration and that which is only a wondering contempt.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Truth for Children

We, the People. By Leo Huberman. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

TO place this book in the hands of a typical American youth, miseducated in the American public schools, would be equivalent to introducing Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" into the reading circle of a Christian Endeavor Society. If this book could be used in the public schools of this country it would do more to destroy the prevailing false ideas concerning the history of the American people and to prepare American youth for the revolutionary developments of the future than a dozen erudite tomes on economic radicalism. But it is not probable that the book will be used. It tells the truth in such a forthright, honest way that no public school could afford to adopt it. It represents the worst form of heresy. It threatens to upset the fairy-tale equilibrium of the child's mind. It dares to represent historical fact without the garnishments of patriotic fiction.

What, then, is there new in this book in the way of fact which makes it so heterodox, so revolutionary? Strange as it may seem, very little. Most of its facts can be found in Beard, Schlesinger, Jameson, Turner, to all of whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness, and its general approach can be traced to Marx. What is new about it is the way it organizes and illuminates its facts—and for whom. In combining the art of a fiction writer with the skill of a historian, Mr. Huberman has provided in this book a history of the American people that can be read and understood by any intelligent child above the age of ten, and which will surely help to revolutionize the minds of American youth.

Beginning with the colonization of America, the author carries his story through the Revolutionary and Civil wars, traces the rise of industry and the decline of agriculture in the nation, depicts in rich detail the struggle between the landlords and the money lords and the more important battle between the have-nots and the haves, and concludes his narrative with a consideration of the problem of what next. This passage from the last chapter is typical of the approach and spirit of the book as a whole:

In 1932 America was the richest country in the world. Yet—farmers were down and out. About 10,000,000 people who were able to work, who wanted to work, could find no work. . . . Not "overproduction" but "underconsumption" was the trouble. People needed bread, clothing, shoes, apartments. They wanted automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators. But they had no money to buy these things. Yet America was the richest country in the world. . . . One per cent of the people owned 59 per cent of the wealth! Seventy-six per cent of the people owned only 5 per cent of the wealth. . . . The capitalists of the country had piled up riches—but the workingmen and farmers had remained poor. The working classes had made the shoes, radios, clothing, automobiles, and so on, but they had not been paid enough in wages to buy back what they had made. . . . It was very much like the story about a man who owned a cow. He milked her every day. At first she gave an abundance of milk; then she grew thinner and stopped giving milk altogether. "Did you feed her?" an anxious friend inquired. "Oh, no," the man replied. "I didn't think of that. All I wanted was the milk."

There is not a dull page in the book. Adult as well as child will find it graphic and gripping from beginning to end. The illustrations of Thomas H. Benton lend an element of added realism and drama to the narrative. No parent who wants his child to understand the history of the American people can afford to let him go without this book. "We, the People" is no

Van Loon-like venture in popularization, but an authentic contribution to historical literature for youthful students. It is to be hoped that its appearance will mark a new page in the development of juvenile histories.

V. F. CALVERTON

"Popular Life"

Woodrow Wilson. The Man Who Lives On. By John K. Winkler. Vanguard Press. \$3.50.

IT is hard to see much if any reason for this book. It adds nothing to our knowledge of Woodrow Wilson's career, gives us no fresh interpretation of the man, and throws no new light upon the vexed questions of his life. It is without footnotes or references or bibliography, and is plainly meant to be just a "popular life," which usually signifies a bright bit of writing and little else. That Mr. Winkler has written a readable story goes without saying; he has done that several times before in his other biographies. But the whole tone of his "Wilson" is "journalese," that is, it is sprightly, catchy, superficial, touching only the high spots, with numerous quotations from the books of Kerney, Tumulty, House, and one or two others.

To cite only one example of the spade work that might have been done, Mr. Winkler dismisses the incident of Grover Cleveland's letter condemning Woodrow Wilson without mitigation by citing Allan Nevins's statement that the Wilson family does not believe that any such letter was written. As a matter of fact, it was written, and a copy of it was for a long time in the possession of this reviewer. If his "Woodrow Wilson" adds nothing to Mr. Winkler's reputation as a chronicler of lives that are ended, it will doubtless serve to entertain those who wish an outline of the conventional attitude toward Wilson's career.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

No Frustration

No Retreat. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

IF, like Eliot, Horace Gregory were to label his beliefs, he might write: classicist in literature, Communist in politics, modernist in religion (Protestant in assent that man aspires to godhood, scientist in doubt). For Horace Gregory has learned much of his poetic method from Eliot, but his poetic interpretation of life is very much his own. He employs allusion to earlier literatures, which is very easily grasped emotionally; his poetry is speech made lyrical. The clarity of his form and his detachment are both classical in the sense that Eliot defines the word. But his scene, nevertheless, is the American city in all its complexity. Mr. Gregory's point of view is completely contemporary; he expresses no rootlessness, no nostalgia for the past, no ennui in the present. His poetic faith is in man, and this with full knowledge of how man must live, of what distortions life must undergo. There is nothing negative in all this; such poetry is an affirmation of man's glory despite its evidence of the author's realistic knowledge of man's spiritual poverty, a poverty created at least in part by the present economic and industrial system.

Horace Gregory is very important as a poet of today, a poet who has a long view of history and literature, and a passionate conviction concerning the beauty of human life. Both "Chelsea Rooming House" and this latest book make his place in our modern literature clear. Here is an intense but disciplined creative talent. Mr. Gregory has an authentic lyric

gift, a strong sense of the dramatic—his form is often the monologue of the mind—and a knowledge of the robustly humorous in the common man's life. This poet has not "escaped." He is here, taking part in America's radical thought. Fixed in today, he views the past as part of the present. The result is no Wasteland, no frustration, but a picture of a violent, somehow heroic land of great power misused. In such a land man, knowing the brevity of life, struggles for real and spiritual food. There is no denial here of emotional and universal values. Love in Asia, in Shakespeare's England, in Catullus's Rome, is the same as love on a Wisconsin college campus or on Twenty-third Street, New York. Youth and the power of vision are the same in all ages. The past is a glass that mirrors the fundamental truths of the present. Governments, philosophies, economic controls may change, but man remains eternal, and it is to man that we must look.

So much for defining Mr. Gregory's position in the contemporary scene. Many of the most perfect poems in "No Retreat" are personal. These are no overflow of undisciplined emotion, but the expression of a man sufficiently detached and learned to see his life in its proper perspective. Such are the Poems for My Daughter, Birthday in April, A Wreath for Margery (Margery Latimer), Praise of John Skelton, Homage to an Ancestor, and others. These, like the earlier monologues with the self and the astounding O Metaphysical Head, one of the most beautiful and terrifying of modern lyrics (from "Chelsea Rooming House"), are the expressions of an authentic poet speaking for himself. Horace Gregory can look deeply inward, but he never forgets the larger perspective of human history.

EDA LOU WALTON

A First Novel

The Water Wheel. By Julian L. Shapiro. Duffield and Green. \$2.50.

IF a first novel seems to follow, as "The Water Wheel" does, pretty closely the novelist's biography as presented on the flap, its autobiographical substance is usually set down by reviewers on the debit side. The novelist is told that he ought to have tried a more extensive sort of novel. Such comment would do "The Water Wheel" and its author an injustice.

Anyone who knows An Adirondack Narrative, I Let Him Die, or Jasper Darby's Passion knows that the author has indicated, in those stories, a wider range than this novel would lead one to give him credit for. Further, the hero of "The Water Wheel" is not Julian L. Shapiro under an alias; the hero is a plane of experience—a dead level of experience, even. A series of events move through the plane: a young lawyer wants to give up the law for literature; he wants a love affair; he gets it; he wants to go to Europe, to Oxford; he wants to come back; he is afraid he has a venereal disease, but he hasn't. These ordinary events cut through the plane of disgust, of ennui, much, supposedly, as a water wheel sheds water in its perpetual round; and when the novel is over, one kind of reality is felt, definitely and precisely.

The novel that results is a literary novel, even a precious one. Disregarding certain episodes, one will admit that the author has succeeded in what he set out to do though there remains the suspicion that he did not set out to do enough, and that a novel ought to embody more than one kind of reality. Because of its limitations, its set concentration upon one plane of experience, its exact attention to the hero, the novel scarcely moves one at all, any more than the exposure of the works of a watch, of the delicate movements of the springs and wheels, moves one to much more than momentary fascination. For its own good, perhaps, "The Water Wheel" ought not to have been

published separately. To those who are interested in the continuous development of a new writer "The Water Wheel" can, however, be recommended.

KENNETH WHITE

The Analysis of Culture

History, Psychology, and Culture. By Alexander Goldenweiser. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IT is good to have the papers contained in this volume in book form. Their significance for an understanding of the development of anthropological theory in the United States is of the first order; the influence they have exerted on the course of social thought in this country and in Europe far transcends that of the usual contributions to the periodical literature of a science. Not only did the consistently high quality of these discussions call attention to them when they were first published, but, ever since, social scientists have been going to them to read their incisive, clean-cut observations and analyses, and to gain from them ideas for exploring new lines of thought.

As the reader goes through the book, paper after paper that he has seen quoted literally dozens of times greets him. The contribution entitled The Principle of Limited Possibilities in the Development of Culture, which Goldenweiser injected into the heated controversy over the role of independent origin versus diffusion of cultural traits in the determination of culture, is one such; his papers Totemism, an Analytical Study, and Form and Content in Totemism offer two more ready instances. The discussion from which this book takes its title, History, Psychology, and Culture—a Set of Categories for an Introduction to Social Science, is perhaps less widely known. In the form in which it reappears, worked over and reedited, it should attract the attention it has not thus far received, and should stimulate further analysis of the problems that arise from the peculiar intimacy found in the interrelationships of the social disciplines.

The same incisiveness of attack which characterizes the positive contributions of Goldenweiser to social theory is also found in his analyses of the positions of the various "schools" of anthropological thought. In the paper entitled Theories of Primitive Mind and Culture one set of concepts after another is first expounded and then critically reviewed—those of Adolph Bastian, the anthro-geographers, the early evolutionists, the diffusionists, the so-called "American school." In the other four chapters of this second section, the implications of the general theoretical positions of Sir James G. Frazer, of Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, of Wilhelm Wundt, and of Sigmund Freud are discussed, while later in the book, in two important papers on the nature of the religious experience as illustrated in the life of primitive man, the approach which characterized the writings of Emile Durkheim is analyzed. Still other sections represent less familiar aspects of Dr. Goldenweiser's interests, such as his experiment in giving to children an anthropological approach to life, and his concern with the "new" education.

Naturally, the book does not have the homogeneity usually associated with the material contained between the covers of a single volume. Being the collected papers of the author, it must be read as such. In some instances, moreover, these papers "date." It is not such criticisms, however, that are to be leveled against them, but rather the fact that, in spite of the reworking which they received before republication, neither in discussion, in references in the body of the text, nor in the bibliography at the end of the book were they brought up to date. One may only hope that the reason this has not been done is that a consideration of some of the newer theoretical positions is to be vouchsafed us by Dr. Goldenweiser in the near future.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Guedalla Facing South

Argentine Tango. By Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

MR. GUEDALLA writes in a charming manner of Rio, one or two other Brazilian ports, and the Argentine. He often approaches and sometimes achieves genuinely distinguished writing; and this in spite of the fact that he does not always follow the advice given him before crossing the gang-plank at Southampton, to beware of adjectives. The book is made up of impressions, incidents, vivid anecdotes, and portraits in miniature of nothing or no one in particular, done in a clever, cinematic, modern, if somewhat self-conscious manner. Unfortunately Mr. Guedalla does not always retain his urbane attitude; sometimes he turns serious and allows himself to become interested in ponderous matters, such as the relations between the English colony in Buenos Ayres and the Argentines, or the reasons why the Empire cannot successfully compete with Argentine beef in the English market. In such moods he suffers from a tendency to become didactic, and the result is incongruous with the dominant temper of the book. In one of the sketches he reads an almost peevish sermon to North Americans on their big-brother complex toward their southern neighbors. The sermon's point is in this case well taken, though one knows the futility of peevish homiletics. A good Briton, Mr. Guedalla never forgets it, and it is perhaps for this reason that he takes so seriously the old academic controversy as to whether the southern continent should be properly called Latin America or Spanish America or merely South America. The reviewer is not quite certain of the final decision, but he did get this clear, that Mr. Guedalla is among those who object to the term Latin because the attempt to give it currency is part of a sinister conspiracy to fly *le drapeau de la France* over capitols where Downing Street should have first and perhaps final say—for, were not “in harsh reality Mr. Canning's cruisers the shield behind which the young republics grew”? Moments as serious as these are fortunately not many in a book which leaves the reader well pleased, as trifles should, even though here and there its impressionistic technique results in a disconcerting incoherence.

ELISEO VIVAS

Shorter Notices

Russia and Asia. By Prince A. Lobanov-Rostovsky. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Prince Lobanov-Rostovsky advances the argument that Russia is not Asiatic but European. What is more, he proves his case. It was not the khans of the Golden Horde, or any of their predecessors or successors, who conquered Russia; it was the European Slavs who conquered Asia, or at least that part of Asia which is now incorporated in the U. S. S. R. The East left few marks on Russian culture or the Russian language; such Oriental influences as can be found today are to be traced almost entirely to Byzantium, not to the Mongols or Tartars. The population of the Soviet Union is predominantly European, 77.3 per cent of the people being Great Russians, Ukrainians, and White Russians, the small remainder being made up of various Asiatic races. Orthodox Communists can no doubt find many flaws in the picture the author has drawn. Prince Lobanov-Rostovsky is after all “an aristocrat and expatriate.” It seems strange that he should have written this book, which is, though perhaps unconsciously, a defense of the Communist contention that communism is not fundamentally Eastern in essence or doctrine. Many close observers, for example,

Walter Duranty, have “explained” the failure of communism to spread to Western Europe on the ground that it is essentially an Oriental philosophy. Why, it may be asked, has communism also failed to spread to India and Japan? Lobanov-Rostovsky does not attempt to connect communism with Europeanism, but he does show that the Soviet Union has an unmistakable European background.

Last Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. With an Introduction by Richard Aldington. The Viking Press. \$3.

Lawrence's poems make up a spiritual autobiography, and these “Last Poems” are among the most moving, because they carry a deeply religious spirit up to the very door of death. Generally flimsy in form, yet with a sort of scribbled liveliness and truth, one reads them less for the separate poems than to trace the life lines, building and breaking, now irritable, again resolved and lyrical, through cycles of interior experience. It is rather unfortunate that the book contains, along with the “last poems,” another sheaf of “Pansies,” of a much more thin and crabbed quality. For it is in the “last poems” that one follows with gratification Lawrence's spirit, so deeply scored with the tragic tensions of modern life, into pools of comparative peace. The note of truly religious restitution is unmistakable in such poems as *The Hands of God*, *Pax*, *The Ship of Death*, and the very beautiful *Bavarian Gentians* (the finest version of which, surely, is the one called *MS A*, in the appendix).

Man as Psychology Sees Him. By Edward S. Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Professor Robinson's book is noticeably lacking in the faults commonly characteristic of popularized psychologies. To be sure, it is designed for the uninformed layman, and as such has little to offer to the reader versed in the modern schools. Robinson is not proselytizing for any creed. On the contrary, the common sense, the open-mindedness, with which he deals with conflicting modes of scientific thought and their exponents is rare. None is wholly condemned, none is wholly lauded. Psychoanalysts, behaviorists, mechanists, purposists, gestaltists—all are treated with respect for their contributions, criticisms, and the characteristics of their cult. His point of view is cautious and warning, and is offered to the lay reader as a guide throughout the book:

Because of the limitations of the human mind, there is a certain advantage in theories that make the facts seem more simple than in reality they are, but it is wise to know, when we make use of such theories, that their simplicity is a limitation as well as an aid in clarification. . . . It is unfortunate when theoretical eagerness replaces a calmer judgment of the facts.

A properly scientific attitude is retained although the book is totally lacking in undefined technical terms and is extremely simple and popular in style. A large, well-selected number of the better-known experiments are described, and a bibliography of over a hundred items is appended.

Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow. Part I, by Carl Sandburg. Part II: Letters, Documents, and Appendix, by Paul M. Angle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

Carl Sandburg, in further pursuit of the Abraham Lincoln saga, tries his generous best to deal tenderly with Mrs. Lincoln, the shrewish, jealous, extravagant wife, and the mad widow. Indeed, when one thinks of her losing three of her four sons in their childhood, and receiving on her dress the blood of her husband, murdered almost in her arms, one may agree that she suffered cruel hardship. Mr. Sandburg feels sure that her shrewishness was due to progressive cerebral deterioration, ending in acknowledged irresponsibility and insanity. Pity her, he says. But the reader of the present book will probably be led to pity Lincoln

Spring Books

The Nation Spring Book Number will contain important articles by Ellen Glasgow and Clifton Fadiman, poems by Mark Van Doren and Conrad Aiken. It will present complete listings of notable new books. Reviews of recent publications will be featured in this number, dated April 12th.

BOOKS

Democracy in Crisis
Henry Adams
Viva Villa!

Land of Promise
This People
Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx

Eva Gay
Mencius on the Mind
Eimi
Tragedy of Tolstoy

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more. That long-suffering man, marrying a woman whom he feared he did not love, and enduring from her the most outrageous of public scenes and private reproaches, is indeed an object of pity. Mr. Sandburg goes carefully into the legend that Lincoln did not appear for his wedding, and decides that the circumstantial evidence makes it improbable. He and Mr. Angle present, in the form of narrative and some hitherto unpublished documents, a valuable addition to the Lincoln family history.

Drama

Madness in Brooklyn

PLAYGOERS commonly prefer competent mediocrity to any sort of originality which does not quite come off. Perhaps they are right, and perhaps the commercial theater is no place for experiments which are not entirely successful; but the professional critic may be forgiven if he occasionally finds himself very favorably disposed toward a play which is just good enough to suggest something very much better. In any event, that is how I find myself reacting to the somewhat dizzy farce comedy entitled "Three-Cornered Moon," now playing at the Cort Theater. I should hesitate to recommend it to those who demand perfect finish, or even to those who insist upon knowing either just where they are or just what it is all about. But connoisseurs of mood, and those who prefer fitful gleams of originality to the calm steady glare of the familiar, will find it worth their while.

Some considerable part of the amusement it affords is undoubtedly due to the presence of two of the best comedienues of our stage—namely, Cecilia Loftus and Ruth Gordon. As the earnest, bewildered, and henlike mother of a disconcerting brood, Miss Loftus is the comedy of long-suffering incompetence miraculously personified, and Miss Gordon, as the most disconcerting of the brood, is equally delightful. No one knows so well as she how to suggest the wistfulness of wit when faced with a situation with which it is incompetent to deal, and that, so it happens, might be described as the theme of the play. Without these two actors it would fall to pieces altogether, and no one would be able even to suspect what the author was getting at; but with them it is evident that this author, named on the program as Gertrude Tonkonogy, has a vein of original fantasy which a little more experience in the theater might enable her to exploit with highly diverting results.

The story is concerned with the adventures of a mad family of Brooklynites which has very comfortably indulged its various insanities until it is discovered that Mama has bought a lot of stocks from a nice man who failed to make it clear to her limited intelligence just what "margin" meant. Finding themselves completely "broke," they all settle down to the task of making a living, and with the aid of the family doctor they achieve a very moderate success. The moral of the piece is excellent, and seems to have something to do with the fact that a time often comes when charming irresponsibility is not enough, and when one realizes the truth of a several-times-quoted Russian proverb to the effect that "Love is not a potato." Indeed, I am not sure that the author does not go so far as to suggest that adversity has its sweet uses, and that life is at least moderately earnest. But neither the story nor the moral is important. What is important is the vein of humor which runs through the characterization, and which bubbles over in epigrams having a flavor distinctly their own. Only a firmer hand would have been necessary to turn "Three-Cornered Moon" into something quite as delightful and rather more substantial than, let us say, "Springtime for Henry." Even as it stands, however, it has

more freshness than nine-tenths of the comedies present-along Broadway, and the curtain is brought down upon a scene as ludicrous as any I have seen in a long time. The members of the brood are pursuing their various activities, each with his accustomed disregard of the others. One boy is just celebrating his passing the bar examination; the daughter is just getting herself engaged to the doctor; and Mama, standing high on a sofa, is regarding her new hat in the mirror. "Hm," she says, "it gives me height, doesn't it?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Far Away Horses" at the Martin Beck Theater was heralded as an "Irish play," but proved to be about an Irish-American family living somewhere on the banks of the Hudson River. There is some sound observation in it, and there are a few well-handled situations, but the total effect is simply one of sprawling action and uninterrupted din. The O'Haras are as quarrelsome, covetous, mean, drunken, and stupid a family as this reviewer has ever seen on the stage or off it; but one is never sure whether the authors know this, or whether they think the family as a whole somehow lovable. At all events the auditor's impulse to climb up on the stage and personally strangle at least a few of the children is hard to resist. While the acting is badly coordinated, Leona Hogarth gives an impressive performance as the long-suffering sister who holds the home together, and Thomas Chalmers, also, as the drunken, wandering father.

H. H.

Films

Eclecticism and Vision

THE purpose behind the two private film societies founded this season was admirably illustrated and realized in their last programs, both of which happened to be shown on the same Sunday. Neither "Kühle Wampe" nor "L'Age d'Or" was the sort of picture to be seen at any of the commercial houses; the unrelenting honesty of the first, the intense eclecticism of the second, would have proposed too many difficulties. Yet both represent certain interests and tendencies in the current European cinema which it is important for us to recognize if only, as in the case of the second film, that we may avoid them. In their choice of offerings the Film Forum and the Film Society also confirmed the suspicion hinted at in this column that they are to be sharply distinguished in the nature of the attack they are making on commercial film standards in this country. The difference in their directions, it may be said, reflects what is undoubtedly the dilemma of the non-commercial or "artistic" film all over the world at present. "Kühle Wampe" and "L'Age d'Or," seen on the same day, leave one with the impression that the cinema is at the crossroads.

The general parallel for such films as "L'Age d'Or" and the recent "L'Affaire est dans le sac" is to be found in most of the aristocratic art and literature of our time. Like the music of Stravinsky, the painting of Picasso, the writing of Joyce and Eliot, these pictures derive their theme and technique from the disintegrated consciousness of the modern world. More particularly, however, they may be related to that explosive, ill-mannered, and entirely superficial movement in post-war French letters known as *surréalisme*. As a literary movement, of course, *surréalisme* endured no longer than it deserved. It had amounted to nothing more than a belated exploitation of the humorous possibilities inherent in the dissolved syntax and violently juxtaposed imagery that had been introduced into French style a half-century before in the apocalyptic recordings of

Rimbaud and the Comte de Lautréamont. Although these stylistic peculiarities had originated as the expression of the tortured sensibilities of really serious artists, they degenerated in the work of Tzara, Breton, and others of the *surréaliste* group into something that can only be called humor, a particularly brutal and ghastly brand of humor.

The first thing that must be said about "L'Age d'Or," then, is that it is a distinctly "literary" film. It is not so much an attempt at a cinematic translation of the *surréaliste* vision as a literal dramatization of a typical "narrative" of the school. It is of course impossible to offer a synopsis of the scenario prepared by Messrs. Bunuel and Dali. Let it be enough to say that in between a prologue and an epilogue which bear no logical relation to the main story, is to be seen a fantasmagoria of violence, lust, blasphemy, luxury, and unmotivated crime such as has never before been projected on the screen. Whatever interest all this may have resides in the subject matter, or the particular disarrangement of it, rather than in any special effects of camera style or technique. Except for occasional shots—a man lying face downward on the ceiling of a room, blood gushing from a man's face in the middle of a love scene—and the irrelevant accompaniment of the *paso-doble* at the end, there is little dependence on strictly visual or aural methods of communication. There is mention in the program notes of Bunuel's remarkable use of screen metaphor. Presumably the objects thrown out of the window by the protagonist were intended to be metaphorical symbols of some kind—the Christmas tree phallic, the effigy of the archbishop religious, and so on. But these symbols pictorially realized are actually no more effective than the words for them on the printed page. No added value is given to them by the photographic process either separately or in relation to the whole. Yet in these symbols if anywhere we are to look for some continuity of meaning. If we take the archbishops, the Christ-like figure at the end, and the cross as symbols of an inverted religious mania, the picture becomes no more than a pathological document—Black Mass, *rive droite*, 1928. If we take them, on the other hand, as constituting a viciously satirical anti-clericalism, the picture is open to the charge of propagandism. No matter how we interpret them they fail to take on a significance which gives either unity or meaning to the picture as a whole. The complete absence of any value or values to which they may be related results in a dissolution of form which makes any kind of unified response impossible.

The recognition of the importance and necessity of just such values in the subject matter is responsible for the very real effectiveness of Dudow's "Kühle Wampe." Indeed, its theme is precisely the realization by a group of young people in Germany that their survival depends on their ability to work out some elementary values of living for themselves in the midst of a senile, decaying world. Although the picture is in an unfinished state, there is enough adherence to the theme throughout to give it a substantial unity. In fact, it is sustained adequately in the single character of Anni, as beautifully rendered by Hertha Wiele, in her efforts to retrieve her demoralized family by moving them to the unemployed colony outside of Berlin, her uncomplaining acceptance of her personal problems, her relations with the jobless mechanic to whom she is married. Here the meaning is brought out pictorially through the richly detailed but highly selected documentation of the surfaces of life as it is lived by this submerged section of lower-class German society. The social criticism, if one must find it, is implicit in the representation. It rises out of the materials; it is not imposed on them as in so many Russian films. And this is true despite the long discussion of world affairs in the subway train at the end; for even here, where the social implications of the picture seem most conscious, the ideas expressed are subordinated to the characterization of the speakers. Everything is

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Admission to 1 p. m.—15c—Except Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays



JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says



A SATURDAY NIGHT. Playhouse. Peggy Wood in an innocuous but amusing domestic comedy.

ALIEN CORN. Belasco Theater. Katharine Cornell in Sidney Howard's play about art and the Middle West. Not the playwright's best.

BIOGRAPHY. Avon Theater. An intelligent and sinewy comedy about what happens when a cultivated woman of the world tries to choose between a pompous opportunist and an unmanageable idealist.

BOTH YOUR HOUSES. Royale Theater. With the help of the Theater Guild's excellent production Maxwell Anderson provides a hilarious evening.

DESIGN FOR LIVING. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Noel Coward and the Lunts having a good time in a play by the former.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Lively but pretentious melodrama by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman.

GOODBYE AGAIN. Masque Theater. Fine performances by Osgood Perkins and others make this farce comedy very funny.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

kept in a proper relation to the young couple's desperate search for a value—a search which gradually acquires the force of one itself, which is, indeed, a value in itself.

The choice before the more serious cinema at the moment is pretty well illustrated by these two pictures. Either it must go in for whatever elements of humor, fantasy, and sophisticated cleverness may still be extracted from the representation of modern chaos; or it must go in for an ever deeper and more honest exploration of particular terrains of contemporary experience. Certainly such a picture as "Kühle Wampe" shows us the great opportunity the films have to make us *realize*, in the strictest sense, the exact substance of that experience, to render it with such fidelity that we may possibly be able to see new values in the actual process of shaping and asserting themselves. And by this, of course, is meant something quite different from the superimposition of any particular set of intellectual ideas—like Marxism, for example. The Russians have shown us often enough how disastrous this can be to the development of the cinema as a truly creative art. For some time to come, perhaps, the film, like all other branches of art in our time, will have to remain skeptical of the various systems of dogma available, to keep very close to the reality in order that whatever values it may finally give rise to will be the surer and more acceptable.

WILLIAM TROY

Music

The Power of Implication

NOT many people would like to touch up the masterpieces of painting, intensify the colors, sharpen the vaguer outlines—define and state, I mean, what the painter only implied. People realize that to do so would be to vulgarize and immensely diminish the power of a painting. And few people have any desire to paraphrase poetry and define its meaning in thoroughly explicit and limited terms. About painting and writing it is pretty widely understood that the greatest art is that in which the smallest statement carries the greatest implication. It is because the greatness of a work of art lies in its implication, and because the force of the implication is so limited by any attempt to state it definitely, that it cannot be proved, or analyzed, or overthrown.

Contrary to the general opinion, I am not at all sure that the essence of a musical work is more accessible to the untutored than that of a poem or of a painting. The power of implication in a musical work is not nearly so widely recognized as it is in writing or painting. The reticence of some of the last works of Beethoven, which carries implications of immense force to a few people, makes them dry and "ungrateful" to most listeners. Concert audiences are undoubtedly less swayed by the implied vastness of some of the organ works of Bach than by the immensely reduced and more tangible impressiveness of orchestral paraphrases of those works.

It is possible, of course, for a work of art to treat its subject matter in the minutest detail and yet have a meaning far beyond the sum of its details—the Adoration of the Lamb, by the Van Eycks, for example, or Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Similarly, in music, a work may be infinitely polished in its details, like a Mozart string quartet, or even treat non-musical subject matter very minutely, as do many of the greatest vocal works, and be great in a way that entirely transcends its small perfections. Only when it leaves off being primarily musical, and so begins to state definitely more than it implies, does its significance shrink.

The "Amfiparnaso" of Orazio Vecchi, just given a splendid first performance in America by thirteen singers of the Dessoiff

Choirs under the direction of Miss Margarete Dessoiff, is the occasion for these remarks. The "Amfiparnaso" is a series of madrigals grouped in three acts, first produced in 1595. It is often spoken of as the first opera, since it was perhaps the first instance of an entire play's being set to music without narrative or explanatory interludes, or other alteration of its dramatic form. There its resemblance to opera as we know it stops. It has no independent orchestral accompaniment. (Miss Dessoiff was, of course, quite within her rights in presenting one number as a solo with accompaniment for viols. The presence or absence of instruments in performances of much so-called *a cappella* music of the sixteenth century probably was optional, and depended largely on what instruments happened to be at hand—or voices lacking.) It probably had no action, pantomime, costumes, or dramatic form of any kind, although on this point historians of music are not unanimous. At any rate, in the very satisfactory version which Miss Dessoiff presented, the "Amfiparnaso" has little in common with what we know as opera. Even the parts of individual characters are taken sometimes by several singers together, singing in parts, sometimes by the entire chorus. There is almost never one musical line to one dramatic part.

It is chiefly by its unique formal and historical importance that the "Amfiparnaso" survives to invite comparison with its alleged descendants. For Orazio Vecchi was not one of the greatest composers of his time, and the great beauty of the "Amfiparnaso" is not unsurpassed. For us its importance lies in the force with which pathetic, humorous, and joyful incidents in its involved and tortuous story are set to music. For that force is achieved while the music seems, to twentieth-century ears at least, to remain within the frame of the best conventions of the period, although Vecchi was not one of the most conservative composers of his time. Contrast the means Vecchi used with those of Wagnerian and post-Wagnerian opera: stage action, a great noisy orchestra, the personal appeal of solo singers, and musical idioms immensely personal and explicitly illustrative of the dramatic development. It is perhaps neither desirable nor possible to compare the intensity of the effects produced by works of two such contrasted periods. Yet I think it is clear that the progress toward complexity and explicitness recorded by the opera from Vecchi to Wagner is not accompanied by any really proportional increase in power of expression. The very freedom from convention enjoyed by composers of the late nineteenth century and the profusion of the means at their disposal enabled them to state in detail what Vecchi—fortunately, I think—had to imply.

Debussy, in "Pelléas et Mélisande," himself chose to leave the greater part of what he had to say to implication. And if it is true that in "Pelléas" he perhaps never says anything of the very first importance, it is also true that Debussy probably could not have said more without implying less. But the reticence of one composer creating his own limitations is bound to have something a little precious and artificial about it as compared with the reticence which a highly developed conventional style like that of the sixteenth century, or of the eighteenth, imposes on its participants. The course of opera from its beginnings has led it steadily toward more and more explicit exposition of its dramatic purpose. In recent years the preference of an increasing number of people has turned back toward works in which musical conventions take precedence over dramatic, in which set pieces—arias, trios, and the like—connected by recitatives, capitalize the high points in the dramatic sequence, and there is no attempt to make of opera a continuous web of sound following closely every change of accent in the drama. The "Amfiparnaso" is the most striking possible illustration of the fact that the effect of music of dramatic purpose can be great even when it is confined within artificial conventions and relies only on the simplest means.

ARTHUR MENDEL

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1933

No. 3536

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	385
EDITORIALS:	
The Farm Subsidy	387
Back to Barbarism	388
The Missouri Pacific Failure	389
Embargoes and Law	389
Is This a System?	390
CARTOON. By Carl Rose	391
ISSUES AND MEN. THE FOLLY OF ADOLF HITLER. By Oswald Garrison Villard	392
WILL AUSTRIA GO FASCIST? By John Gunther	393
THE HONEYMOON IS OVER. By Paul Y. Anderson	395
THE STARVATION ARMY. By John Kazarian	396
WHAT HAS ROOSEVELT ACCOMPLISHED? By Norman Thomas	399
SAVING OUR SOIL. By E. A. Sherman	401
SOCRATIC DIALOGUE. By George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind	403
WHAT I BELIEVE. By Ellen Glasgow	404
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	406
CORRESPONDENCE	407
SPRING BOOK SECTION	
(JAMES) BRANCH CABELL. By Clifton Fadiman	409
THIS AMBER SUNSTREAM. By Mark Van Doren	411
PRELUDE. By Conrad Aiken	411
BOOKS:	
The Twilight of Capitalist Democracy. By Henry Hazlitt	411
The Fourth Generation. By Joseph Warren Beach	412
Cummings's Non-land of Un-. By William Troy	413
The Tolstoy Menage. By Dorothy Brewster	413
The Americanization of Karl Marx. By Benjamin Stolberg	414
The World and the Egotist. By Dorothy Van Doren	415
Jews Without Judaism. By Granville Hicks	415
The Technique of Listening. By Kenneth Burke	416
Saint Villa. By Carleton Beals	416
Our Own Montmartirs. By Arthur Warner	418
Resurgent Israel. By Marvin Lowenthal	419
A Revolutionist's Handbook. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	420
Films: A Hollywood Trio. By William Troy	421
Some Notable Spring Books	422
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	428

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE MOST ABSURD, and at the same time the most dangerous, unemployment-relief plan yet proposed has come from the Navy Department. This is the Swanson-Vinson scheme for spending \$230,000,000 during the next three years for new naval construction, on the ground that 85 per cent of this amount would go toward payment of wages to labor. The plan "may sound fantastic," said Representative Vinson. And indeed it does. But he was referring especially to his unsupported assertion that the unemployed would be the principal beneficiaries. Labor would get much less than 85 per cent—unless the armor-plate manufacturers have suddenly become altruists. But the scheme is fantastic for more important reasons. Consider the anomaly involved in spending money on engines of mass murder and destruction, on the pretext that the expenditure will serve humanitarian ends. A battle cruiser costing \$15,000,000 results in

no social gain other than the highly dubious one of adding to the profits of the munitions-makers. The same money spent on a housing project would also give work and wages to labor. But the benefits would not stop there. To provide decent, sanitary living quarters for working-class families would be an enduring gain for society as a whole. The navy building scheme is winning impressive support in Congress. The President must act at once if he wishes to halt this insane plan.

MEANWHILE big-navy propaganda is flooding the country. The newsreels are particularly flamboyant in their militarist appeals. In fact, a recent Pathé newsreel was flagrant enough to bring into this office protests by letter and telephone and word of mouth. The picture showed the naval maneuvers of the United States in the Pacific. As the reel unwound, a speaker presented a running comment to the effect that the maneuvers revealed the comparative weakness of the American navy. He explained that the United States had failed to build to the strength permitted under the London treaty and asserted, according to our informants, that the Japanese have now developed a navy equal to that of the United States in ships and far ahead in air equipment. He stated that President Roosevelt favored the building up of the navy and urged his listeners to write to their representatives in Congress and demand that they support Secretary Swanson. Newsreels reach each week an audience of probably 6,000,000 people. They are free as a Hearst newspaper to stir up jingoism and militarism. There is no use trying to check their incitements by censorship, which carries with it worse evils than it prevents. But if the newsreel in question misrepresented Mr. Roosevelt's position—as we earnestly hope it did—he should demand that a retraction be made in every theater that showed it. The world's peace is too frail a fabric to be left in such irresponsible hands.

A NECESSARY FIRST STEP in any genuine reform of our banking system is the elimination of the State banks and the uniform control of all commercial banks by one federal law instead of by forty-nine laws which create a competition in laxity. *The Nation* has advocated the immediate submission by Congress of a constitutional amendment compelling State banks to reorganize under national charters. The drawback is that it would require not only a two-thirds' majority vote by both houses of Congress, but ratification by three-fourths of the State legislatures; and the sentiment for State rights, together with the powerful vested interests involved, would make the success of such an amendment slow at best and perhaps impossible. For this reason the recent opinion by Walter Wyatt, chief counsel for the Federal Reserve Board, must be given the most serious consideration. Mr. Wyatt holds that the constitutional powers to create a national banking system, to provide a national currency, and to regulate interstate commerce imply the powers to preserve the existence and promote the efficiency of that national banking system, to preserve the full benefits of the currency, and to remove burdens and obstructions to

interstate commerce; and that Congress may eliminate the State banks on the ground that their existence, and the competing laws under which they are organized, threaten these objectives. He points out that Congress imposed a prohibitive tax of 10 per cent in 1866 on the circulating notes of State banks. Following that precedent, it could now impose a similar prohibitive tax on checks of State banks, which at present form the bulk of the circulating medium. His opinion is plausible enough, certainly, to be tested through the immediate enactment of legislation to that end.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S BILL for the regulation of security sales, to be sure, locks the barn door after the horse has been stolen. But the investment bankers, should they return for the foals and colts of a new and unwarier generation, are likely to find themselves locked within. The unbridled individualism which has cost the American people such vast sums is to yield to the less dramatic and more civilized ways of the mother country where getting money under false pretenses means jail, no matter how aristocratic and mighty the false pretenders. But may it not be that some loot is still recoverable? Was Charlie Mitchell the only financier who wrote off a half-million-dollar income tax by a sale to a relative? Isn't that an unwarranted aspersion on the ingenuity of a whole generation of financial giants? A little digging may lead a financially hard-pressed government to the discovery that there's still gold in them thar tills.

NEW YORK STATE has established a precedent of potential importance in making a utility company's labor policies subject to regulation if they affect the company's service or rates. So the New York Public Service Commission has ruled in the first decision of its kind, rendered in answer to complaints against the Brooklyn Edison Company. That company's record of increasing dividends and surplus contrasts with its discharge of thousands of employees and wage reductions for those who remain, while consumption has remained constant and rates have not been reduced. Thus capital has been favored at the expense of both consumer and worker. The decision may be regarded as a potential social gain. Yet with large interpretative loopholes in plain view, and the prospect of extended litigation, first before the commission, and then, should it rule against the company, before the courts, the public may merely have scored one more Pyrrhic victory.

BY WHAT POSSIBLE PROCESS of rationalization can the British government defend its attitude toward the arrest on charges of espionage and sabotage of six British engineers in Moscow? First it protested; Russia must release its nationals. Then it halted negotiations for a new trade agreement. Then it summoned the British ambassador home for consultations. Now Mr. MacDonald proposes trade reprisals unless the trial is called off or satisfactorily concluded. In the face of this preposterous behavior the Soviet government stands pat. Russia is a sovereign state and no principle of extraterritoriality applies within her borders; naturally the Soviet authorities have announced that the trial will proceed. Behind British arrogance a policy undoubtedly lurks, although for the moment it is obscured by official bluster. Soviet observers believe, according to Walter Duranty, that the British are attempting to prejudice American opinion

against Russia. But in the event of a trade war between England and Russia large commercial advantages would be reaped by a nation which adopted a friendly policy; we suspect that such considerations might weigh with American business men and even conceivably with the Administration.

HAVING SERVED its immediate purpose in easing the tension in Europe, the MacDonald-Mussolini plan is now in the process of being watered down. The French are willing to accept the draft agreement only as a "basis for discussion." They want any agreement that may finally be reached to be so written as to give Poland and the Little Entente concrete assurance that their political sovereignty and territorial integrity will be adequately safeguarded. In effect, Paris is saying to London and Rome that there will be no treaty revision until France gives the word and then only on France's terms. The British, too, have modified their position. Since the particular crisis has been surmounted and the danger of war lessened a trifle, the British seem to feel that they now can qualify whatever direct or implied promises they made to the Italians when the panic-stricken Ramsay MacDonald hastened off to Rome to prevent the union of the two fascist Powers, Italy and Germany. Instead of having the four great Powers take the initiative in working for a peaceful revision of the treaties, the British now would have them merely guarantee, to quote the *Chicago Daily News*, "that if any other Power wishes to raise the question, then the four Powers would be pledged to see that it receives a fair and adequate hearing on the floor of the League under Article XIX." All of which would leave Europe precisely where it is today.

OPPOSITION TO WAR is mounting among those who have always been its indispensable and willing dupes—the young men. Once only timid mothers and queer ducks dared run the risk of being called cowards; now pacifism of a new and bold sort is appearing in the best-regulated schools and colleges. At Oxford a few weeks ago 750 students declared that "this house [the Oxford Union] will under no circumstances fight for king and country." With this example before it, the Brown University *Daily Herald* at Providence, Rhode Island, recently announced a nationwide campaign against war. Undergraduates in 145 colleges and universities are to be asked to pledge themselves not to bear arms except in case of invasion of the mainland of the United States by an enemy nation, and to work actively to organize the whole world on a peace basis. As an immediate gesture a petition against war signed by Brown University students is to be presented to the President and Congress. The petition is a practical, hard-headed document. It declares that war is futile and destructive, that civilization cannot stand the shock of another conflict. "We believe," it goes on, "that the united refusal of the youth of America to bear arms, except in case of invasion, will do much to prevent war." It was inevitable, of course, that an automatic patriot should pop up like a jack-in-the-box and bawl "Communist plot!" at the *Daily Herald*. William A. Needham, a Brown alumnus and World War veteran, declared that the campaign was backed by Communists and constituted disloyalty and "perhaps treason" to the United States. And the State House of Representatives voted to investigate. The editors of the *Herald* have said that they will not be intimidated.

AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY a poll on war yielded interesting results. It was voluntary, and 920 students registered their opinions. Of this number 293 stated that they would under no circumstances go to war and 485 only in case of invasion; 38 were willing to fight to protect United States citizens or investments abroad, and 81 were willing to fight for their country, right or wrong; 464 stated that they would willingly suffer imprisonment for their convictions. On the other side of the country, at Stanford University, the intercollegiate conference representing seven universities and colleges in the San Francisco Bay region passed the following resolution: "This group, believing it is unnecessary and absurd to settle political or economic disputes between nations by violence, will refuse to be conscripted into any war service whatsoever." In the last war conscientious objectors refused to fight on religious and moral grounds. In the chaotic and instructive years since 1918 the emphasis has shifted to the futility and stupidity of war—concrete arguments which carry more force than moral abstractions to a generation raised on disillusion. When young men refuse to fight, war must cease. May our universities turn into jails when next the old men decide that "war must come"!

TO SAVE EXPENSE for North Carolina counties, and to "solve the problem of overcrowded jails," a bill to revive the whipping post has been introduced in the State legislature by J. N. Vann of Hertford. Back of this measure is the incisive argument that a leather whip costs little and lasts a long time, while the feeding of prisoners runs into money and increases taxes at a time when any tax is a hardship. Prisoners convicted of misdemeanors, by the provisions of the bill, would receive from ten to twenty lashes applied upon the naked back by a sheriff or deputy in the presence of at least two witnesses. Mr. Vann could improve this legislation and make everybody concerned happy—except perhaps the persons whipped—by admitting an unlimited number of witnesses and charging an admission fee, which would reduce county taxes still further.

ON THE SUBJECT OF BEER the wets and the dries seem now to have reached a highly unsatisfactory compromise. Henceforth, we understand, beer is to be legal without ceasing to be just a little bit immoral, and the result will be one which all who understand the psychology of the American people should find it easy to anticipate. Thousands of barrels will be stoically consumed by persons who really don't like the taste of the stuff, and if it is physically possible to get drunk upon the feeble brew, drunk they will get. Inherently, beer is not much more dangerous than soda water. Very few people actually want enough of it to do themselves any kind of harm and, quart for quart, it is probably far less deleterious to the human insides than lemon pop. But while no one has any reason for drinking more lemon pop than he really craves, cautious moralists of all sorts have been very busy attempting to surround beer with the charm of a kind of 3.2 per cent devilishness. No sophomore will dare to confess that he prefers malted milk, and even girls, we suspect, will accept with fortitude one more painful edict of fashion. Of course, it will not be as bad as the cocktail mania. We doubt if any serious harm will be done. But we pity a younger generation compelled to drink so much more than it wants of something it probably does not want at all.

The Farm Subsidy

THE more the farm-relief bill is studied, the more indefensible its chief provisions are seen to be. Stripped to its essentials, it is a bill to take away a billion or so dollars a year from three-fourths of the population and pay it over to the other fourth. Even this could be defended if it could be shown that practically all of the three-fourths from whom the funds were taken were better off than practically all of the one-fourth to whom they were given, and if the three-fourths were taxed in some relation to their individual ability to pay and the one-fourth were subsidized in some relation to their individual need. The measure makes no pretense, however, of fulfilling any of these conditions. The subsidized fourth are to receive bonuses in proportion to their "domestic" crops—in other words, the larger the farm, that is, the wealthier the farmer, the larger the bonus. The other three-fourths are to be taxed by the most indefensible tax ever levied by any government in modern times—a sales tax of 100 to 200 per cent on the necessities of life and, with the exception of tobacco, *only* on the necessities of life. This measure is being forced through in the name of liberalism by a liberal President who rejected a general sales tax of 2¼ per cent exempting foodstuffs. If a subsidy is to be paid to one-fourth of our population, the one demand that must be made in common decency is that it be raised by an increase in the income, inheritance, and corporation taxes, and not by a tax that must fall on underpaid workers and the unemployed.

As we go to press, not a single objectionable feature of the farm bill has been removed, unless we count the exclusion of sheep and cattle from its benefits. The bonus is now to be paid to the growers of seven crops, and must be paid by, among others, the growers of scores of other crops. It still aims to restore and perpetuate the price relationship of a five-year period when that relationship was peculiarly favorable to agriculture. It pretends that you can get a reduction of crops by endowing the people who raise the crops. It gives the Secretary of Agriculture discretionary powers never before held in peace time by any individual in our government, and ignores the tremendous and unrelenting pressure that will be brought upon him by the interests to be benefited. The President promises that he will advise the repeal of this bill if it does not work. To this Professor Kemmerer of Princeton has raised the question of how effective this advice would be likely to be in obtaining repeal after the special vested interests which the bill created had become well established. "What President since the Civil War," asks Professor Kemmerer, "could have swept away the excessive rates of our highly protective tariffs? How many times has there existed in the history of our national pension legislation a period extending over even one month when a President of the United States could accomplish the remarkable feat which Mr. Roosevelt recently accomplished in his economy act?"

The farm-relief bill returns to the principles of subsidy that have failed with the Farm Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It only remains to add that in the long run, when the plan has collapsed, the greatest sufferers from it will probably be the very farmers whom the bill sought to subsidize.

Back to Barbarism

BY their own official pronouncements and behavior, the Nazis stand convicted of barbarism without parallel since the Middle Ages. Their one-day nation-wide boycott of German Jews in alleged retaliation for the protests in other lands merely confirms the validity of such protests. The Nazi day of wrath recalls those dark ages when men went to the rack and stake for their faith, when to dissent even slightly from the creed of the rulers meant torture. It recalls even earlier days when the Jews in certain countries of Europe were forced to wear the distinctive yellow garb that would set them apart for the hatred of the mob, incited to believe them the authors of all evil. Then they were stigmatized as the betrayers of mankind. So were they on that Saturday when the Nazis sought to impress indelibly on their mobs the fiction that the Jews were responsible for Germany's plight, for her "betrayal" in and after the World War. The revived practice of bygone dark centuries differed only in detail. In 1933 the signs of Jewish doctors, lawyers, and other professional men were splashed with yellow; so were the shops. Armed Brown Shirts stood guard to intimidate those who would pass. On the Exchange Jews were forbidden to trade, but the Brown Shirts reaped a correspondingly greater harvest. In Berlin Jews were even denied access to the public libraries. Jewish children were kept home from the schools and off the streets—many of them learning, no doubt for the first time from their grief-stricken and terrified parents, of the heavy heritage of hate that henceforth was to be theirs. All this the Nazis now assure the world was but a one-day affair—as if the blight of that day could ever be lifted from the hearts and souls of their victims.

The Nazi offer not to repeat this particular type of economic pogrom—"unless overseas protests continue"—is both a bluff and an evasion. It has doubtless penetrated the skulls of some of the Nazi leaders that such a policy overtly pursued spells ruin, not merely for the targets of their blind hate, but for their own regime. Protests in the name of civilization and decency will abate only as the outrages themselves abate. The organized Nazi boycott will inevitably evoke a spontaneous world-wide counter-boycott, and the damage to German economic recovery will soon make plain the suicidal folly of Hitlerism. So that, despite the blustering of the chief Nazi exponents of thuggery against helpless and inoffensive minorities, it is probable that picketing and painting of stores and signs will not immediately recur.

But no less cruel extinction through destruction of livelihood goes on. And this applies not merely to Jews, but to liberals, Socialists, Communists, to inoffensive individualists unaffiliated with any group or faction—to all those minorities whom the hooked-cross rule deems guilty of mental, political, or economic heresy. They are driven from the bench where justice is to be dispensed, from the seats of learning, from the temples of music and art, from every post of responsibility and honor—just as were the heretics of centuries ago. Those who have not accepted the Nazi political and economic religion are doomed to starvation. Not only have their savings—like Einstein's—been impounded, but they may not even

flee. They may not even try to reconstruct their blasted lives in another land. They are prisoners, condemned to the slow torture of spiritual, mental, and physical annihilation.

Why then should protests cease? In what way can the plight of the victims be greatly aggravated? What basis is there for the Nazis' subtle distinction between the type of atrocities they deny and the policy which they openly flaunt? Indeed, there is ample ground for belief that even those denials cannot be believed. *The Nation* knows the source of the following cable, dated March 28, and can vouch for the unimpeachable character and intelligence of the sender:

Sending this cable from Czecho-Slovakia by friend because enormously growing Nazi sentiment Vienna makes such communication ill-advised. Personal interviews with Jewish and also Social Democratic refugees from Germany reveal unbelievable widespread brutalities continuing at present moment despite denials. We greatly fear efforts to whitewash possibly successful due to complete terrorization of victims and their relatives and fear of threatened reprisals. Victims' intimidation and government's adroit methods and concealment of methods of persecution so great that we doubt feasibility of ascertaining true facts through official channels. Strong probability same situation developing in Austria unless wide public opinion mobilized now perhaps also official pressure. Press censorship such that we are ignorant of Americans' information and activities, hence cabling to give you first-hand impressions. Don't communicate with me about this unless urgent necessity and then most guardedly.

Under the rigid censorship, and with complete suppression of the freedom of speech, press, and assembly, it is impossible to get all the facts. Some exaggerations, some false stories are inevitable. Yet who but the Nazis are to blame if and when such distortions occur? Indeed, far worse events may be taking place behind the curtain of censorship and in the prison cells. But we need not depend on what is disputed. Out of their own mouths and by their own acts the Nazis may be judged. They incarnate tyranny without parallel in our time. The entire German people are the victims—including the thousands of youths who, having known great hardships, have been the most easily misled. It is ironic that just as the madness of the World War was beginning to be widely comprehended; as a realization was dawning of the oppression of the Teutonic people and the injustices visited upon them, in part through the follies of their former rulers, in part through the blindness of their conquerors; when the burden of reparations had been lifted and further revision of the post-war treaties was in contemplation—it is ironic and tragic that just at this moment the rising sympathies of mankind are again to be alienated by a resurgence of a new form of Junkerism. Shall it again be allowed to drag the German people to still lower depths, to destroy the liberties which they, in common with other peoples of Central Europe, at great cost had gradually won for themselves? Only the mobilized conscience of mankind can prevent it. More than ever the situation calls for increasing and unceasing protest and for the isolation of those who have strangled what but yesterday was the German Republic.

The Missouri Pacific Failure

THE great Missouri Pacific Railroad, with a direct trackage of nearly 7,000 miles, with a funded indebtedness in excess of \$400,000,000, and with a capital stock of over \$150,000,000, on March 31 confessed its insolvency. At the time over \$20,000,000 was owed to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, of which amount \$5,800,000 had been used to pay off bank loans. To what extent the bonds of its important subsidiaries will be affected is not known. However lightly the callous deflationist may view reorganization as an economic device for scaling down debts, and however necessary an adjustment may be, the failure of the Missouri Pacific system is a major financial catastrophe.

From its reorganization in 1917 until 1930, Kuhn, Loeb and Company were the bankers of Missouri Pacific. In 1930 that firm surrendered its position of ascendancy to J. P. Morgan and Company, the bankers for O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen. Morgan and the Van Sweringens had acquired stock control of the Missouri Pacific through the Allegheny Corporation, a holding device by means of which they dreamed of dominating—with other people's money—a nation-wide transport empire. In 1925 the Interstate Commerce Commission criticized the large fees paid by Missouri Pacific to its bankers in connection with the acquisition of the stock of the Gulf Coast Lines. In later years the commission railed vainly against the circumvention of its authority by holding devices of the Allegheny type.

Not only because of its size and the importance of its banking connections does the receivership of the Missouri Pacific command public attention. It is the first railroad to seek reorganization under the new bankruptcy act. It is the first railroad to seek reorganization in a supposedly chastened financial order. Despite the cries of a pressing emergency Congress refused to pass the railroad sections of the bankruptcy act as proposed by the Hoover Administration. There was a demand that the trustees appointed to administer the railroads should be independent and not dominated by the bankers. To this end the act, as finally adopted, provided that the trustees should be named from a panel prepared by the Interstate Commerce Commission and gave the trustees and the commission broad powers in respect to reorganizations.

There can be little doubt that these powers were bestowed to eliminate the grave abuses developed by the investigation of the St. Paul receivership by the commission. It is with consequent amazement therefore that one reads that Judge Faris of St. Louis leaves the operation of Missouri Pacific to its present Allegheny-dominated management and finds no present need for the appointment of trustees. It is with even greater amazement that one reads that the commission includes in its panel of eligible trustees L. W. Baldwin, president of the Missouri Pacific. Mr. Baldwin is reputed to be one of the ablest operating railroad executives in the country, and it may be important that the trustees should have the benefit of his abilities. But it is outrageous—unfair to Mr. Baldwin and to the creditors and stockholders—to suggest that he be a trustee. How can Mr. Baldwin question the acts of the Allegheny-controlled board of which he was a

member and servant? How can he question whether the final dividend declarations on the preferred stock were dictated by a desire to save the Allegheny structure rather than to preserve the integrity of the Missouri Pacific? How can he question whether traffic arrangements were controlled by other reasons than their advantage to the road? How can he criticize a reorganization plan prepared by the company's Allegheny-dominated board and their counsel? The new bankruptcy act permits a reorganization plan to be prepared either by the defaulting company or by the trustees, thereby making it possible to do away with the extravagant fees and the abusive controls of reorganization committees. But the chance of these evils being eliminated, unless the act is administered by strong and absolutely independent trustees, is exceedingly remote.

Happily Judge Faris still has the right to appoint independent trustees. It is to be hoped that he and the commission will appreciate the gravity of the situation before it gets out of hand. They should heed the warning of Judge Wilkerson, himself sadly hoodwinked more than once in the St. Paul case, who is reported to have said only a fortnight ago: "One of the great difficulties of receiverships is that too often the receivers are not disinterested. . . . Receivers should have no interest in a company nor should they be suggested by those interested in the company." The new deal for railroad reorganizations has started badly.

Embargoes and Law

SHALL we rest the case for or against the arms-embargo resolution now pending in Congress on a strict interpretation of the Constitution? Shall we permit cast-iron legalism rather than our broader international interests to govern the manner in which we deal with the problems of peace? Edwin M. Borchard and John Bassett Moore, two of our most eminent authorities on international law, seem to think that we must do so. In their minds, if we correctly interpret their recent argument before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, literal adherence to the principles of established law should take precedence over the larger considerations of peace. Professor Borchard holds, for example, that the arms-embargo resolution is unconstitutional because it would give the President authority to make "treaties" with foreign governments without the consent of the Senate, to enter into "alliances" without that body's approval, and "in effect" to declare war without the consent of Congress.

From the standpoint of rigid nationalism Professor Borchard is probably standing on firm ground. The President has asked for authority to join with other Powers in laying down embargoes on the shipment of arms to belligerent countries or countries actively threatening to go to war. The isolationist would naturally put the harshest possible interpretation on an agreement arrived at between the United States and other Powers under this authority. He would certainly consider such an agreement a treaty in the formal or legal sense, thus requiring the approval of the Senate. If he also held that a simple arms embargo constituted an act of war, an international embargo agreement obviously would be tantamount to an alliance for war. And the act of the President in prohibiting the shipment of munitions to coun-

tries at war or about to go to war would then be equivalent to a declaration of war.

But let us assume for the sake of the argument that an arms embargo does not in itself constitute an act of war. If we do so, Professor Borchard's objections to the pending resolution on the ground that it gives the President unlawful authority to enter into alliances and to declare war "in effect" without the consent of Congress are no longer valid. This part of the controversy, therefore, comes down to the question of whether or not an arms embargo is a hostile measure. A study of the accepted authorities yields no support for the contention that an embargo of this nature, applied by a group of Powers in the interest of preventing war, can be regarded as an act of war. This is not to argue that an arms embargo might not lead to hostilities either as the result of accident or design. But if we are to deny the President the authority he seeks on the ground that his exercise of that authority *may* lead to war, then we must in all logic deprive him of his constitutional power to conduct the foreign affairs of the government and to command the armed forces of the nation, since the exercise of those powers has upon occasion in the past resulted in actual war, invariably without the prior consent of Congress and frequently in opposition to its opinion.

There remains the legal question whether an international embargo agreement could be considered a treaty. In signing the Pact of Paris we have specifically renounced war as an instrument of national policy. We have accepted in good faith the pledges of the other signatories and adherents to the Pact of Paris that they likewise have renounced war. It is thus a matter of self-interest to see that other nations abide by their pledges—their promise faithfully to observe the provisions of the treaty was the consideration we received for our renunciation of war. When the Paris pact is violated, we can either denounce the agreement or else endeavor to preserve it by peaceful persuasion or some other method. The President has elected not to denounce the treaty. But as a matter of political reality he appreciates that the United States cannot alone in every case compel faithful observance of the pact. He believes that this can best be accomplished through international cooperation in the form of a joint embargo on arms shipments to Powers violating the pact.

A strict interpretation of the Constitution would no doubt require the President to put such an embargo agreement in the form of a treaty. But precedent, political expediency, and the larger interests of peace make this course both unnecessary and unwise. Presidents have in the past negotiated several executive agreements which were not intended to be regarded as treaties. They merely expressed in concrete form certain established policies of the government with reference to particular international problems, and were binding only upon the Presidents who negotiated them, although they could be, and in some cases were, continued by succeeding Executives. In this category belong the Root-Takahira agreement of 1908 and the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917. President Wilson, in referring to the latter, declared that it "was not an agreement at all, but an understanding."

International cooperation of this sort may contain many hidden dangers. But if peace is to be maintained through any form of international effort, it would seem an obvious first step to unite with other nations in withholding the instruments of war from any Power that refuses to settle its claims by peaceful means.

Is This a System?

PRAISE of Franklin Roosevelt has run over the land like a sweet spring breeze since the first days of March when by Presidential magic he closed all the banks—and then opened them again. "Marvelous," said the business men. "Saved," said the depositors. "Leadership!" shouted the press—and realizing how busy the President must be saving rich man, poor man, beggarman, and chief, the press obligingly took over the job of smiling for Mr. Roosevelt (no mean job).

It all reminds us, too persistently for our own good, perhaps, of the poor Russian Jew (pre-Soviet) who took his troubles to the rabbi.

"Oi, Reb Solomon," said the Jew sadly. "My life is awful. My children are in rags. My house is cold. There is little to eat. My wife, Reb Solomon, is sick and can no longer work." In phrases and gestures to wring a rabbi's heart the Jew related his misfortunes. When he had finished, the rabbi was silent for a time; then he looked at the Jew.

"Have you a cow?" he asked. "Yes," said the Jew, wondering, "we have a cow." "Good," said the rabbi. "Go back and take your cow into your house. Return to me in a week's time."

A week later the Jew returned more despondent than before. "Reb Solomon," he cried, "I am desperate. My wife feels worse. My children are hungry. Night and day they cry for food. And the cow— My house is not big, Reb Solomon, only one small room. Such a crowd in one room, Reb Solomon."

The rabbi looked into the stricken eyes of his petitioner. "Have you a goat?" he asked. "Yes," said the Jew, "we have a goat." "Good," said the rabbi, "go back and take your goat into the house." The Jew's eyes grew large at this, but the rabbi's presence silenced him and he backed out bowing. He hurried home and took the goat into the house to live.

In a few days the Jew returned, beside himself. "I cannot live, Reb Solomon. My wife is in anguish. And the goat, Reb Solomon. Such a smell! Such dirt! I had to put it in the corner where the children slept. And now to sleep all in one bed—it is terrible. Better to kill myself, Reb Solomon." And he wept and tore his hair.

The rabbi nodded his head. After a long silence he spoke. "Go home and put the goat out of the house. Come and see me again in a week."

The Jew came back in three short days. "Reb Solomon," he said. "It is so much better. My wife is feeling stronger already. The children sleep now in their own corner. Many thanks, Reb Solomon. Things are not good with us, but yet they are better." The rabbi nodded wisely. "I thought so," he said. "Go home now and put the cow out of the house."

Two days passed. The Jew came back radiant, filled with gratitude. "Oi, Reb Solomon," he said. "You are a great man. I put the cow out of the house. It is wonderful now. So much room, Reb Solomon, so clean! We are all so happy. Bless you Reb Solomon!"

Or hasn't *your* bank opened again?



"Tell the world how well you're being treated."

Issues and Men

The Folly of Adolf Hitler

THE folly of Adolf Hitler lies in the fact that he knows neither the history of his own country nor that of the world, and that he has not fathomed the true aspirations of men. There is in him a good deal of Dr. Coué; he believes that if you chant often enough "Germany, Awake," Germany will "awake" to accept his doctrines. The post-bellum Germany has been anything but asleep; there was a fine republican structure erected upon the ruins of 1918 and in the process of being enlarged, strengthened, and adequately furnished—only now to be destroyed. But waiving that, his speeches abound in phrases which indicate his belief that greatness can be achieved by wishing yourself great and thinking yourself great and declaring that you are a great and a united people. Here is a typical passage from his speech at the opening and closing of the Reichstag on March 23:

The contemplativeness of cosmopolitanism is rapidly disappearing. Heroism is to ring passionately as the shaper and leader of political destiny. It is art's task to express this spirit of the times. Blood and race will again become the source of artistic inspiration. It is the task of the government to see to it that, just as in the period of restricted political power, the inward vital forces and values of the nation shall receive the most powerful stimulus.

The idea is the old one that if you can mouth sententious words like these often enough you will attain great things and achieve epoch-making results. As much of a philosophy as he has, he frankly admits that he has gained in considerable degree from America. From Madison Grant has come his doctrine of pure Aryanism; from Henry Ford's book on the Jews, much of the material for his crusade against them; from our Republican and Democratic politicians, the technique of extracting huge campaign funds from the great industrialists; and from our immigration laws, his plan to shut off Germany so that new elements from outside may not enter. Beyond that he has brought together all the remnants of the philosophy of the imperialist and dominating capitalist classes—where it has not been destroyed by true democratic movements or popular uprisings. He does not know that until the World War the whole trend of events was away from these outworn philosophies, or that, despite the rise of dictatorships, they are more than ever discredited. The ultra-conservatives who dominated the governments of Europe, either directly or in the background through their control of finance, industry, and natural resources, could not keep the world out of the disaster of 1914, could not stop that disaster after it began until the United States came in, and have not been able to keep the world out of the economic chaos in which it finds itself. The leaders of the great business men the world over are utterly discredited, but Hitler in his folly undertakes to rebuild Germany with the aid, advice, and consent of the Hugenberg group of bankers and industrialists and reactionaries, while his own platform is the most extraordinary melange of opposing and contradictory doctrines ever brought together in modern times.

Thus he declares that communism must be rooted out and all Communists ruthlessly extirpated. Yet his own platform contains numerous Socialist and Communist planks. Thus he has declared at one time or another for the government's taking over all the import and export trade of the nation—a terrific task. He is for nationalization of the banks, for the return of the railways to government control, and for state ownership of all cartels and trusts. Yet in the speech from which I have quoted he declared that his government "would seek to promote private initiative with the fullest recognition of the rights of private property."

When it comes to the question of his history Hitler has evidently never read the career of Bismarck. Had he done so he would have found that in 1878 Bismarck felt just as bitterly against the Socialists as he himself does today, and in October, 1878, had an act passed which declared illegal all associations, books, and newspapers directed toward the alteration of the state and society of that day, and gave the government the power to supervise or to expel all the Socialist leaders, and even to proclaim a state of siege and suspend individual liberties in whole districts. The Socialist agitation was driven under ground and this statute remained on the law books until 1890. But all this while the Socialist movement grew apace. Adolf Hitler might also have studied to advantage the history of Russia—but why go on? I admit, of course, that a dictator today has a thousand times more power than had Bismarck, the Chancellor, in 1878 and 1885. Nations may be held in servitude for long years, but unless the dictator can make good by vastly improving the status not only of the dissenting portion of the populace, but of his own followers, his fall is inevitable.

Hitler's greatest folly of all was permitting his shock troops to get out of hand as soon as he triumphed. That was intentional, of course; it must never be forgotten that last summer he asked Hindenburg for a three-day suspension of all laws so that his Nazis might wreak their vengeance on their enemies. He did not ask Hindenburg's permission this time, but just went ahead. In his Reichstag speech he said: "We need contact with the outside world and our foreign markets furnish a livelihood for millions of our fellow-citizens," and then he and Germany "awake" again to find that his lawlessness and the unconstitutional arrest of thousands of people have deprived him of the sympathy of the best friends of Germany in Great Britain and the United States and France. Incidentally, it has cost the German nation, besides the respect and good-will of the world, millions of dollars' worth of orders that were canceled as soon as the Hitler news came to these shores. Precisely in such incredible stupidity as this lies the best hope that Germany will be able somehow or other to purge itself of Hitler and Hitlerism.

Quincy Garrison Kilard

Will Austria Go Fascist?

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, March 20

WILL Austria, this pale and shrunken state caught in the nutcracker of Fascist Italy and Hitlerite Germany, be the next to succumb to the enormous pressure of reaction in Central Europe? The parliament is dead, the press is gagged, and Chancellor Dollfuss is ruling by decree already. And this is only the beginning, for Austria, always unlucky, faces the possibility not merely of one Putsch but of two. Menacing Dollfuss, who is himself on the right, are two camps even farther to the right. If the Heimwehr, his semi-allies, don't gobble him, the Nazis will.

A coup d'état in Vienna would, it goes without saying, be a nasty jolt for Europe. Conceivably, it might even cause a war. Austria has become a potential battleground. In the neutral heart of Vienna are three rival groups of Powers snarling at each other. They don't want to fight. No one ever wants to fight. But accidents happen, and wars happen. The explosive possibilities of the Vienna crisis are manifest today in almost every chancellery in Europe.

A few days ago, in the calm, hazy sunshine, I walked along the Ring and in the Burg garden, skirting a mob of Hakenkreuzers shouting "Heil Hitler!" The day was warm and full of spring. There were pretty girls in bright woolen sweaters and pompous matrons exercising smart dogs on crimson leashes. Through the crowd, not marching but dodging, came successive disorderly loops of young Hitlerites. The crowd was gay, the police patient. It was all very *gemütlich*. No one seemed very serious. The sunny air continued mild, caressing. Then one saw machine-guns butting from upper windows and the long line of rifles tripoded behind the Hofburg fence. One saw the faces of the police harden. One saw in the crowd little knots of Nazi agents-provocateurs, itching for trouble. The sunlight grew hazier. It glinted on the long line of shiny hoods of the police lorries. And one was forced to admit the truth, that any small incident, any rash bit of intemperance, might cause bloodshed, riots, war.

And how did it all begin? It began because a Social Democratic deputy voted an incorrect ballot paper. Turn back to March 4. There was an acrid debate in the parliament over a motion asking leniency for the railway workers, who, a few days before, had declared a two-hour strike. The motion passed eighty-one to eighty. But the vote was taken in great confusion, and two ballots were found from Deputy Abram, none from Deputy Scheibin. These deputies had adjacent seats and the tellers, replenishing their stock of ballots, made some error, so that Scheibin voted with one of Abram's papers instead of his own. Both were Social Democrats and the total of eighty-one votes was of course not affected, but punctilious Dr. Karl Renner, the Social Democratic speaker, announced that an irregularity had occurred. Long will he rue the day.

For a tremendous row developed, and the government bloc of parties, beaten in the vote, leaped at the chance to declare it illegal. Dr. Renner lost his head in the excitement. He shouted resignation of the speakership and left the ros-

trum. By this act he imperiled all the achievements of socialism in Vienna since the war. He did not anticipate the bizarre event that followed. Both the deputy speakers—Dr. Ramek, a former clerical premier, and the Pan-German Dr. Straffner—likewise resigned, leaving the parliament without a president. It had to adjourn, and except for one ridiculous rump session, has not met since. Seldom has such a political comedy of errors worked out to such dangerous and unpredictable conclusions. As a first step, before anyone realized what had happened, the government took advantage of the situation to establish what it had long hoped for—rule by decree.

The parliamentary incident, so idiotic in itself, might not have been so harmful if it had not occurred just as a formidable Hitlerite wave from Germany was washing over Austria. The Nazis had just won their election in Berlin. In Vienna the Nazi leader, Herr Frauenfeld, shouted to 20,000 people that Hitler, not Dollfuss, was their chancellor, and 20,000 people screamed themselves hoarse applauding him. For a year, for two years, the Nazis in Austria had been steadily, noisily growing. Rumors now came of an impending Nazi Putsch. Nazi agitators streamed over the frontiers. The best thing that one can say for Dollfuss and his government is that they detest the Hitlerites, and it promptly became apparent that the new regime was anti-Nazi as well as anti-Social Democratic—a "moderate" dictatorship steering a path between right and left. Thus for the moment at least, one may say that three forces compete for power in Austria:

First, there is the Dollfuss Government. It is predominantly Christian Social, with Agrarian and Heimwehr members. A majority in it inherit the ideology of Monsignor Seipel; it is strongly Roman Catholic; it is perceptibly monarchist and pro-Hapsburg, and anti-Anschluss. Representing the stolid, grave, impenetrably religious peasantry of the little republic, it has dominated Austrian politics since 1918, even though the Socialists in Vienna are the largest single party. Dollfuss himself is a man of forty-one, the youngest premier in Europe.

But inextricably involved in the mechanics of the government is the Heimwehr. This armed and militant organization, Catholic, legitimist, and anti-Marxist, until recently had fallen on evil days; its prestige had shriveled; its leader, Prince Starhemberg, was discredited. Now it comes into prominence again—not by will of the people. At the last general election, in November, 1930, the Heimwehr polled only 225,000 votes out of about 3,500,000. Today it would be obliterated. But Dollfuss, building his coalition last summer, needed Heimwehr support, and Major Fey, the Heimwehr Undersecretary of Public Security, gradually evolved into something like an overseer of public danger. Will Dollfuss be himself destroyed by the Heimwehr which he helped bring to power? Certainly during these past few weeks it has sought to run his show for him. Hoping, for instance, to incite the Socialists to a general strike—and then crush them—the Heimwehr gathered in force in Vienna

the night of March 15, ready for a Putsch. Dollfuss himself was forced to order their dispersal. In revenge, the Heimwehr sought—and got—the head of Dollfuss's chief of police. So all is not easy in the government ranks.

Second, there are the up-and-coming Nazis, who had not a single seat in the defunct parliament, but who would probably gain a third of the seats—at least—if there were elections tomorrow. Thus the burning core of the Dollfuss policy is to avoid elections. The Nazis are patient, they are content to wait. If Dollfuss, to prevent elections, is forced more and more into unconstitutional action, so much the better for the Nazis, who, as in Germany, thrive on the instability of would-be dictatorships. The Nazis, moreover, are sure that at least the Styrian Heimwehr would join them in the event of trouble. They count, in fact, on using the Heimwehr to push Dollfuss into a trap. Or they may absorb the Heimwehr. Spoiling for trouble on any front, the Nazis would probably even support a Social Democratic general strike.

The Nazis, marauders from the north, represent no legitimate force within Austria itself. The movement in Austria is largely controlled by German agitators, although the titular leader, Alfred Frauenfeld, is a Viennese. The indigenous reactionary group in Austria is the Heimwehr. But the Heimwehr has no chance against these hard-boiled German activists, flushed darkly now with victory. Naturally the Nazis write Anschluss as their major party aim—Austria to join Germany under the flaming Hakenkreuz! Thus the Nazis may in time absorb the old Pan-German Party in Austria, an additional source of strength. Indeed, the Nazis engineered the maneuvers of Dr. Straffner to convulse parliament again. Dr. Straffner, having cut the parliament's throat, was the man most eager to revive it. The Nazis, as in Germany, prefer to come to power by "legal" means, and thus, by a quaint paradox, they support the parliamentary system and work valiantly for elections.

Third, the Social Democrats, at the extreme left of the party line-up, face the opposition of all parties. Until the moment they have borne it well, intrenched in their stronghold, Vienna—which they converted into the first Socialist city in the world. The crustiest reactionary cannot impugn the extreme human merit of the Socialist building program—to name but one item—in Vienna. Friends of liberty and progress the world over must realize with dread that this work is distinctly imperiled by the imminence of right reaction in the present crisis.

How is it that the Socialists have been so disastrously out-manuevered? At the moment they are a beaten party. They can only hope that things will not turn out to be so bad as they fear. The *Arbeiter Zeitung*, when it appears at all, is a checkerboard of white spaces cut out by the government censor. As in Germany, where Social Democracy may never recover from the awful blow given it by its own leaders, Braun and Severing, the party here has suffered by reason of its temperance, its willingness to compromise, and its fear of thoroughgoing revolutionary methods. Three times in Vienna during the recent agitation the Social Democrats were urged by their younger members to risk at least a gallant death with a general strike; each time the leaders temporized—once on the occasion of the first Dollfuss decrees, again on the afternoon that the government locked out the rump parliament, and again when, on the night of March 15, the

Heimwehr gathered in Vienna. Threat of a strike on the last occasion, one should note, frightened the government into dispersing the Heimwehr troops.

The Socialists may even now, in the limited region of Vienna, remain impregnable. Their policy may be to hold on to the city and let the country go hang. But this, seemingly, shows a terrible lack of foresight. There is, for instance, a tacit threat by the Heimwehr elements in the government to dissolve the Socialist army, the Schutzbund, throughout the country, and to instal a government commissar over Vienna. This *would*, the Socialists say, move them to a general strike. But it might be too late. And in the disorder of a general strike the Nazis, hurdling the government, might themselves seize power.

Now it is a disconcerting and dangerous item in this confusion that each of these three groups is supported, more or less openly, by foreign Powers. Foreign Powers, by their encouragement, are influencing each group in its domestic policy. It is not the Austrians who have made this mess—exclusively. Germany, Italy, and the Little Entente have all helped to make it. All have sticky fingers in the Austrian pie.

The Heimwehr represents Italy. Of this not a doubt. The Heimwehr would long since have collapsed except for Italian help. The Nazis represent Germany. Now, curiously enough, Fascist Italy and Fascist Germany do not see eye to eye in Austria. If they did, a Nazi-Heimwehr coalition would by this time have overwhelmed the country. The fact is that Italy has been remarkably cool to Hitlerism, and it fears Hitlerism especially in Austria, because an Anschluss, which the Hitlerites want, would bring big, brutal Germany, instead of weak, soft Austria, to the Italian frontier at the Brenner pass. And Berlin might not be so gentle as Vienna in the matter of some 600,000 oppressed Germans in the Tyrol. Italy, in short, far prefers Heimwehr policy to Nazi policy. The Heimwehr has vague hopes of a legitimist restoration uniting Austria and Hungary, perhaps even Bavaria and Croatia—which would play nicely into Italian hands. Only one thing would turn Italy to support of the Austrian Nazis—a red revolution in Austria. As to the Social Democrats, they smile at what is left—the Little Entente. And the Little Entente, seeing the Social Democrats as the only force in Central Europe opposing fascism, smiles back—with guns and ammunition.

Meanwhile, with Austria, what is going to happen? So far Chancellor Dollfuss, aside from the more or less perfunctory business of gagging the press—to embarrass the Socialists; and abolishing public meetings—to cripple the Nazis—has had time for little. He wants a thoroughgoing constitutional "reform," including transformation of the upper house into a corporative body representing the professions. All dictatorships have to create their own dynamics. One in the middle, opposed by both right and left, would seem hopelessly unstable. The general opinion is that Dollfuss will be forced to accede more and more to Heimwehr pressure, and that when he is weakest the Nazis will come in. One should never forget, on the other hand, that Austria is a thoroughly sophisticated and civilized country, much given to compromise, and that some sort of agreement among all the parties may avert this disaster.

Finally, any government in Austria is the prisoner of economic forces. I have saved to the end a final pitiable de-

tail in the whole confused and angry story. The railway strike, which provoked the parliamentary session, which provoked the dictatorship, occurred because the railways were forced to pay March salaries and pensions, not in two instalments as usual, but in three. There was not enough cash in the till to meet even one-half the month's pay roll. The

railways, hopelessly in debt, could not borrow. And the workmen felt that if they did not get their full half-month wages on March 1, they would never get them on March 15. Because of this lack of cash the parliament committed suicide. For want of a few hundred schillings, constitutionalism in Austria expired.

The Honeymoon Is Over

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 1

THERE are signs of a return to normality along the Potomac. Congress is beginning to look more like a legislative body and less like a flock of scared hens. Committees have resumed their functions, and I can testify from personal knowledge that a member of the House this week read a bill all the way through before voting on it. The spokesmen for organized labor and the farmers have injected some discordant notes into the chorus of "Happy Days," and will inject others before these sizzling sentences see the light. In short, ladies and gentlemen, the honeymoon is over—and a damned good thing for all concerned. By this I do not mean to say that we are about to witness a resumption of the White House-Capitol Hill feud which embittered the latter years of the Hoover Administration. Quite the contrary. Friendly Frank still has his huge majorities in both houses of Congress, and will be able to get from them anything within reason. But it must be within reason, or thereabout—unless, as the vulgar have it, I have misinterpreted my onions. That this turn of events is distasteful to the President is by no means certain; on the contrary, there is credible evidence that he welcomes it. Some things happened during the first two weeks of his Administration which may have taught him that dictatorship has its perils. For example, it is not pleasant to think what might have happened had the Senate emulated the House by passing the emergency bank bill without reading it. No less than thirty-five amendments were adopted for the simple purpose of clarifying its meaning. The President cannot do everything, and this is no time for Congress to abdicate. Its original inclination to do so was largely a reaction to the ignorant and intemperate abuse of editors—who, it appears, have not yet heard what happens to editors under dictatorships.

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THE first of the bills governing the sale of securities (others will follow) indicates that this Administration does not intend to temporize with the gentry who peddle stocks and bonds in this country. Its provisions are notably more drastic than any heretofore proposed in Congress, and I am informed that succeeding ones will follow the same pattern and disclose the same temper. The blue-sky racket, which reached the zenith of its opulence in the Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover era, is doomed. That it could ever have reached such proportions, and that those who grew rich out of it could have been mentioned as "leaders," and interviewed and photographed for the newspapers, is but another proof that Americans are the greatest aggregation of suckers ever assembled under one flag. It was only a year ago that

Charles E. Mitchell, Otto H. Kahn, Thomas W. Lamont, and the rest were talking down their noses to Hiram Johnson across the table of the Senate Finance Committee, haughtily repudiating the very suggestion that their institutions had done anything improper, and actually proceeding to lecture Congress on its own delinquencies, while the financial writers of the New York papers fawned and scribbled columns of reverential drool. Well, it is satisfying to reflect that if the present bill had been a law during the years when these gentlemen were practicing their art and mystery as it was practiced, several of them would now be occupied with manual tasks behind the walls of Leavenworth or Atlanta. It may not be too late yet. Meanwhile, it develops that not even the Established Church, that is, J. P. Morgan and Company, is to escape the Senate investigation. What is the country coming to? Perhaps to its senses. Incidentally, I cannot leave this subject without remarking on the circumstance that a very large percentage of the Latin American bonds which are now in default, and almost worthless, were issued under dictatorships. Compare their value with that of bonds which have been issued by the democratic governments of the world.

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ON the greatest problem confronting it—unemployment—the Administration has made a start, but only a start. Passage of the La Follette-Costigan-Wagner bill, appropriating \$500,000,000 for direct relief grants to the States, marks the triumph of a principle for which La Follette and Costigan fought unceasingly but vainly—and at times, it seemed, hopelessly—throughout the last two years. For accepting it and thus insuring its acceptance by Congress, Roosevelt deserves great credit. Its passage in the Senate occasioned some heartburnings. It was difficult to repress a smile when such Southern Democrats as good old Joe Robinson and good old Pat Harrison battled manfully for the inauguration of a policy against which they had battled just as manfully in the past. But in heaven the repentant sinner is thrice welcome, and Robinson in these days might easily be taken for a Progressive. The excellent bill of Senator Black, of Alabama, designed to establish the thirty-hour week in industry, has been favorably reported to the Senate, although its future is not insured.

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THE rest of the picture, where unemployment relief is concerned, is far less reassuring. At this moment the Administration is toying with two railroad bills, one the so-called Prince plan and the other drafted by a committee

headed, incredibly enough, by Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is reliably stated that the Prince plan would result in the discharge of 350,000 railroad employees, and that the other would abolish the jobs of about 80,000. If that is any way to relieve unemployment, I'm Herbert Hoover. The situation has produced one good effect: it has virtually forced the railway labor unions to come out for government ownership of the roads. Moreover, although most economists seem to be agreed that a vast public-works program is the only remaining hope of "priming the pump" for economic recovery, the Administration hesitates painfully. The President is confronted with divided counsels, and thus far seems unable to make up his own mind. Liberal members of the Cabinet and Progressive Senators are urging the step; conservative Cabinet members and Budget Director Douglas (who seems obsessed with the notion of being a little Calvin Coolidge) warn against

"unbalancing the budget"—God save the mark—as if it had not been out of balance for years. A whisper is current here that New York bankers, being opposed to such a program of public works, would refuse to purchase the bonds which would be necessary to finance it. It is even said they may not buy the securities by which the relief grants are to be financed. I think I can tell my dear friends in Wall Street what will happen if they try any such monkey business. They will witness a bond-selling campaign of the kind conducted during the late war, and they will see about ten million of us rushing up to the counter to sock every spare nickel we own into the new bonds. As a matter of fact, it probably would be an excellent thing for the government to get out of the habit of turning to the bankers when it needs money. Why should our Uncle Samuel be at the mercy of the loan sharks when he has so many relatives willing to stake him?

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

Nec rationem patitur, nec aequitate mitigatur, nec ulla prece flectitur, populus esuriens.—Seneca.

I AM one of the wandering unemployed, but very probably this phraseology is deceiving and unnecessarily dignified, for men of my class are more generally known as bums, tramps, or hoboes. Even these epithets seem refined compared with some that are slung at us. But men without hope, without pride, without work do not lose any sleep over what people call them. It is neither interesting nor important to relate the events leading up to my decision to "hit the road." Briefly, I ran out of funds in Los Angeles while looking for work. What was one to do with no money and not a Chinaman's chance of getting a job? In California only citizens of the State are able to get what jobs there are, and I was not a citizen. At last I took to hopping freight trains, hitch-hiking, and sometimes walking from town to town. For shelter I went to jails, welfare agencies, and hobo camps, known as the "jungles." This article is intended to give an accurate account of the problems of the wandering unemployed and to suggest a solution.

MEN ON THE ROAD

By far the largest group on the road is made up of grown men. Almost every race, color, and creed, and every section of the country are represented. As I "hoboed," I made a point of inquiring the occupation of my companions. The list in my notebook includes doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, teachers, actors, cooks, barbers, prize-fighters, and manual laborers of all kinds. One man whom I met in Fort Worth, Texas, confessed to me that he was an expert horseman who until he was discharged was employed by Elissa Landi and Jack Holt. He further confessed that his father was the chief of police in one of the oldest cities of the East. The great majority of the men on the road are looking for work. The remainder are "professional bums," who at last have an excuse for begging, or single and married men who have taken to the road to forget some fair lady. In some

respects, at least, the road is similar to the French Foreign Legion—every day offers a glorious uncertainty as to whether one will starve, freeze, be killed in a freight wreck or by a railroad "bull," or be jailed as a vagrant.

Case 1. I met A in the Y. M. C. A. of Wilmington, Delaware. He was young, sensitive, intelligent. In the course of conversation I learned that three years before he had been working in Africa for an American concern. He had contracted malarial fever, and after he was cured, the doctor advised him to return to America. He arrived in New York City shortly after the economic pillars began to totter. He was unable to find work and was soon penniless. Then followed four days of hunger. He was too proud to beg. At last fear of starvation had broken down his sensibilities.

He was despondent: "Oh, I want to get away from all this. If only I could get a job, so I wouldn't have to beg any more. Men like us aren't human beings. We're animals, just like rats, hunting for food and shelter while the law isn't looking. Something's got to be done. If I have to bum people for my existence much longer I'm going to get in with some gang and get some cash. I'm not afraid if I'm with a gang."

Case 2. B was a distinguished-looking man with pince-nez and white hair who told me he was a journalist. I encountered him in Warrington House, one of the relief shelters of New Orleans. The night of December 1 was rather cool and the men of the road were hurrying here and there in search of shelter. As I looked at these unfortunates sprawled on the cement floor, scratching the vermin that clung to their unwashed bodies, I thought to myself what patience Americans have, to bear with scarcely a murmur an existence unfit for a dog. The man at the door assigned me a place to sleep on the cement floor next to the journalist.

"Got 'ny papers?" he asked.

"No," I replied. The papers were meant to serve as a mattress, often referred to as the "Hoover mattress." Some sort of covering was necessary. The journalist was lying

near the toilet, the pipes were not functioning properly, and there was a small pool of water around the base of the toilet.

"Here you are, friend," said the newspaperman, and handed me some of his papers. I placed them on the floor, and by means of imaginative hocus-pocus tried to create the illusion that I had a feather bed. But my bones were unusually skeptical.

The stench of the place was loathsome. We decided to talk it away. On learning that I was familiar with Hartford, Connecticut, he told me he had been acquainted with Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, when these writers lived on Farmington Avenue. He said that he was a graduate of Yale University and had done newspaper work all his life until the depression, when he was laid off. He guessed he was getting old. He laughed as he said this. Now he eked out an existence by going from one newspaper to another in an attempt to sell poems and special feature articles. It was very seldom, he said, that he could sell his material, but if an editor had any heart at all he slipped him a dollar or two.

We continued to talk all night in whispers. It was not easy to go to sleep, for a man in the next room was coughing continuously and expectorating on the floor. Then we heard a gruff voice: "Hey, you mug. Stop your coughing. An' you don't have t' spit all over me. See? Now quit it or I'll knock the — out of you."

Case 3. I met C in the Central Union Bureau in Houston, Texas. This relief agency is humorously referred to as "Hotel de Bum," because it treats its patrons with the utmost possible courtesy. C was a red-faced Scotchman with blue eyes that looked sad and disappointed. By trade he was a layer of tiles, and during the boom days in Florida had earned between \$150 and \$200 a week. He had led a happy family life until five years ago, when his wife began to suffer from cancer. In an effort to cure her he moved his family to Southern California. The best cancer specialists were employed, but they merely succeeded in prolonging her life three years. The expenses of those three years reduced his savings in the bank.

He has a daughter who is a student of music in some university in London. To her he has transferred all of his money in order that she may complete her studies. For two years he has been alone, wandering over the forty-eight States in search of work, but he has carefully kept from his daughter the fact of his unemployment. His last words before our parting were bitter: "The biggest crime a citizen can commit in this country is to lose a job. From what I hear, people think more of Al Capone than they do of a penniless man out of work. On the street they look at us as if we were vermin."

Case 4. In Wenatchee, Washington, I saw for the first time what we wanderers on the road call a "wolf." The polite term would be pederast. He was a horrible-looking individual with red hair, bent nose, and repulsive lips. Three upper teeth were missing and as we waited for the Northern Pacific freight train, he told me a railroad bull had clubbed the "ivory" out of his head for riding a passenger train "in the blind," that is, just behind the engine, where it is possible to steal a ride. The more I looked at his face the uglier it seemed to be. Somehow he suggested the satyrs I used to read about in my younger days, when I studied Greek mythology.

With the wolf was a pretty-faced boy—he could not have been over twelve years old. "He's the best little bum y'ever saw," said the wolf. "See this sack of sandwiches? He mouched it. We never goes hungry, does we, kid? He gets us money, clothes, food, yeah, and even shoes. Don'cha, kid?" The youngster responded with a forced grin.

As the freight was about to pull out of Wenatchee, we rushed back and forth along the side of the track in search of an empty box-car. One man was seen crawling into an "empty" and in a few minutes fifty more followed. The wolf and the boy climbed up the side of the car to "ride the tops." Once the men were comfortably seated on the floor of the box-car they began to pull sacks of Bull Durham out of their pockets. Despite the rocking of the "hobo special" they managed to roll their cigarettes. Some lighted the "snipes" which they had "shot" (the cigarettes they had picked up out of gutters or theater entrances). Others began to eat dry bread.

"Jesus Christ!" piped a man, "I never saw so goddam many wolves as in this State."

A second voice rejoined: "Yeah, did you see that stiff up there with the kid?"

"Maybe he's the kid's father," said another sardonically.

"A guy with that mug? Hell, no," someone answered quite naively.

Although any scientific statement as to the number of boys that have been seduced is impossible, it may in general be said that there is at least one wolf on almost every freight train. The wandering pederast degrades the character of the victim, teaches him to beg, lie, and steal so that he may profit thereby. He accomplishes his aims under the pretense of befriending the youngster. How life will deal with these boys is not hard to foresee.

WANDERING BOYS

The second largest group on the road is made up of boys between ten and twenty-one. There are probably hundreds of thousands of minors roaming the country. These youngsters present a problem entirely different from that of other groups. Few of them are looking for work, for the reason that people generally, out of pity for their youth, befriend them and give them food, shelter, clothes, and even money.

A good many of the boys, though they have homes to which they can return, have preferred to "hit the road" for the sake of adventure. Other causes are quarrels at home, failure in school and college, undernourishment at home as a result of the unemployment of the family wage-earners, and in the case of those over sixteen years of age inability to find work in their home towns. A youngster whom I met in Richmond, Virginia, slapped his protruding stomach and said with a grin: "The road's the life! Gained nine pounds in two months. I never used to get nothing at home and now I eat all I want."

Case 1. I was sitting on the edge of an oil tank heading for Sacramento, California, when I saw A, who could not have been more than ten years old, climbing down from the adjoining box-car. The train was rolling along at about thirty-five miles an hour.

"Watch your step, bud," I cautioned.

"Oh, shut up," he snapped. I thought him rather tough for his age.

He crawled up next to me on the tank. "You guys think you know everything, just because you're big. You make me sick." He paused a moment and then pulled a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket. "And I'm a better bum than you." He was proud as he eyed his coin.

"Say, give us a smoke, will you?" he asked in a more friendly tone. I was about to preach to him against smoking at his age, but I knew this cocky vagabond would only laugh in my face. I gave him a cigarette and in order to find out who he was I flattered him by praising his ability in the fine art of bumming. He came from Arizona. His father had given him a pony which had been the cause of many a fight between him and his brother. One day in the heat of an argument he had thrown a knife at his brother. He thought he had killed him and in fright had hopped a freight. He did not know where he was going or what he intended to do. I advised him to go home, but he only laughed.

Case 2. A few minutes after six one December morning B and I were assigned to stack newspapers and magazines in the workroom of the Salvation Army in Richmond, Virginia. B was eighteen years old. He said his father, the sole wage-earner in the family, had died just after his own graduation from high school a year before. His married brother, with whom he could not get along, had consented to take care of his mother. Failing to find work in his native city of Baltimore, B decided to see the country "on the bum." That December morning he was planning to take a freight to New York, but he did not intend to stop off in his native town.

"Why New York?" I inquired.

"What difference does it make where a fellow goes? One place is about as good as another for a man on the bum. I'll hold the town down as long as I can and then shove off to somewhere else."

In the midst of our conversation one of the Salvation Army employees growled, "Hey, youse guys, get going, if you want your breakfast."

Case 3. Five hungry men were applying for a meal at the Spohn Hospital in Corpus Christi, Texas. The man in charge said he would be very glad to feed us if we would be willing to do a little work afterwards. He said he was sorry to impose such a condition on hungry men, but that he had to follow the orders of the police. A youngster from Alabama and myself were told to water the cabbage plants in the hospital garden. We smoked, worked, and talked under the warm Texas sun. The boy told me he had just come out of a reformatory, and that it was impossible for him to get work in his native town. Having no one to aid him, he had hit the road.

WOMEN ON THE ROAD

Women are the smallest group on the road. Like the men and boys they are the victims of the economic collapse. They are to be seen on freight trains as well as on the highways though as a rule they prefer the highway.

Case 1. I was outside the city limits of New Orleans flagging automobiles, when I saw a wearily walking toward me. She was a heavy-set girl of twenty-five. She said she had no patience to stand in one spot and solicit rides. "I've got to keep moving," she added.

"Where you going?" I asked.

"To Florida."

I inquired what she expected to do there. "Oh, try to

get a job. I can wait on tables and I know shorthand. The rich will be wintering there. They may make business. I'm going to try my luck anyway. If the breaks go against me, I'll try New York."

She had come originally from Los Angeles. She had lost her job as a stenographer and had worked in a cafeteria until she was discharged. After three months of idleness she became restless, had a quarrel with her family, and decided to go East.

Case 2. A young man stood on the highway in Seguin, Texas, soliciting rides in the direction of Houston. With him were his wife and their six-months-old baby. One might have expected that they would have no difficulty in getting a ride, but they were on the highway all afternoon before a truck driver took the trouble to give them a ride to another town. I asked the young husband why he was moving his family from town to town. He said he could not stay in any one place very long without seeming to become a burden on the community, which politely ordered him to depart. People seldom give assistance to beggars for any great period of time. The husband was a traveling construction worker and therefore had no permanent residence where he might have claimed relief. He was on his way to Houston to ~~see~~ about work.

Case 3. One afternoon in autumn a freight train bearing a human cargo of a hundred or more wanderers was pulling out for Missoula, Montana. Being familiar with Montana we knew how miserably cold its autumn nights are. Before boarding the freight we had searched for an empty box-car which might provide a little shelter, but there were no empties. So we had climbed to the top of the cars, assumed a squatting position, and pulled our hats down over our ears to keep our heads warm.

Squatting next to me was a man of forty-five with his wife, his daughter of fourteen, and a son of sixteen, all clad in overalls. In their faces one could discern only tragedy and desperation. I tried to induce them to talk, but it was impossible.

The train gave the "highball," that is, two whistles, the signal of starting. Then faster and faster whirled the wheels on the cold tracks. Clouds of smoke from the engine drifted over our heads and covered us with cinders. Sticking out in space fifteen feet from the hardened ground, we were an easy prey to the wind that pushed us off balance on the bends. But it was no time to lose heart. Our numb hands clung like leeches. Even for derelicts living is a necessary business. Some of the wanderers, unable to stand the discomforts of the night ride, climbed off the train at the first division point of the railroad, to thaw out their limbs. By the time the freight jerked its way into Missoula, only a third of the original cargo was left. Under the glassy Montana moon my taciturn traveling companions and the other human freight looked like strange, fantastic creatures. Our faces bore the marks of cinders. A man with a lamp approached us. It was a brakeman. "Better get off and build a fire, you fellas," he said. "No use going any farther. You'll freeze to death." The man with his family descended. The brakeman noticed the shivering children. He was genuinely moved. "Here's two dollars," he said. "Now get those kids something to eat."

[The second and third instalments of *The Starvation Army* will appear in the next two issues of *The Nation*.]

What Has Roosevelt Accomplished?

By NORMAN THOMAS

IT is now four weeks since President Roosevelt, aided by unusual circumstances, began to put through his program with an energy and directness of purpose surpassing anything his earlier record had led us to expect. The outlines of that program are already clear; much of it has already become law. It is fair to examine it in the light of what it has accomplished and is likely to accomplish.

At the very outset it is evident that despite the President's achievements and immense popularity no miracles have been performed. The valuable chart of business conditions published by the *New York Times* on March 25 recorded a new low for the week. Papers on the same day reported that almost 20 per cent of the banks of America were either closed, or open under the most stringent restrictions. According to Mark Sullivan some \$6,000,000,000 were tied up in these banks. This represents, as the net result of our remedial banking legislation to date, an avoidance or postponement of complete collapse of the system at the price of a still further increase of economic paralysis. At a time when the desperate need of the country is increased purchasing power, the purchasing power which we had is reduced by perhaps another 20 per cent. Nor is there anything in the legislation already adopted or proposed which promises relief. What Congress has done is confer on the President semi-dictatorial powers to save a capitalist system which has been unable to save itself. It is by no means certain that the job can be done at all; it is certain that if it is done it will be at the price of a definite transition to a fascist stage of capitalism—that is, a stage where private profit and private ownership of property for power are maintained under the immense authority of the state, although they have lost all the older sanctions which upheld them in the laissez faire economy. This will be clear if we examine the program under its various heads.

1. *Banking.* Assuming that the federal government and the States have permitted only those banks to open which can weather the gale, we shall probably be saved from an acute financial panic. (If there is any dramatic failure of banks now opened our last state will be worse than our first—a possibility that we shall not discuss.) But our salvation from panic does not mean that we may not die of further deflation. The measure of inflation for sound banks provided under the terms of the new law will do little to help the situation for the depositors in closed banks, for the regions they served, or for the public in general. Almost certainly the Administration and Congress will be driven by economics as well as political necessity to some further measure of inflation. If such inflation can be controlled so that it can be stopped if and when commodity prices reach the level of 1926-27, and if it can be turned directly to a partial restoration of purchasing power for the unemployed, it will be a blessing and not a curse. On the other hand, an uncontrolled inflation or inflation not directed especially to the needs of the unemployed will be a further disaster.

What is even more important is that we have no hint of any proposal to supply regions most affected by the closing of

banks with new and sound facilities. In the absence of a direct plan for meeting this need, the strong banks, directly or indirectly, will inevitably enter the field and buy up the crippled banks for a song. Depositors whose sole fault it was that they guessed wrong which of several banks, all operating under government inspection, were solvent will be left holding the bag. Our banking and credit system will be more centralized than ever, and it will be centralized in the hands of precisely the same interests that floated Peruvian loans and backed Kreuger and Insull. Charles E. Mitchell cannot take all their sins on his shoulders. At best we may expect nothing better than a banking system as conservatively managed as the Canadian. Indeed, it is doubtful if we can get one as good, considering the tradition and psychology of our bankers. The money changers, washed behind the ears and wearing temporarily the raiment of righteousness, will not only be back in the temple; they will own the temple. A magnificent opportunity to nationalize the banking system and to use it as an engine for the sound distribution of that which we produce will have been lost. The government will have saved the bankers from their own folly only to surrender the system back to them for their power and immense profit.

2. *Balancing the Budget.* Here again what the President has done for the national budget and what he apparently wants to do for the railroad budget, however necessary it may seem, represents a still further deflation. The only gain for railroads, if the projected plan for regional consolidations is adopted, will be a consolidation of service by the various roads at the price of discharging a high percentage of their already reduced force of workers. These men will be sacrificed primarily to the interest of bond-holders. If the scheme works, the power of government will once more have been used to protect capital and to prolong the life of the very system which has failed. It is difficult to see, however, how this sacrifice of workers to capital will bring even such benefits of financial stability as will compensate for the increased unemployment. If there is to be regional consolidation, it ought to be as part of a plan for nationalizing railroads without paying fancy prices to security holders when the value of their securities is already so low. Discharged workers should be protected by unemployment indemnity.

What I have said about the deflation attending the proposed economies for railroads is true of the economies in government service already enacted. What the United States needs is comprehensive social insurance for all classes of workers to cover all sorts of disabilities. This social insurance is different from class legislation for veterans whose disabilities may not have been incurred in war. Nevertheless, whatever the bitter necessity for some economy, and the advantage of checking the power of the veterans' bloc in Congress, the plain truth is that the much-praised economy law means further deflation of the purchasing power of underpaid workers. This is especially true now that the President has failed to establish a minimum wage below which the 15 per cent cut will not apply. It is already evident that the

economies of this Administration will be at the expense of peace-time workers and veterans of former wars far more than at the expense of preparation for the next war.

3. *Farm Relief.* Evidently the Administration hopes to overcome the deflationary aspects of its other measures by its program for increasing the purchasing power of farmers. There are two questions concerning this plan: (1) Will it work at all? (2) If so, will it bring worse evils in its train than it cures? I recognize the desperate plight of the farmers and a certain poetic justice in giving them subsidies equivalent to those already heaped upon manufacturers through tariffs. I am, however, more skeptical than is the President about the possibility of raising agricultural prices in a time of general depression and falling prices, even at an expense which may amount to a billion dollars a year in the cost of food to underpaid and unemployed workers. It is certain that we can have no grimmer commentary on our economic order than that it is considered necessary in a hungry world to subsidize an artificial scarcity. It is possible to argue that we may, under modern dietary standards, produce more wheat or corn than we need. In cities where malnutrition has increased 55 per cent in the schools since the depression, it is tragic nonsense to say that we need less food. To subsidize scarcity we are giving the Secretary of Agriculture greater and more unchecked power over agricultural production and prices than any single official possesses anywhere in the world. Under this dictatorship President Roosevelt is trying to stabilize a chaotic agricultural situation without curing anything. He is not getting rid of the curse of landlordism and tenantry; he is not adjusting scientifically an intolerable burden of farm taxation; he is not socializing marketing machinery with regard either to what the farmer buys or sells. Instead of reducing the whole burden of indebtedness which the farmers carry, he is by his plan seeking to give them something which the mortgage holders can collect. It is fair to add that the President would supplement this legislation by refinancing certain classes of farm loans, but his proposal falls far short of the Socialist suggestion that the entire burden of farm debts be refinanced and lightened by the application of the capital levy on wealth, or that the entire debt and tax situation be used to facilitate a kind of voluntary socialization of farms. On the contrary, the President's plan, if it works, will destroy the desire of the farmers to come to grips with their real problems. Supporters of this bill are tying up the interest of the farmers, with all their immense and disproportionate political power, to the fate not only of the capitalist system but of the particular political party whose representative is the sole judge of the prices he may set and the amount of crop reduction, real or nominal, he may require. However experimental this bill may appear to President Roosevelt, it will no more be temporary emergency legislation—if it works at all—than were tariffs for infant industries which have never grown up. It will create a permanent farmers' bloc at least as dangerous to general well-being as any tariff or veterans' bloc.

4. *Unemployment Relief.* Here the net result of the President's proposals is certainly an advance on his predecessor's incredibly pig-headed stupidity in confining federal aid to nominal loans and in insisting that relief was a local problem although depression, as even Mr. Hoover recognized, was a world-wide phenomenon. The President's program, as he has worked it out with Senators more radical than him-

self, might have been tolerably adequate in 1930 or 1931. It is today hopelessly inadequate. Work camps, a half-billion-dollar federal grant to depleted local relief treasuries, and some appropriation for public works, not yet agreed upon, may serve at best to avert actual starvation in America. They will not lessen depression by increasing purchasing power. We shall standardize poverty when we ought to be socializing wealth. The President's special enthusiasm for his work-camp idea is at this point significant and revealing. Such work camps fit into the psychology of a fascist, not a Socialist, state. Local relief authorities, by withholding relief, will see to it that for thousands of men these camps mean forced labor. You will either work at a wage far below standard wages or starve. I entirely sympathize with the A. F. of L. criticism of the work-camp bill.

It is absurd to say that a country which could finance war against Germany and employ the energy of all its citizens in tasks of destruction cannot more adequately finance a holy war against poverty and unemployment and utilize the energies of its citizens in works of construction. The Socialist program for a federal maintenance allowance, to be supplanted as rapidly as possible by an immense program of public works including hospitalization and good housing in place of slums and shacks, could be financed the first year at the outside for twelve billion dollars. It would cost less if the plan worked rapidly. In so far as bonds were used they should be underwritten by income and inheritance taxes and a capital levy. This attack on unemployment would require redistribution of income. It would not be successful unless it was accompanied by socialization of natural resources and great industries. In its proper setting it is the way out.

Failure to follow this way, no matter how energetic or politically skilful the President may be, means either an indefinite continuance of the present depression or its slight and temporary mitigation under what will be in effect a fascist state. The essence of fascism as contrasted with socialism is not in the particular antics by which a Mussolini or a Hitler may seek to keep an exploited people quiet. It is not even dictatorship as contrasted with democracy, though that is an important feature of its technique. The essence lies in the purpose for which the power of the political state is used and the class interest which is dominant in it. It is in this sense that I speak of our immensely rapid drift to fascism. Sooner or later, I suspect, something more will be necessary to divert the exploited workers than the personal popularity of a President who has met Will Rogers's demand that he do something even if it is only to burn down the Capitol! We, no less than the Italians and the Germans, will need the heady wine of nationalism and race prejudice to keep us drunk. Three per cent beer will hardly do the job! Meanwhile the fascist society is on its way. It may temporarily postpone catastrophe. It is itself disaster.

The situation calls for more than a leader. It cannot be met by any plans until we face the essential question of purpose. For whom and for what do we plan? It is at this point that the Socialist answer begins. Plans may have to be adapted to varying situations. It is the purpose of achieving the cooperative commonwealth that is vital. That purpose will not be achieved by hysterical support of the President today and perhaps equally hysterical criticism of him tomorrow. It requires the intelligent organization of workers with hand and brain in their own behalf.

Saving Our Soil

By E. A. SHERMAN

TOM and Nancy Lincoln "aimed" to make a permanent home on their thirty-acre farm in Kentucky on Knob Creek, so Tom cleared the timber from a broad hillside and planted it to corn. The sequel, as related by Carl Sandburg, was discouraging:

It would not be easy to forget that Saturday afternoon in corn-planting time when other boys dropped the seed corn into all the rows in the big seven-acre field—and Abe dropped the pumpkin seed. He dropped two seeds at every other hill and every other row. The next Sunday morning there came a big rain in the hills; it didn't rain a drop in the valley, but the water came down the gorges and slides, and washed ground, corn, pumpkin seeds, and all, clear off the field.

In consequence of this disaster Tom Lincoln searched for other lands, and in the fall of 1816 loaded his household goods on two pack horses and with Nancy and Abe moved north across the Ohio River to a new piece of land on Little Pigeon Creek in Indiana. The fateful heira of the boy Lincoln out of the South and into the North was impelled by the grim necessity imposed upon the pioneer by soil erosion.

The story of the advance of the American settler from the hillside farms of the Appalachian mountain system westward across the continent to the prairies of Illinois and Iowa is the Lincoln experience repeated over and over again, with infinite variety. When the pioneer had finished his cabin, built shelter for his stock, cleared away the virgin forest, gathered the surface stones into fences, grubbed out the stumps, and finally plowed and planted his field, he thought his task of farm-building completed and his work permanent. Too often he found the task of maintenance even greater than that of original construction. Each year seemed to bring a new crop of stones to be gathered from the ground, and each year the soil grew harder to till and its harvest less abundant. It was commonly believed that the rocks were raised to the surface during the winter by the action of the frost. Some said the land "wore out"—that the crops had exhausted its plant food. At any rate, even the most frugal and industrious pioneer in a few short years found his toil on hillside fields so scantily rewarded that he was compelled to abandon his home and seek new fields farther West, until finally the vast valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi were occupied and tilled.

This migration ended more than a generation ago, but the physical forces that were a contributing cause are operating today just as they did in Lincoln's boyhood. And now they are taking toll from a vastly increased acreage of correspondingly greater value. The Department of Agriculture says that a conservative estimate of the cost of erosion to the American farmer, stated in monetary terms, is over \$200,000,000 a year; in solid matter it is at least 1,500,000,000 tons annually; in quantities of phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash the annual cost is placed at 54,000,000,000 pounds. Erosion is estimated to take from the farms of this country each year twenty-one times as much plant food as all cultivated crops. Already 17,500,000 acres once cultivated have

been so severely washed or gullied that neither cultivation nor reclamation is feasible, while the process is so widespread and is proceeding at such a rate that unless it is checked the same condition will be well advanced on 100,000,000 acres within a hundred years. This means that one-fourth of our nation's arable land is in jeopardy. The 500,000,000 tons of suspended material carried each year by our rivers down to the sea represent greater territorial wealth than many a province over which nations in times past have waged costly war. If this loss were caused by the depredations of a foreign people instead of by our own negligence, we too would raise a call to arms.

President Roosevelt has wisely included control of soil erosion among the projects in his proposed program of public works. That vigorous steps have not long since been taken to check this wastage is owing to the fact that only in recent years have even the best-informed agriculturists realized the true extent of the loss. Of course, practical farmers long ago learned better than to attempt to farm such steep lands as those Tom Lincoln tried to plant. But not until carefully controlled experiments on relatively level lands were conducted by a number of agricultural colleges did the American farmer learn that even on such lands soil erosion frequently levies a toll on fertility a hundred-fold greater than that taken by his crops. Instead of being a menace only to an occasional steep slope or narrow draw, soil erosion has been taking the very lifeblood of our richest plow lands.

Soil erosion is costly to agriculture where its activity is little suspected. The Des Moines River, which crosses Iowa through the heart of the richest farm land on the continent, was shown by the report of the National Conservation Commission in 1909 to carry into the Mississippi 518 tons of matter in solution and suspension for each square mile of watershed, a greater weight in proportion to area than any other river in North America excepting only the Grand (Colorado) River in Colorado. This was only part of the loss. Rich soils carried only a few hundred feet from nearby slopes and deposited in depressions as an over-layer on even richer soils are substantially as completely lost as though they were carried a thousand miles down stream.

Soil erosion is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of natural forces. That is why the losses resulting from it have created so little public concern. As Dr. Jekyll it has laid down the fertile soils of the earth. As Mr. Hyde it is the father of floods and a ruthless, insidious thief of soil fertility. Under most conditions, erosion—a natural process which is always going on—is not only harmless but actually beneficial. It is the great leveler of the earth. It takes tiny particles of material from the rocks of mountains and with them fills valleys and levels them into fields with fertile soil. When nature is undisturbed, the action of erosion is uniformly benign. Only as man disturbs the soil are its Mr. Hyde characteristics revealed.

The soil-robbing activities of erosion roughly fall into two general classes—gullying and sheet erosion. The former is a bold thief, quickly detected and checked with compara-

tive ease if proper methods are promptly applied. The latter is an insidious thief whose levy upon soil fertility usually goes unsuspected. The two together have bent the backs and broken the hearts of more American farmers than all other causes combined. Unfortunately, American agriculture has thus far lacked aggressive leadership in dealing with this problem. Apathy, combined with a spirit of defeatism, has quite generally allowed wasting practices to go not only uncorrected but almost unnoticed. Remedial steps have been taken by individual landowners here and there, but like the weather, erosion has furnished a nation-wide topic for conversation with a corresponding lack of action.

Soil erosion is more easily prevented than cured. On virgin wild land the soil, through the process of ages, has reached a stage of comparative stability with the most fertile layer on top. To keep it so, it is only necessary to leave it undisturbed. As fields are needed, the more level lands should be cleared and cultivated first. Properly used, their fertility is everlasting. Gently rolling lands may be converted into meadows of permanent utility or may be terraced at reasonable cost and cultivated without material soil losses. The steeper slopes should be kept for timber production and harvested conservatively. Clearing and cultivating such land requires, as Tom Lincoln learned to his sorrow, a heavy labor investment which is never fully repaid. After a few scanty crops at the best, both the land and the labor expended on it become a total loss.

It is now easily seen that great injury to our land might have been avoided. But the pioneer worked under the drive of necessity and made his living as he could. Each generation takes the earth as it finds it. Our generation inherited a land which had been in many respects vastly improved by our forbears and we should not complain because they made some mistakes that require correction. They made fields from the unbroken wilderness. The task of stopping injury to those fields and making them permanently productive is something for us to do. What would have been utterly beyond the power of the pioneer in his day can be done easily with the cyclopean power-driven machinery of this age.

Even today many of the mistakes of the past are being repeated because the landowner does not know what remedial measures to take or the necessity for them. Yet if he were properly advised, he would usually readily and gladly take the requisite action to protect his property. The same amount of toil that the American farmer has spent on hauling to his fields and spreading over them the manure from his barn and cowshed in a vain struggle to maintain the fertility of his lands would, if properly directed, have saved them from being robbed of a hundred times more plant food than his puny efforts have replaced. This is now becoming so well known, not only to farmers and agriculturists, but to engineers, economists, and publicists as well, that the public generally is awakening to the fact that the foundation of our country's entire economic structure is being threatened. "The ultimate end of unchecked erosion," writes an engineer engaged in reclamation work in the Far West, "is destruction of civilization itself through the lack of soil to support it." It matters not how many years it takes these forces to destroy the crop-producing power of our nation's fields. Whether 10 years or 100 or 500, unless one is willing to envision his country as a shrinking entity, like Balzac's wild ass's skin, the end comes too soon.

The Department of Agriculture has a constructive plan for dealing with this problem which it can act upon as soon as the people have a sufficiently strong realization of the need to accept its leadership and approve the requisite federal expenditures. The task is truly a tremendous one. It involves direct action affecting land holdings from which more than 30,000,000 people obtain their livelihood. Success will necessarily depend upon their general support and cooperation. Fortunately, the federal government has a successful example, as a precedent, in its efforts to reduce losses from forest fires. Since 1911, 240,000,000 acres of forest lands have been brought under organized protection and the losses from fire reduced to one-eighth of the losses occurring in unorganized areas. The theoretical distribution of the financial burden is 25 per cent to the federal government, 25 per cent to the State, and 50 per cent to the landowner. The total cost to the federal government annually has never reached \$2,000,000, and the States and private owners have expended more than their theoretical 75 per cent of the total cost of protection.

The problem of preventing soil erosion and controlling floods on a nation-wide scale is in many respects much simpler than the problem of controlling or preventing forest fires. Each involves problems of jurisdiction over great areas of land and affects the interests of a multitude of landowners and land users. But fighting forest fires is emergency work in which the time element is vital, and one fanatic with a match may nullify the efforts of a thousand workers, while the control of erosion may be planned and carried forward deliberately with little hazard.

Even without federal aid and leadership a considerable acreage of farm land has already been terraced to prevent soil losses, notably in Texas and Oklahoma. If undertaken as a federal activity, the work of checking soil erosion would doubtless be directed by the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, created by Congress in 1931, by transfer from the Bureau of Public Roads. The federal appropriation for the Bureau of Public Roads for 1933 is \$100,000,000 and for Agricultural Engineering \$139,130.

The writer believes that the time has now come for the nation to make a serious, business-like effort to stop further losses from soil erosion. Studies are not sufficient; losses should be stopped, not here and there, but everywhere. If we preserve the fertility of our fields we can build and maintain whatever roads we desire to the end of time. If fertility is lost, there will be little need for roads and little money for their future maintenance. With an annual appropriation of only a fraction of the funds now expended on road improvement, the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering, in cooperation with the States and landowners, could within twenty years stop destructive erosion on every acre of farm land in the country and favorably change the regimen of every one of our streams.

This activity would be farm relief of the most tangible and practical kind. The work would be applied directly to the land. Its objective would be to check wasting processes that are robbing farm lands of fertile soil. Toward a common end the nation and the States would contribute technical skill and leadership, engineering plans, machinery, materials, and supervision. The landowner would furnish the labor and teaming, his contribution usually constituting the major part of the expense. However, since he will be the first and

largest beneficiary, such very substantial self-help may justly be expected and required of him. To him also the investment will usually be promptly and profitably self-liquidating. Terracing, in the States where the greatest amount of it has been done, has increased the value of the land an average of \$8 an acre at a cost not exceeding \$3.50 an acre.

Applied on a national scale, a campaign to stop unnecessary and destructive soil erosion would be the most far-reaching and constructive work, with the exception of the original task of pioneer land settlement and clearing, ever undertaken by the American people. To accord it priority would be to use good common sense and sound business practice in a vital matter of national land-use planning. Its objective appeals to the imagination of every man who likes to think that thousands of years from now our nation will not be "as Nineveh and Tyre"; but that under the care of a wise and intelligent people its fields will prove as enduring as the eternal hills.

Socratic Dialogue

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN AND MORRIE RYSKIND

The scene is Mr. Ryskind's favorite speakeasy—the one where Mr. Kaufman signs the checks.

MR. K.: Another glass of beer, Mr. Ryskind?

MR. R.: Don't care if I do. And thank you very much.

MR. K.: Don't thank *me*. Thank Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. R.: Say, that's right. If it wasn't for the President we'd still be drinking that 6 per cent stuff, instead of this 3.2.

MR. K.: What's the matter with 3.2? That's not a bad percentage. Those Harriman depositors would settle for that in a minute.

MR. R.: Yes, but will Harriman?

MR. K.: Well, he hasn't decided yet. As I understand it, Harriman is going to get together with France, and they'll make us a combined offer.

MR. R.: That means Harriman won't pay unless Germany disarms?

MR. K.: No. It just means Harriman won't pay.

MR. R.: There's just one sure way to keep the banks open. Pass a law against them, the way they did with the speakeasies.

MR. K.: That wouldn't do. You'd have too many banks in one block.

MR. R.: I guess you're right. With as many banks as that, the prisons would get too overcrowded.

MR. K.: Tell me—with all the bankers going to jail, what do you think will happen?

MR. R.: Well, the first thing they'll do is float a series of Mutual Welfare Gold Debentures, guaranteed by Singer and Marcus and S. W. Straus and Company, and payable in 1962, with time off for good behavior.

MR. K.: That's all right for 1962. But what happens in 1934, when the bonds drop to three and a sixteenth asked, and one-sixteenth offered?

MR. R.: What do you think'll happen? They'll close the jails.

MR. K.: Then what? You mean we have prison reform?

MR. R.: Sure. A bill is rushed through Congress giving the President dictatorial powers over the jails. So he opens the good jails and the rest of them stay closed. Maybe some of the Detroit jails will never open.

MR. K.: But what about the Reconstruction Finance Corporation? Aren't they supposed to help out?

MR. R.: Oh, sure. They keep right on lending money—good jails and bad. No matter what happens.

MR. K.: Let me get this straight. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation just keeps on lending money?

MR. R.: That's right. On condition that there's no security.

MR. K.: Well, whose money is it? Whose money are they lending?

MR. R.: It's very simple. You see, they take the money that the depositors put into the good banks—

MR. K.: And lend it to the bad banks.

MR. R.: Now you've got it!

MR. K.: But if they're going to do that, why don't they let Harriman keep it in the first place?

MR. R.: Don't worry—he's going to. Waiter! Two beers!

MR. K.: Make mine the same!

MR. R.: Two times 3.2—that's 6.4, isn't it? That's not bad beer, Mr. K.

MR. K.: That's what it isn't. But tell me—have you tried any of this 3.2 wine?

MR. R.: No, I haven't. Tell me about that.

MR. K.: I've been making some at home. You take two parts of hydrogen and one part oxygen, and mix them together. That gives you H₂O, or 3.2 wine.

MR. R.: H₂O? That's water, isn't it?

MR. K.: Well, what do you think 3.2 is? Wine?

MR. R.: That depends on the Supreme Court. If they say it's wine, it's wine—with Brandeis dissenting.

MR. K.: Just the same, Mr. Roosevelt is doing a pretty good job. He's got the whole country behind him, and we Democrats have got a right to be proud.

MR. R.: We Democrats? I thought you voted for Thomas?

MR. K.: I did. But that was in New York City, and it wasn't counted.

MR. R.: Then I'm a Democrat, too?

MR. K.: Sure you are. If you voted for Thomas.

MR. R.: Well, I'll be darned! We've got to celebrate that! Waiter! Four beers!

MR. K.: Make mine the same!

MR. R.: Yes, sir, he's doing a great job—Roosevelt. A great job. Tell me—is Roosevelt married?

MR. K.: Sure he's married. Been married for years.

MR. R.: Funny. You never read anything about his wife.

MR. K.: Waiter! One rotogravure section!

What I Believe

By ELLEN GLASGOW

TO begin with my start in life, since all of us who are not converts for an advantage bring a measure of our belief into the world with us, I was born with a non-conformist mind at a time when being a rebel, even an intellectual one, was less exciting and more uncomfortable than it is nowadays. By temperament I was on the side of the disinherited, a position which is neither commendable nor the reverse, but simply a matter of the thickness of the skin over one's nerves. The world I lived in as a child was, in part at least, the world of Dickens, and he, as Santayana has said, "was a waif himself, and utterly disinherited." Even now, I cannot tell whether I loved Dickens because he had compassion for "the deformed, the half-witted, the abandoned, or those impeded or misunderstood by virtue of some singular inner consecration," or whether the early influence of Dickens made me pity these unhappy creatures.

Although I was different from other children whom I knew, I excelled only in imaginary adventures, and I could never, no matter how hard I tried, learn to do sums. But a thin skin and over-sensitive nerves made my childhood unhappy. I saw painful sights that did not distress other infants or even the adult minds that surrounded me. For I had come into the world hating cruelty as Voltaire hated superstition (though, of course, Voltaire hated, too, the cruelty in superstition), yet I saw the needless suffering of human beings and especially of animals wherever I looked. I was a delicate child, and, perhaps for this reason, the tragedy of life and the pathos which is worse than the tragedy worked their way into my nerves and through my nerves into my beliefs. Yet, even at this tender age, my sense of humor was an adequate defense against the more destructive winds of doctrine.

In the first of my books I was moved to speak for the despised and rejected; but the raveled sleeve had not become a fashion in literature, and the disinherited was less welcome in that year of grace than he finds himself in an epoch that prefers the style of illiteracy to the language of romance. "The Descendant," an honest, defiant, and very immature book, bearing as its motto Haeckel's phrase, "Man is not above Nature, but in Nature," and softened here and there to satisfy the reluctant publishers' demands for "a moral or at least a pleasant tone," records, in words that are hot and crude and as formless as the revolt of youth, many of the things I believed passionately as a girl and believe reasonably as a woman.

For it does not alarm me to hear that an economic system must be revised or discarded. I had heard this as a schoolgirl—though in a republic which was still watching the Rockefeller fortune with admiration and envy, it was not at school that I heard such opinions. My own special interests were in the direction of history and literature; but it was my privilege to study economics (it was all political economy when I was sixteen, and Mill had not ceased to be a major prophet) under the guidance of a brilliant and fearless mind. A profound thinker and student, at least thirty years ahead of his time, my friend died at the age of twenty-six,

crushed by physical pain, and crowded out of a world which required not brilliance, and certainly not fearlessness, but conformity. Yet wherever I look today I see his prophecies coming true. Though he did not predict the World War, he did predict other wars and a period of social evolution which would either overthrow our economic structure or result in a more equitable distribution of wealth under the present system. He said to me the first time I heard of Karl Marx, "The economists of the future will have to reckon with that force." There were other predictions, though he was never a convert to any theory; but, after all, I was asked to write an article on what I believe, not on how I came to believe.

To return, then, to my creed, I believe that the quality of belief is more important than the quantity, that the world could do very well with fewer and better beliefs, and that a reasonable doubt is the safety-valve of civilization. So I believe what I believe with an open mind. I am; I hope, ready to reject anything or to accept anything that does not embrace the old infamy, cruelty. I am not frightened by systems. I am not frightened even by names, since I have been called by almost every name, except the right one, as far back as I can remember. When I was one and twenty, it was all very exciting, for one and twenty is the proper age for revolt. One is still young enough then to have faith in some miraculous system which will abolish cruelty and greed, and change the primary instincts that have made civilizations so uncivilized. One has not learned that systems are made by human nature, not human nature by systems, and that the ancient evils may still function through any social order. Nevertheless, if I firmly believe anything in later years, these are the things I believe:

Since I have no superstition concerning an economic structure, I believe that our system should be revised by economists with an eye for facts, not by prophets with the gift of visions. As a general theory, leaving the ways and means to specialists, I believe that the private ownership of wealth should be curbed; that our natural resources should not be exploited for individual advantage; that every man should be assured of an opportunity to earn a living and a fair return for his labor; that our means of distribution should be re-adjusted to our increasing needs and the hollow cry of "over-production" banished from a world in which millions are starving; that the two useless extremes of society, the thriftless rich and the thriftless poor, should be mercifully eliminated by education or eugenics; that human progress cannot be weighed in noise and measured by many inventions; that the greatest discovery of the mind was neither fire nor electricity but the power to share in another's pain; that self-pity, the favorite vice of a generation too "hard-boiled" for compassion, is the softest and most primitive form of sentimentality; that art is older, as well as younger, than propaganda, and less subject, therefore, to the processes of change and decay; that freedom in literature should mean freedom not for the bawdy word alone but for the honest word also, freedom not only to be the "tough guy" in letters, but freedom

even to wear, without rebuke, the white flower of a blameless speech; that civilization may include a chicken in the pot for every peasant but it includes something more; that if man were really civilized, any system ever invented might usher in the millennium; that fear of the end is an ignoble delusion; and that, to return to Santayana, writing now of the Homeric Age, "nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on, to live on anyhow and in any shape."

Furthermore, I believe that a change is approaching; whether for better or for worse, who would dare prophesy? Chance is not necessarily progress; evolution does not imply evolving upward. I should like to think that a fairer social order might be attained in an orderly way, through some third party with high principles; but is it probable, I ask myself, that the selfishness and greed of political parties can be overthrown by high principles and an appeal to right reason? It would be pleasant to imagine that the American people may experience, within the next hundred years, a great social and moral awakening, and begin ardently but intelligently to make over the world, that the citizens of this Republic may sweep away the cobwebs, old wasps' nests, and dead issues of politics, and reaffirm a noble faith in democracy. It would be pleasant, but is it not also incredible? Incredible, it seems, so long as the mass of human beings everywhere can find an escape from social injustice and cruelty, not in resisting, but rather in the thrill of inflicting, however vicariously, injustice and cruelty upon others. Thus I believe that the approach to a perfect state lies not without but within, and that the one and only way to a civilized order is by and through the civilization of man. "Blessedness," Spinoza has said, "is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself." And, surely, the greatest menace in an epoch so noticeably deficient in "blessedness," is the menace of material power which has outstripped philosophy, and placed the dangerous machinery of life and death in the grasp of an impatient and irresponsible child, with a child's instinctive worship of savagery and a child's contempt for the sober merits and counsel of adult wisdom.

Economists, believing naturally that economics can make or mar a world, tell us in many books that we are speeding to disaster, and I, for one, am inclined to believe that the prediction is true. Yet I believe also that, before we have reached the last turn on the way to disaster, we shall apply the brakes just in time to avoid the full force of the shock. Or, even if we fall, we are obliged to fall somewhere; and both history and anthropology assure us that we can never fall so low that the discredited will-to-live cannot pick us up, shake us well, and start us off again on our uncertain road between two eternities.

Still other observers insist, with a share of truth also, for truth is many-sided, that the crisis we are enduring is one of character, not of economics at all, and that men will not be saved until they have found a new religion. These prophets forget that men do not find a religion, but a religion finds men. It may or may not be true that the nearest approach to a vital religious impulse is embraced in the Russian experiment. Yet, granting this and much more, can anyone alive today imagine the American mind in a posture of adoration before an idol of government? The more Asiatic Russian temperament may not miss the luxury of a public criticism it has never possessed. To the American, however, the liberty to scoff is an inalienable right, protected by the law and the

Constitution; and is it possible to picture the farmers of the South and West and the industrial workers of the North and East uniting in the worship of any powers assembled at Washington? The very force that would prevent our making a religion of any social system is, I think, the same imponderable agent that would defeat a violent revolution—that red hope of the left wing in politics. For the strongest power in our United States is, in my opinion, the relentless pressure of mass, not class, consciousness. The social divisions are too shallow; the classes feel and look too much alike either for reverence or for hostility.

Those zealous converts who are enriching our language with long foreign words will have trouble, I predict, not in persuading the American workingman that he is oppressed, but in convincing him that he is a "proletarian." For it is more agreeable to assign than to accept classification, and the restless proletarian may inquire in his turn, "But what are you?" Since we have lost, happily or unhappily, even the semblance of an aristocracy, there remains only an enormous public composed of self-centered individuals, each living for himself but all thinking in mass-consciousness. The scattered groups that we still call, more from habit than politeness, "the best people" are continually replenished by the upper levels of the order we are learning boldly but not without embarrassment to speak of as "the proletariat." It is this essentially fluid nature of our social divisions that makes a violent class struggle appear to be less a disaster than an absurdity.

Let an American workingman of active intelligence change places with an American banker, also of active intelligence, and in a few weeks neither the workingman nor the banker could be sure of the class in which he belonged. The gulf between an unwashed peasant and a perfumed aristocrat may have been too wide for a touch of nature to bridge; but even the most earnest revolutionist would hesitate, one imagines, to display on a pike a head that so nearly resembled his own. Yet, even so, and however mild the reversal, it would seem that, in a time of unrest, of intellectual defeat, of spiritual destitution, it is safer to examine our structure and make the necessary repairs. It would seem, too, wiser to profit by the past than to ignore or deny it; and the most superficial glance back into history will prove that more social disorders have been prevented by common sense with bread than have ever been put down by desperation with bayonets.

At this point we may stop long enough to ponder the changing fashions of intellectual revolt. Twenty-five years ago, when I remarked that it made no difference whether or not a man had stepped out of the gutter if only he had stepped out, I was taken to task by several of the deep young men of the period. For the deep young men of that day were not investigating the gutter. Instead, they were straining their muscles in the effort to write of the American plutocracy or the English aristocracy after the best manner of Henry James or Oscar Wilde. It is amusing, nevertheless, to remember that the word "gutter" offended the sensibilities of an earlier decade quite as severely as the phrase "well bred" shocks our hardened nerves nowadays. Yet it seems not only embarrassing but absurd to be obliged to explain to adult persons one of the first lessons every Southern child is supposed to learn at his mother's knee, or, failing a mother's knee, when he passes through kindergarten, and this is that the term "well bred" does not mean either well dressed or wealthy.

It has, in fact, as little to do with gentility or respectability as writing a book has, and all of us know, I assume, how very little that is.

Many ill-bred persons have been the children of royalty; many others have been, no doubt, sons or daughters of bishops. For good breeding may go in rags and often has gone in rags; it may step into the gutter; but it does not belong in the gutter and usually contrives to step out again. The first time I heard the words, I remember, they were used by my mother to describe an old colored man who came to clean out our hen-house and do other work befitting his years. "Uncle Will is so well bred," she told me, "I like you to be with him." He was not servile. Only a person who considered Epictetus servile could have charged Uncle Will with servility. What he had learned was the old Greek acceptance of fate, or better still, superiority to adverse fortune; all the qualities that lend needed dignity to human nature and appear on the surface of life as fine breeding—courtesy, restraint, forbearance, consideration for others. This is what Ortega y Gasset means when he speaks of "the nobly disciplined mind," and he adds discreetly, "It is not rare to find today amongst workingmen nobly disciplined minds."

And so, believing in, as well as sympathizing with, the nobly disciplined mind wherever it is stranded in an age that scorns discipline, it follows naturally that I prefer the spirit of fortitude to the sense of futility. It follows, too, I suppose, that I prefer, among other things, civilization to savagery (though, if we must return to the wilderness, I should choose the noble savage of Rousseau as my neighbor rather than the "sophisticated barbarian" or sentimental sadist of Franco-American fiction); that I prefer good manners to rudeness, especially toward the weak, the defenseless, and all those who are placed in what we call inferior positions; that I prefer, not new and popular alignments of the persecutors and the persecuted, but a social order in which nobody may be persecuted for his opinions.

Other things also I believe, and these other things are bound up with what I feel to be permanent issues. I believe in the evolution of life on this planet, and though I think that evolution does not imply evolving upward, I do believe that humanity has groped its way out of primeval darkness. I believe, as well, that on this long journey upward from lower forms man has collected a few sublime virtues, or, more accurately perhaps, a few ideas of sublime virtues, which he has called truth, justice, courage, loyalty, compassion. These ideas, and these ideas alone, seem to me to justify that blood-stained pilgrimage from the first cannibal feast, past the auto-da-fé of too much believing, to the moral and industrial crisis of the twentieth century.

Because the church has evaded these issues and imprisoned its faith in arbitrary doctrines, I think it has failed to satisfy the intellectual and spiritual needs of the modern world, in which primitive consecrations and barbaric symbols have lost, for many of us, their earlier significance. Yet I think, too, that the mass of men will not be content to live entirely without religion or philosophy as a guide.

And, finally, beyond this, I can see only the vanishing-point in the perspective, where all beliefs disappear and the deepest certainties, if they exist, cannot be comprehended by the inquiring mind alone, but must be apprehended by that inmost reason which we may call the heart.

In the Driftway

NEW guidebooks to France are like new illustrations for "Alice in Wonderland." The connoisseur of France—and everyone who has been there once considers himself an expert—regards the new guide and its particular bias with a keen unfriendly eye that never fails to catch an important omission or an unimportant inclusion. The latest guide to France strikes an ingenious and tempting note in international economy. "France on Fifty Dollars," by Sydney A. Clark (McBride, \$1.90), is the title, and so far as the Drifter can tell—the Drifter is not very good at addition and never attempts long division any more—the book lives up to its title. It has other merits, too, that grow inevitably out of its \$50 limitation. For one thing, the author gives the buses of Paris their due as a most excellent point from which to observe the French scene, both animate and inanimate, and justly celebrates French third-class railway travel for the completely satisfactory thing it is. For another, he invokes and explains those French immortals, Chaix, Bibendum, and the Syndicat d'Initiative. Finally Mr. Clark discusses Paris taxis in a realistic fashion and refers in phrases restrained but adequate to that exquisite *apéritif*, vermouth cassis.

■ ■ * * *

OF necessity, "France on Fifty Dollars" goes in for prices—and, after all, what is the use of a guidebook without prices. It is at this point, in fact, that the practical and competitive interest of the professional traveler is engaged. The Drifter, for instance, considers 20 francs pretty high for a double room even in the region of the Gare St.-Lazare. On the rue Jacob, which is certainly just as desirable, he knows a double room whose price rose only 3 francs, from 12 to 15, between 1925 and 1928; he is morally certain that that room is available today for not more than 18 francs. To be sure, the humble hotel has not running water, but it has a "convenience"—and a young and very charming *patronne* who does her washing every week in the court just outside the hotel "office," which is four feet square.

* * * * *

THE Drifter knows another drifter, Scotch by instinct as well as ancestry, roamer of Europe for forty years, to whom "France on Fifty Dollars" will be a delight for two reasons, first, because its prices are low, and second, because they are high. He will be pleased that tourists are at last being led into the righteous paths of low prices; he will be more than satisfied to observe that low as the prices are, he can beat them every time. The Drifter cannot forget the pain he once inflicted by obtaining a room in Paris for one franc less than this *vieux voyageur* was paying. It was an empty triumph which he would never knowingly repeat.

* * ■ * *

SUCH are a few of the delights of guidebooks. The present one, like every other, is no bed of roses. The reader must toil through too many châteaux where kings lived with too many wives for an ordinary memory to encompass. The Drifter has emerged from this latest adven-

ture into the château country (he has found it convenient to do most of his sight-seeing by guidebook) still a bit dim concerning the Duc de Guise, the porcupine, and the salamander. But Mr. Clark's tour has one great advantage. Fifty dollars do not allow for many sights, a fact which brings the Drifter to his principal objection to the volume. Is Mr. Clark sure that his café allowance is sufficient? And incidentally, why did he consider it essential to wound the feelings of South Brittany fans by dismissing it so cavalierly in favor of the north?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Student Attack on War

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

There is now under way in the State of Washington a campaign to make military drill in State schools optional. A petition is to be circulated in order to put on the ballot machine in November, 1934, an initiative providing that military drill shall be made optional. Signatures are to be obtained by house-to-house canvassing by persons who have been assigned to specific areas. Also an educational campaign will be carried on by means of public meetings, lectures, literature, sermons, and similar activities. Editorial comment in such publications as *The Nation* will be widely used.

Considerable progress is being made in the circulation of the petition, but we are in need of all possible support. Militarism will not retreat submissively.

Seattle, Wash., March 15

MERWIN S. COLE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Oxford students to whom the white feathers were sent wore them. There are probably hundreds, even thousands, of students in this country who are opposed on principle to all war and who would welcome the opportunity to show publicly their attitude on this question. While the militarists are broadcasting their propaganda on all possible occasions, in season and out, I suggest the formation of White Feather clubs composed of those students who are willing to forswear all participation in any sort of war activity. The wearing of the white feather would be the symbol of membership.

Such clubs would become the active centers for anti-war agitation. Why not a chapter in each university or college throughout the country?

Faribault, Minn., March 23 WINFIELD S. NICKERSON

Late Captain, U. S. Medical Corps

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I quote in part the first announcement of the Student Anti-War League of the University of California at Berkeley.

The danger of another world war is more than a possibility—it is a fact. In the Orient China and Japan are engaged in a wrangle that threatens to draw in all important nations of the world. In South America Bolivia and Paraguay are involved in another conflict; and war may break out at any moment between Colombia and Peru. The spread of fascism throughout Europe, as in Germany, Italy, and Poland, brings into control the nationalist elements whose maintenance of power depends on military aggression. . . .

In the last war the universities were turned into armed camps. Professors were utilized for building up jingoistic propaganda. We cannot intrust the fight against the next war to those who were the tools of the militarists in the

last one. We ourselves must unite if we are to have an effective struggle to prevent war. The Student Anti-War League has taken the initiative in organizing this struggle. The league is open to all students and members of the faculty who are sincerely opposed to war. The organization is non-partisan and proposes to unite all students in an active campaign.

At the first meeting, which was attended by over a hundred students, the executive committee was elected and a general program outlined. We have since held several meetings of the executive committee and have drawn up a speakers' program.

It is our desire to establish connections with other organizations engaged in this work so that we may cooperate with them. Please address correspondence to 1234 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California.

El Cerrito, Cal., March 17

S. C. MASTERSON, JR.

The Archbishop and the Press

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of March 1 you quote a remark on women and capital punishment made by the Archbishop of York "on the floor of the House of Lords." The remark was part of a speech made at Caxton Hall in London, and in its proper context conveyed an impression quite different from the one you apparently received from the newspaper accounts. At the Caxton Hall meeting, which was very well attended, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Scott Lidgett, and other church leaders urged the abolition of capital punishment. Our London press, which is interested only in sensation, picked out one sentence from the Archbishop's speech and published it in such a way as to give an entirely erroneous idea of what he said. It is an interesting illustration of how mistakes can spread.

London, March 13

E. ROY CALVERT

The Neatest Nazi Trick

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To prove that all talk about ill-treatment of Communists and Jews in Germany is just propaganda Herr Göring said he was willing to let impartial people see the alleged victims. And the *New York Times* of March 24 carried the following item:

A report of the whereabouts of Ernst Thälmann, German Communist leader, was contained in a cable dispatch to the German Consulate-General in New York from the Federal Press Bureau in Berlin, received yesterday. It said:

"*Nya Dagligt Allehanda*, leading Swedish paper, publishes an interview with Count Erik Rosen, Swedish explorer, on his return from Germany, where he visited the political prisoners in Berlin last Saturday noon. The Count says he was permitted to speak freely with Ernst Thälmann, Communist presidential ex-candidate, as well as with other Communist leaders who are interned; that none of them showed any signs of mistreatment, that the quarters were well heated, and that no complaints were made about the food."

The report of Count Rosen is almost as reassuring as if Göring had said it himself. For the press-bureau dispatch, inadvertently, no doubt, neglected to mention that the Count is the brother-in-law of Göring, who married a sister of Countess Rosen, and who has spent much time at the Swedish estate of his closest friend, Count Erik von Rosen. I think this little piece of fancy work is almost the cutest trick of the Nazi week.

New York, March 24

ERIK FREDGREN

We Agree and Apologize

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of February 28 you printed an editorial article on the Department of Labor in which you stated that for twenty years the Department of Labor, "with the shining exception of the Children's Bureau . . . has been a convenient repository for a few political legatees."

What about the Women's Bureau? Mary van Kleeck was its first director; Mary Anderson, its present head, has served under four Presidents and will probably continue. She has done wonderful work, for which you ought to give her credit, instead of including her department in your sweeping charge.

Chicago, March 1

AGNES J. O'CONNOR

I Want to Protest

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to protest against the advertisement of the *Militant Atheist* that *The Nation* has carried from time to time in the past few months. I am almost ready to believe that *The Nation* is subsidized by the capitalistic press and is attempting to besmirch American socialism in the eyes of the people of the United States and the world. If that is your aim, you are doing a mighty good job. If it is not, you must be incomprehensibly stupid and tactless, because such advertisements invariably drive the vast majority of the people toward the worst sort of reaction.

I had intended to subscribe for *The Nation*, but since you insist on publishing such advertisements you can wait till doomsday to obtain a single red copper from me. *The Nation* should at least remain neutral in religious matters. If you insist on being antagonistic to religion, we Socialists shall have to classify you as being one of the worst enemies of socialism.

Lima, Ohio, March 26

ARTHUR SCHUMACHER

Unemployed College Graduates

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

College graduates and the professional classes in general have been the group most severely affected in this depression. From the fragmentary and conservative figures so far published, one knows that there are at least 75,000 unemployed school teachers in this country; that in New York City alone there are more than 5,000 unemployed engineers and 1,500 unemployed journalists. The American Library Association estimates that there are fourteen unemployed librarians to every position in the profession. A bare living is what the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care estimates most medical practitioners earn. In the law the story is a similar one. Among college-trained business people, social workers, and others of undesignated professions, the devastation wrought by the present crisis is incalculable. Many students have been compelled to leave college to enter a jobless world because of lack of funds.

Yet there is not one legislative proposal in Congress at present designed to cope with the problems indicated by the foregoing statistics. And the forces arrayed against significant unemployment relief, as well as more permanent remedial measures, will prevent such legislation unless the people directly involved insistently and intelligently keep their plight before the eyes of their Washington representatives.

Now is the time to deliberate on and to work for a program

designed to eliminate the causes of an unemployment that is so widespread that it throws a whole generation off balance. Now is the time to lay the basis for legislation which, within the limits of human fallibility, will end forever the kind of suffering we have had the last few years. Therefore the Association of Unemployed College Alumni calls on all unemployed college graduates and professional people to assemble in Washington on May 2 and 3 to discuss a legislative program and to call the attention of the nation's leaders to their situation.

Interested groups and individuals should send communications and inquiries to Dorothy Shoemaker, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

New York, March 23

JOSEPH P. LASH, Chairman

Socialist Lawyers' Association

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A group of attorneys who are unwilling to accept the prevailing notion that the sole function of the lawyer is the defense of property rights, and who are impressed with the need for the socialization of legal thought and legal functions have organized the Socialist Lawyers' Association in New York.

Among the contemplated functions of this organization are the defense of civil liberties, research in legal-social problems, support of labor legislation and labor organization and in general the furtherance of the Socialist cause through the professional abilities of its members. The Socialist Lawyers' Association offers its counsel and assistance to sympathetic groups and urges all attorneys who are interested to communicate with me at 43 Exchange Place, New York City.

New York, March 15

WILL MASLOW

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Spring Book Section

(James) Branch Cabell

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

OUR education and life-experience more or less determine our enjoyment of Mr. Cabell; but no unprejudiced mind can do less than respect him. If consistency and intellectual coherence are virtues, the author of "Jurgen" is virtuous. If you demand that a novelist's work should grow out of a clearly formulated central point of view—and most of us believe it should—Mr. Cabell's books are worthy of reverence. From "Gallantry" (1907) and "The Cords of Vanity" (1909) down to the latest volume,* his underlying conceptions of human life and art have never wavered or laid themselves open to the slightest misconstruction. Of all our novelists of note he betrays the least mental confusion. Twenty years ago he had a precise idea of what he wanted to do, and he has done it unhesitatingly and, beyond a doubt, as well as it could be done. The world in which he lives is one built up out of his own preferences; and as he knows his nature accurately, it is a world of complete clarity and internal coherence. It has the beauty and formal perfection of a well-blown soap bubble.

The consistency of his opinions is all the more to be admired because he has upheld them against the full current of his time. During the quarter-century which in America witnessed the triumph of the realistic novel, he has imperiously championed the cause of romance. While all his contemporaries were delving into the past and present of American life, he was fashioning Poictesme. In a period notable for the almost complete rout of literary aestheticism Mr. Cabell, with grace and subtlety, defended the canon of art for art's sake. Competing with thousands of modern novels which stressed content as against style, Mr. Cabell has produced twenty which enshrine style to the triumphant displacement of content.

The Cabellian philosophy rests on a single axiom: all human life is as unimportant as it is unsatisfactory. Felix Kennaston, one of Mr. Cabell's many masks, says: "I quite fail to see why, in books or elsewhere, anyone should wish to be reminded of what human life is actually like. For living is the one art in which mankind has never achieved distinction." There is only one way in which life may be made livable and that is by turning one's back upon it, or, as Mr. Cabell puts it, "through a wise choice in delusions." These delusions are created for us by the demiurge, romance. They include such minor fictions as patriotism and religion and such major ones as self-esteem and sexual love. These latter phantasms Mr. Cabell likes to call gallantry and chivalry; and it is with the influence of these two "dynamic illusions" upon his heroes and heroines that all his novels deal.

The world wishes to deceive itself in order that it may not be forced to face the Gorgon's head of reality. Nothing can be done to change human life because it is governed by these delusions, which are constant, proceeding from the very nature of man. All progress therefore is unessential, touch-

ing merely the surface of things; or it is unreal, being itself one of mankind's dynamic self-deceptions. Science, which we naively assume to represent our most dependable knowledge of the real world, incessantly changes its conclusions and is consequently nothing but an amusing vagary of the human imagination, on the same level as, but inferior in picturesqueness and romantic appeal to, witchcraft, demonology, magic, and other techniques of "controlling" nature. While this view of science has its charming simplicity to recommend it, one is a little puzzled to note that when Mr. Cabell was unfortunately stricken with a dangerous illness he wanted "a corps of physicians" at his bedside, together with "all the better-thought-of drugs in extra large quantities." If Mr. Cabell's teeth are today, as one sincerely hopes, somewhat sounder than his metaphysics, should not one ascribe this happy circumstance, in some measure at least, to that fragment of the scientific myth known as the dynamic delusion of modern dentistry?

Now, if we accept Mr. Cabell's deprecatory view of the value of human life, we must also accept his view of the function of art: one flows from the other. We will agree with Felix Kennaston when he tells us that living things are more or less successful works of art to be judged by art's canons alone. If we empty the universe of moral struggle and life of the possibility of improvement, nothing, certainly, is left save the detached pleasures of purely aesthetic contemplation. For it is our imagination and our intellect, not our senses, which deceive us.

Art, therefore, becomes something not merely higher than life itself, but something basically different and apart from it. It is perfect only when it escapes reality entirely. As Mr. Cabell wittily says, art performs what religion only promises, to wit, the magical creation of a world where all our desires are fulfilled without any responsibilities being incurred. Art's signal function becomes "gracefully to prevaricate about mankind and human existence"; poetry becomes "man's rebellion against being what he is"; and the novelist becomes "life's half-frightened playboy." As life is ugly, the novelist's whole duty is "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings." He knows that "creative literature is but a variant of the child's game 'let's pretend' and that to excel in it requires the retention of a childish turn of mind." Here both Mr. Cabell's admirers and his detractors will agree that he has diagnosed his own case accurately. They will also agree that the corollary inevitably follows: The sole end of the artist's endeavor is to "divert himself," though the emphasis will be placed on the penultimate verb or the ultimate pronoun, according to which camp one is in.

The writer writes, says Mr. Cabell, because he "likes to," which would, according to Samuel Johnson's dogma, automatically make him out a fool. Those morbidly serious persons against whom Mr. Cabell directs the gentle arrows of his raillery would not agree with Dr. Johnson. They would agree, indeed, with Mr. Cabell himself, except that

* "Special Delivery: A Packet of Replies." By Branch Cabell. Robert A. McBride. \$2.50.

they would raise the question: Does not the writer who "likes to" write, write somewhat more interestingly in proportion to the depth of his understanding, the range of his sympathies, the intensity of his passions—as well as to the degree of his skill in the cunning arrangement of suitably colored words? Mr. Cabell prefers "a writer who knows how to write, on the same principle that I prefer a cook who knows how to cook, or a chauffeur who can drive a car, and my concern with the moral earnestness of any one of the three remains equally exiguous." The morbidly serious will again point out that moral earnestness is not, at any rate, incompatible with good writing. They will further point out that Mr. Cabell's analogies are not only homelier than is quite proper for him, but incomplete; for the cook cooks food not for aesthetic diversion but that it may be eaten, and similarly the chauffeur drives the car not in order to trace a curve of formal beauty but to reach a specific destination. They will finally point to the fact that Mr. Cabell's preference for "a writer who knows how to write" leads him to admire the art of Mr. Hergesheimer in proportion to his indifference to the scribbling of Cervantes.

In general, however, Mr. Cabell's logic is indisputable—if you accept his premises. Not all are able to do so; and for the unregenerate who find substance in reality and drama in their own lives and those of their contemporaries, Poictesme will remain *terra incognita*. Between them and Mr. Cabell there can be no quarrel, or, at any rate—despite Mr. Cabell's frequent animadversions—none worth mentioning. Two varieties of animal faith cannot compete, unless both animals lose their sense of humor simultaneously. It would be fruitless, therefore, to try to denigrate Mr. Cabell's achievements by opposing to his a contrary philosophy. What is more interesting is to determine why his books, apparently remote from the main stream of American interest, have given and are giving pleasure to so many.

There are two groups who find in his work the satisfaction that comes from having one's prejudices upheld by a wit and logic to which the reader himself cannot pretend. The first class of Cabellians is composed of the Order of American Gentlemen. These may be semi-retired industrialists, old Southern aristocrats—who like to see their chivalric tradition lightly satirized by a dependable member of the family—and artists generally of the courtly and cynical tradition. Furniture collectors, amateurs of art objects, dilettanti, cognoscenti, and financiers of the Andrew Mellon stamp, who can draw from American pragmatism no theoretical defense of their position, find in Mr. Cabell an air-tight apology for their existences. This group, too refined, too intelligent to stomach the Cecil B. De Mille elegancies of Joseph Hergesheimer, turn with confidence to the impeccable pages of Mr. Cabell, which are really gentlemanly, in contrast to the boulder-in-the-drawing-room style of the author of "Cytherea."

Those American aristocrats who desire to preserve their privileges without fulfilling their mental and moral obligations find the irony of Mr. Cabell grateful and soothing. They absorb from his books a constant sensation of superiority without feeling that they are thereby incurring any responsibilities. The action of the Poictesme romances presupposes, without any vulgar insistence, the continuous presence of a large body of serfs—and this is also the central presupposition of the American gentleman. The American gentleman, contemning, because he stands in no need of it, the coarse

optimism of his philistine fellow-citizens, prefers a view of life which we may characterize as pessimism without pain. This is precisely what Mr. Cabell provides.

The American gentleman wishes to preserve all the conventions; he wishes to find them respectable without being forced to respect them. In the attitude of Koschei, who "contemplates the spectacle with appropriate emotions," in Mr. Cabell's urbane argument in favor of the Protestant Episcopal church, he finds the perfect mirror of his wish to maintain the forms of morality without any obligation to take that morality seriously. What he most needs, in other words, is an art which assumes the status quo without betraying the weakness which comes of defending it, an art intensely conservative without the stigmas of militant toryism or Union League stodginess, an art which, taking for granted that reality will be provided for us by our servants, is free to occupy itself with the sensuous delights of fancy.

To date, one should gratefully record, he has achieved no special popularity with Henry van Dyke or William Lyon Phelps. From an observation of the reading habits of many thousands of Americans, I would hazard a guess that at present Mr. Cabell's largest body of followers is composed of certain literary college boys and girls, together with those recent graduates who find industrial civilization very unpleasant to confront. Unsure of their position in society, but at the same time feeling a legitimate pride in their superior taste, wit, and literary background, they need someone who will reinforce their sophistication without compelling them to examine the bases upon which it rests. There is no doubt that the dyed-in-the-wool Cabellian gets from his books a comfortable sensation of his own superiority. Here are all the playthings of scholarship—imaginary references, mystification, bibliographical hoaxes—manipulated with a smiling grace from which the initiate can take warm satisfaction. Here is a graceful and cynical avoidance of those contemporary problems which to the sensitive young undergraduate are very disturbing—until he is assured by Mr. Cabell that they are ephemeral. Here are profundity and paradox which are crystal clear and require no great mental effort on the part of the reader. Here is philistinism—the arch-enemy of the rebellious college boy—subtly deprived of its defenses. Here is sexual sophistication clothed in the most coyly recondite of innuendoes. When Mr. Cabell tells him that patriotism is simply a dynamic illusion, it is far simpler to understand and more soul-satisfying to believe than the statement of the crazy economics professor who insists that patriotism is a mechanism invented for the purpose of mobilizing mass pressures.

It is no derogation of Mr. Cabell to point out that he is the undergraduate's literary idol; it merely indicates the particular mental and emotional temper to which his work, at this particular historical period, caters. And surely it is necessary to make clear that he appeals not only to the verdant and innocent but to a considerable body of shrewd and mature literary judges, though perhaps decreasingly of recent years. There is no question that they perceive in Mr. Cabell virtues beyond those very substantial ones which have been named, such as wit, urbanity, and internal coherence. Perhaps they are right; perhaps Mr. Cabell is our greatest living novelist and an ironist of world dimensions. It will be interesting to watch the verdict of the next two or three decades.

This Amber Sunstream

By MARK VAN DOREN

This amber sunstream, with an hour to live,
Flows carelessly, and does not save itself;
Nor recognizes any entered room—
This room; nor hears the clock upon a shelf,
Declaring the lone hour; for where it goes
All space in ■ great silence ever flows.

No living man may know it till this hour,
When the clear sunstream, thickening to amber,
Moves like a sea, and the sunk hulls of houses
Let it come slowly through, as divers clamber,
Feeling for gold. So now into this room
Peer the large eyes, unopen to their doom.

Another hour and nothing will be here.
Even upon themselves the eyes will close.
Nor will this bulk, withdrawing, die outdoors
In night, that from another silence flows.
No living man in any western room
But sits at amber sunset round a tomb.

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

And when he saw the cloud, the little cloud,
moon-colored, melting, on a summer's day—

False beginnings will lead you to false endings;
here's nothing; the cloud is gone; moon-colored
or nacreous, pearl-shaped or shape of self,
gone now since you are gone. The cloud still there,
bearing its little ghost of rain, shifting
from north to east, silvered under the star,
distraught in sunlight, swollen, or while you sleep
divulged. Have you forgotten? alas, no.
Goes with you: on your right hand walks the heavens:
swims like a fish above your memory's eyebrow,
there, there, and again there, beyond, above,
touched with the mind's hand once, and now so lost.
Oh have him back. Oh take him with you, infant,
whose edge was on the moon, take again birds
to mark their flight diagonal across him,
let tongue or eye accept the raindrop. Space,
with all her wonders why, can you keep them here—
in this small smoky hut of time?

Desultory,

the changing of the wind, but to have back
even that simple evening, that simple flight,
the cloud advancing on the wall of night,
the rain advancing on the wall of wind,
the mind advancing on the world of sight,
what will you do, what wild precautions take,
with what wild love, as rock of snow, remember,
marry what leaf with ice, what death with daybreak,
or how unhinge your heart—

Desultory

the image in the mind, desultory
the moon behind the cloud's edge, the rain
streaked in the west against the whorl of light
and every tree and leaf so clear, so near—

Desultory

even the simple faith that keeps you there:
the heart that breaks before the passage of space;
memory that breaks before the gift of time.
Let the cloud go, let the world go, let the poor heart
pause when it will, lie down and sleep.

Books

The Twilight of Capitalist Democracy

Democracy in Crisis. By Harold J. Laski. The University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

MR. LASKI'S analysis of the world's present political dilemma is in many respects the most persuasive and penetrating that has yet appeared. It begins by insisting on the profound contradiction between capitalism and democracy. The emphasis of the first, it points out, is on the power of the few, while the emphasis of the second is on the power of the many. This essential contrast between the widespread distribution of political and the narrow concentration of economic power can result only in an inherent instability. Those who enjoy ■ formal equality in the political sphere become more and more painfully aware of the appalling inequalities in the economic sphere. They use their political power to gain concessions from the holders of economic power, but the more concessions they gain, the more impatient they become with the inequalities still remaining; and they finally come to resent the very fact that a class exists with the power to grant concessions.

The masses come to recognize, also, that ■ political power ostensibly resting on the force of numbers is in fact hedged about on all sides by economic privilege. This thesis has been stated frequently enough by other writers, but it is Mr. Laski's merit that he has not rested his case on sweeping dogmas, but has undertaken to show precisely and in detail just how this restriction occurs. "Liberty," for example, means liberty within the law, and the purpose of the law is largely the protection of the status quo. The decisions of the courts, especially of the American courts, are guided by the "inarticulate major premise" of the sacredness of private property. The press nearly everywhere is mainly in the hands of wealthy men. The educational system, partly because its chief benefits go to the children of the wealthy, partly through its direct indoctrination, is another instrument controlled by the holders of economic power. Army and navy officers in England are closely associated with the upper classes, and in America they are part of our most conservative circles. The bureaucracy is a further force for the preservation of the status quo, and in England there are the powerful conservative institutions of the House of Lords and the crown.

It is in the perspective of these institutions that parliamentary democracy must be viewed. It has been successful, Mr. Laski tells us, in the difficult task of enabling the outworks of the capitalist system to be surrendered to its opponents, but it has at no point solved the central problem of the inner citadel's surrender. It has discovered ways and means of graceful compromise, wherever compromise has been possible, but it has

not proved that it forms the natural road to a new equilibrium when the differences between men are ultimate. "We have to acknowledge the grim fact that, at the parting of the ways, men in the possession of actual sovereignty choose to fight rather than to abdicate. . . . The power to compromise while compromise is still possible is perhaps the rarest quality in history."

Mr. Laski moves, then, toward the conclusion that if the masses wish to abolish the profit system and substitute a genuine socialism, they will probably have to do it, soon or late, by force. But while he predicts the probable use of force, he does not advocate it. "Revolution, like war, is infinite tragedy, since, in its very nature, it means pain and suffering and the tragic confusion of means with ends." He rejects the Communist theory that conflict is so certain that discussion of its possible evasion is a mere waste of time; and he goes so far as to remark that "a socialism which pays reasonable tribute to the established expectations of vested interest is far more likely to succeed than a socialism which insists upon their forthright destruction." None the less, his own hope of a peaceful revolution is obviously a faint one; he doubts whether the privileged classes can make a sufficiently rapid psychological readjustment to new motives and new values; and he reminds us that historically "no new social order has so far come into being without a violent birth."

Whether or not one accepts Mr. Laski's reasoning, one can hardly fail to be impressed by it. For the most part he takes the inherent viciousness of the profit system, and the desirability and practicability of socialism, almost as accepted starting-points rather than as things to be proved. But even if one should reject his premises one might still accept—indeed, it is hard to see how one could avoid accepting—the broad lines of his analysis of the present direction of capitalist democracy and of the forces making for conflict. One is inclined to differ chiefly with him in his estimate of probabilities. Where the British have been able peacefully to seize up to 80 per cent of inherited estates, and where the American government, quite as peacefully, has been able to confiscate up to two-thirds of private incomes, it does not seem naive to hope that a good part of the remaining fifth of estates and the remaining third of incomes might, if necessary, also be taken without violent resistance.

Mr. Laski's analysis is set forth with an admirable absence of passion. The arguments of opponents are stated with a fulness and fairness that recall John Stuart Mill. And though there are here and there lapses into grammatical carelessness, Mr. Laski's prose is distinguished by a brilliance of epigram and antithesis that sometimes reminds one of another great Victorian, Macaulay. If this is accompanied, also, by a slight touch of Macaulay's orotundity, it is a small offset against the intellectual delight one derives from following Mr. Laski's argument.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Fourth Generation

Henry Adams. By James Truslow Adams. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

IT seemed an amusing thing, some three years ago, to set forth in one volume the achievements of the great Adams family through four generations. And this was done by the historian, James Truslow Adams, in his notable book "The Adams Family." The first three Adamses make fascinating reading, being part and parcel of the national saga. And the Adamses of the fourth generation make a sufficiently creditable showing, though so much of the record concerns the mere writing of books. But here the author really seems to lose interest, and lets "The Adams Family" rather trail off at the end. Yet it so happens that one of the fourth generation is taking his

place more and more securely as a classic in American letters, and there is demand for a book specially devoted to him. It is natural that the historian of "The Adams Family" should be looked to for this, especially after the great popular success of his "Epic of America." Accordingly he has come forward with his "Henry Adams." It has cost him little trouble, for he has had simply to transfer bodily to the new book what he had written of Henry Adams, with such alterations of phrasing and emphasis as seem called for by separate publication and a new publisher's contract.

The discerning reader of Henry Adams will crave a somewhat less perfunctory notice of him than was given in "The Adams Family." And he soon realizes that the author of "The Epic of America," for all his special knowledge, is not the ideal person to present the author of "The Education" and "Mont-Saint-Michel." He is too busy a man, for one thing, as is evidenced by the often slipshod way his sentences are pieced together in this rephrasing of his memoir. One feels that the job was approached in a rather casual spirit, as merely incidental to more serious studies. And this suggests that the author has never really taken the measure of his subject. He has taken Henry Adams too literally at his own modest valuation of himself. Adams liked to play with the notion that Thought should be regarded "as a more or less degraded Act—an enfeebled function of the Will." He is somewhat to blame himself if we consider him as having ushered in a decadent "phase" in American life in which thought has become an autonomous and unruly power and a philosophy of history announces the end of history. It is an interesting line of speculation, but if we push it too far we shall be preferring Goethe the minister of state to Goethe the philosopher, scientist, and poet, and reluctantly excusing Henry Adams for not making himself President of the United States, or at least—like his brother Charles—of the Union Pacific Railway.

His biographer intimates that Adams went in for writing because it was the only way he could realize his will to power. It seems much more likely that his natural bent was for intellectual speculation, but that he was long confused and turned from his true path by the pressure of opinion suggesting that it was his duty to be a man of action. He spent his middle years on a monumental history of the United States during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. This is excellent reading, and is ranked by historians as a work of eminent authority. But it was done in a corner of his mind. Not till he was sixty did he sight a subject capable of occupying the whole of his intellectual and imaginative faculties. His first masterpiece was "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres." This interpretation of the medieval mind in terms of its architecture is a product of learning and literary skill comparable to Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and altogether throwing Ruskin in the shade by its philosophical breadth and subtlety. Adams's effort to project a philosophy of history was continued in "The Education of Henry Adams," and in certain essays published by his brother Brooks under the curiously misleading title, "The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" (more properly "The Tendency of History"). To this all-important period his biographer allows but one chapter out of nine; and how, from the youthful seeker after power and social estimation, Henry Adams grew into the most challenging of American thinkers of his day, is left even more of a mystery in the present sketch than it was in "The Adams Family," where at least there was some intimation of the influence of his brother Brooks. But this period and this development are the heart of the problem; it is here that we most crave illumination from any interpreter of Henry Adams.

Henry Adams was a man of letters and speculative thinker suggesting comparison with his contemporaries, Samuel Butler and Havelock Ellis, and having his affinities with Comte and Schopenhauer, Marx and Spengler. He was starved and

thwarted by the philistinism of a booming America, and correspondingly ridden with the nostalgia of Europe and the Far East. To do him justice we need a biographer sensitive to the graces of writing and the seductions of abstract thought. To make him intelligible we need some one like, say, Van Wyck Brooks or Lewis Mumford, who appreciates the conditions under which the spiritual energies of a people are brought to flower.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

Cummings's Non-land of Un-

Eimi. By E. E. Cummings. Covici-Friede. \$3.

MR. CUMMINGS has written a very big book. It is almost as big a book as "Ulysses," but the comparison—which is suggested by a reference to "Comrade" Joyce—must not be carried any further. "Eimi" may be superficially described as the diary of an American poet's thirty-six-day sojourn in that "uncircus of noncreatures, calling itself 'Russia.'" In addition to its complete lack of statistics it is distinguishable from other works about the same country by its author's fairly candid admission of unfair-mindedness from the moment he crosses the border. Mr. Cummings is no capitalist, to be sure, but he is a poet, and it is as a poet that he announces his prejudice against the Soviet Republic. As a poet he is opposed to all dogma but his own, "Dogma—the destroyer of happens, the killer of occurs, the ugliness of premeditatedly." For him Russia is not a country but a ghost land of non-men, skeletons, theories made visible but not quite substantial. The Russian Revolution resembles "a running-amok streetsprinkler, a normally benevolent mechanism which attains—thanks (possibly) to some defect in its construction or (possibly) to the ignorance or (probably) playfulness of its operator—distinct if spurious loss of unimportance." And the spectacle has value for him only because it prompts a violent reassertion of the creed perhaps best summed up in the single word of the title—*eimi*, Greek first person singular active indicative of the verb "to be." For nothing in this "kingdomless of specters" can imitate the "indescribably everything and suddenly which is ourselves, which self is and whatever only creatively annihilates hatred with laughing."

But better than in any of these eloquent affirmations Mr. Cummings's fierce individualism is to be seen reflected in the style and manner of his book. The style is of course the same highly personal, ultra-mannered style that we have been made familiar with in Mr. Cummings's poetry. There hardly seems any need, therefore, to review or defend its peculiarities at this late date. Here again the general intention is to communicate concrete sensations and perceptions in all the immediacy with which they are experienced. Because conventional syntax is historical, that is, based on an arrangement of thoughts, feelings, and sensations *already* completed, Mr. Cummings annihilates conventional syntax and with it conventional punctuation as well. The instantaneous alone is his concern; "suddenly," for example, is among his favorite words. Typography also is made to perform a dynamic function by approximating visually the actual thought, object, sensation being rendered. To facilitate directness the imagery is either telescoped ("sunlitness high-ceilinged") or simultaneous ("breathing Spring twi (after rain) light"). And of course Mr. Cummings takes his customary liberties with word forms, manifesting a special fondness for the prefix "un-." The placing of this little prefix before any noun deprives the thing for which it stands of its very essence. Thus in these pages we move in an unworld of unmen lying in unsleep on an unbed of preternatural nullity. In general, these prodigies of language and syntax do succeed in creating the effect intended; certain pages throughout are as good as all but the best of Mr. Cummings's poems. The only question is how well

adapted these devices are to a work of this purpose and these dimensions. We cannot raise the usual objections to the use of a lyrical style in a narrative form. Mr. Cummings would certainly protest that what he was writing was not a narrative but a "book." The objection, then, is simply that the reader's powers of instantaneous response become exhausted before he gets through very many of the 432 pages of this particular "book." There is no progression of action to beguile him on his way. There is no design or pattern to give unity (cf. "Comrade" Joyce) to this jumble of crisply developed *instantanés*. Mr. Cummings might just as well have dashed off a dozen or two lyrics in that Metropole Hotel room and brought them together, properly spaced, in a volume. Not a book, the reader feels, but an unbook.

Yet "Eimi" has passages and individual lines ("I have eaten, however, of sunset") that admirers of Mr. Cummings's delicate if still not yet fully realized talent will return to.

WILLIAM TROY

The Tolstoy Menage

The Tragedy of Tolstoy. By Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. Yale University Press. \$3.

TOLSTOY'S daughters, wrote Chekhov in a letter of 1895, "are very nice, they adore their father and have a fanatical faith in him, and that means that Tolstoy is really a great moral force, for if he were insincere and not irreproachable, his daughters would be the first to take up a skeptical attitude to him. For daughters are like sparrows: you don't catch them with empty chaff." Alexandra (Sasha), a little girl at this time, grew up to be like her two older sisters in their attitude to their father. She takes up the story at about the point where her mother's published diaries in the English translation leave off—1897. She was then thirteen. Before that are childhood memories: of the country house and the house in Moscow; games with her father; hearty jokes played by the father and the younger children on the mother, who shook with laughter; walks with her father in the woods; nutting; horses and dogs; and touching details about the youngest boy, Vanichka, whose death was a crushing blow to the Countess. So fond was Sasha herself of the little brother that she accepted as natural her mother's hysterical cry, "Why Vanichka? Why not Sasha?" An excusable cry then, possibly; but years later her mother repeated it: "You are my cross. Yes, Vanichka died, and you remained, to my sorrow." And Sasha speaks once of her bitter awareness that she did not love her mother. Her close relationship with her father began when she was fifteen, but close as it was, it was never so complete as was her sister Masha's. It was Masha who worked in the fields with the peasants, and whose room, with hard chairs and bed without mattress, was stern and severe and sometimes "smelled of medicine"; whereas Tanya, though she shared her father's views, had not the knack of "simplifying." Masha finally married and went away and died, and Tanya, too, became absorbed in her husband and his family, though she came back at need to help Sasha in the recurrent crises of the last years. Sasha did not leave her father; she shared the secret of his flight, nursed him to the end, and kept the priests and her mother from his deathbed. Not that she had no suitors; but her father's jealousy disguised as a hatred of the "vileness" of passion, combined with his tenderness for her, was effective in turning her devotion completely to him.

About the time that Bernard Shaw's Superman was calling the struggle between the artist-man and the mother-woman the most remorseless of all the contests through which the life-force fulfils its purpose, the Tolstoyes were giving a dramatic demonstration of the truth of the dictum. On the conscious plane,

the interminable disputes were about Tolstoy's diaries, the property rights in his works, his will, the malign influence of Chertkov upon him. The Countess was obsessed with the diaries; must know what was in them, to defend herself before posterity; must steal them if necessary. She kept her own diary—and not scrupulously if we may believe what Masha told Alexandra: that their mother was writing a postdated diary, using their father's and interpreting events and moods noted therein so as to make her husband seem a repulsive egoist and herself a martyr. "I shall take poison if he does not will the diaries to me!" And so in spite of the advice of the psychiatrists that the two should be separated, they continued in torment until the suitable and tragic close. After her husband's death she became, according to Sasha, a mild and gentle woman, who used to say, "Really I think I was insane." And Yasnaya Polyana, the scene of these agonies, became under the revolution a hospital, a home, and a museum, with Sasha as director. The curtain falls—as in "The Cherry Orchard"—on the devoted servant of Tolstoy's last years, an old man of eighty, who still every day winds the big clock on the staircase and turns over a page of the calendar, "Thoughts of Wise People," which Tolstoy used to read every morning. "And in the spring he takes out father's winter clothes—coat, sweaters, overcoat, woolen socks, and scarfs—shakes them out, cleans them, and puts them back in the chest with fresh camphor and tobacco."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Americanization of Karl Marx

Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx. By Sidney Hook. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

THE world today stands in the shadow of the doctrines of a man dead barely fifty years," Dr. Hook begins. This is no less true of America than of Kamchatka. For various good Marxian reasons Marxism, as mere theory, never flourished here. But Marxian social forces were, of course, at work. Read Turner and Parrington. Study the revolutions of 1776 and 1861. Today, however, we can no longer ignore Marxism as theory, except at the risk of ignorance. The best students, both in the faculties and in the graduate schools of our universities, are increasingly contemptuous of "sociology," philanthropic "social science," a strictly "quantitative" economics designed to sabotage social interpretation. Dr. Hook's little book on Marx and Marxism is good as such. But it is even more significant as an index of the intellectual awakening in our higher social learning.

The study has about it the air of a mere manual. But in fact the author has a thesis. This is unavoidable. Marxism is a dynamic doctrine, forever subject to the corrections of time and place. And a scholar of Dr. Hook's erudition and suggestiveness cannot stay within the bounds of a mere primer. Fortunately for those who wish an outline in Marxism, the author imbeds his thesis within a sound systematic exposition of Marxism itself.

With admirable mastery Dr. Hook traces the genesis in Marx's own development of the Marxian theory of culture and philosophy of history. This theory is the inversion of the Hegelian system of philosophical idealism, whose latest flower is *der schöne Adolf*, into dialectical materialism, of which the clearest but very specific cultural expression is the Russian Revolution. With a learning whose faultlessness indicates its vastness, Dr. Hook clarifies the nature of the Marxian dialectic by checking it against its own various schools. "Marx made a man of me," Bernard Shaw once reassured himself. The idea that Marx

could make a man out of a Fabian is shown in all its absurdity by the author. Besides the revisionists, he also shows up the "orthodox" rigidity of the Kautskys, whose socialism broke under the stress of war and revolution. To Dr. Hook it is Lenin who is the greatest Marxian revolutionary, not merely tactically but also dialectically.

Unfortunately Dr. Hook has a gentle obsession about Marxism which he never fails to elaborate. The obsession is that Marx was a revolutionary pragmatist, in the technical sense of the term. Curiously, for an opponent of Marxian revisionism, Dr. Hook invariably drags through all his Marxian thought the Deweyan dispensation, of which he is the left disciple. And we are treated to the astonishing spectacle of a very sophisticated thinker assigning to Marx a left liberal attitude while praising him as the greatest of all revolutionaries. This miracle is accomplished by attributing to Marx the theory of knowledge as well as the social psychology of pragmatism. "Ideas . . . cannot be passive images; they must be active *instruments*," writes Dr. Hook (*italics mine*). Throughout his discussion of the Marxian theory of knowledge he endows it with an "experimental" attitude, a functional intention, with the view that history is a vast trial-and-error laboratory. By using all these characteristically pragmatic terms in all their technical implications, Dr. Hook persuades himself that Marx was a sort of left-wing, revolutionary Dewey. The truth is that both the Marxian epistemology and its psychology are the exact opposite. Marx believed in "instrumentalism" in the sense that he believed in the critical contribution of social experience. But he believed in selective experience. Marx's conception of history is definitive and closed. Lenin, indeed, remarked that Marxists are allowed to make only "slight" mistakes. Marxian "instrumentalism" has none of the worship of empiricism of the pragmatists. It is calculated to advance revolutionary tactics *within* a strictly a priori social logic. It learns from means only when they are conceived to serve its ends, while pragmatism is the idolatry of endless means. Pragmatism, indeed, is the most sophisticated expression of the planlessness of modern capitalism.

The middle part of Dr. Hook's book deals with the Marxian economics. As far as I know and understand the Marxian social economy, it seems to me that Dr. Hook presents it very competently, though he obviously is not as intimately at home in economics as he is in philosophy. Possibly it is for this reason that he fails to bring out the simple but neglected fact that the capitalist economists have never really disproved *any* of the Marxian economic values, including the theory of surplus value. Certain corrections have been made in them, but they have been made exactly in the sense in which they have been made in the theory of Darwinian evolution. "Time is the room of human development," said Marx. We have changed the furniture in our social household but no more. Should Professor Wesley Mitchell, our most modern and influential economist, apply his proudly "objective" technique to social phenomena of significance, every one of the Marxian economic categories would implicitly come out. All Dr. Mitchell has to do, for instance, is to follow statistically, as one easily might, the social consequences of the distribution of income in the United States between 1924 and 1929. Such a chart would be both exceedingly "scientific" and up-to-date Marxism.

Toward the end Dr. Hook takes up the Marxian theory of the state and revolution. He sets forth very clearly the various steps which the Marxian dialectic takes to reach the "dictatorship of the proletariat," and how it finally emerges into an anarchist, a stateless because it is a "classless," order. This is, theoretically, the most imaginative part of Socialist doctrine, the easiest to grasp, but to me rather too prophetic. And for a pragmatist Dr. Hook seems to me somewhat illogically devout in his Communist eschatology. Somehow I cannot get it through my head that even a "classless" society will fail to grow its

own inner contradictions. But I must repeat, Dr. Hook's study seems to me by all odds the most significant contribution to Marxism which has as yet appeared in America. And, also, it is thrilling to behold such intellectual courage in a university teacher.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The World and the Egotist

Eva Gay. By Evelyn Scott. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

LET us clear the decks for action by saying that Miss Scott has always been and still is a highly serious and a far more than commonly powerful novelist; and her novels are important works of art worth any critic's careful and judicious attention.

Having made these generalizations, no less true of "Eva Gay" than of "The Wave" or "A Calendar of Sin," it may be said that each of these books makes, at times, hard reading. "Eva Gay" Miss Scott calls a "romantic novel." But in a sense it is not romantic unless the eternal quest of the egotist—that is to say, the artist—for truth is romance. "Eva Gay" is the story of two men and a woman, each one of them entirely at odds with the world—a different world in each case—in which he was reared, each one, when at last they meet, unable to maintain his ego intact without desperately hurting both of the others. This many-against-the-one theme is perhaps romance. Certainly the worlds of the mind in which Eva and Hans and Evan really live bear no relation to the world in which their bodies live. Painfully aware of their own processes, they are less able to grasp the processes of others even when these are simplest. And their mistakes, which would seem fairly obvious to a person of ordinary intelligence, disastrous as they turn out to be, often make painful reading.

Eva is a Southern girl, brought up the only child in a perfectly conventional and witless household. Her mother is dotting; her father is bitterly tired of his marriage but unwilling to leave it. Eva, although as a child she had perhaps no more than a usual amount of childish passion for justice, is from girlhood an odd fellow, a queer fish, a young girl who, instead of occupying herself with courtship and marriage in a normal way, thinks about the wrongs of the world and longs to do something to right them. When the war comes, against her parents' wishes she joins one of the relief units and goes to Paris. There she meets Hans. Hans is the son of a doctor in the Middle West, the unloved child of his mother, feeling from earliest childhood that nobody either wants or understands him. He worships a younger sister who dies; he marries a woman ten years his senior whose narrow-minded religiosity should probably have been plainer to him; ten more years before the breakup of his marriage he spends studying tropical diseases, for he is a doctor of parts. Then, safely divorced, he marries a woman whose stupid vulgarity Mrs. Scott makes so clear to the reader that one wonders why a person of Hans's intelligence should not have suspected it. And while in the toils of this second misalliance he meets Eva. Evan is a New Zealander who, after a thoroughly irresponsible and reckless childhood, comes to England because of a passion—and some talent—for painting. When Hans, refused a divorce and sacrificing his career to live with Eva in the first true and simple love of his life, picks him up in the little town where they are living, Evan is grieving for the loss of his wife and child, and suffering from a serious war wound. How these three strays, washed up on an unfriendly shore, torture each other one must leave Miss Scott to tell.

They are all egotists. Miss Scott would have us believe that they are all in a way artists. Evan is the most convincing

artist; and the most heartily unpleasant person. Eva remains a hysterical, dissatisfied child to the end, and one is a little skeptical of the play she writes, which is said to be powerful. Hans alone, after his first desperate decisions and indecisions, learns anything from the cruelties that life brings him. He becomes a man, although in doing so he forfeits the right to the consolation which he desperately needs, and which Evan, still a child, demands and gets and throws away.

They are, on the whole, an uncomfortable trio. And they raise again very concretely the question of how far the world should suffer the dissenter. In the bitter struggle which the odd one wages against the evens, neither gives any quarter. It is perhaps just, therefore, that only when the odd one is successful in his revolt, should the final gesture of immolation be withheld and he be gallantly spared. When the artist can display a pure and undeviating passion for his art he wins respect for it and for himself. When he is not sure what that art may be, when he is never certain of the particular truth that he longs to die for, then his destruction is not tragedy but comedy. It is only just to say that Miss Scott is quite aware of the shortcomings of her characters. But one wonders if she is equally aware that the sufferings of a second-rate man are not tragedy. Probably, because she exhibits everywhere high intelligence, she is. And the reader himself must find the clue and make it serve as the measure for his feeling about the novel. At all events, it is a novel that many persons should read, not lightly but soberly, and it will reward them.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Jews Without Judaism

This People. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

EACH of the five stories in this volume deals with Jews who have tried to escape from their racial heritage. In "The Saint" an elderly rationalist and liberal finds no satisfaction in life, whereas his son, who returns to his people, discovers happiness and peace. Bolshevik portrays Jan Zorn, a Communist whose passion for destruction, based on his hatred for his Jewish upbringing, ceases only when he is destroyed. The marriage described in "A Writ of Divorcement" fails because the wife commits the double sin of "repudiating Israel and refusing motherhood," which is really one and the same sin. Baron Tamaczvar in "The Romantic" finds that his attempt to identify himself with the people of Carpathia leads to his death, but in death he attains peace because he reasserts his loyalty to his race. By the Waters of Babylon is the familiar story of Esther, told from the point of view of Mordecai, another Jew who abandons the effort to escape from his people.

All these stories, in other words, illustrate Lewisohn's frequently reiterated thesis that Jews, when they give up their racial heritage, surrender themselves to disintegration. It is easy to dismiss the stories as propaganda, and some reviewers have done so. But this is unjust: there is no argumentation in these books; they are what Lewisohn has rightly said art should be, "life projected and interpreted by a significant personality." It happens that Lewisohn's assumptions are not shared by many people, and therefore we are more acutely conscious of them than we are of the assumptions of other writers. But if there were space, it could be shown that, according to his theories, the characters and incidents he portrays are representative, the interpretations he offers sound, and the forms he employs appropriate. Our judgment depends on whether we agree with him or not: if we do, the stories seem accurate and impressive reflection of life; if we do not, we are aware of distortions, omissions, and misconceptions.

So regarded, "This People" becomes an interesting docu-

ment, to be offered in support of the thesis that the most important thing about any writer is his attitude toward life. I have not space enough here to discuss Mr. Lewisohn's philosophy, and in any case it has been dealt with elsewhere. But I think it is worth pointing out that the only way to deal with the man and his book is to deal with his fundamental assumptions about life. To dispose of him as a propagandist is dishonest; to make any sharp distinction between his attitudes and his technique is impossible. But if one can successfully expose the fallacies in his philosophy, it will not be difficult to show the weaknesses of these stories.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Technique of Listening

Mencius on the Mind: Experiments in Multiple Definition. By I. A. Richards. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

MR. I. A. RICHARDS, the author of "Principles of Literary Criticism," and coauthor, with Mr. C. K. Ogden, of "The Meaning of Meaning," here undertakes what he calls "Experiments in Multiple Definition." For this purpose he selects an ancient Chinese treatise on psychology, a work arising out of a social context greatly different from our own, yet probably as influential in Chinese thinking as Plato has been to the thought of the Occident. But instead of proceeding by the customary rough-and-ready method of translators, seeking the words in one language which seem to afford the most "natural" parallel to the words of the other, he has made the process-of-translating itself the subject of his book. The practical translator exerts himself particularly to "suppress" the divergencies between the two mediums of expression—but it is precisely these divergencies which Mr. Richards here asks his readers to dwell upon. Accordingly, we do not have merely a finished product, an Englished Mencius. Instead, he makes use of the bad "matching" between the two languages to point his observations on the subject of "meaning." The author thereby brings forward a cluster of scruples and questions which serve to suggest that "we are, as regards our systematic sorting and dividing in the field of meanings, much as primitive man was before the early mathematicians or systematic measurers came to help him divide his grain lands."

The results of this shifted approach—whereby we get, not a translation-made, but a translation-being-made, a distinction which should gratify the André Gides and the Gertrude Steins—are remarkably fertile. Besides covering the schematizations of "The Meaning of Meaning" *à l'inverse*—by proceeding this time from specific issues to their relevant generalizations—he pauses here and there to open up psychological vistas. He even affords us ground for believing that a conception of how the mind works may actually make the mind work that way, that an investigator, by introspection, merely finds mental processes which are already implicit in the terms of his vocabulary—an aspect of "creative ideology" which our Marxians might find suggestive for the development of Marx beyond Marx. He indicates reasons for believing that certain places where Mencius makes important omissions or unjustified leaps—as judged by our Western ways of logic—are not to be explained merely as "weaknesses," but as integral to a different approach—a point which Professor Dewey has emphasized in the study of savage tribes, whose mental processes are often described by the Occidental investigator in terms of Occidental "lapses" instead of as positive accessories of their particular aims and interests.

Most valuable of all the material in this book, I think, are Mr. Richards's reflections on "the survival in philosophic practice of the combative habit of mind." Taking a typical paragraph written in the vocabulary of "Oxford idealism," he first shows how the "Cambridge-trained realist" could pick it apart with

promptitude and glee. Thereupon, he proceeds to "translate" this paragraph into "Cambridge"—and the actual burden of the paragraph is found to be wholly acceptable to the Cambridge point of view. He says:

The first effect of a general practice of multiple definition would be a strange peace in philosophy. A philosopher engaged in refuting another—not of his own party—would become a laughable spectacle. Actually at the moment he is a more sinister figure. Nationalism in thought! The defense of the West! Of historic China! Poor little wretches that we are. For with the increasing pressure of world contacts we do pitifully need to understand on a scale we have never envisaged before. Warfare in the intellectual world as in the physical is a wasteful survival.

If criticism were discussion, intellectual cooperation in a search for understanding, based upon the morality of *listening* instead of the morality of *combat*, how different our scene might become! When recalling the valiant "litry" hosts that have gone forth to give battle in the last year or two, who have slain one another's Phoenix selves with broad, wholesome *reductiones ad absurdum* and *argumenta ad hominem*, and have surely felt very proud of themselves each night as they switched off the light and tumbled into bed after a bold day's work, when recalling all these Jungle boys slaying tigers with their own typewriters and with the emotional dispositions of their readers, one knows that it will be some time before this book by Mr. Richards can really be accepted, deep within us. Yet I do not hesitate to say that a man who sets himself up today as a literary critic, and has not exposed himself to the hesitations and insights brought to the subject of literary communication in the works of Mr. Richards and his colleague Mr. Ogden, is simply in the position of a quack in medicine or a shyster at law.

KENNETH BURKE

Saint Villa

Viva Villa! By Edgcumb Pinchon. Assisted in research by O. B. Stade. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.25.

THIS is a fascinating piece of myth-making. Mr. Pinchon carries his super-bandit general, Pancho Villa, alias Doroteo Arango, from under the lash of servitude, through brigandage and revolution, to the peak of fame at the head of Mexico's most powerful army, then to his debacle before the barbed-wire barricades of Alvaro Obregón in Querétaro, his wild rout through the Durango cactus, his fantastic, despairing Hannibal trek across the snow-choked Sierra Madre passes, and finally to his vulgar assassination in Parral. The epic of this archangel sword-wielder sweeps from the close of the Díaz dictatorship through the most violent era of Mexico since the empire and post-empire days, down almost to the end of Obregón's administration when the country was entering upon pacification.

Edgcumb Pinchon's name was echoed in my ears for two decades as the coauthor with Gutiérrez de Lara of one of the first books published in this country, "The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom," to reveal the hidden evils of Díaz's dictatorship, at the time so staunchly supported by Taft and Root. His book on Zapata escaped my attention, but the present volume reveals long and loving acquaintance with the intimacies of the Mexican scene.

Undoubtedly the popular forces swirling in the Villista and Zapatista movements, especially the latter, represented the most vital, elemental agrarian tendencies of the Mexican Revolution, and "Viva Villa!" brings this out better than any other book I know. But it does not reveal that those movements were far

Mabel Dodge Luhan's INTIMATE MEMORIES

"A passionately honest record of a girlhood which encompassed the tedium of the Brown Decades. . . . A guarded society's mores come to life with a vitality and penetrating understanding I have rarely encountered in American history."—*William Soskin, N. Y. Post.* "A book that certainly establishes her place as an artist."—*Herbert Gorman, N. Y. Times.* \$3.00

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by EDGCUMB PINCHON

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The definitive biography of the great journalist. "More than a biography; it is a manual for the next generation of newspaper makers."—*Harry Hansen, N. Y. World Telegram.* \$3.00

SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET

by LLOYD LEWIS

A richly wrought biography of General Sherman that is also an epic of American life and background. "One of the warmest and most human biographies in years."—*Chicago News.* \$3.50

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An American novel by an important young writer, praised to the skies by critics, and a Book-of-the-Month Club choice. \$2.50

POCAHONTAS

by DAVID GARNETT

The most ambitious novel to date by the author of *Lady Into Fox*. "A book which grows more, not less, important after its covers have been closed. It stays in the mind."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* \$2.50

Horace Gregory's NO RETREAT

Coming after his *Chelsea Rooming House*, Mr. Gregory's new book represents a union of his early Wisconsin background with the modern city. A "return" but not a "retreat," it marks a distinct advance of his poetic powers. "There is brilliant phrasing, atmosphere, aroma . . . that indescribable thing called poetry. Such work bespeaks authentic individuality . . . he stands a bit alone as a talented poet."—*Herbert Gorman, N. Y. Times.* \$1.50

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greater than their leadership. The value of Pinchon's book lies in its by-product information about Mexico—brilliant close-ups of daily life, of peonage, of revolutionary armies—rather than in its historical validity or even in an accurate portrayal of Villa. The author has simplified that bloody, naive, cruel, compassionate, egotistic, generous, and volatile savage into a wondering child-saint. Actually Villa was one of the most complicated upsurges of force, murder, good, and evil, of all time; but for Pinchon his vanities and brutalities do not exist; his power-lust is reduced to love for the peón; his duplicities are battles for righteousness. Pinchon follows the uncritical herd dictates which make bandits holy, whitewash heroes, create legendary idealists out of courageous Attilas. To have clarified Villa's psychological complexities might have impeded swift narrative, but it would have solved many Mexican puzzles.

In his acknowledgments Pinchon characterizes George Creel's mediocre book, "The People Next Door," as "masterly"—this gives the clue, perhaps, to his own special pleading and Pulitzer vividness. The Villa hero-myth has been fostered by the exuberantly sentimental John Reed, by Villa's adviser, Martín Luis Guzmán, by official propaganda in this country when Wilson leaned to his side, by popular *corridos* and gossip. But Guzmán, despite his hatred of Obregón and Carranza, admires Villa in such Boswellian fashion that even satanic evils assume Godhead attributes; he has an unconscious objectivity and truthfulness which Pinchon could well have emulated. Part of Pinchon's bias springs also from too great reliance on Mayortena, a bitter political enemy of Obregón, the "hacendado's henchman" as Pinchon rather ridiculously calls him. Pinchon has also neglected Munoz's vivid "There Goes Pancho Villa" and his other writings on the northern campaigns—certainly no more fictional than the present volume.

For Pinchon, Villa, the good and holy, is set off against Carranza, the damned Lucifer, and Obregón, the cursed Beelzebub. Villa, the reckless leader of a horde, becomes a military genius; Obregón, probably the one outstanding strategist and tactician, is a cautious nincompoop, a chick-pea merchant. Pinchon suppresses the solemn pact and revolutionary program by which Villa accepted Carranza as the supreme chief of the revolution; he conceals Villa's utter lack of discipline; his rampant disregard for any coordination of campaign plans; his attempted usurpations of powers not his own; and thus distorts the whole historical picture. Carranza kept the pact better than Villa; the latter was responsible for the disruption and prolonged civil war which prevented constructive realization and entrenched rapacious militarism. Villa, perhaps with justice, is whitewashed of actual participation in the Santa Isabel massacre and the Columbus raid, but indirectly he must bear great responsibility for their occurrence and for the subsequent Pershing expedition.

Without giving the source of his information, the author accuses Obregón of mowing down 2,000 war prisoners; but Villa has "revulsion against bloodshed and violence." Pinchon suppresses the numerous authenticated cases of cold-blooded, uncalled-for executions by Villa: if the latter had one outstanding characteristic—however many prior tears he shed—it was a reckless disregard of human life, which he disposed of with the whimsicality of an Oriental despot.

Though Villa had broken his pact, and Carranza and the other revolutionary leaders were justified in putting him down, their attempts are but "treachery." Pinchon sneers at Obregón's brave visit to Villa in an attempt to reach a pacific compromise and absolves Villa of his treacherous near assassination of him. When the Carranza side tries to have Villa assassinated, it shocks the author to his innermost soul; when Villa's hard-boiled minions try to seize Carranza—oh, never to commit murder!—it is highly laudable.

I sympathize greatly with the Villa movement, but it is hard to sympathize with its mistaken leadership and with Villa's

sordid personal ambitions; and when Carranza sticks to the revolutionary program, despite his own convictions, Pinchon excuses Villa's sudden reactionary support of the church and the foreign exploiter as "plain good sense." Nor does he point out that Villa, on the eve of his assassination, was plotting to participate in De la Huerta's pseudo-Catholic, anti-agrarian rebellion—facts hard to reconcile with the present picture of Villa ever battling for the downtrodden peón.

Despite the thrilling interest of this book, from the historical standpoint it is a Sunday-school tract describing Noah's drunkenness as an ecstatic love of the "earth-born good" of the grape: a full absolution of God for Job's plight.

CARLETON BEALS

Our Own Montmartyrs

Garrets and Pretenders. A History of Bohemianism in America.
By Albert Parry. Covici-Friede. \$3.50.

THE poet George Sterling, who when he found life no longer a poem chose as his last drink one of cyanide of potassium, once said:

There are two elements, at least, that are essential to bohemianism. The first is devotion or addiction to one or more of the Seven Arts; the other is poverty. Other factors suggest themselves: for instance, I like to think of my bohemians as young, as radical in their outlook on art and life, as unconventional, and, though this is debatable, as dwellers in a city large enough to have the somewhat cruel atmosphere of all great cities.

Though suggestive, does this definition not miss the truth that a bohemian must have an uncommercial—an amateur's—attitude toward work and life and must hold the preservation of his personality as more important than any worldly success? Granted this attitude, the possessor is an artist whether or not he practices any of the arts, and is likely to be a bohemian whether rich or poor, although it is highly probable that he will be the latter.

La Bohème is not a group of boon companions or a basement restaurant with sawdust on the floor; it is a state of mind. It is the most illusive wraith in a world of specters. The moment one thinks one has it, it begins to slip between the fingers. Bohemia is not a paradise lost; it is one which never was gained and probably never will be. It is a fourth-dimensional aspiration of the spirit. Thus a history of bohemianism is an immensely difficult feat, and a history of bohemianism in America is more so because of our national passion for organizing and institutionalizing, not to say publicizing and commercializing. As soon as bohemia becomes public, it is in danger of becoming spurious; the instant it becomes commercial, it inevitably becomes fraudulent.

Mr. Parry has rushed in where angels fear to tread, but he has emerged far more creditably than would seem possible. Necessarily his history clusters around persons and places—the shell of bohemia rather than the egg itself. Yet he has managed to inject an atmosphere and background that lend imagery to the narrative, just as his anecdote and comment give it gusto.

Poe was America's first great bohemian figure, says Mr. Parry, but he was a bohemian without a bohemia. The first known bohemia of consequence emerged in New York in the eighteen fifties in the cellar of Charles Pfaff on Broadway near Bleecker Street. "C. Pfaff and die," somebody scribbled on a wall. Pfaff's bohemia, where Whitman was a frequent visitor, had a queen who wore her hair à la boyish bob of recent fashion and signed hotel registers "Miss Ada Clare and son." Henry Clapp, presiding genius of Pfaff's, wrote in his *Saturday Press* of a certain newly founded weekly: "As there appear to be no

lady contributors to *The Nation*, it has been suggested for this and other reasons that its name be changed to the Stag-Nation."

Then there were the German and Jewish bohémias which Huneker haunted, and in the Mauve Decade the grotesque phenomenon of a bohémia which became respectable, even fashionable. Of course it was counterfeit, sicklied o'er by the pale cast of Du Maurier's Victorian morality. The Mercantile Library bought a hundred copies of "Trilby," but "American girls wanted to be Trilbies without undressing; they wanted to be bohémians and yet remain virgins."

New York's bohémias are not the only ones described. Mr. Parry follows his will-o'-the-wisp to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and Austin, where O. Henry edited the *Rolling Stone*. He invades the holy places of Santa Fé (doubtless the only town in America which ever rejected—thanks to Mary Austin—a women's-club chautauqua), Taos, San Francisco, Carmel, and even the left bank of the Seine. He peers behind the curtains of bohémia's theaters and culls the files of its magazines. Upton Sinclair once wrote testily to Margaret Anderson: "Please cease sending me the *Little Review*. I no longer understand anything in it, so it no longer interests me." She replied annihilatingly: "Please cease sending me your Socialist paper. I understand everything in it, therefore it no longer interests me."

Mr. Parry writes with modern freedom from sentimentality or moralizing. His story gains thereby in actuality, even though it may leave one (oh, just a little) wistful for Murger and his so moving fourth-dimensional bohémia of the spirit. The author is too grudging in his estimate of Greenwich Village, identifying it too closely with certain publicly known groups and places, giving too little credit to that fourth-dimensional quality already referred to. Greenwich Village has been a yeast which has helped to stir Middle Western towns and Far Western mesas from the stale, flat, soggy intellectual life of twenty years ago to new criticism and creation. Sinclair Lewis lived in the Village for a time and later wrote some aspersions upon it for a great weekly of Philistia. Yet is it too much to say that except for the intellectual quickening in which Greenwich Village was the most vitalizing single force Sinclair Lewis would have found no publisher to issue and no public to acclaim his masterly dissection of American life?

ARTHUR WARNER

Resurgent Israel

The Land of Promise. By Edmond Fleg. Translated by Louise Waterman Wise. With an Introduction by Ludwig Lewi-son. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

EDMOND FLEG lives in the island heart of Paris. His windows overlook the great apse of Notre Dame. For years, indicating that he is an early riser, he has seen "the sun reddening behind the flying buttresses." And the glory of the cathedral, no less than memories and yearnings of childhood, has thrown upon him the spell of Jesus and the church. At his doorstep, moreover, the bookstalls of the *quais* offer their miles of "pleasure and wit." Altogether, M. Fleg—dramatist, *homme de lettres*, and graduate of the Ecole Normale, the Oxford of France—is half his days a typical French intellectual.

But by luck of birth and through the recent revival of Jewish letters—in which he has taken no small part—M. Fleg is the other half of his days a conscious and perturbed Jew. Two years ago he began writing a life of Jesus, and to catch the background of his hero he set out on a journey to Palestine. The pilgrimage, much to his surprise, turned into an adventure and a drama. And of the conflict between Fleg the Frenchman and Fleg the Jew he has made this book.

Even in the Egyptian vestibule to the Holy Land, laden

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by ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD

"One of the wisest of modern sages" (*N. Y. World Telegram*) traces the history of civilization through the evolution of man's mental processes. "Intensely stimulating . . . one of the most refreshing 'Adventures' I know."—*Harry Hansen*. \$3.50

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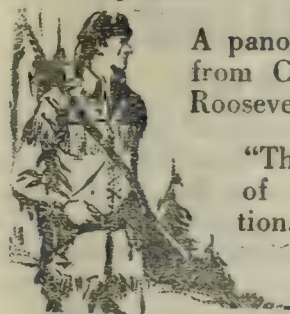
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N. Y. Sun

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PRISON DAYS AND NIGHTS

By VICTOR F. NELSON

In Victor F. Nelson the intelligent prisoner speaks with authority about conditions in our prisons. H. L. Mencken says: "This is by far the best book on prison life by a prisoner that I have read in five or six years." Frank Tannenbaum says: "Nelson has done for the prison the rarest of all things. He has told just those truths about the prison which most writers have avoided, and which the public must know if they are ever to deal with the prison as it ought to be dealt with."

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TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI

By EMIL LUDWIG

The author of "Napoleon" and "Bismarck" leads the world's most spectacular figure to disclose his innermost thoughts on government, mankind, destiny, history, and his own career. The first Italian edition was approved by Mussolini; but Mussolini held up further printings until certain changes were made. The American version is the same as the original edition.

"A brilliant achievement."—Christopher Morley in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

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with memories of Moses and the Pharaohs and throbbing with Zionist agitation, Jesus began to fade. At the first impact of Palestine itself, he quite vanished. M. Fleg sought him dutifully along the Via Dolorosa, and discovered nothing but the echoes of church legend drowned in the tide of a living Jerusalem. He visited the Holy Sepulcher only to find himself frozen by its marble and plagued by its guides.

Meanwhile his eyes and ears were overwhelmed by a resurgent Israel—pioneers, farmers, mechanics, merchants, engineers, and artists, mingled with resurrected Zealots, saints, and psalmists. In deft, sensitive episodes Fleg paints the panorama of the new promised land, its multiple achievements and pressing problems, the interplay and often the clash of Arab and Jew, nationalist and Communist, pietist and radical, messianic dreamers with their heads in the clouds of Safed and swamp-drainers sunk in the mud of Jezreel.

Once, among the swamp-drainers and Communist workmen, our pilgrim caught an authentic vision of the forgotten Jesus.

He was one of them and like them. Though his brow, like theirs, was furrowed with thought, his hands, again like theirs, were hard with toil. Together with the fishermen he dragged the net to shore; by their side he lighted the fire on the rock to cook the catch. He called home the cattle from the laurel scrub. He bolted the stable door. He cranked the motor pump in the orange grove. He explained a parable to the boy scouts. He gave a lecture on the library steps.

A sly, if authentic, vision, to be best appreciated by that other Frenchman, M. Renan, who saw the earlier prophets of Israel in the garb of journalists.

The pilgrimage ends, not at Calvary, but at the Wailing Wall, where Fleg repents in moving prose for the things not merely he but all Israel has left undone—an atonement of unexpected and lamentable pertinence in this day when typical intellectuals and perturbed Jews in Germany are learning the meaning of Auerbach's bitter words: "We have lived and worked in vain."

It is true, as Ludwig Lewisohn points out in his poignant introduction, that Fleg has not yet surrendered to the Jew within him. He still doubts—and hopes—as so many men, in other ways, doubt and hope for the morrow.

Better proofreading and the use of English forms for Biblical and Palestinian place names would help the reader; and the translation would not suffer from a closer attention to French idioms.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

A Revolutionist's Handbook

Toward the Seizure of Power. By V. I. Lenin. Two volumes. International Publishers. \$5.

THE papers here collected were written by Lenin in the twelve weeks that passed between the rise of Kerensky in July, 1917, and the Bolshevik revolution in November. Not all of Lenin's papers covering that period are here, for many political letters and newspaper notes are still to be discovered. "Toward the Seizure of Power," though it was not intended as such, is actually a revolutionist's handbook. Lenin laid down, primarily for the guidance of the Bolsheviks and the friendly workers and small peasants, but also to clarify his own mind, numerous rules and principles by which the revolution was to be made. These are most clearly set forth in the first volume under the heading, On the Road to Insurrection. Although Lenin at the time was being mercilessly persecuted by the Kerenskys, Tseretelis, Chernovs, and Dans, there is in these papers no trace of rancor or vindictiveness. Instead, we find cold determination, dispassionate reasoning, the will to achieve,

in which anger and vindictiveness have no place. We already know that the Socialist Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks, by their policy of blind compromise, so involved themselves with the Constitutional Democrats, the bourgeoisie, in the name of "democracy," that by the end of July—or more fairly stated, after the Kornilov revolt in September—they were on their way to deliver the workers and peasants into the hands of the counter-revolution. Lenin alone, these papers make clear, seems to have known precisely where he was going and what he wanted. Therein lies the secret of the success of the Bolshevik uprising.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Films

A Hollywood Trio

ALL three of the pictures seen this week leave one with a renewed feeling of confidence that Hollywood is moving toward an increasing higher level of mentality and taste in its productions. None of these pictures, to be sure, is a masterpiece, none is without its serious faults, but at the same time none is without some element of distinction in its story or direction which makes it worth seeing. "Private Jones" at the New Roxy, for example, is one of the most effective anti-war pictures that have yet been offered—although it does fall to pieces structurally somewhere toward the middle. The version of Lester Cohen's novel "Sweepings" at the Radio City Music Hall is impressive in theme and subject matter, even though the excessive histrionics of Lionel Barrymore throughout cancel some of its best effects. And "A Lady's Profession" at the Rialto is acted with such suavity and directed with such inspiration that we forget that it is, after all, nothing more than a pretty trivial sort of farce.

"Private Jones" is an unusually forceful because consistently objective satire of war-time America. The intermingled idealism and hypocrisy of the period are brought out in a series of sharp-edged characterizations—the "dollar-a-year" executive who is carrying on an affair with his secretary, the earnest young lieutenant from Plattsburg, the Y. M. C. A. girls of both sexes, the lecturer on "hygiene." Never have any of these familiar types been resurrected so vividly or presented with quite the same quality of blithe savagery. Never certainly in any American picture about the war have we been introduced to a hero who is no more or less than a pretty clear example of a draft-dodger. Lee Tracy, as the sympathetic young ne'er-do-well whose wisecracks puncture the atmosphere of bloated patriotism around him, creates a type that is altogether new to the pictures. His performance is shaded exactly right from beginning to end. Indeed, the only difficulty is that before he is through he makes his loud-mouthed slacker so real that he is as objectionable to the audience as he is to the characters in the play. Perhaps the ending of the film illustrates better than anything else the peculiarly hard-boiled attitude that distinguishes it from the usual run of war pictures. The hero does not in the end get the girl. It is the pompous young lieutenant who carries off the spoils, and the hero is last seen peeling potatoes in the camp kitchen as he has done throughout most of the war. It is all very futile, very Chaplinesque.

For the rich entertainment of "A Lady's Profession" the director, the actors, and the script-writer deserve credit to about an equal degree. The story is based on a genial fantasy by Nina Wilcox Putnam, with certain apologies, perhaps, to P. G. Wodehouse. None of its farcical possibilities—the plot centers around the efforts of a couple of bankrupt English aristocrats to retrieve their fortunes by running a speakeasy in New York—

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By GILBERT MURRAY

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by T. E. SHAW (Lawrence of Arabia)

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are missed by the director, Norman MacLeod, whose special talent is for the reinforcing of mood by the use of very minor details of background. Of course the acting of Roland Young and Alison Skipworth in the principal parts is as always a reward in itself; and the humorous variations on certain stock types, like American millionaires and gangsters, add further to the general excellence of the picture. "Sweepings" gives Lionel Barrymore an opportunity to play a sort of modern King Lear against the background of a great Chicago department store. The film is marred by the superficial characterization of the four children of the disappointed merchant-prince, by the episodic character of its development, and by the overemphasis in all those scenes in which Mr. Barrymore appears.

WILLIAM TROY

Some Notable Spring Books

ART, ARCHITECTURE

Ackerman, Phyllis. *Tapestry: The Mirror of Civilization.* Oxford University. \$4.75.

Barnes, Albert C. and Violette de Mazia. *The Art of Henri Matisse.* Scribner. \$5.

Cahill, Helger. *American Folk Art.* Norton. \$3.50.

Hibben, Thomas. *Carpenter's Tool Chest.* Lippincott. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

Adams, James Truslow. *Henry Adams.* Boni. \$2.50.

Grand Duke Alexander. *Always a Duke.* Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

Anthony, Katharine. *Marie Antoinette.* Knopf. \$3.

Bainville, Jacques. *Napoleon.* Trans. Hamish Miles. Little, Brown. \$3.75.

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 Meyer, Adolf. Psychobiology. Holt. \$1.75.
 Ortega y Gasset, José. The Modern Theme. Norton. \$2.
 Parshley, H. M. The Science of Human Reproduction. Norton. \$3.50.
 Powdermaker, Hortense. Life in Lesu. Norton. \$4.
 Powys, John Cowper. A Philosophy of Solitude. Simon and Schuster. \$2.
 Reichenbach, Hans. Atom and Cosmos: The World of Modern Physics. Macmillan. \$2.
 Rongy, A. J. Abortion: Legal or Illegal? Vanguard. \$2.
 Russell, Dora. Children: Why Do We Have Them? Harper. \$2.50.
 Shorey, Paul. What Plato Said. University of Chicago. \$5.
 Sullivan, J. W. N. The Limitations of Science. Viking. \$3.
 Thompson, Arthur R. Nature by Night. Ballou. \$3.50.
 Turck, Fenton B. The Action of the Living Cell; Macmillan. \$3.50.

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Other SUMMER advertising
 on page iii

- White, William A. Crimes and Criminals. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.
 Whitehead, Alfred North. Adventures of Ideas. Macmillan. \$4.
 Winter, Ella. Red Virtue. Human Relationships in the New Russia. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

POETRY

- Benét, William Rose, Ed. Fifty Poems: An Auto-Anthology. Duffield and Green. \$2.
 Cook, Harold Lewis. Spell Against Death. Harper. \$2.
 Crane, Hart. Key West and Collected Poems. Liveright. \$3.
 De la Mare, Walter. The Fleeting, and Other Poems. Knopf.
 Faulkner, William. A Green Bough. Smith and Haas. \$1.75.
 Gregory, Horace. No Retreat. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.
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 Fleg, Edmond. The Land of Promise. Trans. Louise Waterman Wise. Macaulay. \$2.
 Guedalla, Philip. Argentine Tango. Harper. \$3.
 Leonard, Jonathan Norton. Men of Maracaibo. Putnam. \$2.50.
 Lowenthal, Marvin. A World Passed By: Scenes and Memories of Jewish Civilization in Europe and North Africa. Harper. \$3.50.
 Marshall, Robert. Arctic Village. Smith and Haas. \$3.
 Rosenberg, Felix. Log of the Sea. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.
 Thompson, J. Eric. Mexico Before Cortez. Scribner. \$2.50.
 Tschiffely, A. F. Tschiffely's Ride. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1933

No. 3537

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	429
EDITORIALS:	
The Electric Consumer	431
The Thirty-Hour Week	432
Wanted: A New Deal for Cuba	433
Alabama Justice	434
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PRESIDENT AND A BIG NAVY. By Oswald Garrison Villard	435
CARTOON: THE FORGOTTEN MAN GETS A NEW DEAL. By Georges Schreiber	436
THE OHIO GANG PROTECTS THE BANKERS. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	437
THE R. F. C. SUBSIDIZES FRED F. FRENCH. By Henry J. Rosner	438
THE NAZI REVOLUTION AT WORK. By Ludwig Lore	440
THE STARVATION ARMY. By John Kazarian	443
THE CHALLENGE OF MUSCLE SHOALS. By Benton Mackaye	445
DAYTON, OHIO, MAKES SOCIAL HISTORY. By Ralph Borsodi	447
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	448
CORRESPONDENCE	449
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	449
BOOKS, ART, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
This Footfall of Departure. By Leslie Nelson Jennings	450
Enfant du Siècle. By Joseph Wood Krutch	450
Postmortem on a Poet. By Mark Van Doren	450
The Whole Jewish Past. By Isidor Schneider	451
Secrets of the Prison House. By George W. Kirchwey	451
Bergson's Creative Ethics. By Benjamin Ginzburg	452
Shorter Notices	453
Art: Life Beating the Door In. By Anita Brenner	453
Music: The Subversive Jew. By Arthur Mendel	454
Films: Tragedy and the Screen. By William Troy	454
Drama: Entr'acte. By Joseph Wood Krutch	455

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NOTHING MORE HOPEFUL and refreshing has come out of Washington since Mr. Roosevelt took office than Secretary Hull's announcement that the new Administration was prepared to turn away from the economic nationalism of the Republican regime of the past twelve years. Having helped to move the world in such a direction that every nation now finds itself economically prostrate, Secretary Hull remarked, this country should cooperate in restoring the world to stability. This frank and courageous statement, supplemented by the insistence of Secretary Roper on our need to accept imports if we hope to sell exports, should do more than anything else to create a favorable atmosphere for the preliminary economic conference to which the President has invited Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, China, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Canada. The real test will come, of course, when the Administration attempts to apply its announced principles in concrete form. It will find itself stubbornly and relentlessly opposed at every point, not only by vested interests and professional nationalists at home, but by representatives of the invited countries who

are themselves unable to think in any but nationalistic terms. In this atmosphere the Administration must have the courage never to lose sight of the fact that the spirit which aims to secure maximum nationalistic advantages for minimum concessions is self-defeating. It must never forget, for example, that it is ultimately more to our own advantage to reduce our own tariff than it is to that of any single foreign country. The more widely the same principle is recognized by the representatives of other nations, the brighter will be the prospects of the conference.

OMISSION OF THE SOVIET UNION from the list of nations invited to the conference can probably be explained on rational grounds. But this does not make its political implications less important. It has been said on President Roosevelt's behalf that he did not want "to inject any controversial note into his political program at home by taking a step that could be construed as recognition of the Soviet Union." This suggests the unhappy possibility that Mr. Roosevelt stands in awe of the professional patriots and organized labor, precisely as did his predecessor, for the only opposition to Russian recognition that could in any way interfere with "his political program at home" comes from those two groups. He may also have in mind England's sensitive mood; but whatever the source of his hesitation, it is clear that the President is not prepared to dispose of the question promptly. As a result, recognition, if and when it comes, will almost certainly be robbed of its chief value. And in the meantime the representatives of a group of Powers will sit down and attempt to discuss the economic problems of the world as though the existence of a country with 160,000,000 people, occupying one-sixth of the earth's surface, had no bearing whatever on those problems. It appears that Moscow has abandoned hope of obtaining recognition from the new Administration and is turning its attention in other directions. When—say, in a year or six months from now—the President does get around to the question of recognition, he may find the Soviet Union much less interested.

GERMAN NEWS continues to pour in as fast as the cables can carry it; and as the evidence accumulates, the indictments against Hitler multiply. The reports are not in conflict. They are remarkably consistent and serve to support almost unanimously the charges so indignantly repudiated by the Nazi leaders as slanders and unfounded rumors. Hitler himself announced with no apparent dismay that the casualties resulting from the "national awakening" included 330 persons slain, 40,000 wounded, and 100,000 driven from commercial life. One may assume that his figures are conservative. The complete story to date is gradually being pieced together; on another page of this issue Ludwig Lore summarizes and interprets a part of the record. Both the *New York Evening Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* have recently published series of articles containing first-hand accounts of Nazi methods and aims which should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the complex insanity afflicting Germany. As the result of the

revelations in the *Guardian* that newspaper has been barred from Germany. Apparently no action against the *Post* or its courageous correspondent has so far been taken. For the lesser offense of writing his recent book, "Germany Puts the Clock Back," Edgar Mowrer of the *Chicago Evening News* was asked by the Hitler government to resign as president of the Association of Foreign Correspondents. His proffered resignation was refused by an overwhelming vote of the members; and as the result of this rebellious behavior the government announced that it would have no further dealings with the association. It can hardly be expected that the Nazis will long refrain from imposing an out-and-out censorship.

BUT EVEN if the correspondents wrote only what they were told to, the dispatches would reveal enough. During the last few days the following items among many others appeared in the regular cable stories, undoubtedly with the knowledge of the authorities: Christ was declared a Hitlerite by the Nazi pastor, Dr. Wieneke, who assured a huge church assembly that Jesus would, if he were alive, help in the struggle against Marxism and internationalism. (Presumably he would also be an anti-Semite.) It was announced that the evangelical churches would be reorganized "from above" and put under the authority of the government. Alfred Rosenberg, head of the foreign division of the National Socialist Party, demanded that the Old Testament and Jehovah be abolished and the ancient myths and pagan gods of the Teutonic race be substituted. (Meanwhile Von Papen dashed off to Rome to win the support and approval of the Pope for the Nazi regime.) The executive board of the German Federation of Industries resigned so that a reorganization could be effected to "meet the views" of the government; this was reported as a first step in the direction of "Nazi control of the vital industries." The authorities have prohibited the kosher slaughtering of meat; they have ordered that Christians married to Jewish women shall divorce their wives if they are in the state's service and wish to keep their jobs; they have begun to confiscate the bank accounts of individual Jews; they have forbidden anyone to leave Germany without permission of the police. These are merely fragments lifted out of the body of a few dispatches. There are almost none that indicate any return of sanity or decency. The nearest approach to reason is revealed in the recent decision to permit 900 out of about 2,000 Jewish lawyers in Berlin to continue to practice. The government had previously announced that the number allowed would be in proportion to the number of Jews in the population—reducing the total to about thirty-five. This later modification means that only 1,100 instead of 1,965 families will be deprived of a chance to make a living.

THE FARM-MORTGAGE BILL is in more than one respect an unsatisfactory measure. Its most important provision authorizes the Federal Land Banks to issue during the next two years not more than \$2,000,000,000 in 4 per cent bonds, on which interest, but not principal, would be guaranteed by the government. The land banks are authorized to purchase first mortgages on farms with the proceeds from the sale of these bonds or to exchange the bonds for mortgages directly. The price to be paid would be one "not exceeding the unpaid principal, or 50 per cent of the normal

value of the land mortgaged plus 20 per cent of the improvements, whichever is smaller." The land banks would then refinance the farmer's debt for the amount paid for his mortgage, charging him interest at not more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Obviously, the farmer whose mortgage was purchased would gain through the reduction in his interest burden, but apart from that the measure seems largely one for the relief of the mortgage holders rather than of debtors. Much depends, of course, upon the way in which the act is administered. Most mortgagees, for example, will consider that the "normal" value of the land is its 1929 value, and if the land banks pay generous prices for the mortgages, the farmers will get very little relief in their obligations on principal.

THE INDEBTEDNESS now outstanding on farm mortgages, moreover, has a face value of about \$8,500,000,000. If \$2,000,000,000 of these mortgages are taken over at slightly reduced principal amounts, the holders of the remaining \$5,000,000,000 or \$6,000,000,000 will see no reason why their mortgages should be discriminated against, and very great pressure will be put on the government to expand the amount of relief. Under the present bill, it is also highly probable that most of the mortgages taken over will be worth less than the price paid for them by the land banks. If the mortgagee is offered less than he thinks his mortgage is worth, he will not sell, unless his personal need for immediate cash is urgent. The land banks, again, are unlikely to bargain as shrewdly in buying mortgages as private persons would who were concerned with their own self-interest. Even if no special favoritism is maintained, therefore, land banks are likely on the whole to pay too much for the mortgages and to take some heavy losses. The same criticism, of course, applies to the home-mortgage bill, which provides a similar \$2,000,000,000 bond issue to take over the mortgages of homes with valuations of not more than \$20,000. One good feature of the home-loan mortgage bill is the proposed moratorium of three years, during which time the homeowner will be required to meet his interest payments, but not to reduce the principal of his mortgage. This provision ought to be supplemented by one reducing the rate at which the principal could be amortized by mortgage holders after the complete moratorium on principal payments had ended.

WHO WERE THE AUTHORS of the infamous censorship bill that was rushed so hastily and without debate through the House of Representatives? What was their motive in preparing this measure precisely in the form in which it was presented? And why did they enforce the strictest secrecy upon the members of the Foreign Affairs Committee who introduced it? It is not enough to explain that the legislation, now undergoing drastic revision in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was intended solely to prevent publication of State Department secrets. Secretary of State Hull unquestionably spoke the truth when he said that he wished only to protect certain documents and prevent the publication of information concerning the department's secret codes. But this does not explain why the bill as drawn was so sweeping and so menacing in its scope. Its provisions could have been used to silence every active and potential critic of the government. That officials of the government prepared the original measure is evident. That these officials were sufficiently important to carry great weight with

the Foreign Affairs Committee is also clear. And a careful examination of the House bill reveals beyond doubt that what its authors really intended was to establish a censorship system the like of which this country has never known in peace or war. Who were these officials? The country, and especially the press, has a right to know. For so long as there are influential persons in the government harboring such designs the imminent peril of censorship remains.

OUR FRENCH FRIENDS have a strong if not especially discriminating sense of the value of propaganda. A few weeks ago the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique announced in somewhat too timely fashion that it was now prepared to serve kosher meals on all its liners, and just the other day an official broadcast explained to the French public how their government plans to use the money just voted by the Chamber for propaganda in the United States. Very particular stress was laid upon the fact that important feminine opinion is to be influenced by the dispatch of handsome young envoys. The speaker poured scorn upon those who have misrepresented their gallant country in America in the past, and in language rather remarkable from an official source described them as "unhealthy-looking, decrepit, tired, feverish, worn-out, coughing and trembling old men bound into frock coats who have to be put to bed upon their arrival, with hot-water bottles at their feet, and awakened just in time for their conferences." Without exactly saying so, the implication is that men who go to bed at the right time instead of the wrong one are needed, and while we have nothing to say against a method which worked wonders in King Charles's day when Louise de Querouaille proved to be exactly the right sort of ambassador, we do feel that tact is almost as important as sex appeal. In the same broadcast the speaker remarked: "The American people go to no trouble to inform themselves. We must place before their eyes some simple truths. . . . The American people are ignorant of their own history. They must not be expected to know anything of French history." We wager that he would be surprised to hear that such indirect expressions of opinion do more to inform the American public about the French attitude than, say, two thousands dollars' worth of handsome envoy.

EARL DERR BIGGERS, dead at forty-eight, wrote detective fiction that was also good literature. No boy's taste was corrupted by reading the entrancing mystery stories that began with "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and ended with "Keeper of the Keys." And boys from nine to ninety read them with equal zest. But there was a less obvious accomplishment to Biggers's credit. Perhaps unconsciously, he served the cause of international understanding—no slight service in these days. In Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective-sergeant from Honolulu, the hero of his last half-dozen novels, Biggers created a delightful character, who for millions of readers came to symbolize the sagacity, kindness, and charm of the Chinese people. No Biggers "fan" today considers that "the Heathen Chinee is peculiar." Chan's epigrams distilled the wisdom of the ages in a new and captivating fashion. As the exponent of the philosophy and wit of a race, Charlie Chan takes his place with Hashimura Togo and Mr. Dooley in the gallery of literary notables whose pungency lingers "on the lips of living men."

The Electric Consumer

THE public is becoming aware of the power problem. The collapse of the Insull empire dramatized it. Mr. Roosevelt called it to the attention of millions. In his Portland, Oregon, address of last September he declared—and now as President he repeats in "Looking Forward"—that private utility corporations have in recent years engaged in "a systematic campaign of misinformation, of propaganda . . . of lies and falsehood." Less dramatic but far more valuable than any other educative factor has been the five-year investigation by the Federal Trade Commission resulting in forty-five closely printed volumes of testimony and documents on the power industry. Meanwhile, such organizations as the National League of Women Voters, with its impartial presentations of the various aspects of the power question, the National Popular Government League, and the Public Ownership League of America have contributed to a growing public awareness of the great economic and social importance of electric current.

Yet rates remain excessive. The thin pretext of high distribution costs and the allegation of greater expense in serving the small consumer are used to justify a tenfold increase in price over the cost of manufacturing current. Similar excuses are advanced for the quadrupled rate which the householder pays as compared with the industrialist. Meanwhile consumption, inhibited by excess rates, remains at a low level.

The restricted use of electric power due to its high cost has been in large measure responsible for the supineness of the consumers. When current is used chiefly for light, why protest against a bill of eight dollars a month—even if the amount should have been four dollars, or two? What the public has not reckoned is the potential financial saving in the sum-total of the home's fuel and energy services. Let the home-owner add the combined costs of coal or oil for heating his home, coal or gas for cooking and heating water, ice, and on top of that, his electric-lighting bill—and these items will run into hundreds of dollars annually. Even the heating of homes by electricity would become practical and desirable if rates were as low as they ought to be.

Rates remain excessive because effective reform has not followed exposure. Despite a slightly altered atmosphere, the power interests still block effective legislation. But what can one do about it? How often has not that question been asked by millions of individual citizens who feel their helplessness in the face of organized, entrenched forces. That question, in so far as power is concerned, *The Nation* purposes to answer. Where government, even well-intentioned government, lags, there are ways in which the people themselves can obtain relief by direct action. In coming weeks *The Nation* will publish a number of articles by different writers on the power question. These articles will inform our readers of the abuses that persist. They will point out what has been done here and there by pioneering individuals and wide-awake communities to secure substantial reduction in electric rates. Finally, they will develop what in our view should be the nation's permanent power policy.

* "Looking Forward." By Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

The Thirty-Hour Week

THERE is at present every reason to suppose that the Black bill, instituting a thirty-hour week, which has passed the Senate by a vote of 53 to 30, will be enacted into law. President Roosevelt spoke for the five-day week in his election campaign, and Frances Perkins supported the thirty-hour week last December. But the measure, however well-intentioned, seems likely to result in the gravest consequences for labor.

Undoubtedly the theory chiefly responsible for this legislation is that it will create more jobs. Last October, for example, the *Federationist*, the official organ of the American Federation of Labor, estimated that the average hours being worked per employee in industry were forty-two a week, taking account of part time; the number actually at work was placed at 16,700,000, leaving 8,300,000 unemployed. The *Federationist* argued that with the same number of man-hours a thirty-hour week would enable 23,000,000 to be employed. But even if this reasoning were sound, and the employment statistics were still as the *Federationist* found them last October, it would require a twenty-eight-hour week to give full employment. As Scott Nearing has pointed out in *Common Sense*, if we follow this principle we must fix working hours not in accordance with the desirable number of working hours in the week but by the depth of the depression. The greater the unemployment, the more we cut legal hours. The *Federationist's* reasoning is clearly unsound, and even its figures are no longer valid. A study just completed by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that the average weekly hours of work for the rank and file of all workers as of February 1 was 32.6, and for employees in manufacturing 29.6. If these recent figures are correct, then on the *Federationist's* reasoning the legal thirty-hour day would give practically no new employment at all. But such average figures, of course, cover wide variations among industries. Where on the one hand we have the iron and steel mills with an average working week of only 16.9 hours, we have many textile factories working forty hours or more, a few mills even working as high as fifty-six hours a week in a single shift. It is only in these mills that the thirty-hour law can at present force any addition to the number of men employed. But many factories now working forty hours may decide that it is more economical to cut to thirty hours than to use two shifts of thirty hours or even two shifts of twenty hours. The immediate net effect of the bill, other things being equal, must be to reduce the total wage payments to labor.

The Black bill, in effect, is a rigid legalization of the share-the-work movement. Nothing is said in it about wage levels. In the overwhelming majority of cases, therefore, its effect will be to cut hours and to leave hourly wage rates unchanged—in other words, to cut the individual's weekly pay by the same amount as his hours are reduced. To take the example cited by Scott Nearing, the sawmill worker who has been getting \$28 for a fifty-five-hour week will get \$15 for a thirty-hour week. His family standard, built up on a \$28 basis, will be cut down by almost 50 per cent.

We can put the matter another way. According to the

Bureau of Labor Statistics, factories are now paying out a total of only 36 cents in wages for every dollar they paid out in 1926. If this amount were spread out evenly, it would mean that each worker would be receiving little more than a third of his 1926 income. Those workers now getting, say, 25 per cent less than they were in 1926 would get 64 per cent less. In brief, the workers whose hours were reduced would bear the full burden of providing employment.

The present nominal full-time working week averages forty-eight hours. If workers reduced from such a week to thirty hours were to receive the same weekly pay, it would be necessary for them to have an increase in hourly wage rates of 60 per cent. No realistic mind can possibly expect such an increase to be put through at this time. It would not merely be psychologically and politically impossible, but economically so. A compilation of the returns of 1,800 industrial, public-utility, and railroad companies in 1932 shows that the majority, numbering 61 per cent of the total, had deficits aggregating \$787,000,000, which offset the net profits, aggregating \$682,000,000, reported by 39 per cent of the companies, leaving a deficit balance for all of them of \$105,000,000. If we take the 165 Class I railroads, we have a combined net deficit of approximately \$153,000,000 for last year. These are the figures before deduction of any common or preferred dividends but after interest deductions. But even if we assume a total cancelation of interest payments, it is obvious that the funds do not exist for any substantial increase in wage rates under present conditions. The real concern must be over what is going to happen when the accumulated cash reserves on which so many companies are now living are exhausted.

One of the assumptions in the minds of many advocates of the Black bill is obviously that a forty-eight-hour week has meant overproduction, and that a thirty-hour week would cure this. It cannot be too often repeated that there has been no general overproduction of this sort. What we are suffering from is not too many goods, but lack of purchasing power for those goods. But it is one industry's production that ultimately constitutes its purchasing power for the products of other industries. If production is cut down all around the circle through shorter hours, purchasing power is cut down all around the circle to exactly the same extent.

In addition to the dubious underlying principles involved, the Black bill also raises grave practical problems. It aims to shut out of interstate commerce industrial commodities produced by establishments in which persons are employed for more than five days a week or six hours a day. It exempts agriculture, milk and its products, newspapers and periodicals, executives and superintendents and their personal and immediate clerical assistants; but it may still raise serious problems in sudden adjustments. It is obvious that in scores of industries it will force a mere shortening in hours that will reduce total business and total wages, or lead merely to a speeding up of the individual worker, without resulting in the employment of more persons. To the extent that it does put men to work, it seems likely to do so mainly at the expense of the workers now employed.

Wanted: A New Deal for Cuba

THE relationship of the United States and Cuba is unique. It involves definite responsibilities which we may no longer shirk. We intervened in Cuba in 1898. Having set its people free, we compelled them against their will to accept the Platt Amendment. We compensated for this by extending substantial aid in the establishment of the new government and by granting tariff reciprocity, which, while benefiting the Cubans somewhat, was decidedly advantageous to American sugar producers. The enduring and pertinent provisions of the Platt Amendment, in Articles II and III, forbid the Cuban government to contract a public debt which its ordinary revenues cannot meet, and provide that "the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty. . . ."

During the period of Cuban protest against the Platt Amendment the United States took pains to assert that its provisions were not to be considered ■ "synonymous with intermeddling or interference in the affairs of the Cuban government." It was to be used only "in extreme cases," and intervention would take place "only if Cuba were left in a state of anarchy." That policy was faithfully adhered to in the first decade of Cuban independence, and constituted a unique effort on the part of a great Power to establish a stable neighbor state. When the United States withdrew in 1902, it left functioning the machinery of republican self-government; church and state had been separated, the educational system revamped, the judiciary reorganized, habeas corpus introduced. Yellow fever had been suppressed at the cost of the lives of American scientists, and a system of sanitation established under the direction of William C. Gorgas.

The second intervention, in 1905, resulted from a breakdown of Cuban government. President Estrada Palma had caused himself to be reelected by methods familiarized in this country by Tammany in New York and by the Vare machine in Philadelphia. The Liberals, defrauded of victory, launched a revolution. The Moderate government found itself unable to quell the revolt and asked the United States to intervene. President Roosevelt, while sending warships to protect life and property, refused to order occupation. Intervention took place only after Estrada Palma had resigned—the Cuban Congress controlled by Moderates had refused to elect a successor, and the country had been left without ■ government, with destruction of property widespread and anarchy imminent. The American occupation lasted some four years, during which time an effort was again made to instal democratic machinery that would be fraud-proof. Although there has been justifiable criticism of the Magoon administration for furthering certain American concessions, the United States again kept its pledge. It withdrew.

Under Taft—and Knox's "dollar diplomacy"—however, the infiltration of American business was accelerated. The World War speeded the process. And when the sugar industry, vastly overexpanded under American control to meet war needs, collapsed carrying with it the whole Cuban economic structure, American banks emerged with ■ major share

of the salvage. During the boom decade which followed they expanded in Cuba as at home, until that country, even more than our own, has become a fief of American finance.

The present Cuban depression antedated and paralleled ours. But while the American people could in 1932 repudiate the Administration that had failed them, the Cubans found themselves held fast by an increasingly ruthless dictatorship. The Hoover-Stimson hands-off policy would seem to be the logical resumption of our original policy, suspended during and after the World War when General Crowder, without legal sanction, really governed Cuba. But the present policy of official non-interference, while decent in motive, has been responsible for unprecedented horrors, and is the complete negation of the "self-government" it aimed to achieve. Actually, Machado has been maintained in office against the obvious will of the Cuban people by the financial support of ■ great corporations. More heavily loaded with per capita debt charges than any other Latin American country, Cuba, unlike her sister states, has been unable to revolt or default. Machado would doubtless have fallen in 1930 but for the \$50,000,000 lent him by the Chase bank. His resulting well-paid army has made a successful popular uprising impossible.

The complete suppression of civil liberties, with the murder of those who protest, certainly does not provide "a government adequate for the protection of life and property and individual liberty." Should the United States continue to tolerate this shambles at its door? *The Nation* has steadfastly opposed intervention in Cuba or in any of our weaker neighbor states. But formal intervention would not be necessary to get rid of Machado. He would go the moment an American ambassador, so instructed, said the word. That, of course, would be intervention of a kind. But it would be far slighter intervention than that which has been indirectly and continuously carried on under the Platt Amendment. American finance has held the Platt Amendment to be the implicit protector of our dollars and has warped Cuba's development accordingly. Politically Cuba may, in theory, be independent. Economically she is ■ vassal, and her economic bondage and political control are today inextricably linked. Machado is not the representative of ■ free Cuban people, but the *administrador* of American financial feudalism. Indeed, it is an ironic anomaly that the very powers whose practices have been discredited in this country and which face imminent drastic restraint should work their will without hindrance on a prostrate Cuban people. The National City Bank is the major force behind the Cuban sugar interests. Electric Bond and Share controls Cuba's power, charging rates which even our high-riding utilities would not dream of levying at home.

But would Machado's withdrawal, followed by ■ democratic election to prevent him from merely transferring his power to a satellite, solve Cuba's problems? Hardly, for Cuba's plight is fundamentally economic—mere political reform will no longer suffice. The difficulty is that ■ solution in the interest of the Cubans would conflict with the interests of Cuba's real owners—the business and financial powers which likewise have dominated American life. Would

they permit—would the Roosevelt Administration, from which their influence is by no means absent, permit—a policy designed to restore Cuba's economic life?

That is the Cuban problem—and ours. A Cuban policy for the Cubans, the natural policy for any people to adopt for itself, would doubtless mean the liquidation in large measure of absentee ownership and overlordship. It would, through increased taxation of great foreign holdings and social legislation, tend toward redistribution of land and wealth—among Cubans. To assent to such a Cuban program would be the wise and decent policy for the United States. It may be naive to expect it, given the nature of our capitalist society and its imperialistic ramifications. But realization has dawned in official circles that the interests of the American people are by no means synonymous with those of Wall Street. Conceivably, the interests of the American people and those of the Cuban people, even though not identical, might not be far apart, and might be reconcilable, where they conflict, by compromise. The solicitude of foreign offices and of our State Department is today for markets rather than concessions. The stake is larger and less productive of friction. Capture of overseas markets requires two factors—good-will and adequate purchasing power among the natives. A Cuban policy worked out in the interest of Cuba would probably produce this mutually desirable result.

Can the State Department be trusted to carry out such a policy? Not unless it reverses past policy and practices. Not if the influences that have dominated it for a generation still are able to control the under and assistant secretaries. But possibly the Administration may come to understand that the best hope for the revival of our foreign trade, for which Secretary Hull is obviously eager, lies in Latin America. Our prospects in Europe and the Far East are none too promising. Improvement of Latin American trade depends in large degree on our treatment of our Caribbean and Central American neighbors, quite apart from the fact that our recent policy has ruined Cuba as a market.

Meanwhile, whether Machado stays or goes, the Cuban collapse is imminent, and with the resulting chaos the pressure for one more intervention will be great. Such intervention, which should be wholly non-military, would be justifiable only if it were inaugurated with the consent of the Cuban people for the declared purpose of trying once more to assist them to recreate their political and economic structure. It should be coupled with the pledge that once this was achieved we would cancel the Platt Amendment and leave Cuba free to work out her own destiny. Whatever may have been its original justification, the amendment has ceased to benefit Cuba. Nor has it benefited the American people. It has greatly served our money changers, who, though perhaps not as secure as they once were in their Wall Street temples, have preserved a cozy sanctuary in the Antilles.

It is very doubtful whether the facts that are really essential for working out a different policy can be obtained without a Congressional investigation. It has been difficult enough to learn the truth about our high finance right here in the United States. The whole complex interweaving of financial buccaneering, special concessions, economic favoritism, and corruption of the Machado-big business combination needs to be fully exposed. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee might properly be intrusted with this important preliminary to a solution of the Cuban problem.

Alabama Justice

WHEN the Scottsboro case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court in November, three points were raised: (1) there was not a fair, impartial, and deliberate trial; (2) the boys were denied the right of counsel; and (3) qualified Negroes were systematically excluded from the jury. The court chose to put aside as "without merit" the first and third points, although, as Morris L. Ernst pointed out in our issue of December 7, they were socially much more significant than the second. A new trial was ordered on the ground that the defendants were denied the right of adequate counsel. In the trial which has just ended at Decatur, Alabama, Haywood Patterson had the right of counsel. The defense of Samuel Leibowitz was a brilliant example of legal art. He succeeded in dramatizing the utter helplessness of nine Negro boys, innocent or guilty, once they were caught in the destroying passion of race hatred.

Judge James E. Horton was scrupulous in his conduct of the case, and his charge to the jury indicated his own awareness of the violent forces at work in his court. The most casual reading of newspaper accounts of the testimony—and the press is to be highly commended for its covering of the Decatur trial—indicates reasonable doubt of the guilt of Haywood Patterson. The girls involved were common prostitutes. Their testimony was flatly contradictory and one of them repudiated her previous testimony. Yet the jury not only brought in a verdict of guilty, but imposed the savage sentence of death, although Alabama law provides an alternative sentence for rape of ten years to life imprisonment.

In so doing the jury expressed the will of a community which hates and fears the Negro because it has wronged him so deeply through so many generations. Mr. Leibowitz obviously foresaw this all-too-probable conclusion. By his insistence on bringing out convincing evidence that Negroes have been systematically excluded from jury service in Alabama, he established that issue so firmly that the Supreme Court will find it difficult to dismiss it as "without merit" when the case again goes to Washington—as it will unless the Alabama Supreme Court should reverse the Decatur decision. Furthermore, in the course of his defense Mr. Leibowitz was careful to hold up to the public view the race prejudice of more than one variety that showed itself on every hand. Aside from the continuous threats of mob action, two remarks by the prosecution in the course of the trial should be sufficient for any person of sound mind outside of Alabama. "Show them that Alabama justice cannot be bought and sold with Jew money from New York," shouted Solicitor Wade Wright. "I don't care what her [Victoria Price's] previous convictions or actions may have been," said Attorney-General Knight, "but she never lived with niggers." Surely no human being, though he might be guilty of the worst crime, should be forced to submit his right to live to the passions that were flaunted inside and outside the courtroom at Decatur.

The Scottsboro boys still have a chance for liberty, but it may be a matter of years—and years pass slowly in the cells that the South reserves for its Negro "citizens." Meanwhile, we urge our readers to contribute as generously as they can to the Scottsboro defense fund.

Issues and Men

The President and a Big Navy

AS I write there are strong indications that President Roosevelt will yield to the demand for building the navy up by some thirty new ships. It is reported that the appropriation for them will be hidden in the proposed public-works bill and thus slip through without opposition, whereas if there were a separate bill there would be every opportunity for blocking it, or at least for numerous protests. The public-works bill will, it is expected, be jammed through by the force of the same vote-but-don't-read-it-or-argue psychology which has resulted in driving through Congress the legislation thus far asked by the President—I had almost said passed by the President, for that is what it comes down to.

It will be a misfortune, indeed, for the country as a whole if another \$230,000,000 should be wasted in this way. It is true that these thirty ships are not to include any battle-ships or battle cruisers, but the fact remains that in our hour of greatest distress we shall be lavishing money upon a purely unproductive undertaking. It would be far wiser, if it is necessary to support the men who would work on these war-ships, to give them a handsome dole and let it go at that. But this is not what is desired by the munitions manufacturers and shipbuilders—I do not for a moment believe that Congressman Vinson was correct when he stated that 85 per cent of the money expended would go for wages. Once you build one of these ships it becomes a permanent liability until it is scrapped. It means increased annual appropriations for its upkeep, its personnel, and its movements. It means, unless the ship is to be kept "in ordinary," that a considerable crew will have to be kept on board to maintain her. The more ships, the greater will be the demand upon Congress for more sailors. The more ships built, the greater the demand by the shipbuilders for still more vessels to keep the yards busy, until it seems that the private shipbuilding yards do not exist to build for the navy as needed, but that the navy exists for the pleasure of the shipbuilders. Only last week the leading aviation generals, including the outspoken former General William Mitchell, testified again that no ships except submarines and scouting vessels were of any value; that the new bombing planes would do away with large vessels—at least that was General Mitchell's contention. But that does not stop the navy propaganda of the Hearsts, Brittens, and Vinsons.

As for the President, he has been deeply interested in the navy ever since boyhood, and he pretty well soaked up the big-navy propaganda when Assistant Secretary of the Navy. His collection of prints of naval battles was for a long time considered one of the finest in the United States. He saw nothing wrong in the overseas aggressions of the Wilson Administration of which he was part. I refer especially to Haiti, Mexico, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua. Hence the big-navy people feel that he is definitely on their side. I wish he might take warning from what happened to Ramsay MacDonald when he yielded to the big-navy propagandists in his first government and built three cruisers, on the ground

that he could not allow the shipbuilding industry to die out. That not only stamped Mr. MacDonald as inconsistent so far as his pacifist views were concerned, but it immediately laid him open to tremendous pressure. If three ships, why not five? Why not ten? Three ships would not go very far toward keeping the shipping industry alive, and did he not realize that this or that category of ships was seriously underbuilt? Your big-navy maniac is never satisfied.

The wasting of this \$230,000,000 now would offset many of Mr. Roosevelt's savings in other directions. It might possibly be excusable if we were actually in danger of war—that is, if any sane human being still believes that anything is to be gained by war, and that you can be sure of victory under any circumstances. Well, the navy is keeping up the talk and many newspapers are helping the propaganda along: that we are in grave danger of war with Japan; that Japan has beaten us in capital ships; that Japan is voiding the London pact by building a Manchukuoan navy which will really be a reinforcement of its own, and so on and on. To this we reply that we are a long way from a war with Japan; that the next war means suicide for our entire capitalist civilization—what is left of it; and that this President Roosevelt knows, or ought to know, as well as the rest of us. And of course these thirty new ships will not insure our victory if we are attacked. President Coolidge put it just right to the American Legion on one occasion when he said that no country ever had an army or navy large enough to keep it out of war, or to insure victory to itself after it had got into war. But most important of all, armaments do not make for peace; they only increase tension and make for war. And how can we set ourselves up as critics of Hitler as he proceeds to arm Germany up to the pre-war standard if we go on piling up our own armaments? Certainly, if we engage in a naval race with England, or with England and Japan, there will be only one outcome—another terrible conflict.

No, Mr. President, don't mar your highly intelligent record by pouring \$230,000,000 down a rat-hole. The resources of the country are not unlimited. We can pour out billions and half-billions and quarter-billions for some time, but in due course there will be an end to it. We are hearing a lot about the necessity of restricting public-works appropriations to self-liquidating projects, and there is a good deal to be said for it. Warships are neither self-liquidating nor productive of more wealth or employment, nor are they constructive uses of capital. In from ten to twenty years there will be nothing to show for them. A single new invention may make them out of date almost as soon as they are launched. Finally, when we are preaching disarmament to the rest of the world, let us set the example ourselves, and let us again, as through the first hundred years of our history, be unarmed and unafraid.

Dwight Garrison Killard



Schreier.



The Forgotten Man Gets a New Deal

The Ohio Gang Protects the Bankers

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, April 10

WE have not yet seen the last of the notorious Ohio Gang. The curious belief that it took to cover with the exposure of the Harding Administration scandals several years ago is decidedly erroneous. For the policies and activities of the Department of Justice are still largely influenced, if not wholly dominated, by men who originally belonged to the Daugherty ring or were subsequently trained in that school. Most of the gang stayed on through the Coolidge and Hoover Administrations, though Harry M. Daugherty himself was compelled to retire in confusion and disgrace. Many are to be found even today in key positions in the department.

It is obvious that if the crooked bankers and security merchants, as well as Donald Richberg's "gold-plated anarchists," are to be dealt with in adequate fashion, it must be done through the Department of Justice. But does any sane person expect the still far-from-defunct Ohio Gang to take the necessary action? To date, the Department of Justice has not lifted a finger in this connection, except in a very few cases where it was driven into action by the pressure of an aroused public opinion.

We need not here go into the several investigations, such as that involving the Mellon-owned aluminum trust, which have either been smothered outright by the department or allowed to drag aimlessly on. It is necessary to mention only a few of the more recent major scandals—Kreuger, Lee Higginson, National City, Insull, the Dawes bank, the Illinois Life Insurance Company—and to ask precisely what the department has done in these and similar cases. Then there is the mass of testimony assembled, together with the pertinent documentary evidence, by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Witness after witness has given incriminating testimony against himself. Competent lawyers, including some who stand fairly close to the Roosevelt Administration, are convinced that the testimony thus given is alone sufficient to convict more than half the witnesses who have appeared before the committee. The Department of Justice, these lawyers say, needs no other evidence. Finally, there is an untold number of local banking scandals yet to be exposed, which involve not only money losses running into the hundreds of millions but open violations of the banking, postal, and other federal laws. The facts in most of these cases can easily be obtained. There is, for instance, an especially outrageous case in Illinois—the facts are or should be in the department's files, for one of its honest investigators worked on the case, but got nowhere because he was balked by his superiors and by the Republican bosses of Illinois.

What so far has been done? The principals in the Bank of United States scandal have been sent to prison. But here the crimes committed were so flagrant and so widely published that the Department of Justice could not possibly avoid taking action. Charles E. Mitchell, Joseph W. Harriman, and a few other bankers have been indicted, but whether the prosecution can convict Mitchell is another question. If he can be convicted, some thousands of other wealthy

men are equally liable. Many persons, including more than one important contributor to the Democratic Party's campaign fund, have resorted to the same device for evading the income tax. But whatever the outcome of the Mitchell case, it remains true that no action was taken until it was pointedly requested by the man who was soon to become President. In the Harriman case the facts, which had been concealed for many months, were beginning to leak out, and they were too hot to be suppressed any longer. After several weeks of silence the Department of Justice finally awoke to the existence of another major scandal in Detroit and promptly sent an assistant attorney-general there to investigate. For this we have to thank Father Coughlin. He told the story over the radio and his army of listeners flooded Detroit, Lansing, and Washington with demands for action. In one or two other cases, for example, in the Illinois Life scandal in Chicago, the Department of Justice has graciously assisted the local authorities in their own inquiries. But that is about all.

The question naturally arises why the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has not called upon the Department of Justice to prosecute the self-impeached witnesses who have appeared before it. It has been explained by one of the members of the committee that it is that body's function not to seek convictions but to frame remedial legislation. An exceedingly thin excuse. Senate investigating committees in the past have not hesitated to demand prosecution, or even to take positive action on their own account. But the attitude of this particular committee may be better understood if it is examined in the light of a few known facts. For example, the committee has deliberately suppressed sensational evidence even when it was supported by documentary material. One witness, loaded with documents, was denied a public hearing, but was heard instead in executive session. His testimony has not been printed and apparently will not be printed. It is in the form of a stenographic transcript, but even this has not been made available to the public. Nor, so far as can be determined, has it been turned over to the Department of Justice for criminal action, or to the Treasury for other appropriate action.

The late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, who was to have become Attorney-General, told a number of his friends just before his death of his plans to clean out the Department of Justice from top to bottom. He would not hesitate a day, he said, but would start the moment he stepped into office. As Senate prosecutor in the oil and other scandals of the Harding era, he was thoroughly acquainted with the tactics of the Ohio Gang. He intended to dig into all of the major scandals involving violations of the federal laws. He had the bank scandals particularly in mind, and there are persons closely identified with the Roosevelt Administration who are convinced that the announcement of his appointment ■ frightened the bankers that it contributed in no small measure to the panic that swept the country five or six weeks ago. Homer Cummings has been in office more than a month, and during this time he has not removed a single subordinate official branded with the mark of the Ohio Gang. They are

still sitting tight and obviously mean to hang on as long as they possibly can. It can be confidently stated, moreover, that at this moment Attorney-General Cummings, far from having any concrete plan worked out, has no apparent intention of proceeding against the thieves in high places who have ruled us these many years.

One hesitates to include the Roosevelt Administration ■ such in this censure of the Department of Justice. It is only too true that the Administration has been swamped with emergency problems and has not had much time to devote to departmental personnel or policies. It is also true that the President wants to hold up all but the most necessary political appointments until his emergency program has been put through Congress. But the suspicion is growing in Washington, even among members of the President's party in Congress, that the Administration will not do ■ thorough job either in cleaning out the Department of Justice or in taking action against the crooked bankers and industrialists. A leading Administration Senator told me he was very much afraid that "while we may finally get rid of the Ohio Gang, there is danger that we shall get ■ lot of Democratic political hacks in their place." Other persons have expressed the same fear that the Department of Justice, which has proportionately more appointive offices at its disposal than any other branch of the government, will be used as ■ dumping ground for party workers who must be rewarded. There is also a very widespread belief that the Administration will take no action, and indeed will prevent the Senate Banking and Currency Committee from taking action, against any banker identified with the Rockefeller or Chase National groups in New York City. This belief is based on more than the

cynical observations of the newspaper correspondents, who frankly say that "nothing is going to happen to the Chase crowd; they're playing ball with the Administration." There is evidence that a special god is watching over the Rockefeller-Chase interests. Counsel for the committee were prepared to look into these interests when the hearings were resumed, only to have the White House announce that the plans had been changed and that the committee would next look into the affairs of Morgan and Company, Kuhn, Loeb, and other private banking houses. To quote ■ Democratic member of the Senate committee: "These reports about the Chase National may be based only on suspicion, but if they continue much longer and nothing is done about Chase, I for one will believe that there is something to them."

In fairness we must give the new Administration time to work out this problem. But the matter will not bear much longer delay. Dozens of banking scandals are ready to burst all over the lot. The Administration should by all means clean them up thoroughly and quickly. To allow them to drag on, breaking one after the other over ■ period of months or years, will result in bringing down most of the blame, and with reason, on the present regime. What is more, all the remedial and constructive legislation in the world, however perfectly devised, will not prevent a recurrence of these scandals so long as the same pack of criminals remains in control of the financial machinery of the country. They were smart enough to hire legal talent to help them get around the anti-trust laws. They will be no less shrewd in getting around the new Roosevelt laws—particularly if the Ohio Gang, or its Democratic equivalent, is entrenched in the Department of Justice.

The R.F.C. Subsidizes Fred F. French

By HENRY J. ROSNER

THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation has made its first loan to "a limited-dividend housing corporation for purposes of slum clearance and rehousing low-income groups." The plan deserves careful analysis because it is a perfect illustration of how the housing problem cannot be solved. The development will be located on the site of what is now one of the worst slum blocks on New York City's famous East Side. It has long been known ■ the "lung block" because of the high incidence of tuberculosis among its inhabitants.

In its publicity announcing the project the R. F. C. made much of the fact that the historic "lung block" was to be demolished. But it neglected to point out that it would not mean substantially better homes for the people now living in the block. The rentals in the proposed new apartments, \$12.50 ■ room a month, are much too high for the pocket-books of the present dwellers, who pay an average rent of \$5 ■ room ■ month.

The displaced tenants will merely move into old-law tenements on the next block which will be ■ little less dreary, dilapidated, and unhealthy, thereby reducing the vacancies in these dwellings and increasing the income of their owners. Two blocks of slums will be destroyed but several others will be perpetuated. Meanwhile, ■ more prosperous class of

people who can pay the higher rental will move into the new apartments. And with the aid of public funds, Fred F. French, the promoter of this development, and one of the best-known speculative real-estate builders in New York, will recoup his losses on ■ business venture which the depression had wrecked. Thereby hangs ■ interesting tale.

In 1929 Mr. French, famous as the creator of Tudor City, an expensive residential development in mid-Manhattan, conceived ■ similar project on the lower East Side of Manhattan, to be known ■ Knickerbocker Village. This was to be ■ high-class residential development, renting at \$20 ■ room, for minor executives employed in the downtown financial district within walking distance of Knickerbocker Village. He organized dummy corporations to buy up property in this section. The real-estate brokers were pledged to secrecy and were unknown to one another. The purchasing was done so quietly and well that it was December, 1931, before the public learned of Mr. French's grandiose scheme. By that time he had acquired fifteen acres at ■ cost exceeding \$5,000,000. His agent revealed the plan in an appeal to the city tax authorities to lower the assessment on these properties. Mr. French was pictured ■ a public-spirited benefactor who deserved special consideration because he was going to rebuild the East Side, the city's worst slum area.

Money, however, was not forthcoming to finance the venture. The depressed condition of real estate had frozen new investment. Besides, Mr. French's other undertakings were not doing well. Fred French Operators found it necessary to default in 1931 and 1932 on \$14,000,000 of preferred stock paying 6 per cent dividends. Mr. French had never sold "fake mortgage" bonds to finance his building operations. Instead, he had sold preferred stock without voting rights even after passing dividends. The public had been given the impression in cleverly written prospectuses that the preferred stock had a first lien upon the earnings of the properties because there were no first mortgages, when actually there were. Several law suits on behalf of preferred stockholders based on this fact are now in process.

Mr. French was in a bad predicament. The properties which he had purchased on the East Side barely earned enough to pay interest on the mortgage and taxes. It looked as if the money his company had invested in the acquisition of sites for Knickerbocker Village would be a total loss. Then Congress authorized the R. F. C. last summer to lend up to \$1,500,000,000 for self-liquidating public improvements, including limited-dividend housing. Fred F. French saw his opportunity and took it. Knickerbocker Village, Inc., a limited-dividend housing corporation, was organized. Mr. French agreed to place the company under the supervision of the State Housing Board, and obtained its approval for his plans. Mr. French has in the past revealed his ability to get special favors from the public authorities. Judge Seabury in his investigation of the New York City government disclosed that Mr. French in 1926 had paid \$135,000 to the law firm of Olvany, Donnelly, and Eisner to obtain four exemptions and two amendments to the building-zone law. Judge Olvany, who was then leader of Tammany Hall, had no difficulty in getting results for Mr. French. Evidently the gentleman knows his way about the town.

With the aid of Al Smith, the housing board obtained a loan from the R. F. C. up to \$8,075,000 for the construction of the building, which will also be exempt from taxation. In return for these privileges the maximum rental cannot exceed \$12.50 a room. This is considerably less than Mr. French contemplated originally for Knickerbocker Village, but it is compensated for by partial tax exemption and lower capital costs. The interest rate on the R. F. C. loan will be 5 per cent and will be amortized at the rate of 2 per cent. Under the original plan the interest on his first mortgage, covering about 50 per cent of the cost of the project, would have been 6 per cent and the amortization, 3 per cent. The saving to the company through the equivalent of cheaper first-mortgage money will be \$100,000 a year. The saving on taxes will amount to \$200,000 a year. If these savings were not effected, the rental per room per month would have to be raised to \$16.75 a room, or not so very much less than the \$20 contemplated in the original development. And speculative builders with white elephants on their hands would be silly not to take advantage of public credit, particularly when the government will allow them to make money in a number of ways.

Mr. French's profit will come from three separate sources. First, the site owned by Fred French Operators is to be turned over to Knickerbocker Village, Inc. It has an area of 165,000 square feet and is valued at about \$2,000,000, or \$13 a square foot. In return the corporation will

get \$2,000,000 in stock of Knickerbocker Village, Inc., paying a 5 per cent dividend, or \$100,000 a year. The Fred French Construction Company, a subsidiary owned by the Operators, will act as general contractor and will receive a fee for its services. Finally, after the buildings are completed, the Fred French Management Corporation, of which Mr. French is sole owner, will enter into a contract to manage the properties. These last two fees have yet to be determined. The management fee will probably amount to \$250,000 a year. This will be the sum left from income after deducting capital charges. It will allow an annual maintenance cost of \$41 a room. Mr. French's profit on this item will depend upon his ability to reduce actual costs below \$41 a room. In six of the Cooperative Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Housing Corporation buildings \$40 a room in 1931 covered all operating and maintenance expenses. It ought not to be very difficult for Mr. French to bring his cost down to \$35 a room. He will pay lower wages than a cooperative organized by a trade union. Prices of materials and supplies, such as coal, are now considerably lower than they were in 1931. At this figure his profits from management should come to \$37,000 a year. But this is not the whole story. Fred French Operators own ten more acres on the East Side, and our "hero" has announced that he will apply for R. F. C. funds to build on these sites. If the same set-up prevails, his profits will be almost quadrupled.

Is there something to be said in favor of the Knickerbocker development? Two weeks ago this writer discussed the housing question with Louis Pink of the State Housing Board at a dinner meeting of a Brooklyn group. Mr. Pink, in defending the project, admitted that it did not mean substantially better housing for the workers of the lower East Side but said that the destruction of the "lung" block would be a distinct gain. Besides, he went on, it will furnish employment for 10,000 men both directly and indirectly. In other words, it is better than nothing.

The answer to this argument is that the same results could be accomplished by building homes for the slum dwellers who need it most. This cannot be done, however, by limited-dividend housing. It requires government construction with a subsidy. Decent homes at \$5 or \$6 a room cannot be built unless part of the capital costs are met from taxes. The federal government ought to advance funds for housing to municipal housing departments, the rent to be fixed at a price that the poorest can pay. If this does not yield enough to pay full interest and amortization on the investment, the federal government should meet the deficit from taxes. A nation which builds battleships from taxes can afford to build homes from taxes.

Unless the policy I have outlined is adopted, R. F. C. funds for housing will be used in many parts of the United States to help speculative real-estate builders tide over hard times. Ohio and Texas have enacted housing laws modeled after the New York State limited-dividend law. Groups have organized in New Jersey, Minnesota, Michigan, Massachusetts, and elsewhere to force the enactment of similar legislation. This current interest in housing legislation can be directly traced to the availability of federal government funds through the R. F. C. for this purpose. Now is the time to force a change in policy and program. Public funds for housing should first be used to provide decent homes for the workers at rentals they can afford to pay.

The Nazi Revolution at Work

By LUDWIG LORE

AN article written by Mussolini for an Italian encyclopedia on the Origin and History of Fascism begins with the words: "Political doctrines disappear; nations go on." The Italian dictator confesses that he had no definite plans for the future when he embarked on his March on Rome, that only the dominant urge to act in a political crisis, the result of his Socialist training in the past, impelled him to set out on his blind adventure. For himself and his followers in those momentous days Mussolini claims little

more than an intuitive activism that knew but a single aim—power at all costs. Despite its far-reaching political organization and its "inviolate" program of twenty-five points, the National Socialist German Labor Party, the fascist organization of Germany, differs little from its Italian prototype in this respect. What Mussolini said of Italian fascism ap-

The struggle against international finance and loan capital has become the most important programmatic issue in the fight of the German nation for its independence and its freedom. Every serious National Socialist shares this conviction, for the solution of the financial problem will depend, fundamentally, on the rational solution of the question of the Jew—and more. Anti-Semitism is, in a sense, the emotional substructure of our movement. Every National Socialist is an anti-Semite, although not every anti-Semite becomes a National Socialist. Anti-Semitism is purely negative, and the anti-Semite per se, although he recognizes in the Jew the bearer of the pestilence that threatens the integrity of nations and their racial purity, expresses this realization in personal hatred for individuals and their achievements in business life.

In the flood of Nazi newspapers and periodicals it would be difficult to find an article that does not contain at least a passing reference to the "Jewish menace." Thus Hermann Esser, editor of the *Illustrierte Beobachter* and now First Assistant Commissar for Bavaria, wrote in a pamphlet published by the party:

Indians and Hottentots, yes, even the cannibals on the islands of the Pacific, are human beings. But who would seriously consider the appointment of one of them as Minister of the Interior or Burgomaster. Yet these cannibals and Hottentots, not to speak of the Indians, are a thousand times more congenial than the Jew, this monstrosity of the world's history who believes himself ordained to devour the peoples of the earth or, at least, to make them his obedient servants for all times.

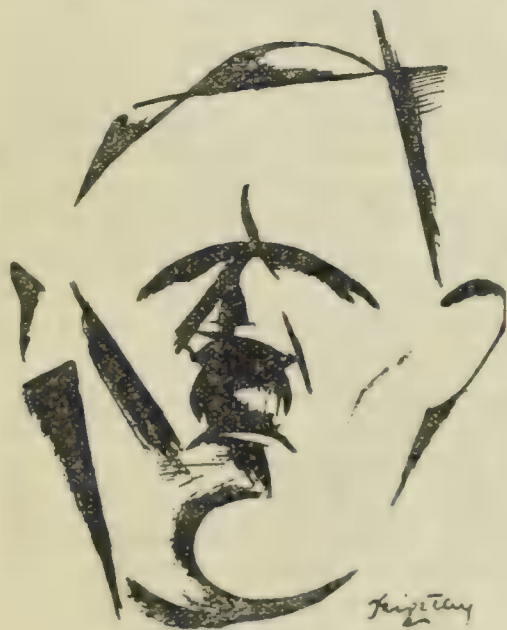
Adolf Hitler, more recently, has left such anti-Semitic vulgarities to his lieutenants, among whom Goebbels and Göring, both members of his Cabinet, are notorious for the coarseness of their attacks. But he too has had his day when his hatred for the Jew was unclouded by considerations of state and diplomacy. In his autobiography, "Mein Kampf," published in 1928, he speaks of his Jewish contemporaries with frank detestation:

He who does not find himself vilified each morning in the Jewish press has not spent his time in useful activity. Had this been the case he would have been slandered, persecuted, abused, and befouled by Jews. Only he who most effectively fights these deadly enemies of our racial purity, these despoilers of the integrity of the Aryan race and its culture, may enjoy the privilege of their rancor and the attacks of their people.

On another page:

From a sentimental citizen of the world I had changed into a fanatic anti-Semite. So I now believe that I am acting today in accordance with the will of our Almighty Creator: in defending myself against the Jews I am doing the work of the Lord.

Later Hitler became more guarded in his expressions, especially in his interviews with American newspapermen. "I have no quarrel with the respectable Jew," he was quoted by the *New York Times* on October 15, 1930, "but when the Jew makes common cause with bolshevism we must look



Chancellor Adolf Hitler

plies to the Nazis as well; their program, too, is a mere by-product of the will-to-power, a composite of unrelated ideas.

On January 30 Germany experienced its "national revolution." The Germany of yesterday has already disappeared. The peasant in the field and the worker at his bench have learned that might alone is the measure of all things. The National Socialists have always scoffed at the idealist who believes that the battles of the world can be won with spiritual weapons. A whole nation has now accepted their view. A Germany has come into being in which the belief in brute force has overcome all sentimental and legal inhibitions. Life is relentless and merciless and can be conquered only by him who is relentless and merciless in turn. For the time being the struggle for existence in this desperate nation finds expression in the struggle of each individual against every other. Liberal Germany and its ideals are dead.

The Jew in Germany was the first to feel the savagery of the new regime. According to its recent proclamations the German government has embarked on a campaign of economic annihilation against the Jew as a "defensive measure against the campaign of calumnies and lies" that is allegedly being conducted by the Jews the world over against the National Socialist government. But even a cursory examination into the recent and remote history of the two parties that constitute the government of fascist Germany reveals that both have long professed an aggressive anti-Semitism as a fundamental tenet of their political beliefs.

upon him as an enemy." In the New York *American* of January 5, 1930, Karl von Wiegand published an interview with the present Chancellor in which the latter said: "I am not in favor of curtailing the rights of the Jew in Germany." When asked why anti-Semitism, nevertheless, was given so prominent a place in his program, he replied: "Because people would not understand my refusal to do so."

In the blazing resentment with which the world received the news of Germany's reversion to medieval barbarism, the economic background of the anti-Semitism of the National Socialist movement is often overlooked. Racial and religious prejudices are the soil in which the seeds of anti-Semitism are planted. But they fade and die unless nurtured by economic forces. The German business man hates the Jew, not for his beliefs and traditions, but for his success as a business competitor; the intellectual would accept the Jehovah of his Jewish colleague, but he cannot tolerate his superior intelligence and his growing mastery of the German professional and artistic worlds. To leaders of the German National Socialist Party the Jew is above all the builder and motive force of the labor movement. They hate him for his leadership in the spiritual life of the masses, and as that element which more than any other is responsible for their acceptance of Socialist, Communist, and progressive ideas. If the labor movement is to be crushed, the Jew must be removed from every position of influence in the nation, and Chancellor Hitler has made the extermination of Marxism the dominant need of the hour. "So long as the Almighty grants me the breath of life," he vowed in the meeting that opened the last Reichstag campaign, "it will be my will and my determination to destroy this menace to the root. Never, never will I deviate a single step from my solemn duty to eradicate Marxism and all its accompaniments from the German nation." This hatred of what he terms "Marxian" influence, more even than his determination to uproot the labor and trade-union movement, which he regards as the greatest handicap to Germany's capitalist restoration, is the positive force that gives direction to every moral and spiritual concept this movement claims to possess. It is at the bottom of its racial hatred, its positivist Christianity, its educational and moral standards.

How little the German fascist movement has been able to influence the fundamental philosophy of the German working class, recent elections have shown. The bourgeois parties of the middle have been decimated beyond hope of recovery by this new political force; the "Marxist front" has thus far successfully resisted every effort to dislodge its political influence over the German worker. In the first enthusiastic days of the November revolution, on January 19, 1919, 13,700,000 Germans, that is, 45 per cent of the voting population, cast their ballots for the Marxist parties. After fourteen years of progressive disillusionment and need and want, after ten years of a growing nationalist and anti-Marxist propaganda under the leadership of a demagogue of extraordinary power and organizational ability, backed up by every tradition dear to the heart of German reaction, labor polled a joint vote of 13,200,000, or 37.3 per cent of the total vote. The election of March 5 followed a campaign conducted by a government already firmly entrenched, with every conceivable means of terroristic propaganda. Yet the labor parties were able to unite 30.4 per cent of the total vote on their candidates.

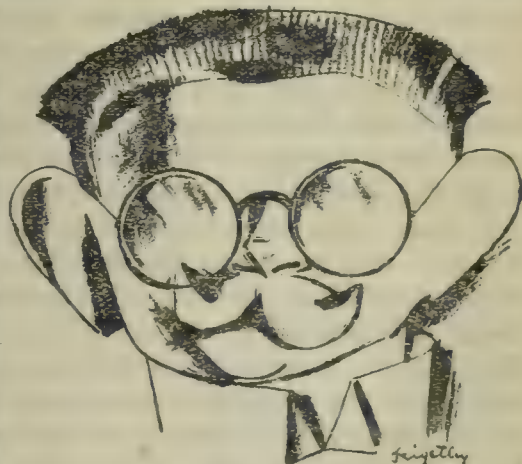
The tentative experiments of that campaign of terror

have become the practice of the new regime. A law of April 1, the first under the enabling act, decrees the immediate dissolution of all state diets which held no elections on March 5, and of all municipal and town councils. Successors are not to be elected, but the old diets and councils will be remodeled in accordance with the results of the Reichstag election of March 5. This law legalizes the ban from parliament of the Communist Party. Under its provisions no Communist may be admitted to any diet or municipal council. The election of Communist deputies to the Reichstag and to the Prussian Diet on March 5 is revoked, their seats to remain vacant to give the National Socialist Party an absolute majority that will make it independent of all other parties. While not officially forbidden, the Communist Party has been totally incapacitated by the arrest of its leaders and active members. Only the consideration that thousands of its members would at once join the Social Democratic Party has thus far prevented its formal suppression. By permitting its continued official existence the government shrewdly prevents what it most fears—a united front of the German proletariat.

The lot of the Social Democracy is not much better. Its deputies have been permitted to take their places in the various parliaments, it is true, but in their opposition to the present regime they do not and dare not venture beyond an occasional weak protest and a carefully restrained opposition, as the speech of Wels at the opening of the Reichstag showed. The entire Socialist press was suppressed up to March 25, and on that day its suppression was extended "for an indefinite period." According to Dr. Frick its reappearance will be permitted when the government has become convinced that the "behavior of the party warrants a more conciliatory attitude on the part of the government." Meanwhile, the government is trying to separate the "free" trade unions from their political allegiance to the Social Democracy—an allegiance that has lasted half a century. In Saxony, Bavaria, Baden, Brunswick, and Württemberg—and other states will follow in a few days—the government commissioners have been ordered to direct the trade unions to "take up their routine activities at once" but with a strict injunction against all political activity. Nazi "cells" and their organizers, together with officials and police authorities, have been given supervision over

the individual unions. They are to exercise strict control over union mail and over the financial and other business transactions of such unions as have hitherto cooperated with Socialist or Communist organizations. Trade-union meetings must be brought to the attention of the authorities forty-eight hours before they take place and can be held only under police supervision. Public trade-union meetings are forbidden.

What is happening to the labor movement—the suppres-



Alfred Hugenberg

sion of free thought and the complete rupture with a proud past—is taking place, perhaps even more dramatically, in the rich field of Germany's cultural life. The atrocities that are being committed in Germany against persons of world renown in art, letters, and every other cultural field are not the fruit of uncontrolled passions released by revolutionary upheaval. They are part of a definite, carefully planned program of relentless persecution against those who refuse to accept the National Socialist super-nationalist philosophy, or who, because of race or creed, have incurred the hatred of the present rulers. In the two short months of its existence the Hitler government has swept like a devastating storm over creative Germany. More than a hundred outstanding artists of the stage have been excluded from all state and municipal playhouses and operas. Prussia's Minister of Culture and Education has declared that he will not permit Jewish conductors to direct state or municipal operas or leading orchestras. Men of such recognized genius as Bruno Walter, for years admired and esteemed in America as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, have been ousted. Famous managers and directors of state and municipal theaters and opera houses, such as Professor Ebert and Professor Max Reinhardt in Berlin, Hans Hartmann in Chemnitz, Dr. Jessner in Königsberg, Dr. Reucker in Dresden, Dr. Karl Wollf and Erich Engel in Leipzig, were also among the first victims of the new regime and have been replaced without notice by National Socialists of doubtful ability.

Thomas and Heinrich Mann, the former the winner of the Nobel prize for literature, both of whom are hated by the Nationalists for their courageous defense of the republic and the labor movement, and Käthe Kollwitz, internationally famous for her proletarian line drawings and etchings, resigned from the Berlin Academy of Art and Sciences after seven National Socialists had been added to its Executive Committee by order of Dr. Rust, Commissioner of Education and Culture in Prussia. Modern architects have been discharged from public posts, among them Wagner in Berlin and Dr. Encke in Leipzig. Liberal and radical writers have been driven from Germany, imprisoned, or threatened with violence. Ernst Toller, Lion Feuchtwanger, Arthur Holitscher, Arthur Rundt, Emil Ludwig, Theodor Wolff, Jacob Wassermann, Georg Bernhardt, Egon Erwin Visch, the famous "rasende Reporter," Arnold and Stephan Zweig—to mention only those whose works are well known on this side of the Atlantic—left the shores of their Fatherland behind them rather than risk the fate of Dr. Hodann, city physician of Berlin and pioneer in the field of sex psychology, Erich Mühsam, the anarchist poet, Ludwig Renn, anti-militarist and Communist writer, Carl von Ossietzky and Kurt Tucholsky, editors of the *Weltbühne*, all of whom were arrested by Nazis several weeks ago. Not a single liberal magazine is being issued in Germany. *Simplicissimus*, the world-famous satirical magazine, has been suppressed, though it practiced the greatest moderation and caution.

The cultural program of the National Socialist knows but a single aim—the restoration of what he pleases to call "Germanic culture," a culture uniting racial intolerance with a blind and aggressive nationalism that rejects the products of the post-war era in art, literature, music, and architecture as the creations of a Jewish and therefore degenerate civilization. The foundation of this new culture is a militant

"Christianity" that demands an eye for an eye and preaches hatred and prejudice against all who do not accept its tenets. Germany's school system is being reorganized on the basis of Christian precepts and the Christian faith. Schools called into being during the years of the republic by freethinkers and workers' organizations for the propagation of a modern *Weltanschauung* have been officially disbanded, for instance, the famous Karl Marx Schule in Berlin, directed by Dr. Karsen. To those teaching or propagating atheism the new regime threatens and has already meted out severe penalties. Religious instruction, banned from schools since 1918 wherever the regularly elected parent boards so decided, has been restored to the important place it held under the Hohenzollerns and attendance has been made obligatory. By a recent order daily prayers are again part of the school routine. By order of the Minister for Education the theory of evolution must be brought into accord with Biblical history. History must be presented to emphasize Germany's superiority and national greatness and must glorify its past under monarchical rule. The study of the Weimar constitution has been discontinued and in its stead special attention is being paid to the Treaty of Versailles.

The Freie Volksbühne, with its more than 150 affiliated societies in the Reich, the proud owner of modern playhouses and repertory companies in the largest industrial cities, has been ruled out of existence. German culture, which, more than that of any other nation, led the world's intellectual and spiritual life, is a thing of the past.

In view of the great influence that the church will exert on every phase of public life in the "new Germany," the position that the Centrist Party—hitherto the only remaining opposition party of the bourgeoisie—would take toward the Hitler regime was a matter of interested speculation. Now that the Centrist groups in the Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag have voted for the dictatorship without a dissenting voice, the subjugation of the Catholic Party of Germany under the yoke of National Socialism is an accomplished fact. But the government demands more than tacit approval. It demands active participation in the work of fascist reconstruction, a task to which the clergy has not yet been able to adjust itself. But for it too the hour of complete subjugation has come. The semi-official Vatican City Correspondence says under the date of March 14:

The situation created in Germany by the stupendous triumph of the Brown Shirts is interesting from the point of view of the relationship between the government and the Catholic church. The attitude of the Centrist Party and a number of decisions of the German clergy during the period of the early Hitler demonstrations had given rise to conclusions that today—according to highest authority—have lost all justification. During the entire development that led to the present situation the German clergy has studiously avoided anything that might produce a mutual irritation or resentment which could bring only disaster upon the political leaders and the spiritual interests of the church. The careful instructions issued by the German bishops during the last elections were intended to remind Catholic voters of their solemn obligation to cast their ballots for candidates only who represent no anti-religious program or parties. . . . With a healthy governmental activity, a firm program, and wholesome discipline the Hitler party will be a bulwark against a Bolshevik invasion that would mean the ultimate destruction of the nation and the

beginning of chaos in Europe, and which is being furthered in mad and criminal irresponsibility by the powers of darkness. . . . German Catholics will not stand aside at a moment so decisive for the fate of their country and perhaps of Europe.

The Centrist Party will therefore become a positive factor in fascist Germany, striking a course that was manifest from the start and wholly in keeping with its innermost structure, which endeavors to represent the Catholic worker and the middle class, and with the entire medieval conception of social forces of the mother church. Fascist dominance of the Catholic church will be the next logical step in Germany as it was in Italy and in every other country where fascism is victorious.

A month ago Count Keyserling, a man of notoriously conservative views, outlined what he believed would be the future of the "Dritte Reich" in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* as follows:

A policy based on nationalism as a party program, nationalism in the sense of the Hohenzollern or nationalism based on race and blood, must of necessity end in the worst fratricidal struggle that has ever devastated Germany. The offensive charge that he who does not support this man or that in the nation is therefore not German must release the furies of hatred upon our people. Once more I venture to prophesy—and events have rarely given the lie to my predictions—if that struggle of brother against brother comes, the parties of the left will win, for theirs is the older tradition.

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

THERE are two ways of getting from place to place—hitch-hiking on the highway or riding a freight train and occasionally a passenger. The first is less dangerous and more comfortable. One soon learns to go beyond the city limits to hail cars. It may be a long walk from the center of town to the main highway, especially in the larger cities, but by panhandling for a few hours when the police are not looking, one may pick up enough money to pay the fare to the outskirts of the city and have a few pennies to spare. The hitch-hiker must be just as careful about accepting a "lift" as the owner of an automobile in offering it. He must not ride with every Tom, Dick, and Harry; he must avoid drunken drivers, persons who look suspicious, and those who ask him if he has money to pay for the gas. A good many owners of automobiles on the highway make a business of hi-jacking wanderers. Such cases are never reported in the newspapers. I met a middle-aged man in Denver, Colorado, whose bandaged head and black-and-blue eyes gave evidence of a struggle. I asked him what had happened.

"That's what I got for playing the highway. I picked cotton in Kirkland, Texas, and earned ten dollars. You know how hard I had to work for that—cotton picking only pays forty cents a hundred. Well, after I made the money, I went out on the highway. Three fellows in a car gave me a lift. We goes out about three miles and they asks me if I had any money. 'Hell, no,' I says. Then they piles on me, takes my money which they finds in my shoes, and dumps me on the highway. From now on, me for the freights."

In general, however, the highway is cleaner and there is less danger of being picked up for vagrancy. In a few States railroad and bus corporations have placed on the statute books laws prohibiting the solicitation of rides. Fortunately, these laws are unpopular and the State police themselves will often give one a lift. Hopping freight trains and riding passengers in the blind remain the most popular means of travel in spite of the danger. A certain knack is required to get on and off trains safely and a good many men do not have it. Some railroads do not permit the boarding of trains in the yards, so that it becomes necessary to grab the freights "on the fly" after they leave the yards. Sometimes the train has picked up so much speed that it is absolute folly to try to

board it, yet the attempt is often made, and not infrequently legs or arms are caught under the wheels.

Even if one succeeds in boarding the freight, there may be another difficulty—railroad employees whose main delight seems to be knocking men off trains in motion. Refusal to jump off voluntarily is met with clubs on the body. If the hobo is armed with a gun or a knife, which is not unusual, he may fight to stay on. I am told that it was during a struggle of this kind that a youngster killed the father of "Texas Slim," a railroad bull in Longview, Texas. Now Texas Slim is carrying on for his father, but I have heard men in the jungles predict his demise.

Another railroad bull who, to put it mildly, is not popular with hobos is "Denver Bob," of Amarillo, Texas. At three o'clock one morning in October the freight train I was riding arrived in Amarillo. We were sleeping in an empty box-car when a brakeman put his light inside the car and warned us to get out of the yards before Denver Bob appeared. Cold, hungry, and half asleep, we scattered in the fear of one man who has a reputation all over the land for being a "tough hombre." We gathered wood, built a fire, and squatted around it. The chief topic of conversation was how much longer Denver Bob would enjoy the sweetness of life. The Starvation Army, until a more opportune day, admitted defeat; its morale was broken, its stomach empty, and the weather unbearably cold.

Free rides during the cold winter months are well earned. Even an empty box-car with the doors closed is cold and uncomfortable. It is hell itself to ride on the tops of the cars or in the reefers—small compartments in a fruit car allowing easy circulation of air to preserve the fruit. Many a freight train has lost some of its human cargo, perhaps because hands were frozen and could not hang on any longer.

As soon as the Starvation Army invades a town it begins the search for food. The inexperienced go to the Salvation Army, a community kitchen, or a mission. On the whole most of these relief agencies are unsatisfactory.

Case 1. In some of its branches the Salvation Army makes a hungry man work on a wood pile from thirty to sixty minutes on an empty stomach. In Missoula, Montana,

each of us was assigned to a pile of logs. Fortunately, I had a partner with me and the saw was sharp. We had been on the wood pile half an hour when a one-armed man approached and asked for something to eat. "Are you willing to work?" asked the man in charge.

The one-armed man hesitated for a moment, glancing at the other hobos as they struggled with their jobs. Finally he said, "I guess so." Obviously he could not chop wood. But he was given a small saw and assigned to a pile of wood. The Salvation Army apparently recognizes no difference between the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the crippled and the sound, and to the man on the road nothing seems more inconsistent with the spirit of charity than the principle of quid pro quo.

Case 2. The Community Kitchen in San José, California, is in a large brick building located a good distance from the center of town. It is operated by the city and has no affiliation with the Salvation Army. As I approached the entrance, a foul smell penetrated my nostrils. But it was Sunday—a hard day for bumming—so I decided to join a long line waiting for food. As I moved up to the serving table I noticed that the cook was chewing tobacco and spitting every now and then on the kitchen floor. I received a bowl of soup, two slices of stale bread, and a cup of black coffee. I asked the cook for a spoon. "There ain't none," he replied.

I looked around for a seat, but there was not one in the entire building. All the men were eating standing up. The soup had a horrible stench. Its taste was worse than its smell. The man next to me pulled out a bag of salt which he had bummed. He said he always carried it with him into relief agencies, so that he could flavor the food. But nothing in the world could have helped that soup. The coffee was sugarless and tasted like chicory. The stale bread alone was edible. Gingerly I walked to the garbage can and emptied the remains of my soup and coffee. And I saw that I was not alone in my rudeness to the city of San José. Other guests had also deposited their dinners in the garbage can. The man at the door told us to file out and wait for him, and we were put on the wood pile for half an hour to earn our dainty dinner.

Case 3. The Rescue Mission in Colorado Springs, Colorado, is operated by a private individual. One evening eight hungry men were waiting for the church services to begin at seven o'clock and end at nine, when the stomachs of the sinners were to be satisfied. At seven-thirty the leader of the services had not appeared. The persons in charge, blaming his absence on the storm outside, arranged for a different leader. Fortunately, the room was warm and a meal was not far off. The new leader was a young lady whose absorbing passion in life apparently was to aid the sinful and distressed. We sang hymns very discordantly. When nine o'clock came round, we were still singing for the salvation of our souls. At last the singing stopped. We expected any moment to be invited to eat, but it takes time to purify the soul.

"Has anyone a testimony to make?" asked the leader. No one budged. "Who will testify that he has seen the light?" she continued. "Who will seek forgiveness for his sins?"

The man on my left stood up to testify. He said he had been a gambler, a drinker, a smoker, the worst of sin-

ners, but the Lord had saved him. I am inclined to think that his testimony was the sudden offspring of hunger.

"Glory be to God," said the pleased leader.

"Halleluiah, praise the Lord," chimed in her cohorts.

The leader and her friends got down on their knees to testify. They screamed, shouted to God, and wept audibly. Each one seemed bent on drowning the voices of the others. We could no longer hear the storm on the roof. It was not until nine-thirty that these good people out of exhaustion stopped their exercise. Now that they had purged their sins we felt certain that the time had come to feed the transgressors.

"Will Mother W—— give the sermon?" inquired the leader of an old lady with gray hair. After delicate refusals and repeated requests the kind lady complied. She spoke about the affliction of her insane boy. She felt sure that he would be saved. The Lord Almighty was kind. It seemed that the good lady did not know when to stop. At ten-fifteen she was as vigorous in her praise of the Deity as at nine-thirty. The sinners lost hope. The man on my left who had given testimony whispered, "Let's get the hell out of this madhouse. It'll be morning before we eat." I agreed. It certainly was impolite, but our stomachs ordered us to leave.

The rain was falling heavily. My partner took the right side of the main street and I the left, and we "hit up" every cafe for work in return for a meal. Fortunately we succeeded, but only after a drenching. In many missions an attempt is made to convert the hobo through his stomach, but the Rescue Mission in Colorado Springs is more zealous than most.

Case 4. The Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., lodges the unemployed and feeds them twice daily. Breakfast, which is served from six to six-thirty in the morning, consists of a small saucer of oatmeal, a thick slice of bread, and a cup of sugarless black coffee. When breakfast is finished, the men are turned into the streets until the next and last meal, which is served from four to five. It consists of a bowl of soup, three thin slices of apple, a chunk of bread, and black coffee. I spent four days in this mission; the diet was the same each day and "seconds" were not to be had. We received just enough food to keep us alive. The experienced man, for obvious reasons, avoids the charity of welfare agencies and patronizes them only if driven to it. To get edible food that will "stick to one's ribs" the Starvation Army prefers to knock on back doors and work for a private individual. A person who is willing to feed a hungry man seldom requires work in return, although in Laurel, Montana, I worked on a large heap of dirt for an hour and a half for a bowl of beans. Some people give the wanderer a meal ticket to one of the town's relief agencies. I have enlightened many of these charitable people by offering to show them what kind of food is given out and the piles of wood that must be sawed or chopped on an empty stomach. And many a man has decided to aid the distressed directly, so that he will know what is done with his money.

If the Starvation Army has no luck at private houses, there are many other possibilities: restaurants, grocery stores, drugstores, insane asylums, Catholic hospitals, a negligible few Y. M. C. A.'s, some jails, Jewish charities if one is a Jew, and such institutions as the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs. However, to escape the clubs of the law

one must "play" with caution the grocery stores, cafes, and houses. It is not enough for a man to be out of a job. If he looks for food, he is regarded as a criminal. A hungry man without the means of satisfying his hunger is not a respectable citizen, and can be preyed upon by the police.

"I was walking near Tulane University in New Orleans," said a friend I met in Houston. "I spotted some swell houses. The first house I dings hits the bull right in the eye. The maid gives me a lump and tells me I wouldn't have to work for it. So I takes it to the water front and begins to eat it. Then along comes a bull. 'Where'd you get that?' he says. So I tells 'im. He takes me to the police station. The judge wouldn't believe that I asked to work for the lump. He gives me thirty days in the can."

The Saint Francis Hospital in Colorado Springs, like all Catholic institutions, never turned down a hungry man until the police ordered the hospital to discontinue such charity. This was explained to me by a nurse, who was sorry she could not help me.

Stemming, or panhandling for money on the streets, is more risky than any other form of bumming. The bum's judgment of human nature is not always proof against plain-clothes men. What happens to the detected beggar depends

on the character of the officer. Sometimes he is warned to "beat it." Usually, he gets a jail term for vagrancy. A good many members of the Starvation Army prefer to bum their groceries from stores and houses and cook their own food in the jungles. Every town has its jungle, unless it has been broken up by the police. This happened last August in Sacramento, California, when hundreds of men had gathered in the hobo camps and there was fear of a revolt. In the jungles are running water, tin cans, basins, firewood, and other handy articles. Many of these cans have been used for years by all sorts of individuals, both healthy and diseased. But hungry men are not squeamish. Some of them scour the utensils with a handful of dirt. Others pay no attention to the rust in the cans from which they drink their coffee or eat their "mulligan," a stew made of a chunk of meat, potatoes, onions, and whatever other vegetables can be bumed or pilfered. Where city water is not available, the jungles are located near a running stream. In case of a shortage of firewood the Starvation Army breaks down the walls of unused box-cars, and sometimes it does not hesitate to plunder railroad ties or invade a lumber yard.

[The third and last instalment of *The Starvation Army* will appear next week.]

The Challenge of Muscle Shoals

By BENTON MACKAYE

Washington, April 7

WHAT is the significance of President Roosevelt's project in the Tennessee Valley? Some say it is too big, others say it is too small. Two New York newspapers call it "grandiose." Arthur Brisbane says that "some idea bigger than an engineering plan . . . is called for in this situation." Big or little, what are its potentialities for good or ill? Offhand it looks like the fruition of the conservation policy put forth a generation ago by the illustrious, if distant, "Cousin Theodore." It would conserve in the Tennessee Valley three of the "big four" natural resources—forests, waters, and soils—the fourth being ores. To "conserve" them means to make the most of them for all people for all time.

Senator Norris's water-power project at Muscle Shoals is of course a key point in the whole enterprise. As an old United States Forest Service man, who worked under Gifford Pinchot, I can almost see old Theodore smile through his big teeth and pronounce the whole thing "bully." It looks as if we were catching up with 1908, when President Theodore, declaring he was "against the land-skinner every time," established the then promising, now forgotten, National Conservation Commission. Franklin Roosevelt goes farther than Cousin Theodore. He adds a new item, namely, the "stimulation of decentralized industry." And thereby hangs the tale of what has come to pass in the last quarter-century, which has recorded an unparalleled mechanical advance.

Why decentralize industry? To speed its wheels? In some ways yes, in others no. To disperse an integrating proletariat? Perhaps an unconscious motive. To enable men to live like civilized persons in civilized surroundings—and not like ants in an ant hill? That is the ultimate promise of

decentralized industry. It means decentralized life—new towns, new roads, new human settings generally.

Environment is a natural resource. It is an energy resource, like water power, but it is psychological and not mechanical; it is what the biologists call "outward influence"; and it is something more than scenery. It applies not only to the mountain scene where perhaps we spend our Sunday, but to the home and town where of need we spend our week days. And it applies to the motor wayside in between.

With these three situations—mountain, town, and wayside—go the three steps of environment which are basic to our human needs. One is the primeval—the influence man shares with all animate creatures; one is the communal—the influence of home and neighbor which converted us from beast to human; one is the rural—the blend of earth and man observed from the open road. The three natural resources are as fundamental to our cultural growth as timber, soil, and water to our physical being. The developments of each and all are inseparably interwoven.

We discover a thing by losing it. Since 1908 we have discovered this new resource of environment—something as "new" as air would be if it were gradually turned off. Air is to the body what environment is to the mind—a fundamental medium and resource. We are losing this medium and resource—on roads, in towns, in mountain spaces.

Take the road: The typical old-time road led from one town to another through open rural country. Enter, since 1908, the motor car, or private locomotive, which in effect has made a "railroad" out of every main road, even though we may call it romantically a "trail." A railroad recognized as such, whether of iron or cement, would be a line of transport only; stations appropriately spaced would be established,

and entrance would be barred on the intervening stretches. But our modern motor cement railroad *not* recognized as such becomes more a line of buildings than of transport; our so-called "trail" becomes a street, and a market street at that. Since 1908 it has largely replaced the one-time rural wayside. The remedy consists in the simple recognition of the motorway as a railway and the control of the course of its development in the interests of the motorist, not the marketer.

The town is for living and not transport. The town or community is the larger home, and its essence is individuality. Any foreign element, such as transport, that disturbs this precious essence disturbs the essential community or home environment. The motor road has done this very thing. Invading one town after another it tends to break their bounds and connect them by an endless street or "road town." This spells the death of individuality. The genuine community and its home environment have been gradually disappearing since the good year 1908. It would be very simple to sidetrack this invasion. Merely sidetrack the town; divorce residence from travel; place town sites away from transport arteries and connect the two by a side spur. The complete solution of this problem occurs in the new town of Radburn, New Jersey. It is a matter of controlling, in the interest of both motorist and resident, the distribution of population and development.

Take finally the mountain range. The highest, widest, wildest mountain range in eastern North America rises from the Tennessee River basin. Topped by the Great Smokies it forms the basin's southeast wall and covers an area larger than New Jersey. A goodly portion is, or will be, publicly owned—it already comprises several national forests and the Great Smoky National Park. Long-distance footpaths follow for hundreds of miles the crests of the Great Smoky and other ranges; cabins and shelters provide overnight quarters for the increasing number of walkers. This system of footpaths, if not invaded by the motor car and all its train, will provide for Easterners the setting of primeval America.

The footpath system is accessible by means of motor highways across the ranges—through the valleys and over the gaps. Here the highway serves a wholly justifiable function—even when it ascends certain peaks. But the ponderous presence of the motor highway, even though shorn of shacks and signboards, should not follow for any substantial distance the skylines at the heart of the mountain wilderness. If it does the primeval environment for whose achievement the reservation was devised is to this extent invaded and rendered null and void. In the mountains as on the plain the big problem of the motor age is to restrict the motorway to its proper function and place.

The problem of the Tennessee Valley comes down to "stream control" of two kinds: the stream of waters in the rivers, and the stream of development along the highways. Each stream must be kept moving; each element must be finally distributed—one in terms of water power installed in power lines, the other in terms of human beings settled in communities. Each kind of stream requires a plan, one for the river, the other for the highway. One is a physical plan, the other is a cultural plan. The physical plan has three parts:

1. The main rivers, meaning the Tennessee and its main branches, should be harnessed. Reservoirs in Cove Creek and a dozen other upstream basins would store the

flood waters and let them out again in a steady moderate flow to keep the turbines going at Muscle Shoals and the other power stations, where the might of flowing water would be turned into electricity and sent into a thousand other "rivers"—of copper wire.

2. Power lines, the wire "rivers," should be laid out throughout the region. Each wire should feed power to a smokeless factory which in turn would feed wages to a smokeless town. Energy supplied directly by nature, without help from the power trust, would rival the air in cheapness. What this would mean in the abolition of farm and home drudgery few Americans realize. They think of cheap current as halving their bills for electric lighting—a desirable but not exciting or important objective. But power produced, transmitted, and distributed as it could be under efficient and profitless management would mean the elimination of the other inconvenient fuels with which householders now struggle to stoke kitchen stove, water heater, range, or furnace. In future, householders within 350 miles of Muscle Shoals—and ultimately everywhere in the United States—will heat their homes by electricity, will cook, refrigerate, condition the air, and warm all water by electricity.

3. Forest cover should be maintained on the mountain slopes—for timber, and also to make a carpet sponge or natural reservoir to hold in check the upland freshets. The upland forest is the oozing source of the river and its power.

The cultural plan also has three parts:

1. The through highways would be insulated and provided with stations between which no cars would be allowed to enter or depart. The through motor road would be recognized for what in effect it is—a "cement railroad," and no development would be allowed to gather on its sides. The rural wayside environment would be maintained.

2. Communities would be laid out within the lowlands—each away from the main highway and connected with it by a spur; here, and not upon the highway, would be gathered the development; but it would be an orderly development distributed, as at Radburn, under definite town plans. The home-community environment would be maintained.

3. The Great Smoky and other mountain ranges would be equipped with skyline footpaths, including primitive shelters connected at appropriate gaps with transverse motorways; and certain peaks would be made accessible by motor. But the greater portion of the mountain area would remain a wilderness, or primeval environment. Here are the plans in parallel columns:

The Physical Plan

1. Control of the flow of water along the river channels.
2. Distribution of water power via power lines throughout the lowlands.
3. Maintenance of the forest on the mountain sides.

The Cultural Plan

1. Control of the flow of development along the highway channels.
2. Distribution of development in communities throughout the lowlands.
3. Maintenance of wilderness on the mountain sides.

What will Franklin Roosevelt do? Will he merely carry out Theodore Roosevelt's policies of 1908? Or will he adopt a policy advanced enough to fit his own generation? Whether we get paradise or slum in the Tennessee Valley depends on the answers to these questions.

Dayton, Ohio, Makes Social History

By RALPH BORSODI

DAYTON, Ohio, is setting the stage for an important economic, social, and educational experiment. Out of the Production Units, established in the summer of last year under the leadership of Dr. Elizabeth Nutting and a group of exceptional personalities, is growing a movement to ring the city of Dayton with what will be known as Homestead Units. The Homestead Unit represents an attempt to solve the dilemmas of the machine age along entirely new lines.

In one respect the Dayton movement is quite different from the hundreds of self-help, barter, and scrip movements which have sprung up all over the country. It is an experiment in production for use as against production for sale or exchange. From the very beginning the leaders of the Dayton group have had in mind not only a temporary solution for the problem of the unemployed but a permanently better way of living for every man, woman, and child now struggling for happiness in our industrial civilization.

The original Production Units, of which there are now ten, are located in various sections of the city. They now have a membership of around 800 families and are the principal source of support of nearly 4,000 men, women, and children. The tenth unit was organized the week I was in Dayton in the middle of January—this unit included teaching and professional families of a much higher cultural level than those included in the earlier units. A unit was also being organized in one of the largest high schools in the city to include boys and girls who have graduated from school and who now find that the jobs in industry and business for which they spent years in training do not exist. These younger folk, like the adults in the older units, are being made to see this movement not merely as a stop-gap for the period of the depression but as an entirely new way of living. More and more Production Units will be established in the city and at the same time the movement will be extended into the country.

Superficially the Production Units are much like other groups in which the unemployed are organized for self-help, though the Dayton groups are smaller than most. The unit secures an empty house or store for headquarters, acquires sewing machines, shoe-making machinery, abandoned bakery ovens, and begins to make dresses and shirts, to bake bread, to repair shoes, to cut wood. What the members of the group cannot consume they trade to the city relief stores, to the farmers of the surrounding country, and among themselves for foodstuffs, cloth, raw materials, and other products. The Dayton plan is unlike most self-help schemes in that barter is merely incidental. Within each unit, distribution to the membership is made according to need, each member being required to put in a certain amount of work. Usually the time which the members devote to the unit is greatly in excess of the minimum required. Volunteer work is common and a spirit of comradeship and mutual helpfulness prevails.

The limitations within which the Production Units operate are obvious. In the city no raw materials can be produced. In order to obtain cloth, raw wool, and groceries

which they do not produce, surpluses of clothing and bread and other products must be manufactured. This requires large-scale operations and is dependent upon the unit's ability to secure factory machinery. These large-scale operations thrust upon each organization problems of management actually much more difficult than those in an average factory, because the management has to be democratic. Politics, of course, arise. Revolutions within each unit have taken place, though each has managed ultimately to develop leadership and select a general manager and an executive committee efficient enough to carry on. The larger the units become—that is, the more nearly their operations approach factory proportions—the more difficult become the problems of management and distribution. As long as the units remain in the city and as long as they produce by factory methods surpluses which they can exchange for the commodities they do not make, they will have all the limitations under which cooperative organizations generally labor. Only exceptional leadership will in my opinion enable the units to maintain themselves when opportunities for outside employment increase for the members.

The Homestead Unit, the new experiment to which Dayton is now committing itself as fast as suitable tracts of land can be secured and the necessary funds raised, goes far beyond the Production Unit. In the Homestead Units, which are to be located within a fifteen-mile radius of the city, the families belonging to each unit will build their own homes and grow their own crops in addition to carrying on the group activities which the unit as a whole may decide on. Each tract will be owned by the unit as a whole; the homesteads will be granted to members under perpetual leaseholds and will consist of about three acres each. The pasture, wood-lot, and community buildings will be owned by the unit and used by the members under rules and regulations established by the whole group. Each family in the unit is expected to build its own home, poultry-house, cow-shed, and workshop; to cultivate a garden, set out an orchard and berry patch, and become as nearly self-sufficient as were the pioneers of a hundred years ago. Trades and crafts will be permitted to develop toward specialization as far as the members desire, but there will be no emphasis on specialization as a good in itself. Large-scale farming operations may be carried on by the group as a unit, just as the city units are now producing clothes, bread, and other goods.

The plans presented for the first Homestead Unit look toward the building of permanent and beautiful homes. The house walls will probably be made of rammed earth. Cellars and garrets will be avoided and the construction will be along lines developed by Ernest Flagg for beautiful and inexpensive small homes. The homesteaders will commute between the homesteads and their homes in Dayton while building the first wing of their house. As soon as these wings are completed, they will move in and begin to garden, to make their own furniture in their own workshops, to weave cloth on their own looms, and to make their own clothes on their own sewing machines. Electricity will be available not only

for light but for power. Machinery will be used to reduce drudgery to a minimum. The crushing tax burden of elaborate water and sewerage systems will be avoided by the use of individual automatic pumps and individual septic tanks.

Ambitious as this venture may sound from the standpoint of capital required, the financial basis on which the project has been planned by the responsible group of Dayton citizens who are backing it is entirely sound. The funds to purchase the land and to build and equip the homesteads—the labor being supplied by the members of each unit—are to be lent to the units and to the homesteaders for a long term of years on the building-and-loan-association plan. Advances will be made for building material, for machinery, for tools, for live stock, and so on by a committee of business men of which General George H. Wood is chairman. Part-time employment and the sale or exchange of any surplus products will enable the homesteaders to repay the loans and keep intact the revolving fund with which additional homesteads may be established.

One feature of the plan shows the foresight with which the whole project is being launched. In order to prevent the possibility of speculation in land either at present or at some future time, perpetual leaseholds are to be substituted for the usual deeds to land. Thus all the advantages which flow from individual use and individual ownership of the homesteads will be retained, while injustices to the community flowing from the withholding of the land allotted to any homesteader from use will be prevented. The taxes levied upon the whole unit are to be apportioned among the leaseholders in accordance with the value of the piece of land leased to them.

The outstanding fact about these homesteads is that they are designed not only for family gardening but for family weaving and sewing and family activities in all the crafts which have been neglected for so many years. The loom-room and the workshop, with all their opportunities for self-expression and creative education, are once again to become part of the American scene. They are being brought back to the home in Dayton to fulfil the same functions that they fulfilled in the early American home—to furnish economic independence, security, and self-sufficiency. The tools and machines which will be used, however, instead of duplicating, with false romanticism, the clumsy appliances of pioneer days, will be modern and efficient. Power will be used both to eliminate drudgery and to speed up production. Modern inventions will supply comfort. The homestead will furnish the security of which industrialism has deprived us. What I called domestic machinery in my last book, in contrast to factory machinery, is to be given a chance to free the unemployed of Dayton from their dependence upon industry and make possible a higher standard of living than they ever before enjoyed.

Dayton is not waiting for economic planning in order to find some way of taming the machine. It is decentralizing production, instead of integrating it; and eliminating distribution costs by making the point of production and the point of consumption one and the same. It is making the home, rather than the factory, the economic center of life, and turning to education, and the artist-teacher rather than to the politician and the technical specialist for a way out. Dayton promises to make social history. Something really new is emerging from its struggle with the problem of relief.

In the Driftway

EVEN in a land whose credit is frozen and whose industry lies rigid under a killing frost the Drifter has confidence that spring will come. He may have lost faith in financiers and industrialists and politicians, but he still trusts in the seasons, and it is one of the boons granted to mortals that recurring processes of nature do not grow commonplace with repetition, but ever more amazing. As Chesterton says in one of his poems, it comes about

That a man grows used to grief and joy
But not to night and day.

The Drifter's thoughts have been roving springward because of a letter from a friend about a farmer. The farmer lived 2,000 years ago in a neck of the woods now known as Italy. His name was Publius Vergilius Maro, and although he was a good farmer, unfortunately he has come down to many moderns only as a beastly bore of a writer of Latin required in high schools, who is better known as Vergil. The Drifter's correspondent thinks it a pity that students are not allowed to approach Vergil through "The Georgics" rather than "The Aeneid," which latter he regards as a poor imitation of "The Odyssey" of Homer. Vergil was the son of a farmer and lived always among the fields. When he wrote "The Georgics" he spoke of something he knew and loved, says the Drifter's correspondent, and incloses an enthusiastic appreciation of the poem by Professor Savastano of the Sicilian fruit-culture station.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not feel sure that "The Georgics" would be more inspiring to the average student than "The Aeneid," but he is charmed with the regard which Professor Savastano has for Vergil as a farmer and his enthusiasm for him as an authentic bard of agriculturists:

The literati wish to make of "The Georgics" a didactic poem on agriculture; we agriculturists, on the other hand, maintain that they are a poem of agriculture. . . . Vergil reveals himself to the agriculturist; he has no one else in mind; he talks to him, advises, admonishes; he watches over him, commiserates him, exalts him now affectionately, now sternly, but always with Vergilian goodness; he speaks as farmer to farmer, expounding to him the tasks of the fields. And his exposition is so beautiful and gentle as to lack the rugged precision of agricultural technique; it is an exhibition of flowers and fruits, in which the enchantment of their beauty makes one take no account of the long and fixed labor endured to obtain them. . . . They ["The Georgics"] form the epic of us agriculturists and of our Mother Earth with her trees, fields, flocks, bees, flowers, all of which with maternal generosity she yields to us voluntarily and easily; they are our poem, the poem of agriculture.

* * * * *

IT is humbling to learn from Professor Savastano that Farmer Vergil knew the essentials of plant propagation as well as we know them today, and that his description in "The Georgics" of cleft grafting and budding is practically identical with modern technique. This spring, not for

many years, will the thoughts of Americans turn toward the soil and those who patiently make it yield us bread. William Jennings Bryan uttered some foolish words in his time, but many of them may be forgiven when we recall that in his famous cross-of-gold speech before the Democratic national convention in Chicago more than a generation ago he declared that if our cities should cease, our countryside would still go on, but if we allowed our farms to decay, grass would grow in the streets of New York.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The German Architects

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

During the past decade Germany had replaced England as the world's school of modern city planning. She was scientific where the others were only scholarly; she was both methodic and keen, economical and bold. Today all that is past. In the autumn I mentioned in one of my columns on architecture in *The Nation* the ominous closing by the Nazis of the famous Bauhaus. The Bauhaus later reopened in Berlin, but Berlin offers no shelter today. No news has come through yet about the school. Gropius, however, the original founder and probably one of the greatest living architects, is a refugee in Switzerland. Ernst May, who planned the famous Frankfurt developments, happened to come back at just the wrong moment from Russia, but managed to skip to Italy. Bruno Taut, who designed a large proportion of the new housing in Berlin, was reported in his office one day, not to be found the next; my American informant later fell in with him on his way out of the country. Others still remaining in Germany could not be mentioned by name, even were their fate known; suffice it that these leaders are all gone.

It is not possible for anyone who knew these men to lay the blame entirely on the Nazis. Every American, among other foreign visitors, was begged by these German leaders to urge his countrymen, in the name of the survival of civilization, to ease the burden under which Germany was struggling. We were ineffective. The defeat is ours; the suffering theirs.

New York, April 7

DOUGLAS HASKELL

S. W. Straus and Company

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your editorial comment on S. W. Straus and Company in your issue of March 29, you stated that "not only have millions of dollars of the real-estate mortgage bonds which that company sold become worthless, but those 'securities' had so little substantial value behind them that against \$380,000,000 worth unloaded on the public, only \$29,000 of liquid assets remain." The plain implication of this statement is that the various bond issues sold to the public by Straus and Company are at present secured only by the \$29,000 of liquid assets of that company. Thus construed, the statement is inaccurate in every possible particular.

As your editorial later points out, these bond issues were not guaranteed by Straus and Company. Consequently the assets of that company, liquid or otherwise, in no sense secured these bonds and, by the same token, have nothing to do with the security back of them. The bonds were, and in most cases still are, secured by real estate of substantial value—frequently in-

adequate as events have shown, but on any estimate worth many millions of dollars. Further, a substantial number of these issues, aggregating (at a guess) \$100,000,000 more or less, are not in default, even after the drastic deflation which all real estate and securities based thereon have undergone in the past three years. To intimate that these securities have now only \$29,000 of realizable value behind them is grossly unfair both to the companies which have issued these securities and are still meeting their obligations thereon, and to the bond-holders of these issues, who, in common with other investors, have sufficient worries about their holdings without being stampeded by false rumors.

I have no interest in defending the methods and practices of the Straus organization. I am in entire sympathy with the desire of *The Nation* to see the public protected from a repetition of such practices. But this purpose will not be served by the careless misstatement of facts which are readily ascertainable upon even a casual inquiry.

New York, March 30

A. Y. L.

A Worm's-Eye View

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Kindly allow a worm a word. It seems to me that our legislative bellwethers and ardent pacifists who are trying to meet the ever-present threat of war by arranging disarmament conferences are getting the cart before the horse with true statesman-like dexterity. What is the use, may I ask, of calling costly and prolonged meetings to convene, debate, disagree, send home expense accounts, and adjourn while the several nations of the world continue to permit the private manufacture of and profits from the munitions of war?

To reduce the mere quantity of armaments, even if it could be done, is to begin at the tail end of the problem. If world governments would say conjointly and synchronously, "From now on no corporation under private control may produce, merchandise, or sell any guns, tanks, bombs, battleships, or planes," the whole business of war-promoting, war-preparing, and war-conducting would drop to pieces automatically. Then there would be no need for arguments or for converting the manufacturers to a better life. The one human activity most promptly to be abandoned is that activity which fails to produce dividends.

Dayton, Ohio, April 10 CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY J. ROSNER, a frequent contributor to the *World Tomorrow* and the *New Leader*, is the research secretary of the City Affairs Committee.

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GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY was formerly warden of Sing Sing prison and head of the department of criminology at the New York School of Social Work.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

Books, Art, Music, Drama

This Footfall of Departure

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Somewhere between idolatry and pride
We might have offered for an empty niche
A shape less marble and less deified,
Snared in that twilight of the god from which
We fled when first these frozen hands rebelled,
Touching the folded garment where it lay
On the white breast whose half-revelment held
All anguish of estrangement, all dismay.

This footfall of departure will not sound
Softer, nor any valediction make
Silence unheard in that forsaken place,
Although at last the sandal be unbound
And the warm night lean over us to shake
Her myriad stars down on a lifted face.

Enfant du Siècle

Intimate Memories. Background. By Mabel Dodge Luhan.
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

MABEL DODGE LUHAN'S vivid and persistently indiscreet book about D. H. Lawrence was one of the most interesting scandalous chronicles of our time, partly because of its well-presented subject matter, and partly because many passages left one pleasantly uncertain whether or not the author really intended the precise effect she was creating. With this new volume she begins the story of her own life as an indefatigable "seeker" who stopped at nothing, and though it lacks the interest contributed by the presence of a world-famous figure, it has many of the qualities which made the earlier book fascinating. Later instalments will doubtless deal freely with the celebrities who frequented her once famous New York salon, and will therefore contain more exciting gossip; but the present one gives a vivid description of the stodgy Buffalo society in which she grew up, and then pictures her beginning, as a girl in Paris, the real business of her life—namely, the search for some person or some cult which would combine in satisfactory fashion those elements of the exquisite and the outré which she was always seeking.

Daughter of a wealthy man so bored with his idleness and his family that he would, for example, run up an American flag every time his wife went away, she passed a lonely and brooding childhood which prepared her for the morbid enthusiasm that broke forth when she established a friendship with two chic and precious American girls living in Paris. Mrs. Luhan makes the little she can out of the scandalous implications of this girlhood infatuation, but that little is little enough, and the real significance of the whole long incident lies in the insight it gives into the development of a temperament genuinely sensitive to beauty but corrupted by a dogged determination to be superior, and by a careful, half-snobbish cultivation of exquisite idiosyncrasies.

The three girls went in heavily for sensibility. They devoured George Sand, adored Chopin, and listened while the ineffable Violet read De Musset. Later they made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth, and when such high delights lost their flavor, they discussed the defects of Violet's parents—*un cochon* and *une vache*, she called them—or "saw life" by sinfully dining alone in

a little private dining-room at the Café de la Paix. Much ahead of her time Violet was studying mathematics at the Sorbonne "for the beauty." She was supposed to be one of those remarkable persons who somehow know the weariness of infinite experience without ever having had any actual experience at all, and looking back, Mrs. Luhan can say:

Violet was, of all the people I have ever known . . . the highest evolved, the one who had reached the farthest. She held all the past within her, and she felt the end was near at hand. . . . She could not do anything about life. She could scarcely live in actions at all; all her living was of the intuition—a culture that she and her psychic ancestors had created and cultivated, carrying its increasing weight through endless generations, and that I and my kind would take over and perhaps painlessly, without effort, carry over into the new life in which she would have no part, her work being ended.

And yet, despite such a lyric passage, Mrs. Luhan can describe how, after reading George Sand, she herself could long "to stand sometime on a lonely promontory, wrapped in a great dark cloak [chic, be it noted, even in suffering], and be buffeted by fate and 'remain always indomptable.'" What is more, she can describe that with what seems to be an adequate appreciation of the adolescent theatricalism of the whole business. As a child, she was, in other words, very adult, but as an adult she retains a certain childishness, and whether that is a compliment or not, it does explain much of that sophisticated naivete which gives her books their peculiar flavor.

Torn from the civilizing influence of Violet and her sister, she was sent to a Washington finishing school and then given a "coming-out party" in Buffalo. Characteristically, she refused all invitations to dance with mere Buffalo youths, and with the description of this fact the book ends. We shall have to wait for the next volume to learn precisely what she did next, but one may be sure that whatever it was, it was literally or symbolically a running away from Buffalo. Indeed, one may suspect that everything else she ever did was essentially that, for it is a paradox that one cannot be proud of how far one has come from anything without, at the same time, confessing that one has not really come at all.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Postmortem on a Poet

The Lost Leader. A Study of Wordsworth. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

Literary Friendships in the Age of Wordsworth. Selected and Edited by R. C. Bald. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

THE favorite pastime of literary critics seems to have become the solving of the problem which was posed for them by Wordsworth when he failed as a poet in or about his fortieth year. Why did he fail, they ask; and each of them has his answer. None of them gives the simplest answer, namely, that it is a mystery—and a pity. No, there is always an ingenious demonstration that after a certain point, and for certain reasons, it grew impossible for Wordsworth to do the great work he once had done. It is as easy to prove this, apparently, as it is to prove that poetry of any kind grows more and more impossible in the modern world. But that is another pastime, and another story.

When H. W. Garrod was professor of poetry at Oxford he announced an explanation of Wordsworth's decline which at least possessed the merit of being arguable, and which was in fact quite plausible. He pointed out that Wordsworth's great period coincided almost exactly with the period of his association with

Coleridge, and suggested that the break with Coleridge was nothing less than a break with poetry. Herbert Read rejected this explanation on the ground that it was too narrow. What, one wonders, will he have to say about Mr. Fausset's explanation, which is that "Wordsworth was a potential mystic who failed to complete himself at a crucial point, failed to pass from the state of childhood and boyhood when the spiritual is inevitably a condition of the natural to a creative maturity when the natural should be an inevitably a condition of the spiritual." Also that he could not "achieve that ultimate pride which, because it constitutes a scorn of self, is also an ultimate humility." Also that he never contrived, first, to surrender his personality "to the same spirit which impelled it into the pass of self-awareness," and then to "receive it back charged with a higher potency and a deeper awareness, with a consciousness that life and truth are given to him which is so real that he too will desire to possess nothing for himself, but only to give out of a true and perpetually replenished selfhood." "It is for us of the modern world"—ah, yes—"to decide whether we will, in our different but even more challenging circumstances, follow his example."

The trouble with Mr. Fausset's book is not that it is unintelligent, or even that it is untrue; but simply that all of it, for 447 pages, reads like the foregoing—that is to say, like a yoga tract. It purrs along from crisis to crisis in Wordsworth's career, never at a loss for something smooth and improving to say, and never with perceptible ripples, whether of emphasis or of doubt, in its at last so irritating flow of words. Mr. Fausset seems to have become, if such a thing is possible, too much of an expert in spiritual problems. Having straightened out Cowper, Tolstoy, Coleridge, Donne, Tennyson, and Keats, he now straightens out Wordsworth; and robs him of his interest. I can imagine only one thing worse than the poetry which Wordsworth wrote during his last forty years, and that is the poetry which he would have written—so impeccably selfless, so spiritually correct—had he placed himself under Mr. Fausset's guidance.

Mr. Bald's novel and valuable anthology reprints the letters and reminiscences in which Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Hunt, Hazlitt, Southey, De Quincey, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and others reveal the literary relationships which existed among them.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Whole Jewish Past

A World Passed By. By Marvin Lowenthal. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

MR. LOWENTHAL'S ambition is strikingly surpassed by his achievement. Among the many worlds of the past that travelers visit—the classic worlds of Greece and Rome, the Arab world that was alight during Europe's Dark Ages, the medieval world, the Renaissance world, and the baroque world so dramatically reintroduced by the Sitwells—there is a world that stands beside all of them but has been consistently passed by, the world of the whole Jewish past. Mr. Lowenthal intended to write a guidebook to this world and to persuade travel to it. He has succeeded superbly in his object. No more eloquent guidebook exists, and if to inform the intelligence more than mere curiosity asks is a service, there is no more useful one. Beginning with a tour of the Louvre, with its splendid collection of Oriental antiquities, Mr. Lowenthal takes us through Europe and North Africa, walking over old graveyards, into crumbling synagogues, and through vanished or transformed ghettos. But the book is more than an amplified guidebook. It is an informal history of the Jews, and draws upon elements too often ignored by the ordinary historian. Each

site is brought alive with its associations. Jewish history since the exile provides few of the usual data of history; but the various degrees of autonomy under which Jewish communities lived provide enough matter for the political historian, the peculiar economic role the Jews were forced into offers exciting business to the economist, the strains and stresses of ghetto life, along with insecurity and actual persecutions, produced consequences of extreme interest to social psychologists. Mr. Lowenthal makes sensitive and acute use of his rich material; his writing is urbane without being soft. Indeed, he reveals himself as one of the most graceful writers of our time.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Secrets of the Prison House

Prison Days and Nights. By Victor E. Nelson. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

HERE is a book that needs a reviewer, not so much to seduce an indifferent public into buying and reading it, as to warn a too susceptible public against being too easily taken in by it and its author. The book is too well done and the author too good-looking, too sure of himself, too plausible, to be allowed at large without watching. It is not that the book is not an honest as well as an intelligent performance. Dr. Abraham Myerson, the well-known Boston psychiatrist, who rescued Nelson from imprisonment, set him on his feet, and put the pen in his hand, introduces him as "the articulate prisoner" whom he had long been seeking. Nelson is that and much more—keenly observant, alive to the essentials of the problem which he was set to solve, and doing his job with painstaking thoroughness. But his dossier, presented by Dr. Myerson, shows, he has since early childhood had little experience of social life except in a prison environment, a fact which qualifies him admirably for an understanding of prison life but leaves him much at a loss in his efforts to evaluate the crime-breeding conditions of the outside world. There, indeed, he appears as a lone wolf, without gangster affiliations or friends of the underworld. For this reason we are compelled to view with suspicion his stories, drawn out in conversation with his fellow-prisoners, of their delinquent careers as well as their reaction to the prison life which they shared together. Much of this, it must be said, bears the stamp of verisimilitude, and may be accepted fairly representative of certain types of underworld characters, but in some instances Nelson appears too guileless in the hands of his tougher associates. He was too aloof in feeling as well as in worldly experience to share their confidence or to record what was said with the requisite understanding and sympathy. He appears to have made no friends. He didn't belong in that galley.

A newly appointed warden of Sing Sing Prison a dozen or more years ago remarked to a friend: "I'm here only to find an answer to two questions: Why are all these fellows here? and What is the prison doing to them?" And the new warden, hoping, like Nelson, that psychiatry might enable him to find the answers he sought, as well as some cure for the evils that they might reveal, set up in Sing Sing the first psychiatric prison clinic. The warden's questions still await an answer. Victor Nelson, too, was concerned with the same questions. To the first, as has been intimated above, he found no acceptable answer. With the second he was more successful.

It did not remain for Nelson to discover that the American prison is not a reformatory institution. Everybody knows that. The statistics of recidivism confirm it, and there is distinct corroboration of the fact in the recent report of the New York State Commission to Investigate Prison Administration, to the effect that out of 3,415 men committed to State correctional institutions in the year 1931, 2,703, or nearly 80 per cent, had

known criminal records. We have had many books by prisoners and ex-prisoners describing prison life in terms which fully account for the prison's failure as a reformatory agency, but no other American book has brought so clearly to light the disconcerting fact that the prison, as we have it today, is a positive agency of moral deterioration as well. One can only refer the reader to the book itself, especially to the chapters, *Prison Days*, *Prison Nights*, *Men Without Women*, and *Prison Stupor*, to convince him of the truth of this assertion.

It would be unfair to close this review without reference to Thomas Mott Osborne's heroic and largely successful efforts to change these conditions at Auburn and Sing Sing and, later, at the United States Naval Prison at Portsmouth, and to the persistent labors of the prison authorities of the federal government and of half a dozen of the States, as well as of Russia and other foreign countries, to develop new types of prisons for different types of offenders, but these are not yet sufficiently advanced to judge of their efficacy. It is to be hoped that Nelson's book will stimulate them and many others to increasingly radical effort to solve the prison problem.

The book which we have been considering was produced in response to Dr. Myerson's question, "What does the prisoner think of the psychiatrist?" We would put to Dr. Myerson the question: What does the psychiatrist think of the prisoner?

GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

Bergson's Creative Ethics

Les Deux Sources de la Morale et de la Religion. By Henri Bergson. Paris: Alcan.

IN this book, the first from Bergson's pen in ten years, and his first important work since the "Evolution Créatrice" twenty-five years ago, the eminent French philosopher not only rounds out a great philosophic career but contributes a sharp and masterly insight, as well as a highly courageous affirmation, in a field where intellectual confusion and moral timidity are too often the rule.

To situate the work in reference to Bergson's philosophic career, it should be recalled that Bergsonism, popularly identified by the slogans intuitionism and anti-intellectualism, arose in connection with the idealistic reaction against the "scientism" of the end of the nineteenth century. In opposition to the mechanistic psychologies which sought to build up the human mind in static terms and entirely from the outside, Bergson took his stand on a reflexive analysis of human experience, which revealed for him a dynamic flow of "duration" irreducible to the static categories of the scientific intelligence. To this effort to apprehend experience in its direct flow and not in terms of the external stopping-points of its attention, Bergson later gave the term intuition—an unfortunate designation, as it proved, responsible for the plague of popularity which beset Bergson's career. Bergson's intuition became an apology for any doctrine which either could not or would not be justified by its advocates on intellectual grounds—from Catholic modernism to direct-action syndicalism. But if Bergson opposed intuition to intelligence, it was not to flatter reasons of the heart over reasons of the mind; it was rather to oppose the creative source of thought to the created and crystallized categories which, once created, function more or less automatically. Bergson himself was accustomed to bring out the fact that in every crisis of science—as, for example, in the passage from the fixed geometry of the ancients to the modern differential calculus—we have a subtle creative movement of thought which is the work of dynamic intuition.

Because of the way in which science and traditional religion are lined up as rival political parties in contemporary culture, it

was always possible to impute to Bergsonism the motive of attacking science for the sake of defending religion. This has been rendered impossible by the present work. For what Bergson has essentially done is to take the same critical guns which he formerly trained on scientism and turn them on traditional ethics and religion. By a striking rapprochement he puts on one and the same natural level the ordinary use of the intelligence, the "closed" social ethics of the tribe, and the myth-making faculty which invents religion in accordance with a biologically ordained function of social solidification and individual encouragement. All these powers may be regarded equally as nature's "intentions" for the human species—meaning by that what is presupposed in the normal career of the species, apart from any creative advances made through exceptional individuals. The conformity of the human individual to the social group is as much a part of the order of things as the subordination of the individual ant or bee to the insect group in the various insect societies—the only difference being that since man happens to be a creature using intelligence rather than instinct, a greater range of variability is allowed for in the very conformity of the individual to the social whole. As for religion—or more properly what Bergson calls static religion—it issues from a faculty of fabulation or protective hallucination which is part of man's natural endowment and serves as a counterweight to his other organic powers. Specifically it serves to counteract the effect of an unbridled use of the intelligence, both in so far as such use of the intelligence would have counseled an individual egoism to the point of destroying social life, and also in so far as intelligence even on the individual plane would have driven man to despair by giving him an impersonal appreciation of the vast natural forces before he created a science to control them. By personalizing and humanizing the world of nature, religion makes the individual at home in the world, even as it attaches him more closely to the tribe by calling in the sanctions of the new world to support those of civil society.

If these human powers were as completely fixed as the instincts of animals, it would be futile to talk of progress and creative effort. But in passing from instinct to intelligence biological evolution created reflection, and with reflection a glimmer of intuition, which is for Bergson a direct conscious participation in the *élan vital* which is behind all creation. This power of intuition, which in the theoretical field is responsible for all the creative turning-points in the progress of science, is in the practical field responsible for the emotion and action of the heroes and seers of mankind who have moved forward toward an "open ethics" embracing all mankind. And here ethics and action is no longer related to religion externally, in the way that one organic habit is reinforced by another; it is identical with the dynamic and mystical religious participation in the creative movement behind the whole universe.

Bergson does not hesitate to identify his dynamic religion with mysticism. But he is careful to point out that complete mysticism is not contemplation but action. And, indeed, mysticism, far from being for him a self-intoxication into ecstasies, serves rather to define the direction and justification of creative action. In the realization of its aims—as one may gather from Bergson's all-too-brief discussion of internationalism and industrialism in his concluding chapter—it is highly realistic and "rational," possessing the advantage over ordinary realism in appreciating the exceptional and creative character of its intuition and not confounding it, self-defeatingly, in the system of "created" and mechanized nature. Since it is a question of moving the system forward to new stages of creation, the inspiration which is to be the moving force is not to be found in examining the system itself but by plumbing the creative depth behind all systems.

Perhaps therein lies the application of Bergson's philosophy to the present problems that confront American intellectual

and liberals. Challenged by the Marxian interpretation of history and having never examined the source and validity of the deals they have inherited, they have become thoroughly bewildered, and alternate between a completely cynical economic realism and a sentimental glorification of communist force. They do not realize that the first thing needful is a standard of value, an orientation from which they may observe and criticize realistically, and then create, in proportion to their lights, realistically.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Shorter Notices

The First Lover and Other Stories. By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.

Like many other women writers in our time Miss Boyle reminds us more often of the born lyricist struggling hard to adapt herself to the narrative medium than of the born storyteller passionately absorbed by character in action. While it is true that the compression required in the short-story form imposes some discipline on the excesses of subjectivity that marred Miss Boyle's last novel, the majority of these tales are constantly on the verge of flowing over into pure poetry. Such a story as *Three Little Men*, for example, shades off into verse, and is printed as such, at the end. The poetry, of course, is diffuse, and in other ways as well falls short of the best standards of the form to which it aspires. In addition to the general facility of sensibility reflected in Miss Boyle's poetic style, one must object to a certain artifice in the use of metaphor—the use of similes, in particular, that are so far-fetched that they defeat their purpose. The effect of these is not so much to render the object more vivid as to call attention to the author's cleverness. Not only is an impression of insincerity the result of these quasi-poetic effects of language but also an increasing sense of monotony in Miss Boyle's work. For whether it is the adolescent boy in *His Idea of a Mother* or the innocent young girl in *The Meeting of the Stones*, the sensibility rendered is substantially the same. And the reason, of course, is that this sensibility is from first to last Miss Boyle's own.

Memories of a Misspent Youth (1872-1896). By Grant Richards. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

Mr. Richards has written his "success story" with a difference: the surface is evenly spread with equal quantities of gossip and charm, but directly beneath them and between the lines is the self-portrait of a hard-headed, practical publisher and man of business. His training was of the best, for he came from a family of Oxford dons, whose poverty drove him into the offices of a wholesale bookseller. There he learned the market value of books so well that by the time he stepped into an editorial chair on the *Review of Reviews* his knowledge of how to publicize popular books seemed to be derived from a divine source. Naturally such a man—ambitious, bright, and apparently naive—would make an admirable publisher. The fact that he mentions his grave mistake in not acquiring the translation rights for the works of Anatole France is significant; the success of his other ventures is implied. Mr. Richards modestly garlands his memoirs with recollections of Churton Collins, Frank Harris, Oscar Wilde, William Watson, George Moore, and Bernard Shaw. The anecdotes are both amusing and discreet, and in the very character of their recital we have a clue to Mr. Richards's brilliance in handling prospective authors. It would have been extremely difficult to refuse any favor, large or small, he might care to ask, for he is both persistent and self-effacing. Max Beerbohm has supplied the volume with a particularly inebriated introduction, and William Rothenstein's portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece.

Art

Life Beating the Door In

This I do, being mad:
Gather baubles about me,
Sit in a circle of toys, and all the time
Death beating the door in.

White jade and an orange pitcher,
Hindu idol, Chinese god—
Maybe next year, when I'm richer—
Carved beads and a lotus pod . . .

And all this time
Death beating the door in.

SUBSTITUTE for Edna St. Vincent Millay's Chinese gods and orange pitchers some seashells and spotted birds' eggs, a wheel and a string of rosy onions tied with baby-blue rosettes, a bamboo cross and a paper butterfly on a big bright pin, and you have the sinister frivolity of Pierre Roy, foremost among surrealist painters and poet of spiritual wastes.

In his preface to the catalogue of the current Roy exhibition at Brummer's Gallery, Jean Cocteau expounds and explains the painter as a creature whose art "prolongs his childhood and seems able to take the place of love for him," and compares his paintings to machines "whose products are more akin to the dream than to stern reality." America, he adds, "prizes highly such creations, as she instinctively detects in them a spiritual luxury and goods of vital necessity."

And, indeed, Roy presents a combination of two things which are part of the American pattern: great technical skill and that nostalgia for the strange and the primitive which is more or less clumsily called "escape complex," and generally blamed on the machine. Any artist who makes his living by capturing in color the succulent reds of bologna and the fine enameled gleams of a safety razor or an automobile can approach Pierre Roy with fellow-feeling, for Roy, like himself, has put all his thought and talent and pleasure in materials at the service of subjects in themselves without meaning in the daily chores of the artist's life, things not paramount in his emotions, but subtly, subconsciously, symbols of unease and frustration. Thus, curiously, the needs of commercial art, which impose on the artist emphasis on skill and emotional aloofness from subject, converge with the extreme left of modern art and its emphasis on mechanics and materials, divorced from emotion of subject.

Technically Pierre Roy is about flawless. He paints with the jeweled detail and the supreme sense of color and surface of a Flemish master. Your mind ricochets to de Hooch and Vermeer and ricochets back to Roy, and shatters against his disturbing juxtapositions, his vast silence, his complete negation of the gusto in things human and things daily which you found in Vermeer. You find the square root of the taste of escape in his endless solicitudes, his solemnly significant gadgets, his portrait of a woman which turns out to be only a picture of a print—and the taste is like water organically pure, and Dead Sea apples. Your city becomes a mirage and your life less than trivial, the tail-end of things past. Under the spell of his technical mastery, his implacable innocence, his utter withdrawal from all your concerns, you find yourself forced to seek other escape, and to defend yourself, if you can, by saying the man is mad—mad enough to repudiate his world, salvaging odd driftwood, bits of string, and some onions. And all the time life beating the door in.

ANITA BRENNER

Music

The Subversive Jew

IT would be a mistake to think that the current German anti-Semitism in musical matters is a mere by-product of the general Nazi anti-Semitic agitation, or that it is likely to disappear when the first excitement is over. For Nazi doctrine condemns the Jew in music not merely because he is the brother of the Jew in finance, or in Marxism, but because he is the cause of the downfall of music itself. Such at least is the thesis of Richard Eichenauer's "Musik und Rasse" ("Music and Race"), a book issued last fall in Munich by the publishers of "Deutschlands Erneuerung," "Adel und Rasse," "Kunst und Rasse," "Rasse und Stil," and many similar contributions to the intellectual distinction of the present Teutonic renaissance.

Eichenauer claims to have started from the wish to justify the repugnance he felt for modern music, and the desire to show that it was based on objectively valid standards—not merely the reactionary anti-modernism of critics of all ages. What more natural than to blame Jewish influence, already proved responsible for the political, social, and economic decay of modern Germany: to show that the greatness of European music has always depended on Nordic predominance, and that its destruction has come through a Near Eastern race, to whom everything Occidental is essentially alien, who have first imitated what they could not truly understand or feel at first hand, and who are now bent upon destroying it altogether.

The major part of the book is taken up with a twofold racial diagnosis of the great European composers. The task of judging their racial background from their pictures Eichenauer has left to Professor Hans F. K. Günther. Günther is the author of several books on racial subjects, and champion of the theory that it was Nordic dominance that brought ancient Greek culture to its height. His adventures among composers' pictures yield strange results: Palestrina, Monteverdi, Verdi, Bizet, are among those in whom Nordic blood predominates. (Evidently, the word Nordic covers a multitude of virtues.) The problems of musical psychology are problems no longer. Beethoven's music, for example, which always represents struggle and eventual victory, is but the mirror of his racial make-up: the victory is of his Nordic elements over "those powers of darkness"—his Eastern elements! (This is literal translation.) But where the external and internal evidence do not agree so neatly, Eichenauer is not disturbed. For although when Günther's physical diagnosis agrees with Eichenauer's musical one they are to be regarded as confirming each other, Eichenauer has warned us that when they differ it does not follow "in these times of racial mixture" that the musical diagnosis is wrong. Thus Bizet is generally acknowledged to have been half Jewish, but Eichenauer's faith in his ability to sense racial characteristics in music is such that he does not hesitate to reject the idea on internal evidence alone. "Would it have been possible," he asks, "for Bizet to give the most perfect expression of the Western soul known to music ["Carmen"] if he had felt it only at second hand [wenn er ihn nur "nachempfunden" hätte]?"

For that, according to Eichenauer, is the Jew's role in Western music: he cannot feel as the Nordic soul does, but he can adapt himself to the style of Nordic expression. If one takes the cases of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, for example, one may say that both possessed the peculiarly great adaptability of the Jew: "Mendelssohn adapted himself to the good, Meyerbeer to the bad elements in their hosts." But it is in modern music that the truly destructive influence of the Jew is felt. In atonal and quarter-tone music he sets out to destroy what is

fundamentally foreign to him—the harmonious polyphony developed by the great Nordic composers. Thus one sees how much greater is the gap between the Nordic and the Jewish spirits than between Nordic and Western, or Dinaric, or East Baltic. For whereas the stream of Nordic music is able to accept tributaries of these latter, "when the Near Eastern spirit is once really liberated" it destroys "not only the spiritual content of European art but its formal foundations as well." For one in search of an explanation of the barbarism of modern music, this is one way of disposing of Schönberg. Just how it affects the non-Jewish Stravinsky, Bartok, Hindemith, Satie—each of whom has had something to do with modern music—we are left to guess, since Eichenauer does not mention any of them.

Jewish music and musicians are treated explicitly in such only at the very end of the book, and in an apparently incidental and inconspicuous manner. But the peroration of this chapter makes up in intensity for what it lacks in length, and deserves to be quoted textually. After bemoaning the fact that German musical life is overrun with Jewish artists, Jewish managers, Jewish critics, Jewish teachers, Eichenauer asks:

Who can wonder that the taste of the people gradually takes on a Jewish tinge? . . . When one permits the bastardization of whole peoples, nay, whole continents, without lifting a finger against it, can one expect anything else than that the mongrel races so produced will allow themselves to be mastered by a small horde of sly, Near Eastern, trader-natures [schlaue vorderasiatischen Händlernaturen]? For a thousand years a racially healthy Europe under Nordic guidance withstood the Jewish danger. Only when it sacrificed its racial integrity was it overpowered by "the plastic demon of the downfall of mankind (Richard Wagner)."

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Tragedy and the Screen

"M" THE German-language film at the Mayfair, based on the crimes and the final apprehension by the police of the famous child murderer at Düsseldorf. Certainly no subject could be more inherently horrible, more dangerously open to a facile sensationalism of treatment. Yet such are the tact and the genius with which Fritz Lang has handled it that the result is something at once more significant than either the horror story, pure and simple, represented by "Caligari" and the "Rue Morgue," or the so-called psychological "document" of the type which Germany has sent us so often in the past. The result is, in fact, a film which answers to most of the demands of classical tragedy. In the first place, Lang has concentrated his interest not on the circumstances but on the social and human consequences of the crimes. We are shown a whole city thrown into panic by what is for every citizen the least pardonable of all acts of violence. The police have failed in their efforts to find the criminal; the underworld of crooks, thieves, and beggars, in order to guarantee their own security, organize themselves in a man hunt. At the end it is not the latter and not the police who ferret out the guilty one but the dark recesses of a factory storeroom. All this, of course, provides a formal suspense more sustained than would any playing on the usual modes of physical horror. It also provides a certain nervous relief. The horror, as is proper and necessary in the films, is conveyed by implication rather than representation. It is implied through a very few miraculously appropriate symbols—a child's toy balloon caught in a telegraph wire,

child's ball rolling to a stop from the scene of the crime. Blood-lust is identified with the strain of Grieg which the criminal whistles whenever the passion is upon him. The whole pattern—lust, the victim, and the circumstances—is symbolized in the frame of glittering knives in which the criminal, staring in a hop window, sees the image of his latest victim reflected. Because these symbols are one and all visual or aural, peculiar to the talking screen, they serve to make "M" of the very highest technical interest. But they are not enough to explain why it may also be considered a great tragedy. For the crystallization of these symbols in an emotion absolutely realized in the spectator and effecting in him a genuine Aristotelian catharsis, the lawless acting of Peter Lorre is perhaps finally responsible. In his rendering of the paralysis of frustrated lust in the scene in the cafe terrace, for example, he gives us an intuition of the conflict of will and desire such as we are accustomed to only in the great classic dramas when they are played by great tragic actors. And in the last scene, when he stands at bay before the assembled underworld seated in judgment, his wide-eyed, articulate defense is made the equivalent of those long passages of rhetoric at the close of Greek or Elizabethan plays in which the hero himself is forced to admit his helplessness before the forces which have undone him. The modern psychopath, through Peter Lorre's acting, attains to the dignity of the tragic hero. It does not matter that the forces are no longer on the outside. They are perhaps the more ruthless for being inside him. The *moirae* may be given different names by the doctors, he judges, and the audience, but they have lost none of their ancient inevitability.

The last thing that may be said about "M," therefore, is that it confirms our belief in the continued vitality of the tragic motion. Few other attempts to substitute for the old gods, fates, or destiny a modern fatalism of psychological mechanisms have been so successful. The difficulty has seemed at times (as in O'Neill's "Electra") that the latter are too subjective ever to take the place of the former. But it may only have been some failure or insufficiency of the artistic process at work. It may be that Fritz Lang and Peter Lorre are better artists in their fields than most of those who have sought to revive tragedy in our time. Or it may be—and "M" gives strength to the supposition—that the cinema is able to supply a language for modern tragic experience that is at once fresher, more various, and more poetic than the flat statement of naturalistic drama. Our speech, we are often enough told, has suffered in the marketplace. Our language symbols are abraded and our rhythms dissolved. But through the distinct symbols and closer pantomimic acting possible on the screen the whole world of tragic reality may once again be reopened to us.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama Entr'acte

I DO not think that I overestimate the importance of either Broadway or its theater. After fifteen years of familiarity with both I can, on occasion, breathe other air without such difficulty, and I once spent fifteen contented months without going inside a playhouse. I do, nevertheless, still think it both odd and regrettable that what our theater has to offer should be so largely confined to New York City.

All the other manifestations of American culture are amazingly diffused. The best books are not only available but actually read in every provincial city, and the radio carries the symphony to the remotest parts of the hinterland. No one need remain

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ignorant of the best that is thought or done in the other literary arts, and as for the vulgarer emanations of the city, one would find it difficult to go far enough away to escape having them thrust upon one. Recently, for example, I happened to be visiting a village just large enough to support one daily paper and one movie. The former proudly displayed the lucubrations of Arthur Brisbane, Walter Winchell, and O. O. McIntyre, as well as one entire page devoted to the adventures of Colonel Hoople, Little Bennie, et al. The movie was offering the same film which Broadway had seen only a few weeks before, and as I was meditating upon these things I heard the muffled voice of a radio in the next room proclaiming that the jazz about to be heard "comes to you from the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria." But of course this town had no theater.

Certain of the more enlightened inhabitants asked with a pathetically abstract interest about this play or that concerning which they happened to have heard. A few even hoped to be able to pay another visit to New York within the next year or two, and it was evident that they considered the opportunity to see a few plays one of the chief inducements. Yet they seemed to have entirely forgotten that in this one respect their isolation had increased, that thirty years ago such a town as theirs would have been far less completely cut off from the American stage than it is today. While the newspaper syndicate, the movies and the radio have been more and more completely permeating the nation, the theater has withdrawn itself step by step until it is scarcely more than a local phenomenon.

The fault lies rather with the show business itself than with the community. Everyone knows how the "trust" destroyed itself by all but fraudulent methods, and how its only policy seemed to be the policy of the street carnival—get all you can and then run as fast as possible; next week the Rube will have forgotten and will be ready to be done again. It is no wonder that the movies triumphed by considering the good will of the customer; no wonder that the road is said to be dead. The only wonder is that it is still waiting for an organization that will take it seriously and make a real effort to supply its need.

Meanwhile, the little theaters continue to flourish even though they are seldom heard of outside their individual communities. What these latter really need is a little more respect for themselves, a little less tendency to follow slavishly the fashions of Broadway. Indeed, I only wish that the members of every one of them could be brought to meditate on the philosophical implications of the old story of the provincial visitor who, at the end of a performance, asked his guide if all the actors lived in New York and who, when he was told that they did, said, "Well, it's a pretty good show for local talent."

All talent is local somewhere, and if I lived on Main Street I should try to remember that fact. Sinclair Lewis has had his say and he was at least half right, but there are two "village viruses" and one of them is called the inferiority complex.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The theme of "The Party's Over," at the Vanderbilt Theater, is the ancient one of the parasitic relatives. The time the victim is an elder brother, obliged to support his mother, father, sister, younger brother, and finally his sister crooner husband and his brother's ex-waitress wife. Of course the elder brother is in love on his own account with a charming woman who nearly gives him up because of his imagined obligations to his family, but he conveniently fails in business at the last moment, and tells his family that they have legs, arms, and heads and will have to use them. This does not sound like the most promising material, but through competent structural fairly crisp dialogue, plausible if not very original characterization, and the acting, particularly of Ross Alexander as the young crooner, the play is kept from flagging.

H. H.

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1933

No. 3538

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	457
EDITORIALS:	
Saving the World at Washington	460
St. Bernard	461
Failure at Albany	461
Justice in Haiti	462
ISSUES AND MEN. RAMSAY MACDONALD REVISITS US. By	
Oswald Garrison Villard	463
CARTOON: THE THIRTEENTH JUROR. By Carl Rose	464
THE SOUTH SPEAKS. By John Henry Hammond, Jr.	465
THE ELECTRICAL REVOLUTION. By Jerome Count	467
WILL WONDERS NEVER BEGIN? By Paul Y. Anderson	469
ESCAPING THE GERMAN HELL	470
THE STARVATION ARMY. By John Kazarian	472
TRAVELING LIGHT. By John Rothschild	473
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	474
CORRESPONDENCE	475
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	476
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
By Their Own Ignorance. By Mark Van Doren	477
The King's English. By Henry Hazlitt	477
Portrait of Marie. By Catharine Young	478
Rain in Union Square. By Isidor Schneider	478
Europe and America: 1932. By Raymond Leslie Buell	479
Individualism at Bay. By Alter Brody	480
Health Without Wealth. By Mary Ross	480
Neapolitan Fable. By Geoffrey Hellman	481
Shorter Notices	481
Films: Fascism Over Hollywood. By William Troy	482
Drama: Playhouse for Sale. By Joseph Wood Krutch	483

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

IT IS AMAZING that in our time a proposal to monetize silver at a mint-value ratio of sixteen to one could have mustered thirty-three votes in the Senate, so that a shift of only six votes would have carried it. Of all forms of inflation the monetization of silver at such a ratio would be the least relevant and the least defensible. A bimetallic standard, if it adopts reasonable value ratios, becomes in practice an alternating standard; but the Wheeler amendment would drive all gold out of the reserves and assure a pure silver standard indefinitely. Even if the desirability of bimetallism were granted, it is preposterous to propose a mint ratio of sixteen to one for the two metals when the ratio of the market value of gold to silver at the present time is more than sixty to one. Even the Senators who proclaimed loudly that they were still Bryanites seemed to forget that in 1896 the market-value ratio of gold to silver was not more than thirty to one. If there were no increase in the market value of silver a ratio of sixteen to one now would debase the dollar to about one-fourth of its present value. The monetary demand, of course, would increase the market value of silver; but it is impossible for anyone to know in advance by how much. Mean-

while, a silver standard would cause our currency to fluctuate daily in terms of nearly every other currency in circulation except that of China.

IF the free-silver amendment to the farm-relief measure failed, the Simpson amendment succeeded, at least in the Senate. This authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to proclaim from time to time prices for farm products equivalent to the cost of producing that part of the crop which goes into the domestic market—plus, of course, a reasonable profit. If such a proclamation is made, it becomes unlawful for any person to purchase any amount of the commodities from the producer at less than production cost. Violation is punishable by a fine of not more than \$1,000 dollars, or imprisonment for not more than one year, or both. This provision was strongly opposed by Secretary Wallace. It is, of course, so idiotic that the rest of the farm bill seems almost sensible beside it. How is cost of production to be determined? Whose cost of production is to be taken—that of the most efficient farmer or that of the most inefficient? What happens if farm products cannot be sold at cost of production? Is the farmer compelled to keep them? If the Senate imagines that "social control" is as simple as this, why doesn't it pass a law demanding that nothing whatever, from houses to pet poodles, shall sell at less than cost of production, and that no one shall be paid a smaller wage than \$100 a week?

IN RUSSIA Justice is not a blind goddess, she is a pragmatist and a politician. She asks, not, Is this man innocent or guilty? but rather, Has or has not this man acted in ways which have worked injury to the particular social system we have set up and are determined to defend? And to this she has added the modifying inquiry: What are his obligations toward that system? According to Communist theory, there is no "justice"; there is only class justice, and whether you like it or not depends upon your interests and prejudices. This concept is both alien and repugnant to Anglo-Saxon ideas. In practice we may vacillate; in theory we still worship the goddess and repudiate the pragmatist. So that England's rage and defiant opposition to the trial of the British engineers in Moscow has had the backing of national idealism. But in this case the idealists appear to have been barking up a disappointingly empty tree. For if Soviet theory justifies the British protest, Soviet practice in this particular instance has left the British looking rather silly. The engineers—Russian and British alike—were charged with clear-cut acts of sabotage, bribery, and espionage, acts against which any government would take legal measures. They were unable to establish the claim on which British protest was primarily based—that they had been "terrorized" into making incriminating statements; apparently they were treated with civility and reasonable leniency before the trial—particularly in view of the gravity of the alleged offenses. The trial was conducted according to the established procedure of Soviet courts, which allows a freedom of argument on the part of the defendants unknown to capitalist practice. The Englishmen in fact received the benefits rather than the penalties of

class justice; as outsiders and non-Communists, their acts were held to warrant less severe punishment than those of their Russian codefendants. In view of all this the measures of reprisal prepared by the British government take on a belligerent aspect that the facts fail to justify.

WHILE THE ATTENTION of the Western world has been engaged elsewhere, the Japanese have not been idle. Their Manchurian troops, pressing relentlessly into China proper, are now dangerously close to an area where other major Powers have treaty rights and important economic interests. Indeed, they have already captured territory in which an American transport base and the summer camp of the 15th United States Infantry are located. More ominous is the fact that the Peiping-Tientsin region, into which their forces have penetrated, has long been a special economic preserve of the British. To the north, along the Siberian border, another danger spot has developed. The Manchukuoan government has accused the Bolshevik authorities of having illegally removed a large amount of the rolling stock belonging to the Chinese Eastern Railway. The Russians deny these charges, which they assert are only a pretext for seizing the railway, in which the Soviet Union has a half interest. A number of Japanese pilots of Yangtze River boats are said to have disappeared recently. The Japanese declare that they have been murdered by Chinese brigands and sailors. In consequence they have sent additional gunboats to reinforce their fleet at Hankow, a thousand miles up the Yangtze in the heart of China. The Japanese seem determined to swallow China piecemeal, and they refuse to reckon the cost. They are apparently prepared, as recent developments show once more, to risk international intervention and a possible world war in order to gain their end.

THE NAZIS have outwardly assumed complete control in Germany. They have captured the central and all the state governments; they have murdered or imprisoned all the active and potential leaders of the left opposition, and they have suppressed or taken over all the moderate and left radical newspapers. But internally the National Socialist Party is engaged in a sharp struggle for power. Within the last few weeks Hitler and his conservative followers have been more or less forced into the background. Hermann Göring and Joseph Goebbels, the two fire-eaters of the movement, have done most of the talking and acting for the "national revolution." Captain Göring has been directing the terror, laying down governmental policies, conducting important negotiations with Mussolini and the Vatican. Goebbels, "Minister of Propaganda," has taken charge of the press and other vehicles of public opinion. Hitler has been strangely silent. Diplomatic observers in Berlin are convinced that this breach is more serious than that which drove Gregor Strasser, another extremist leader, out of the party some months ago. And the Vatican has hinted that it will not enter into a concordat with the new government because it is not sure how long the Hitler regime will last. In a sense this struggle for power is ominous for Germany, for while it continues the Göring-Goebbels faction will doubtless seek to enhance its own power by terroristic methods. On the other hand, this internal dissension may provide an opening through which anti-fascist forces can return to power.

IT IS AN OPEN SECRET that the new German Ambassador, Dr. Hans Luther, is as little in sympathy with the Hitler government as was his politically more incorruptible predecessor, Von Prittwitz-Gaffron, and that the former German Chancellor and president of the Reichsbank owes his appointment to a political deal. Dr. Luther's term as president of the Reichsbank does not expire until next year, but Hitler was eager to place his intimate adviser, Hjalmar Schacht, at the head of Germany's financial institutions. Dr. Luther displayed not the slightest inclination to give up his influential and lucrative post without adequate recompense, so that the Chancellor was forced in the end to pay the price Luther demanded. The Ambassador, in turn, will stand behind every hysterical and barbarous act of the Berlin regime.

DR. LUTHER has always played a political game. As Oberbürgermeister of Essen and later as Minister of Economics and Chancellor of the Reich, Dr. Luther had an important role in one of the darkest chapters of Germany's post-war history. The report that he had refused to meet the French invaders of the Ruhr when they marched into Essen made him the hero of the hour; and Germany on his recommendation instituted a boycott against the French occupation—with disastrous results. During a campaign of sabotage that brought production in that area almost to a standstill, the government poured hundreds of millions of marks into the pockets of the Ruhr industrialists to indemnify them for their losses. Later the true story of the Essen episode, for which Oberbürgermeister Luther had so willingly accepted the laurels, was revealed. Believing discretion to be the better part of valor, he had left town after turning over the reception of the French to a subordinate. A decade later, when he became the successor in the Reichsbank of the man who now takes his place, he again proved himself woefully lacking in stature. He failed to see the storm clouds that were gathering about the German banking system, and by this failure made himself partly responsible in the eyes of financial experts for the extent and force of the crisis that has overtaken Germany, for the paralysis of its domestic and foreign economy, for its frozen credits and its shrunken production, and for the reluctance of Germany's creditors—formerly so liberal—to invest further capital in German industries. Dr. Luther, as a result of his bargain, has now taken over the task of selling the Hitler government to the American people. He will ultimately discover once more that bargains of this sort are always paid in bad money.

JUDGE JAMES E. HORTON, by postponing indefinitely the trials of the remaining Scottsboro boys, has not done them a disservice. They must remain in prison, to be sure, but in the meantime the appeal of Haywood Patterson sentenced for the second time to death, can be taken to the higher courts. If the Alabama Supreme Court affirms the verdict, the case will go once more before the United States Supreme Court on a clear-cut constitutional issue, the systematic exclusion of qualified Negroes from the jury roll of Alabama. It was obvious from Judge Horton's charge to the jury in the Patterson case that he was fully aware of the race prejudice and bigotry present in his court. Yet at those points during the trial when the prosecution displayed

the most flagrant race prejudice he consistently denied motions for a mistrial. Instead, he warned the jury sharply and let the case go through to a decision. It seems evident, from a reading of his decision postponing the other cases, that even though he based his ruling on an alleged statement by Samuel Leibowitz, his real desire was to prevent a repetition of the Decatur trial. If the United States Supreme Court should reverse the decision the other cases would probably be dropped—thus saving Alabama added expense and obloquy.

THERE WILL BE REJOICING on the reservations, at least among the Indian inhabitants, at the news of John Collier's appointment as head of the Indian Bureau. We may now look forward to that sweeping reform in the service which he has so long demanded. It will not be an easy task. Mr. Collier must contend with the intrenched and selfish interests that have controlled and exploited the bureau for so many years at the expense of the Indians. Moreover, he must face the opposition of those who have been the objects of his own sharp and continuous attack. His criticism of past administrations will furnish, quite justifiably, the basis on which his own conduct of Indian affairs will be judged, but his opponents are likely to be motivated by a personal bitterness in which he never indulged. We know his courage and apparently the President is ready to strengthen his hand. For the first time in many years the Indians have a right to expect justice and sympathy from their guardians in Washington.

FOR THE MOMENT at least warfare has been suspended between the association of theatrical managers and the stagehands' union. The former got nowhere with their demand that the union permit members to work with the actors on a cooperative basis in cases where the management agreed to receive no profits, but business in the theater has rebounded so vigorously since the black days of the bank holiday that the threat of wholesale closings has been temporarily withdrawn. Meanwhile, however, another incident of the sort against which the managers protest most violently has arisen in connection with a proposed revival of "Springtime for Henry." That play, a one-set production, originally required four stagehands. Under union rules, however, a revival of it would be technically a "road show," and the union therefore demanded that three more men be added to the crew. No one maintains that these three extra men would have anything to do; and, as the result of the union demand, the proposed revival was abandoned. Rules are rules, says the union. Four men are out of a job, replies the manager. And there the argument rests.

ARE crickets insects? Entomologically speaking they certainly are, no matter how poetically they sing. But legally an insect is a bug, a bug is a loathsome creature, and Justice Nicholas M. Pett of the Municipal Court in Flushing has decided that so "romantic" and "intellectual" a creature is no mere bug. Mr. Farnham Fox, a tuba player of Queens, heard various chirpings about his apartment and promptly moved out—justifying the breaking of his lease on the ground that a "plague of insects" had descended upon him. On the other hand, it was the contention of the Benhar Holding Company, his landlord, that crickets cannot prop-

erly be described by any such derogatory phrase. It did not, to be sure, deny that the crickets were really there; but it pointed out that the Chinese consider them delightful pets, that "The Cricket on the Hearth" is a well-known poem (*sic*), and, in fact, stopped just short of suggesting that Mr. Fox should pay extra for the privilege of having the little dears around. Now personally we have nothing against the cheerful creatures. Even the fact that science declares them to be first cousins of the universally unpopular cockroach leaves us quite undisturbed. But we hate to have it established by judicial decision that the householder must tolerate any uninvited guest of whom it can be said that some people enjoy its company. Mr. Ditmars, if the newspapers are to be believed, likes nothing better than a boa constrictor about his feet and a cobra under his pillow.

READERS OF *THE NATION*, and other persons as well, who have been and still are unable to borrow money on their life-insurance policies will doubtless be pleased to know that the executives of the larger insurance companies have not been suffering as a result of the depression. Indeed, the majority of them, according to Dempster MacMurphy writing in the *Chicago Daily News*, have actually had their salaries increased since the crisis began. Here are the salaries they received in the boom year of 1929 and the depression year of 1932:

1929 1932

Equitable Life Assurance Society

T. I. PARKINSON, president.....	\$ 75,000....	\$100,000
L. M. FISHER, vice-president.....	34,375....	40,000
W. J. GRAHAM, vice-president.....	34,375....	40,000
R. D. MURPHY, vice-president.....	20,000....	30,000
D. A. WALKER, vice-president.....	17,187....	20,000

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

F. H. ECKER, president.....	\$175,000....	\$200,000
L. A. LINCOLN, vice-president.....	66,875....	125,000
A. C. CAMPBELL, vice-president.....	35,000....	40,000
H. E. NORTH, vice-president.....	30,000....	35,000
F. W. ECKER, treasurer.....	27,500....	32,500

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

D. F. HOUSTON, president.....	\$100,000....	\$125,000
F. L. ALLEN, vice-president.....	40,000....	40,000
G. K. SARGENT, vice-president.....	40,000....	40,000
W. SHIELDS, vice-president.....	31,250....	40,000
P. M. FOSHAY, vice-president.....	30,000....	30,000

New York Life Insurance Company

T. A. BUCKNER, president.....	\$100,000....	\$125,000
W. BUCKNER, vice-president.....	55,360....	55,400
A. L. AIKEN, vice-president.....	45,000....	45,000
J. C. MCCALL, vice-president.....	56,200....	55,000
L. H. MCCALL, secretary.....	18,892....	18,000
T. A. BUCKNER, JR., ass't secretary..	8,604....	10,000
H. PALAGANO, treasurer.....	46,400....	45,000

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

E. H. DUFFIELD, president.....	\$125,000....	\$125,000
F. D'OLIER, vice-president.....	75,000....	75,000
G. W. MUNSICK, vice-president.....	48,000....	50,000
J. W. STEDMAN, vice-president.....	43,000....	43,000
J. K. GORE, vice-president.....	43,000....	43,000

Saving the World at Washington

IT is not fantastic to suggest that the economic conversations being held in Washington can make or break the capitalist world. President Roosevelt has seized a golden opportunity that may never return. A sort of Oriental fatalism has overtaken the Western countries, including the United States. Various efforts have been made, without success, to check the general economic disintegration, the slow paralysis of international trade. The continued decline has discouraged public men everywhere, but especially in Europe, until finally Montagu C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England, confessed that the world was helpless to combat the forces that were making for its destruction.

The vigor with which Franklin D. Roosevelt pressed forward with his program of domestic reconstruction created new hope and courage. Neville Chamberlain, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently declared that "thanks to the initiative, courage, and wisdom of the new President, a change has taken place which might almost be called miraculous." And when Mr. Roosevelt invited the leading Powers—except the Soviet Union—to discuss international economic problems informally with him in Washington, it was felt that at last a strong man had appeared to lead the capitalist world out of the wilderness.

The great confidence reposed in the President has, of course, also forced upon him a terrible responsibility. He must break down not only trade barriers; he must break down the relentless, unfathomable forces behind the still rising tide of economic nationalism. He must convince men like Ramsay MacDonald that political instability is the result, not the cause, of economic prostration, that national fears cannot be driven out and political quarrels settled until something is done to revive commercial intercourse between nations. In short, Mr. Roosevelt must change the psychology of virtually the entire world. A stupendous task, one that cannot be accomplished by a mere exchange of information. And if the President fails, to whom can the capitalist world then turn for leadership?

But the responsibility is not Mr. Roosevelt's alone. If the foreign representatives gathered in Washington have not rid themselves of the fatal notion that every international conference is a political horse fair, an occasion for swapping political bargains, the President will surely fail. Unhappily, there is every reason to believe that they still measure the world problem in terms of national fears and aspirations. France has sent Edouard Herriot who, speaking for consumption abroad, has been strongly urging France to pay its December war-debt instalment on the ground that just obligations must be honored as a first step toward an equitable adjustment of the larger economic problems. Yet in talking to his own people, through *Le Démocrate* of Lyons, a newspaper rarely if ever quoted in this country, M. Herriot frankly admits that he looks upon the United States as a potential ally whose good-will must be retained at almost any cost. "It was bad business" for France to default, he wrote on January 1, "because, were France unfortunately to be engaged in another war, where would we find the necessary credits and raw materials such as oil?" Can there be

any doubt that M. Herriot will have this in mind when he discusses trade barriers and war debts in Washington?

Viscount Ishii is coming from Japan. It was he who negotiated the Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917 whereby the United States acknowledged that Japan had "special interests" on the mainland of Asia. Last December it was announced that he was to be sent on a similar mission to Washington. The Japanese government recalled after Mr. Roosevelt's election to the Presidency that in 1923 he had written an article pointing out "the necessity to Japan of markets and raw materials on that part of the Chinese mainland contiguous to her island shores." Tokio hoped that Viscount Ishii could induce Mr. Roosevelt to put his recognition of this economic necessity into more substantial form. And now Viscount Ishii is coming, at President Roosevelt's invitation, to discuss this very question of markets and raw materials. It is safe to assume that Japan will use this opportunity to seek approval of its conquest of Manchuria.

But Ramsay MacDonald constitutes the greatest danger to the success of the Washington conversations. He is clearly laboring under the delusion that the world can best be served by smoothing over political controversies before getting at their economic causes. Moreover, he regards it as his "sacred mission" to work for the establishment of an Anglo-American entente. His public utterances of the last few days reveal that he has come to Washington with this mission uppermost in his mind. Any sort of separate understanding arrived at between the United States and England would inevitably arouse the suspicions of other Powers.

President Roosevelt's own position and attitude are not beyond criticism. By omitting the Soviet Union from the list of Powers invited to Washington and by neglecting to invite the smaller Powers until they insisted upon being included, he fortified the contention of the Bolsheviks and others that the Washington conversations are designed to settle not world problems but only the problems of capitalist imperialism. He made a greater mistake in not requiring the foreign delegates to come armed with authority to accept binding commitments. If he is to produce positive, tangible results, he dare not depend upon a mere exchange of opinions or upon informal "understandings." To leave to the London conference, where his leadership will be missing and his influence minimized, the major task of obtaining binding pledges for enduring economic reform is to throw away his great opportunity. At London the dark fears and national jealousies, the imperialist contradictions of which the Marxists speak, will again come into play. It was these forces that precipitated the recent war scare in Europe. It is these forces that have defeated every effort to restore the economic sanity of the world. Ramsay MacDonald, who will preside at the London conference, has shown that he does not know how to deal with this problem. President Roosevelt may prove that he is equal to the task of breaking down economic nationalism and routing the forces that have been blocking economic revival. But if he is to succeed, the job must be done quickly and thoroughly, and it must be done in Washington where he can guide the operation.

St. Bernard

BERNARD SHAW has come and gone. A multitude was present when he delivered his address at the Metropolitan Opera House and uncounted thousands heard him over the radio. Yet it may be seriously doubted whether he is any more real than he was before. During more than thirty years he has been a growing legend and probably he would never have come at all if he had not known beforehand how unimportant his visit would be. He was, of course, as careful as ever not to step out of his character; every moment of the time he was impersonating himself; and he was, for the few hours he spent on American soil, less a concrete human being than his own accredited representative. "And did you, then, see Bernard plain?" The question, we think, is almost metaphysical. We saw a vigorous old gentleman with white whiskers. We heard a voice which spoke lines almost as an actor would speak them. But we saw him and heard him only as a child sees and hears a department-store Santa Claus. He was a symbol which we wanted to contemplate even though we knew beforehand how inadequate it would be.

Persons close to the old gentleman (who must, after all, have some sort of intimate existence) inform us that his visit was really the result of a human and almost unworthy weakness. His staying away had been a dramatic gesture which grew more effective as the years passed by and as the invitations grew more insistent. He had, moreover, firmly resolved that the gesture should never be relaxed. But as he settled himself to die he realized that he could not deliberately and forever forgo the pleasure of satisfying his omnivorous curiosity. He wanted to see America as much as we wanted to see him, and the problem was therefore the problem of being human without having to reveal the fact that he was.

If the situation was really thus, then the whole affair was managed with a skill worthy of the dramatist who did not hesitate in his earlier days to brush the corners of his hair into the faintest suggestion of Mephistophelian horns. This casual, unpremeditated visit was prepared for by a series of statements which made the front page day after day and then, just before his arrival, made it again by proclaiming the only thing which could possibly still be news—namely, that Americans are not really so bad as he had always pretended to think they were. Sailing into the harbor he refused to look at the skyline—at least while anyone else was looking. Actually arriving in the city, he refused to be seen until the hour of his lecture, and when, next day, he was ready to sail away again, his departure was stage-managed with unflagging skill. Almost the last word we were allowed to hear was the jeering reply to the reporter who asked what he liked best about New York and who got "Leaving it" for an answer. The last glimpse we had of him was the yawn given into the lens of the moving-picture camera before he walked away from the photographer who had begged for one more pose.

Opinions differ as to the effectiveness and importance of his speech before the Academy of Political Science. To some it seemed impressive while others professed to find it merely intelligent enough without being especially original or unusually forceful. But whichever party may be right, it does

not really matter. The legend is what counts and the legend will not be greatly affected one way or another, for Bernard Shaw is still the only living writer whose name really means anything to the vast public; he is still, without any possible doubt, the only embodiment of what Carlyle once called the Hero as Man of Letters. Such renown as his rests only very indirectly upon any books he has written. Of course, the excitement with which he was greeted by reporters was very largely the result of what he called in his final interview "the vast emotional unemployment of America." But it is essentially out of that that all heroes are made, and he embodies for the populace the idea of the writer just as Einstein embodies the idea of the scientist-magician. If Bernard Shaw did not exist it would be necessary to invent him. Indeed, and in a very real sense, he does not exist, and yet it was not, after all, necessary to invent him for the simple reason that he invented himself some forty years ago.

So far as the great American public is concerned there is only one test to be applied in judging the success or the failure of his difficult appearance "in the flesh." Did he or did he not get away with it? And to that question there is only one answer. He did. According to the *New York Herald Tribune*, one of the camera men who saw him off was heard to grumble under his breath: "Who is that guy and what makes him think he can run this show? Why, I told Queen Marie to cross her legs." But the plain truth of the matter is that "that guy" did run the show. He always has and he probably always will.

Failure at Albany

THE attention of the nation is focused upon Washington. The people anxiously wonder what the "new deal" has in store for them, and in the excitement of the hour the activities of the State legislatures have been too generally ignored. The citizens of New York, for example, have just been given a "raw deal" by their government under the leadership of Herbert H. Lehman. His tax program will have the effect of intensifying the depression by contracting buying power through the levy of additional taxes weighing most heavily upon the poor. The budget is to be balanced by a 1 per cent tax on all retail sales, and a flat tax of 1 per cent in addition to the normal rate on all incomes above \$1,000, with no exemptions. In addition, the base is broadened by lowering the exemptions for the regular tax from \$2,500 to \$1,000 for single persons, and from \$4,000 to \$2,500 for married persons. The sound principle of graduating the rate, in order to place the burden upon the well-to-do who can pay without depriving themselves of life's necessities, is completely ignored.

Before the New York legislature adjourned it voted a \$60,000,000 bond issue for relief, to be presented for approval at the polls next fall. This will not help those facing hunger and eviction between now and November. New York City, for example, will spend only \$7,000,000 on unemployment relief in April, although its Welfare Commissioner has publicly admitted that \$10,000,000 is the minimum necessary if all of those known to be in distress are to be cared for. The State government has \$12,000,000 left from a bond issue voted last fall. The present policy is to make

this sum last until next November in order to avoid levying additional taxes for relief. Local governments are now spending twice as much as the State. The State is therefore the logical agency to provide additional relief funds, but it refuses, holding the tax rate more important than the welfare of its unemployed citizens.

On the important matters of charter and public-utility reform, the Governor of New York has likewise been disappointingly weak. As a result of Judge Seabury's disclosures of graft and corruption in New York City, Mr. Lehman urged upon the legislature the enactment of a law giving 15 per cent of the voters the power to initiate local charter reform. The bill, although passed by the Republican assembly, was killed by the Democratic senate at the order of the Tammany bosses. When the Governor was urged to force the Democrats into line through his control of patronage, his answer was, "I have done my share. My position is clear." He adopted similar tactics in response to the public-utility program drawn up by the St. Lawrence Power Commission. He allowed the Democratic senate to kill a bill which would have permitted the cities of the State to compete with the privately owned utility corporations. Experience both in the United States and Europe has demonstrated that public competition is an effective weapon for forcing a reduction in rates.

The legislature again failed to amend the labor law to extend the protection of the one-day-of-rest-in-seven law so that it should include the thousands of workers in hotels, cafeterias, transportation companies, and apartment houses, who now work seven days a week. How can Democrats, who refuse to abolish the seven-day week, profess to advocate a five-day week? As usual, nothing was done to end the exploitation of injured workers by insurance companies writing compensation insurance in the State. Throughout the legislative session there was on the Governor's desk a detailed report of the shocking abuses in the administration of the compensation law. This had been prepared after a year's study by a distinguished committee of doctors and laymen. Their findings conclusively demonstrated that the compensation law has been emasculated by the greed of the insurance companies. The State Federation of Labor sponsored legislation to end these abuses by making the State fund the sole carrier of compensation insurance. The bill was killed in committee.

The bankers' lobby defeated several measures for the elimination of the worst abuses of the banking system. Ever since the failure of the Bank of United States efforts have been made to compel the segregation of thrift accounts in commercial banks. If commercial banks are to be permitted to carry such accounts at all it is obvious that they should be protected by the same legal restrictions that regular savings deposits are subject to; but measures designed to bring this about died or were defeated, along with bills aiming at the abolition of bank affiliates. The one bright spot in the legislative record was the enactment of the Wald minimum-wage law for women and children in industry, and for this the Governor deserves commendation. He urged the enactment of the Wald bill as opposed to the mild and toothless Desmond-Moffat bill. Great credit is also due the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League for assembling conclusive evidence to prove that employers were using the economic situation as a pretext for paying wages as low as \$3 and \$4 a week.

Justice in Haiti

FOR some time the newspapers in Haiti have been commenting guardedly on frauds in their customs. It will be recalled that under the treaty imposed "by military pressure" of the armed forces of the United States, Americans have administered the Haitian customs since their seizure in 1915. In the semi-official apologetics for our conduct in Haiti, the alleged incompetence of the Haitians to manage their own affairs has invariably loomed large. *Sotto voce* there are always hints of native venality. Now David P. Johnson, American collector of customs at Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti and its most important port, has been surrendered to the Haitian authorities by the American legation. Mr. Johnson is the third most important American treaty official, subordinate only to Sidney de la Rue, the financial adviser and receiver-general, and his assistant, Mr. Pixley. It appears that some time ago Mr. Johnson, on the ground that he could not trust some of his Haitian subordinates, insisted that certain consignments of merchandise be inspected personally by him. These goods were consigned to a firm of American merchants of Syrian origin in Port-au-Prince. Suspicion was aroused when it was noticed that this firm invariably sold its wares at a price which its competitors were unable to meet. Apparently, high-priced goods were coming in without duty, or were being charged far less than the value of the merchandise warranted. The Syrian-American merchants' arrest came toward the end of March; and Mr. Johnson's has now followed. It is noteworthy that the leading American officials, especially Norman Armour, the recently appointed Minister to Haiti, have cooperated in bringing the offenders to justice.

In ironical contrast, however, the far larger chicanery and fraud of the whole Haitian occupation stand unrebuked. The landing of the United States marines in Haiti, their permanent retention there when even the pretext of protecting life and property was no longer valid, the imposition upon the Haitians successively of a treaty, a constitution, and a protocol—these constitute as barefaced a piece of legalized robbery in the grand manner in behalf of private interests as the history of modern imperialism affords. The essential purpose of the \$23,600,000 loan, forced upon the Haitians under the terms of the protocol, was to enable a few American concessionaires to extract the full par value of their bankrupt enterprises. One need but recall that the railroad, whose claims were arbitrarily settled in ex parte proceedings and not submitted to the Claims Commission, was controlled by a group affiliated with the National City Bank. At the same time the National City Bank controlled Haiti's finances; it floated the loan the Haitians did not want, and then, as in the case of the railroad, obtained a settlement on its own terms. It was to serve the interests of the National City Bank that 2,500 Haitians, including women and children, had to be slaughtered, and that more than a score of American marines gave their lives. In the light of this long record of exploitation and occupation—both military and financial—the arrest of a United States treaty official for alleged peculations, while proper and gratifying, serves chiefly to emphasize the divergence between the codes of morality that exist for individuals and nations.

Issues and Men

Ramsay MacDonald Revisits Us

THE Ramsay MacDonald who has accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to discuss with him not only the debt situation but the rest of the international situation in Europe is not the same man who has visited this country before, and on the occasion of his last visit accomplished so much with Mr. Hoover on the Rapidan. Much has happened since then. He is no longer a Labor premier. He is the head of what is still called a "National Government," but which is really an overwhelmingly Conservative government. By the grace of the Conservative Party he holds on largely because it is itself so destitute of adequate material with which to fill the highest positions of the government.

The past two years have also made a great change in MacDonald himself. He has grown noticeably older, there is a distinct suggestion of oncoming old age in his appearances in the movies, and the trouble which he has had with his eyes is by no means over. I hear that he can do very little reading and that he must take great care not to overtax his vision. If that is the case it must be a severe deprivation, for MacDonald has always been an omnivorous reader. Like all men in British public life, he is a constant source of wonder to Americans, for he not only keeps up his acquaintance with the classics of literature, but is extraordinarily conversant with new books and the foreign press, and yet finds time to write personal notes in his own hand.

MacDonald's break with his old associates of the Labor Party has been really tragic in its consequences. He is today a lonely man. The men with whom he fought the battle for Labor in the Independent Labor Party and the Labor Party no longer seek him out. They not only do not call upon him; they frequently avoid him when chance throws them in his way. They feel that he betrayed them. They recall the days when he was a pacifist outcast, the days when even labor unions conspired to prevent his leaving the country. They cannot forgive him for having broken with the old associates who stood by him in days of adversity, and they feel that when he formed the National Government he struck a deadly blow at the party which had made him Prime Minister, that he, more than any change in public opinion, was responsible for their disastrous defeat. They do not concede that there was such a national emergency as to warrant this. They believe that he was stampeded by the combined power of the British and American bankers—the American bankers deny this and I believe truthfully—into undoing much of the work of upbuilding to which he had so largely contributed. As a result they no longer wish to see him, and most of them have sundered the warm personal ties of a lifetime with the man who was the first Labor Prime Minister. He on his side feels that he saved the country from financial and economic disaster, that he placed the country's interest above and beyond party ties, and that he should have had the complete support of his former party associates.

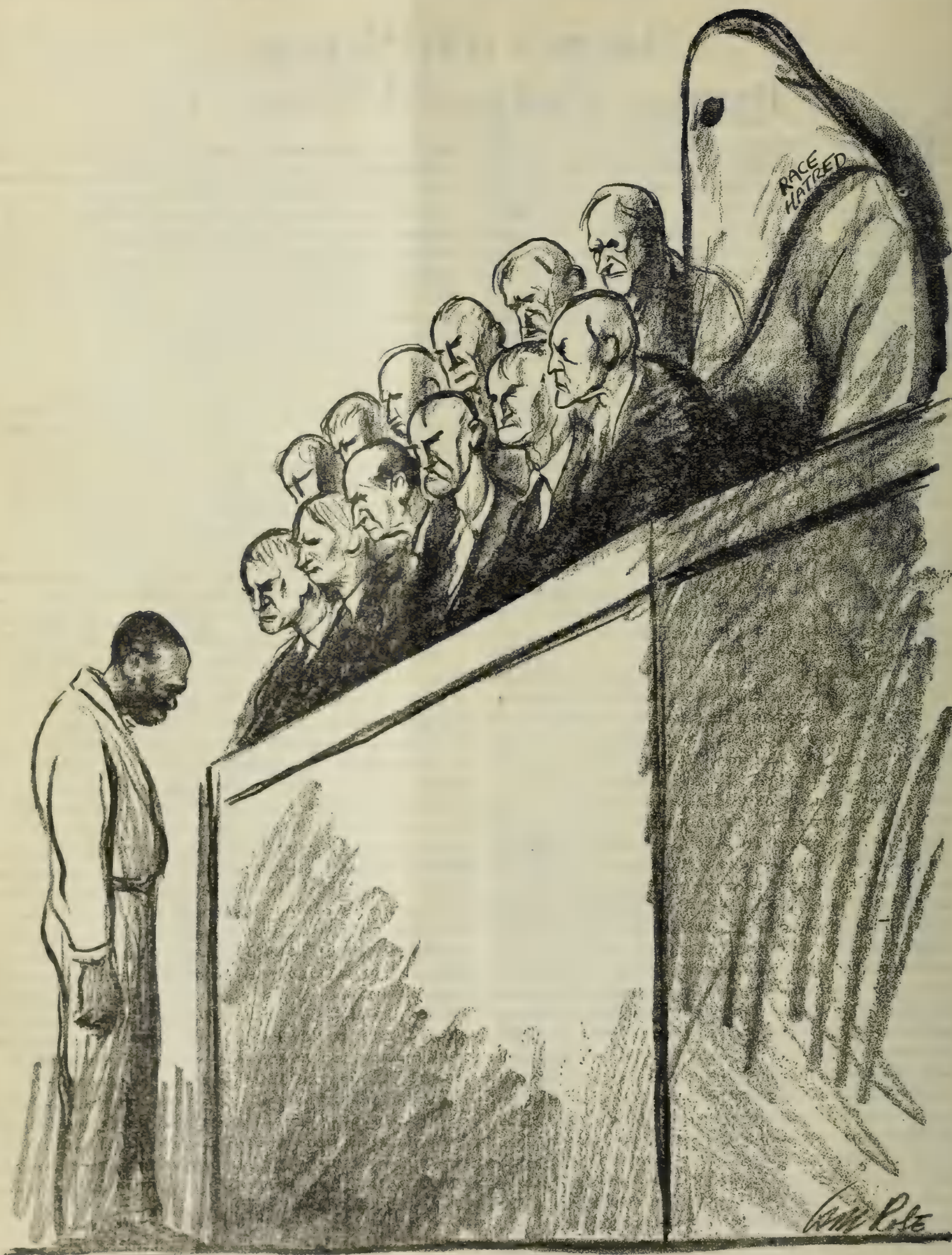
Whatever the final verdict of history upon this tragic happening, the fact is that MacDonald no longer speaks with the force and power, or for that matter the directness

and clarity, which formerly marked his utterances. There has been much comment on this in the English press and even on the floor of the House of Commons, where it was said, after his explanation of some of his recent activities on the Continent, that it was impossible to make sense out of what he said. This criticism was not confined to adversaries like Winston Churchill but was voiced by former old friends. Here is a turgid sample taken from his address to the Disarmament Conference in the middle of March when he made his insistent appeal to that conference to do something at once lest the whole enterprise collapse in ruins:

If there is failure, the stream of events will drive with increasing swiftness to a catastrophe. . . . Failure would let loose the passion that makes for war. It would set upon our throats the vagrant powers which do not save nations, and never saved nations—vagrant powers which, under the pretense of saving nations and national honors, destroy both the body and soul of nations.

This is characteristic of his recent utterances and of the change in his style. His sentences are long, involved, full of parentheses and of thoughts thrown in between dashes, which betray not only a lack of clarity of thought but of understanding of his own objective. Perhaps it is because he no longer has much to give that he beclouds the issue with words; the fact is that one feels a loss of power and force in him. He has always been a sentimentalist and emotional. His best work has been done through the use of his splendid voice, his deep feeling, his moving personal appeal, backed by his own character and record of having been willing to sacrifice himself and his career in war days because of his beliefs and his principles. His greatest service of all was his inducing the German and French representatives to shake hands for the first time after the war, and paving the way to the Locarno agreements. Probably no one else could have achieved this success, which marked one of the great steps forward taken since the war, one that led directly to the recent settlement of the reparations question. But whether it is ill health which has done it, or the loss of his old party associations, or the knowledge that he is now in the wrong pew, that he is leading as Prime Minister the very men against whom and against whose policies he fought for the greater part of his life, or all three, plus the coming-on of years, he is no longer the man that he was. Today he offers sentimentalism and emotionalism without the power and the certainty of aim which brought about his greatest achievements. But he may yet accomplish something, although his latest adventure on the Continent and the proposed Four-Power arrangement appear to have been utterly futile. He can still give President Roosevelt sound advice and most important information. Hence his visit may result in lasting good. Let us hope so.

Russell Garrison Kilgus



The Thirteenth Juror

The South Speaks

By JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR.

A GAIN fear has driven an Alabama jury to condemn to death one of the Scottsboro boys. It matters little how flimsy the evidence was against Haywood Patterson; a white woman had accused a Negro of raping her, and in this matter a white woman's word is law.

The Scottsboro case has slowly attained world-wide publicity owing to the efforts of the International Labor Defense, which fought the case successfully before the United States Supreme Court and won a new trial—in Alabama. The nine Negroes, accused of assaulting two white girl hobos on a freight train two years ago, were granted a change of venue from seething Scottsboro to the comparatively peaceful town of Decatur, seventy miles away. The defense made the best possible fight, but it was hopeless from the start. The boys could hardly have had an abler attorney than Samuel Leibowitz, with an almost perfect record of acquittals in criminal cases. Nor could they have been tried before a fairer man than Judge James E. Horton, who astounded skeptical Northerners by his tolerance and poise. But Southern prejudice was more than a match for a fair judge, lack of evidence against the Negroes, and a jury above the community's average in intelligence.

At the beginning of the trial Decatur was a quiet Alabama town, perhaps a little busier than the average. Its twenty thousand inhabitants used to find employment in several hosiery mills and a steel and iron foundry employing something like two thousand men. The mills are running full time, with slashed wages, but the foundry is practically shut down. The town does not belong to the old South; its houses are modern and nondescript, as are its public buildings. Its upper class is not of the "aristocracy."

There was little bitterness evident at first. The prevailing feeling was one of annoyance at the expense of the trial. The townsfolk were fully aware of the fact that the schools of Scottsboro and Jackson County had been shut down by the cost of the original trial and appeal. The defendants, of course, were guilty. The average Southerner firmly believes that Negroes desire above everything to have intercourse with white women. But there was little animosity shown the prisoners. They would be found guilty and duly executed. The penalty for rape in Alabama is anything from ten years to death. The Negro faces death.

By the most adroit of maneuverings the defense forced the court to produce the secret jury rolls of Morgan County, after failing to get so much as a peep into Scottsboro's records. To the surprise and dismay of Attorney-General Tom Knight, Judge Horton ruled that the defense had made a *prima facie* case that no Negroes were on the rolls; that it was up to the prosecution to prove that there were. Of course Negroes do not sit on Southern juries, nor do their names appear on panels. But the matter was never so thoroughly threshed out as in Decatur. Leibowitz collected a list of highly intelligent property-holding Negroes, most of them possessing college degrees. These men appeared in court to prove that they possessed every qualification for jury duty under the Alabama statutes. In doing so they

performed a most courageous act. Although the defense lost its motion for a mistrial on the ground that the jury panel contained no names of Negroes, it laid the base for an appeal to the federal courts.

To many the choice of Samuel Leibowitz seemed a grievous error for the defense. Here, they argued, was a Northerner, a Jew, with a long record for defending gangsters and getting them off; a man who would make the worst possible impression on a Southern community. But Leibowitz is a master showman. And the court is the principal place of diversion for the Southern citizen. There were often gasps of unwilling admiration for this outsider who could outsmart their own Tom Knight.

It was Leibowitz's first trip South. He was surprisingly ignorant of the relationship between black and white. So when he first brought forward John Sanford of Scottsboro as a worthy applicant for jury duty, he was shocked at the treatment his witness received at the hands of the Attorney-General. After protesting twice at the bullying Sanford was receiving, he rose in a rage and shouted: "Now listen, Mr. Attorney-General, I've warned you twice about your treatment of my witness. For the last time now, stand back, take your finger out of his eye, and *call him mister*." Leibowitz had the courage to do what no Southerner could have done—challenge the South's whole jury system. Without this the case could never be appealed to the federal courts. And it is extremely doubtful if even the highest court in Alabama would set these prisoners free, no matter what the weight of evidence in their favor.

Although Leibowitz took care to lay all possible bases for appeal, he was confident of an acquittal. He had never tried a case in which a frame-up was more apparent, and as he said in his initial courtroom speech at Decatur, he had full confidence in the integrity and fairness of the South. His thoroughness was astonishing. He produced in court the conductor and fireman of the freight train on which the attack was supposed to have taken place, witnesses who never were called at the original trial. From the railroad he obtained the exact line-up of the cars on the train and had them reproduced in miniature. He found Lester Carter, one of the white boys who accompanied the two girls on the train and provided for the defense its star witness. By competent witnesses found in Chattanooga it was possible to trace the girls' movements the night before the fatal trip and puncture completely their sworn testimony.

In the conduct of this case the International Labor Defense was making an experiment. It concentrated on the legal side of defense rather than on mass pressure. As a result, there were no traces of Communist literature in Decatur, no demonstrations, and no telegrams with demands to the judge until the lives of the defendants appeared to be in actual danger. Contrary to popular belief communism had little if anything to do with the verdict of guilty.

There appeared to be a veritable battery of prosecutors, but Attorney-General Tom Knight did all the work. Knight is only thirty-four, the son of the Alabama Supreme Court

Justice who wrote the court's decision affirming the verdict in the trials two years ago. He is a small, nervous man. Even in court he had little control of himself. His behavior was that of a small and enthusiastic child. But Tom Knight is exceptionally clever. He knows his courtroom gallery and all its prejudices. He successfully counteracted all of Leibowitz's many plays to the jury. He is a bad cross-examiner and seems not too sure of himself, but he is well versed in legal procedure. Out of court he is quite affable and charming, "one of the boys" to the newspaper fraternity. During the trial he became so excited that he seldom slept more than two hours a night. Out of court he insisted that he wanted to give the defendants a scrupulously fair trial. Of course, said he, the niggers were guilty, but if Leibowitz could convince him that there had been a miscarriage of justice, then he would publicly announce his conversion and have the indictments quashed. Inside the courthouse it was a different story. He browbeat Negro witnesses with all the thoroughness of a county solicitor. When Leibowitz announced that he would prove that Victoria Price had been arrested often for adultery and lewdness, Knight cried out: "I don't care how often you prove she was convicted as long as you can't prove she had anything to do with niggers."

Knight had a match, however, in the first defendant, Haywood Patterson. After grilling Patterson severely in an attempt to shake his story, the prosecutor finally asked in desperation: "Well, were you tried two years ago in Scottsboro?" "No suh," said Patterson calmly, "I was framed two years ago in Scottsboro."

Knight's chief assistants were Solicitor Bailey of Scottsboro and Wade Wright, a solicitor of Morgan County, who made the now-famous Jew-baiting summary to the jury. Bailey is quite without importance—hard-boiled and soft-spoken. But Wright is a huge individual, blustering and bullying, a perfect barometer of the less enlightened Decatur opinion. When he speaks his face becomes purple and he imparts his frenzy to the court hangers-on. Until Wright spoke, many of the newspapermen felt that there was an outside chance for acquittal, at least a hung jury. But Wright registered to perfection the repressed feelings and prejudices of the twelve good men. From then on the defense was helpless.

Without a doubt the most unexpected element in the trial was the attitude of Judge Horton. Much has been written about him. Most of it is true. Courteous, generous, and scrupulous according to his own lights, he made an admirable presiding officer. The defense could have had no fairer treatment from a Southerner. Judge Horton allowed the defense to introduce evidence showing that Victoria Price, the State's star witness, was a perjurer, prostitute, and consorter with Negroes—heinous crime in the South. (In the original trials no evidence concerning the moral character of either girl was admitted.) He allowed the defense to put Negroes on the stand to refute white witnesses, and himself asked questions of witnesses which proved beneficial to the case of the defendants. But this really honorable man made dubious rulings against the defense on many important points. After allowing the International Labor Defense to prove systematic exclusion of Negroes from jury duty, he denied the motion for a mistrial. He failed to stop Wade Wright's appeal to bigotry and fear, and refused a change of venue to a more cosmopolitan environment after it had become evi-

dent that hysteria had gripped the good people of Decatur.

Decatur was quiet when the trial began. But it was not long before latent prejudices flared up. During the first day of the actual trial a menacing band of fifty came into the courthouse from Scottsboro "out of curiosity." Leibowitz's method of questioning pure Southern womanhood had aroused their resentment, and they made no bones about it. Organized mobs began to form outside of Decatur. Farmers from surrounding towns held protest meetings. Hadn't an outsider dared to call a black man "mister" in court and demanded that the Attorney-General do the same? Wasn't the defense advocating racial equality, and wasn't there danger of these Northerners arousing the niggers?

The effect of the trial on the three thousand Negroes of Decatur was enlightening. At first there was no appreciable difference in behavior. But after the most respectable members of their community—doctors, Sunday-school teachers, school principals, ministers, and storekeepers—got up in court to show that they were the equals of whites, the working Negro acquired confidence. Faces which had been expressionless in the courtroom took on smiles, and a few whispered exclamations were to be heard when Leibowitz made a point. Decatur whites took notice of this. In no time at all the local hardware stores were completely sold out of guns and ammunition, and they were not selling to Negroes. No one entered "niggertown" without some kind of weapon. The black folk were also taking due precautions. At first it was hard for these colored people to believe that a fight was being waged for them. But when they saw the defense treat Negroes as equals in court they were convinced.

Alabama's Negroes are not the only ones aroused. Colored people throughout the land who have been determinedly apathetic to the appeals of the I. L. D. and the Communists are thoroughly enraged by the verdict. In Harlem, Baltimore, Richmond, Virginia, Washington, Chicago, and scores of other cities real protest meetings are being held. The churches are stepping up as never before; collections are being taken for the defense of the prisoners. Theaters and dance halls are staging benefits; newspapers are formulating plans for a protest march of 50,000 to Washington. The South has only to repeat the verdicts in the cases of the other boys to find the Negroes organizing into militant groups.

During the second day of the trial one of my neighbors in court began to talk to me. After learning that I was a correspondent from the North he introduced himself as a merchant who had been born and bred in Decatur. He asked me what I thought of the trial. I told him that Judge Horton seemed one of the fairest jurists I had ever encountered.

"This judge here is a fine man," he said, "but he's prejudiced. All of us Southerners is prejudiced. You know, I'm beginning to think that those niggers was framed. That girl Victoria made a bad impression. But that doctor [Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro, who testified that he had examined the girls less than two hours after the alleged attack, had found their pulse and temperature normal, and could detect no sign of hysteria] sure cinched the case for them niggers."

He turned around and asked his friends in the row behind what they thought. All seven of them were convinced that there was something wrong somewhere. Two of the more daring also ventured the opinion that it looked like a frame-up. But all this was before the prosecution made its final successful appeal to the passions and fears of the jury.

The Electrical Revolution

By JEROME COUNT

THE first thirty years of the twentieth century will perhaps be recorded in history as the Electrical Revolution. During that period the production of electricity in America rose from 2,000,000,000 kilowatt hours to 90,000,000,000 and the number of purchasers of electricity increased from 500,000 to 24,500,000. Not fewer than 80,000,000 Americans now live in homes served by electricity. But behind the brilliant array of toasters, heaters, iceboxes, cookers, and washing machines stands a vast army of underpaid, insecure utility workers and overcharged consumers. The growing protests of small consumers and utility employees against the rate and labor policies of the electric light and power industry suggest an inquiry into the extent to which the rewards of a vast development have been shared with the electric-utility wage-earner and the small domestic consumer who is now the mainstay of the industry.

It is found that large wholesale users buy energy for one-quarter of what it costs small domestic consumers. Between 1920 and 1931 the domestic user of current increased his consumption 400 per cent, compared with an increase of less than 200 per cent on the part of the wholesale consumer. Notwithstanding his larger contribution to the electrical prosperity of the past decade, the domestic consumer in 1931 was compelled to pay 36 per cent of the nation's electric bill, although he received only 13 per cent of all energy consumed. At the same time the wholesale consumer received 60 per cent of all energy, and paid only 30 per cent of the total revenue. The extent of discrimination between the domestic consumer and the wholesale consumer is illustrated again by the relative cost per kilowatt hour to privileged classes of users. In 1931 wholesale consumers paid 1.48 cents per kilowatt hour while the average rate to all consumers was 2.75 cents. Domestic users, however, paid 5.82 cents, although it has been computed by Morris Llewellyn Cooke that this price exceeds a fair rate by 2.82 cents. The domestic consumer, in other words, is overcharged some \$300,000,000 every year. Finally, while consumption by large wholesale and industrial users has steadily declined since the depression began, domestic consumption has risen sufficiently almost to cancel the loss of wholesale revenue, and the average bill of the electric consumer is now higher than it was at the peak of prosperity. Mechanical refrigeration alone has added about \$60,000,000 to the annual revenues of the entire electric utilities.

Labor has derived far less advantage from the enormous development of the electric industry than even the domestic consumer. Whereas since 1902 profits have multiplied twenty-nine times, wages have multiplied only eighteen times, and the number of employees has multiplied only eight times. Had the share of labor increased in the same proportion as profits, each power employee would now be receiving "wages" at the rate of \$20,000 a year, or, assuming that wages remained constant and increases were paid in leisure, the utility laborer would now be working only two and one-half hours a week. The observation that the revenues of the industry would not permit this boon to labor serves only

to stress the shocking degree to which utility capital has gained advantage over its employees during this great development. Dividend payments to capital account for \$575,000,000 of present revenues, but the toll that capital takes from the industry is not measured by dividends alone. The report of the Federal Trade Commission on "National Wealth and Income" (1926) gives the results of an investigation into the relative share of labor and capital in the nation's industries. This report concludes significantly: "The electric light and power industry is remarkable because of the fact that labor receives only about one-third and capital about two-thirds of the total value product." This finding was based upon a comprehensive study of a seven-year period. For the last year reviewed, capital in the electric light and power industry received \$511,000,000 while labor earned only \$249,800,000.

To what extent the finding of the commission is an understatement of the contrast is shown, for example, in the comparison of the power industry and steam railroads in one year. Railroad labor received 90.4 per cent of the total value product while utility labor received only 37.6 per cent. On the other hand, railroad capital received 9.6 per cent while light and power capital received 62.4 per cent. A comparative table (for a six-year average) again shows utility labor at the bottom of the scale with capital at the top:

DIVISION OF VALUE OF PRODUCT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR

<i>Industry</i>	<i>Percentage to Labor</i>	<i>Percentage to Capital</i>
Construction	92.8.....	7.15
Water transportation	83.3.....	16.2
Steam railroads	75.2.....	24.8
Telegraph and cable.....	72.1.....	27.2
Telephone	68.9.....	30.5
Manufacturing (all)	63.2.....	36.8
Street and electric railways.....	62.8.....	37.2
Mining, quarrying, and oil.....	59.3.....	40.7
Electric light and power.....	33.9.....	66.1

Despite the tragic implications of this alignment of capital and labor, it was the proud boast of the National Electric Light Association (recently rechristened Edison Electric Institute) that "an investment in a power and light company is . . . particularly free from the effect of varying labor conditions. The average labor cost of all power and light companies is approximately 21.5 per cent of their combined gross earnings. Compare this with the 45 per cent to 55 per cent labor charge of the average railroad." Beside this boast should be set the low-wage average in the industry. A recent study shows that while in transportation utilities the average income of salaried workers rose from \$976 to \$2,084, the salaries of employees in the power industry in the same period rose from \$899 to \$1,795. At the same time average salaries in industry as a whole rose from \$916 to \$2,028. A similar comparison in respect to other workers in the power industry shows that the wage-earner, as distin-

guished from the salaried employee in this industry, received \$666 in 1909 and \$1,398 in 1927 as against a rise to \$1,436 from \$616 for wage-earners in all industries combined.

It is evident that electrical labor has received little benefit either in volume of employment or scale of wages from the technological perfection of the industry as compared with the volume and certainty of dividends and interest paid to capital. Utility executives, however, have pointed to the permanence of employment as a compensation. "The industry," they said to prospective investors, "is depression-proof"; and they permitted labor to believe that the safety enjoyed by share- and bond-holders would be matched by security of employment.

The stock bromides fed to employees by utility executives during the headlong decade of 1921 to 1931 were "security of tenure" and "continued advancement to the faithful." An "Employees' Handbook" of platitudes and homilies was issued, and some fifty thousand copies were distributed to instruct employees in the ritual of loyalty and service—and the evils of "political ownership" of utilities. Security and advancement were constantly stressed.

Few utility employees realized that their security depended primarily upon whether the consumers' demand for electricity kept pace with technical advances in the industry and sustained construction projects. The technical progress of twenty-five years had increased the capacity of each employee by 260 per cent—from 82,700 to 297,500 kilowatt hours a year, or a product worth almost \$9,000 per employee. Only eight times as many employees are needed to generate forty times as much energy. New construction projects have offered little better security to the worker. It has been the insistent claim of the industry and its executives that in response to a "patriotic urge" suggested by President Hoover in 1929 construction programs were deliberately accelerated in 1930 in order to sustain what they then believed to be "temporary unemployment." A glance at the construction expenditures of the preceding period is enough to show the falsity of this claim. The decade ending in 1930 was marked by vast consolidations and mergers followed by large increases in stock issues and bond sales. Anticipating the need of meeting additional dividend and interest loads, an attempt was made to reorganize operations through the unification of various systems that had been brought under the same financial control. The unified companies, therefore, undertook large construction projects to effect these economies and to anticipate further increases in demand for electricity, and this long before the so-called "temporary unemployment" of 1929.

Construction had more than doubled between 1922 and 1927. Accelerated construction continued at an even greater pace from 1927 until the end of 1930. It did not occur, as the industry asserts, only after the unemployment conference with President Hoover, but was the natural culmination of a decade of intense development. At the first indication that increases in demand for electricity would partially subside, the "patriotic urge" to sustain employment petered out, although unemployment had become more acute; when the wholesale lay-offs began in 1931, revenues were still \$30,000,000 above 1929. The industry immediately cut down its construction program by \$325,000,000 and discharged 36,000 employees with an annual wage loss of \$54,000,000. At the end of this same period, so devastating to labor, President Owens of the National Electric Light Association ap-

provingly quoted the Federal Power Commission as saying that "no other great industry exhibits a like resistance to the general economic influence of this period" in so far as revenues from consumers is concerned. "And," he continued, "I might also add, in so far as net income available for investors is also concerned." At the same time *Electrical World*, standard-bearer of the industry, happily reviewed "... the unique record for maintenance of dividends by power and light companies," and said editorially that "measured by use of electric service, this country is stable, and those who supply this service are the most prosperous business group in the nation. ... Thus the utilities are up to about 100 per cent when weighed by statistics." This was at the beginning of 1932.

Indeed, guaranteed dividends and bond interest of the operating companies continued unbroken. This of course is not true of some of the holding companies, which, to be sure, are without justified existence and have merely served to increase the insiders' profits at the expense of the consumers and investors. The financiers had capitalized the leading companies at dividend levels which they hoped would be maintained by increased demand for electricity. Up to that time the demand had doubled every five years. When, instead, revenues decreased about 1 per cent (some other industries had lost as high as 50 per cent of their business), holding companies collapsed of their own weight. Some operating companies, however, had increased their stock issues and paid added dividends. At the end of the year 1931, after the discharge of 36,000 employees and the continuance of dividends and interest on bonds, the leading publication of the industry reported that "financial distress of operating companies was conspicuous by its absence. Even in areas most dependent on industries hard hit, power companies made a good showing." And again: "Utility companies suffered relatively little, if an energy output drop of 3.75 per cent and a revenue fall of less than 1 per cent can, indeed, be called suffering."

The industry is now loaded with staggering stock and bond issues, aggregating some \$12,000,000,000, on which dividends and interest must be paid to capital. In 1932 dividends and bond interest of the operating companies again remained intact but labor suffered another decline of 30,000 wage-earners, with an annual wage loss of \$45,000,000. Construction expenditures were again cut, this time by some \$375,000,000, although one of the industry's leading executives speaking to his "fellow-employees" said: "We stand today on the threshold of a sturdier and more solid development than our industry has known for nearly a score of years." He spoke, of course, from the standpoint of capital since his own company discharged 2,500 employees that year.

At the beginning of 1933, while employees were being discharged at the rate of 3,000 per month and the wages of 3,000 more were being cut, *Electrical World* again reported a year of general capital prosperity and said: "No serious threats to utility progress and prosperity exist." Meanwhile construction projects have been delayed to a critical point which impairs efficiency and provides utilities with pretexts for maintaining exorbitant rates. The cessation of improvements will deprive consumers of rate increases which were often promised out of unification savings in exchange for the approval of consolidations and mergers granted by many public-service commissions. The public will pay for the stoppage of improvements while utility employees starve.

Workers to the number of 66,000 have been discharged and employment in the electrical industry has been reduced 22 per cent below the level of 1930, although revenues have declined only 8 per cent. In years of prosperity electrical labor received but one-third while capital collected two-thirds of the spoils, but in times of depression, while the swollen share of capital is untouched, labor suffers in the ratio of three times the decline in revenues. Electric-utility labor now faces the threat of a further lay-off of 20,000 employees, impending wage cuts, and part-time employment, although its pay roll has already been reduced by \$100,000,000. In 1933 the consumer will pay about \$1,900,000,000 to the industry, of which \$575,000,000 will go

to stockholders in dividends, \$240,000,000 in interest to bondholders, and only \$348,000,000 to labor. Capital will also receive \$250,000,000 in reserves to maintain security values. Once again the lion's share of revenues paid by the consumer will be reaped by capital—more than one billion dollars as against a third of that sum to 230,000 employees.

Utility employees in New York City have started a movement toward organization which may have far-reaching results. A militant union of 75,000 employees throughout the nation would go far to bring tangible improvement. Add to this, strenuous resistance to high rates on the part of consumers and the electrical industry may be brought to justice.

Will Wonders Never Begin?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 15

THOSE who expected wonders of the new Administration have begun to eye each other dubiously. Few voice their suspicions openly, but each, as he thoughtfully scratches himself, is revolving the same question in his mind: "Is this the real McCoy, or have I fallen for another medicine man?" I am here to say that it is not a comfortable situation. The Roosevelt smile is just as expansive; the family is just as wholesome; just as many good intentions are on display—but the number of the unemployed continues to increase; purchasing power continues to decline; the deadly blight of deflation continues to spread. That the depression is a result of unemployment—and the consequent loss of purchasing power—is now conceded even by bankers and economists. Since Roosevelt took office there has been a further reduction of purchasing power, represented by about five billion dollars of deposits frozen in closed banks and a reduction of about four hundred million in veterans' allowances. I say this not in criticism, but simply to keep the record straight. On the face of the record we have had six weeks of deflation such as Hoover or J. P. Morgan and Company would never have had the nerve to suggest. It is true that a few thousand young men have been taken into army camps and, by means of applied calisthenics, trained to become foresters at the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a month, provided only that they send twenty-five of it home to their dependent families, thus relieving the local welfare agencies to that extent. After that the youthful foresters may sally out into the woods with the remaining five, and—always under proper restrictions—burn it up in any way they choose. To the extent that idle young men are taken off the streets and placed in healthful surroundings, and to the extent that the burdens of municipal relief bodies are eased, I suppose this may be pronounced a worthy undertaking. But surely no adult person would contend that it will have an appreciable effect on the national problem.

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NEVERTHELESS, comrades, the prospect is brighter than might be assumed from the foregoing. The Administration, visibly disturbed by two or three serious rebuffs in the Senate and no doubt aware of the swelling popular

demand for measures to counteract its recent deflationary policies, at last (if one may use that phrase after six weeks) is giving serious heed to the problem of putting men back to work. For this fact the country—and the Administration—can thank the persistence of Senators Wagner, La Follette, and Costigan, and the driving intelligence of Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. The plan is yet in a formative stage, and might even be blocked, but as I write it tends to shape itself around three major projects, to wit: a two-billion-dollar federal public-works program; federal loans totaling two billion dollars to States and cities for the construction of needed improvements, such as waterworks and sewer systems; these to be tied in with a planned stimulation of private industry. The third item in this program may be greeted with the Bronx cheer, on the ground that Hoover tried it often, and vainly. But Hoover always opposed a public-works program, and it may be argued with considerable persuasiveness that the promise of the government to make four billion dollars available for wages and material may very well justify private employers in expanding the scope of their operations. In inducing the President to consider such a program its proponents have had to overcome a hostile conservative majority in the Cabinet and the protestations of Budget Director Douglas, who, as I have heretofore remarked, aspires only to become a tinpot Calvin Coolidge.

* * * * *

THAT the majority of the Cabinet will continue to be conservative is assured by Roosevelt's decision to keep Cummings as Attorney-General, while sending Mayor Frank Murphy of Detroit to the Philippines. It would have been very much better for the country—although worse for the bankers—if he had sent Cummings to the Philippines and put Murphy in the Department of Justice. What the Filipinos need, in addition to independence, I really do not know; but I know that the Department of Justice needs a thorough house-cleaning from top to bottom, and that Cummings is not the type that cleans house. Murphy is. Throughout the country, I am told, there is a vast and understandable wonder as to why no more bankers have been indicted. I think I am safe in saying that this curious dearth of criminal prosecutions is due in equal parts to the awe experienced by

Secretary of the Treasury Woodin in the presence of bankers, and the awe which Attorney-General Cummings feels in the presence of politicians. It has not been ascertained with whom Secretary Woodin spent his last week-end, but he returned to Washington with a set of ideas regarding banks and investment houses which made Ogden Mills look like a rip-roaring Progressive. Even the mild proposal of Carter Glass and the Chase National Bank to divorce banks from security affiliates had taken on awful proportions in his eyes. Someone, it seems, had told the poor, frightened little man that the government of the United States had to depend on these affiliates for money. By the time this appears, it is to be hoped, Roosevelt will have patted him on the head and told him not to be afraid. The best break the bankers got was when Tom Walsh fell dead. That stern and righteous man I knew rather well, and if he had sent an expert to prepare indictments of bankers in New England or anywhere else, no national committeeman or Senator would have induced him to withdraw him—indeed, I cannot picture anyone approaching him on such a subject. Cummings could never be a Thomas J. Walsh, but he might profit by the example.

■ ■ * ■ ■

THE Black bill, designed to establish the basic thirty-hour week in industry, has passed the Senate with surprising ease. In its present form it would exclude from interstate commerce the products of mines, quarries, workshops,

and manufacturing plants which work their help more than six hours a day or more than five days a week. It is a simple, even primitive statement of the principle that all of us must work fewer hours if all of us are to work. Naturally, the bill must be amended. The six-hour limitation probably is too rigid for some industries. Undoubtedly some legal precaution should be made against wage-cutting. The necessary amendments are being drafted by Miss Perkins. In fact, it appears that the Administration, impressed by the popular support accorded this measure, is prepared to go even farther. It is even possible that the Administration will accept Sidney Hillman's suggestion to establish a board in each industry in which collective agreements between employer and employed do not exist, such boards to fix minimum weekly wages and to supervise working conditions. Every parliamentary trick known to the lobbyists on Capitol Hill has been employed to impede this bill. Thousands of telegrams, summoned at the behest of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the American Manufacturers Association, have descended on Congress, all opposing the principle. As usual, these sweaters of labor have been able to marshal in behalf of their cause a certain number of the shallow pates who masquerade, at times, as the "intelligentsia." For myself, I do not see why they take the trouble to line up these cattle. If Cummings and Woodin and Douglas can't stop this bill; if the speeches of Simian Fess and Dave Reed are of no avail, why bother about the tripe and the chocolate sundaes?

Escaping the German Hell

[The person to whom the following letter was written is well known to the editors of The Nation. The letter was not intended for publication. We can vouch absolutely for its authenticity and for the responsibility of its author. Initials have been substituted for the names in the original; otherwise the translation is literal.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Zurich, April 2

DEAR M.:

Yes, Zurich, and no April fooling either! I arrived here today at noon, having taken the midnight train from Cologne, where I had arrived from Berlin the morning before. I cannot tell you in what mental condition all of us are in Germany. I planned to bring Mother and O. along with me to Switzerland, but the poor child resisted so much that I did not succeed. Although most likely nothing will happen to them, I shall not rest until they are here.

At least I am able to give you today a detailed account of the past weeks in Germany without fearing that the letter will never reach you. Did you receive my last letter from Berlin? [It did not arrive.—*Editors' Note.*] First of all I want to tell you why I decided and acted so quickly. About two weeks ago I read an advertisement of a position in Zurich. I answered it last Thursday. By return mail the Zurich people offered me the position. Of course I intended to tell my boss about it and give him fair notice of my resignation. Then the Jewish boycott, which all of us in Germany hoped would be called off, was announced—it was put into effect yesterday. Furthermore I heard last Friday noon

over the radio that all Jewish employees in every office were to be fired. I decided the very same evening to do what I did. After having conferred with R. and her parents, I took the Cologne express at 10 p. m. with all my belongings. I forgot to tell you that we Jewish employees were advised for our own safety not to come to the office on Boycott Saturday.

When I arrived in Cologne I intended to take Mother and O. along with me. I rushed to the savings bank to get money, since one was allowed to take out 700 marks (\$175) per person. Our passports were O. K. and had not yet been taken away by the Nazis, as had been the case with several of our friends. I booked three tickets for Zurich, but when I came home all tired from the rush and excitement O. refused to leave. I had to act at once since there was a new law requiring a *Sichtvermerk*, or special visa, on one's passport, designed to make it difficult for Jews to leave Germany. When the Nazis discovered that they could not take away all the Jewish passports they decided on this visa, which is only granted to "Aryans." I was informed by the German travel bureau that the law had not been passed yet, but Mother and O. were afraid to have any contact with the Nazis, so I did not insist on their coming along. Whoever gets into the clutches of the Nazi beasts must be prepared for the worst.

I can't tell you in what a pitiful and desperate condition I left Cologne last night. From Berlin I had traveled third class. The train was crowded with Jewish fugitives. I had to sit in the corridor of the train on my baggage, exactly as

in 1914 and 1918, when we fled from Belgium. Before my departure from Cologne I had been running around all day and had seen the terrible posters on all Jewish stores and doctors' and lawyers' offices. Everywhere in front of these buildings Nazis were posted, and all municipal street cars and public buildings were decorated with the swastika flags.

April 4

I have just read in the papers that the *Sichtvermerk* law has gone into effect today. For that reason it will be very difficult to get O. and Mother out of the German hell. . . . You do not know how lucky you are, dear M., to be in the United States. If you had stayed in Germany, I assure you, you would now be among the dead. Two young men among my friends in Berlin were arrested. Both families have been informed of the death of their sons. If they had been shot immediately after their arrest it would have been a terrible tragedy, but the poor boys would not have had to suffer infernal torture. Their brothers told me they were terribly beaten up and brutally treated. One of these young men was a Reichsbanner man, healthy, tall, and strong. A week after his arrest his people were informed that he was in the hospital on account of a nervous breakdown; some time later they were told that he had died of heart failure. The other young man was a journalist. Four days after his arrest his parents were informed that he had died of tuberculosis and heart failure. In reality he was perfectly healthy and fit. I do not know what his political attitude was. His brother went to the morgue to take a last look at the corpse. It was covered, and he could see only the head, which showed distinct marks of a terrible beating. He insisted on seeing the whole body and asked for a postmortem examination. This was refused in the following words: "If you don't get the hell out of here and shut your mouth about this, we'll do the same thing to you!" The bodies were not returned to the families for burial.

This is what Boycott Saturday looked like in Germany: All Jewish stores and offices were placarded with posters saying: "Germans don't buy from Jews!" "No German visits a Jewish doctor." "He who buys in this Jewish store will be photographed." "No decent German buys from Jews." In Cologne I read, "These are Jews. Don't buy from Jews," marked with chalk on the windows. All Jewish shops and houses were also marked with a square black sign with a yellow center circled by a white line. This meant, "These are Jews!" Let me tell you, the darkest Middle Ages! Wherever you go and whomever you see of your friends, you find sorrowful people. Nearly everyone, no, everyone is faced with the question, What will happen to us, how shall we live? Dr. K. has been discharged from the hospital; Dr. W. has been fired from his school—the pupils refused to answer him in his classes. The lawyers were barred from the courts, the judges were all dismissed, all doctors were removed from the hospitals, nobody was allowed to buy from Jews. And if one is lucky enough to have escaped that German inferno, and to find oneself in Switzerland where everything is so calm and peaceful, then one has to ask oneself: How is it possible? Did I have a nightmare or is Swiss life so unreal? I forgot to tell you that on that blackest of all Saturdays big trucks patrolled the Berlin streets from which Nazis shouted through loud speakers: "Down with the Jews!" "Jews, die like beasts!" ("Juda Verrecke!")

One of the most popular songs of these inhuman beasts was "Wenn das Judenblut vom Messer spritzt, dann geht's nochmal so gut!" ("If Jewish blood flows from the knife, things will go much better.") The words for this song were written by the Nazi poet, Horst Wessel, who in his private life is supposed to have been a procurer.

By accident I saw Dr. L. M. several times in the last two weeks. He of course lost all employment immediately, and he informed me that he intends to settle with his wife and two children in Paris. He does not know yet what he is going to live on there, but since he has not anything to live on in Germany he prefers to starve in France. Just by chance I met him that night in the Berlin-Cologne express, on his way to Paris. We traveled together as far as Dortmund, where he got off to call for his wife and children, intending to continue the journey to Paris a few hours later. You know he was an industry and commerce reporter in Berlin and there he was in a position to learn through his direct connection with the Chamber of Commerce that all the big German industries have felt the boycott on German goods very severely. Thousands of letters come in daily from abroad canceling orders and breaking business relations with German firms. All this of course will have very serious consequences. If the Germans destroy the Jews they will perish with them.

I have just returned from a stroll through Zurich, and I read in a news agency that Commissioner Streicher has of Munich states that the boycott will not be resumed on Wednesday, as the hostility aroused in foreign countries might have serious consequences for German industry. If only all Jewish firms abroad would remain firm in their anti-Nazi attitude, regardless of their personal interests, and would fire all their German employees including those of German origin, they would help the Jewish cause more than through their newspaper propaganda. The atrocity tales are in truth "tales," since the atrocities are committed behind closed doors in all secrecy. In the streets everything seems to be very peaceful. However, in Berlin in the Friedrichstrasse, No. 132, there is a Nazi home in which there is a room whose walls are all smeared with blood. Even the Nazi neighbors of the building are said to have protested against the daily and nightly screams and cries of the tortured victims. This report I received from Dr. L. M., who as a Berlin reporter has heard the screams himself, and knows some of the victims.

Well, enough for today of these terrible facts. I have not yet written to my Berlin firm, since I do not know what to tell them. Anyway at the present I feel so terribly hopeless that I do not know what to do next. After having slept last night I feel better today and my despair has calmed down a little. Mother promised to write me every day and I shall keep you informed as often as I can.

Yours,

J.

P.S. If you have the chance to use your influence with the press, I implore you to do everything you can to stop these atrocity stories. However, one should arrange immediately to boycott all German goods and industries, but this should be done in all quietness, as all anti-German propaganda will be used against the German Jews. Einstein was called the other day in an editorial in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* an insane crazy idiot. Think of it! His bank account of 39,000 marks was confiscated as a "punishment"!

The Starvation Army

By JOHN KAZARIAN

ON cold nights when it is impossible to sleep in the open, the Starvation Army is forced to seek shelter in the relief agencies. The Salvation Army in Santa Barbara, California, in contrast to many of its branches offers a clean and comfortable shelter. Every man is required to take a bath and is given a bathrobe. The building is warm and is provided with a radio. Music means security and comfort to the man on the road. It calms his mind, distressed as it is by fear of the police and of hunger, and worst of all by the feeling of futility and helplessness. In such an environment the Starvation Army is naturally inclined to discuss the causes of its misery, why it cannot find work, why relief agencies do not furnish sanitary food and shelter. Also, its members are likely to turn to talk about religion—whether it is out of place in a changing world and what it is doing to alleviate the economic collapse. Politics also is of vital interest. But this model lodging-house forbids any discussion of politics or religion. Huge signs to this effect stare us in the face. We are silent until bedtime when the lights go out.

The Community Shelter in Eugene, Oregon, is operated by the city. Formerly it must have been a rooming-house. We were given beds to sleep in, but the sheets apparently had not been washed for months. Dirt an inch thick covered the window sills and floors. In the morning we were escorted to a wood pile. We sawed wood for half an hour for our lodging and on an empty stomach worked another half-hour for an equally tempting breakfast.

The Volunteers of America conduct an agency in San Francisco. I asked for a night's lodging and a bit of food. The man at the desk asked, "You want fodder? Well, then, sit on the mourners' bench." I joined other wanderers on the mourners' bench. Our faces were unwashed, our hair shaggy, and our clothes coated with dirt. Each of us was questioned about our age, place of birth, residence, last job, education, name of father, maiden name of mother, how long we had been in San Francisco, what our destination was. I wondered what all these questions had to do with hunger and fatigue. But we dared not question our betters. At last we were herded into a large room furnished with some 150 double-decker bunks. In each bunk was a spring over which was stretched a piece of rubber. As we had no covering, the room had to be kept warm and the result was poor ventilation, a condition common to welfare shelters.

Since the Volunteers of America would not lodge a transient for more than one night, I had to seek shelter elsewhere, as I was expecting mail the next day in San Francisco. I went to the jail and after being questioned was turned over to a turnkey, who told me to follow him. He gave me a blanket and showed me to a cell that measured about ten by fifteen feet. Five men were already in the cell when I entered and by midnight the number had increased to ten. We lay on the hard floor in all sorts of positions. I was doubled like a jackknife, another was trying to sleep sitting up, a third did not hesitate to use my stomach as a footrest. The two men who entered the cell last were forced for want of space to sleep with their heads against the toilet bowl. The

discomforts finally became unbearable. Another inmate agreed with me and we called to the turnkey to take us out of the cell. He showed us into a room filled with policemen and detectives.

"I've a mind to kick you mugs," said a policeman. "What the hell do you think this is, a hotel, coming in and going out?" I told him the shelter was unfit for a decent human being and if I had known it beforehand they would not have had the pleasure of my company. This made him angry. He was advancing upon us when another policeman said, "Go easy on 'em, Mike."

Thanks to the second policeman, we were soon outside breathing fresh air. The streets were empty except for an occasional sailor with his girl friend, whose giggle sounded strange in the perfect deadness of morning. We walked up and down Market Street looking for lost money on the deserted sidewalks. But San Francisco was wrapped in a heavy mist and it was hard to see anything. I was hungry, tired, and cold. Finally, I turned into a cafe, where a kind manager gave me a bowl of soup. Afterward I rested my bones under a grandstand in Civic Center Park, with the mist as a blanket.

The branches of the Young Men's Christian Association provide the most desirable shelter, but unless one presents a membership card it is almost impossible to get a free room. And even if one is a member, one is not always taken in. Invariably the branches in the smaller cities are very hospitable. For the most part the relief agencies do not furnish sanitary shelter for the wandering unemployed. However, during the cold months it is hard to avoid them unless one panhandles a quarter or more for a bed in a cheap hotel or rooming-house. In mild weather many comparatively clean places to sleep are available—the jungles, box-cars, depots, cotton-seed houses, sawmills, used cars, empty buildings, the seashore. If one sleeps in any of these places, it is not advisable to take off one's clothes or shoes, for they may disappear by morning.

It is impossible to keep one's body and clothes clean when one sleeps in box-cars, on the roadsides, or even in welfare shelters. At least once every two weeks the thoughtful wanderer buys a cake of soap from a house or grocery store and tramps to the jungles, which supply him with water, gallon cans, and firewood. While the dirt and vermin on his clothes are being boiled out, he has an opportunity to wash himself if a creek is nearby.

When a man's clothes become worn out, as they do very quickly on the road, he visits the charity organizations. But the experienced man knows that clothes can very seldom be obtained from that source by a "floater," that is, a non-resident. As a consequence, the wanderer "puts the bum" on undertaking establishments, insane asylums, private houses, hospitals, and clothing stores. If none of these possibilities materialize, he resorts to stealing. However, clothes are obtained much more easily than shoes. Some branches of the Salvation Army will give a pair of old shoes in return for half a day's labor on a wood pile. It seems as if that much labor would entitle one to a new pair of shoes.

Unemployment per se is not supposed to constitute a

criminal offense. Yet the mere act of standing on a corner, sitting in a park, or walking on the highway is often made the basis of a jail sentence for ■ shabby man out of work. If one is picked up in San Antonio, Texas, for vagrancy, he is fingerprinted. The police go a step farther in Houston, Texas, by "mugging" (photographing) the vagrant and making him walk across a platform before ■ group of detectives. The penalty for sleeping in an unused box-car in the Southern Pacific yards of Corpus Christi is seventeen days in the county jail.

In some cities the vagrant is forced to buy a railroad ticket. Many a kind-hearted judge records a ten-day jail term for him but lets the offender out the next morning. In one city of southern Florida the vagrant is placed in ■ chair and questioned. The chair is so arranged as to provide for the passage of an electric current. In the midst of the examination the current is turned on. If the victim jumps a few feet out of his chair and demands an explanation, he is told: "That's a present from this town. We want you to remember it and not come back here again." Incidents of this kind afford the police tremendous amusement.

I have tried to give an accurate account of the condition and problems of the wandering unemployed. The following suggestions for improving their condition are offered for consideration:

1. Officially permit the men to ride freight trains. This would reduce considerably the number of accidental and intentional killings.
2. Serve cleaner and more substantial food.
3. Serve meals three times a day instead of two.
4. Provide every relief agency with shower baths.
5. Make baths compulsory before assignment to ■ bed.
6. Sheets should be changed every day. If this is impossible, they could at least be placed in a delousing machine.
7. Fumigate the clothes of the men.
8. Provide each man with ■ cot and a blanket. There is no excuse for making men sleep on hard cement floors with no covering.
9. Provide for the washing and drying of clothes.
10. Keep the sleeping-rooms as clean as possible.
11. Ventilate the sleeping-rooms.
12. Hire some unemployed barbers to keep the man on the road from looking like a Neanderthal man.
13. Segregate those with contagious diseases.
14. Segregate boys from men.
15. Investigate the cases of minors and send them back home where most of them would be taken care of.
16. Provide recreation rooms with radio.
17. Make it possible for the men to earn some tobacco. "Shooting snipes" means loss of self-respect and possibly disease.
18. Do not turn down any man in need of clothes and shoes on the ground that he is a non-resident.
19. Suspend the enforcement of the vagrancy laws, which clearly were not intended to apply in such a crisis as this. Most of the men are honestly looking for work.
20. Men should not be arrested for panhandling. No man likes to beg, but if relief agencies do not satisfy his hunger and refuse to furnish him with necessary clothes and shoes, what can he do? The person solicited is under no obligation to give.

My personal experience inclines me to these conclusions: (1) our country is in imminent peril of revolt; and (2) the revolt, if it comes, will originate with the wandering unemployed, for of all the jobless they are the most restless and adventurous. Wherever they congregate, in the jungles over a can of coffee, on freight trains, or in parks, one hears rumblings of rebellion. The economic collapse has made the Starvation Army hard, skeptical, unscrupulous. The relief agencies have an opportunity to stem the tide. The price of charity now is decaying food, unsanitary shelter, and deterioration of character. When the hobo is hungry he is fed stingily on bad food; when he is tired, he is given a cement bed or a cot infested with lice. How much longer will the Starvation Army, composed as it is of once respectable men, bear eking out a miserable existence in a land of plenty?

As I write these lines in the State library of Hartford, Connecticut, an army of hunger marchers is parading to the capital with their just grievances. They are shouting their complaints. The scene recalls those lines from "Coriolanus":

They said they were an-hungry; sighed forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings.

Traveling Light

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

WHEN you travel you need not sink into that curiously inhuman mass known as "American tourists." If you have ingenuity and are willing to risk adventure and occasional discomfort you can explore a Europe that is unseen by the sightseer. I shall try to set up guideposts here to the Europe that is not in the guidebooks.

European students have devised excellent means of traveling cheaply, and many of these are available to Americans, whether students or not. They combine all sorts of out-of-door sports with their *Wanderlust*; they walk, paddle boats, ride bicycles, and climb mountains all over Europe. Americans can join parties of English students on the tours arranged by the National Union of Students. These penetrate to most parts of the Continent and are carefully graded for strenuousness. The weakling may jog along at the rate of six miles a day; the hardened athlete may cover fifteen miles, dare glaciers, scale the Alps. The National Student Federation, 218 Madison Avenue, New York City, makes arrangements for Americans.

Motoring. If you prefer automobiles to trains, you may take your own car abroad for as little as \$130. Complications at frontiers have been eliminated by international papers which are issued by the American Automobile Association. They take care of customs, foreign driving license, foreign license plates, and marine insurance. The necessity of crating the car—an added expense—is eliminated by a new device patented by the Arnold Bernstein line, by which the car can be driven into the hold of the ship. This line estimates an average cost of \$7 a day per person for small parties traveling through Europe in a medium-sized car, including steamship passage, hotels, meals, gas, and oil.

An American organization, Europe on Wheels, has extended the "drive yourself" system to Europe, and is prepared to provide almost any kind of service. It can furnish Fords or cars of foreign make in any country, with or without chauffeur, or provide a car for a grand tour. A typical six weeks' trip through France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, and Germany, covering 4,300 miles, costs \$404 for all car expenses. Divided among a party of four, transportation averages \$2.40 a day. Lodging, meals, tips, and so on average an additional \$4 a day for each person. For longer trips, where a car is to be used for two months or more, Europe on Wheels recommends its repurchase-guaranty plan, by which the traveler may sell his car at the end of the trip for a fixed percentage of the purchase price. The address is 218 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Boating. Falt boating, a popular form of holiday travel in Europe, is almost unknown to Americans. A falt boat is a folding boat, somewhat like a canoe but more stable and easier to handle. River and lake trips take one through unspoiled country; picturesque river towns are easily reached in easy days of paddling; the boat can be folded and loaded for train trips between desirable rivers. A falt-boating trip through Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and France has been arranged for Americans this summer. It will be conducted by an experienced falt-boater, Katharine Shankland, under the auspices of the Open Road. A canoe trip on the Danube from Regensburg to Vienna is included in the program of an intercollegiate group organized by the National Student Federation.

Outboard motor enthusiasts can take along their trusty motors, hire a boat, and travel all over Europe on the canal and river systems. One may go from Cherbourg to Vienna, to Budapest, and on to the Black Sea, and even venture, through a new system created by the building of the Dnieper dam, into the middle of Russia.

By Air. Flying is commonplace in Europe. You can go almost anywhere by air at costs that compare favorably with first-class travel by train and boat. Travelers who want to make the most of their time will do well to consider one or two air trips which eliminate long and tedious journeys. The air line from Paris to the Balkan states shortens to twelve hours a train journey of nearly four days (Paris to Bucharest). The trip from London to Copenhagen, requiring a day and a half by boat and train, takes seven hours in flying time. Moscow is thirty-nine hours from Berlin by train, thirteen only by air.

Youth Hostels and Work Camps. A system of "youth hostels" has been developed in nearly every European country by those who love trails and bypaths and the feel of the ground under their feet. These dormitory-inns provide simple, comfortable accommodations and are used by at least one American travel agency for parties of young people because they give an interesting point of contact with Europeans. It is necessary to join some one of the various national associations (they are affiliated) in order to use these facilities. A membership card in the Youth Hostels Association of England costs forty-two cents. The holder may stay at any of the hostels in England for seventeen cents a night, may use special maps for hikers and bicyclers, and obtain cheap railroad fares from cities to the point where his walking trip begins. The address of the Youth Hostels Association is 18 Bridge Road, Welwyn Garden City, England. The German

organization is the Reichsverband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen, Hilchenbach in Westfalen.

Students who like to do outdoor work during summer vacation will be interested in the European student work camps. Through the International Student Service seventy American students will be admitted to camps in Germany, Holland, Wales, Switzerland, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia for three- or four-week periods from June through October. Mornings will be spent working with European students on forestry projects, land-reclamation, and similar non-commercial enterprises. Afternoons and evenings will be devoted to sports, discussion, and the diversions characteristic of student life in Europe. Prices are extremely low. For a three weeks' period board and room cost in Germany \$10, in Holland \$4, in Wales \$5.25, in Austria \$2. Camps in Switzerland are free. Students should apply to Kenneth Holland, executive secretary of the International Student Service, 140 Nassau Street, New York City.

This is the first appearance of a column of travel information which will be run in The Nation at fortnightly intervals between now and June. It is especially designed to meet the needs and tastes of Nation readers. The article on Traveling in Russia announced for this issue will appear next week.

In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's colleagues in last week's issue of *The Nation* seemed to cast an editorial stone at the "somewhat too timely fashion" in which the French Compagnie Générale Transatlantique announced that it was prepared to serve kosher meals on all its liners. The assumption, presumably, is that if the steamship company had delayed its announcement or framed it differently it would have been somehow more acceptable—which leads to the chief grievance of the American against the French, namely, that the French are what we call cynical. As a matter of fact they are not so much cynical as they are "pratique"—a word which is significantly not translatable. And in the Drifter's opinion the reason why Americans cannot stand the logic and directness of the French is that we are so accustomed to a sugar-coating of "idealism" (read hypocrisy) on our facts that we are shocked and hurt when it is left off.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CONSIDER, for instance, the proposed campaign to break down anti-French sentiment in America. If we were conducting a similar campaign in France, we would very likely not mention it at all; if we did mention it we would certainly not call it a campaign of propaganda. Instead, we would organize a "Pershing-Lafayette Society" with the motto, "We Are Here." We would recruit big names to indorse the campaign and sign grandiose statements about the great French nation. We would find a young lady whose great-grandmother had handed a stirrup cup to Lafayette and have her picture taken with the President of the United States. And from the beginning to the end of a high-pressure campaign that would make any Frenchman's hair stand on end with horror, we would permit not the slightest reference to that vulgar and priceless commodity, salesmanship.

THE French simply do these things differently. Regard these excerpts from the French government's announcement of its campaign of propaganda in the United States:

The American feminine element has an important viewpoint; we must address ourselves particularly to it.

The American people go to no trouble to inform themselves. We must place before their eyes some simple truths.

We must remember that the American, above all else, is a business man. He knows how to count. He is dominated by a sporting spirit. An American may honestly ruin his best friend just to prove he is the stronger—and then offer him his hand and help him to rise.

The American people are ignorant of their own history. They must not be expected to know French history.

The Drifter insists that these statements are realistic and penetrating. They are also annoying. An American publicity expert, if he were clever, might use them as the guiding principles of a campaign. He would never allow them to go beyond the walls of those private rooms where publicity campaigns are laid out.

THE Drifter is not prepared to dismiss either "idealism" or the quality described by "pratique." Both of them, except when they become downright vicious, have their pleasant uses in a world where variety is a precious condiment. That old American habit of breaking the news gently is not altogether base. On the other hand, the Drifter has often found the directness and logic of the French, in international affairs or in personal contacts, both stimulating and delightful. He is not prepared to give up hope of an American-French rapprochement, but it will have to be based on differences and not similarities. Perhaps the solution lies in suggesting to the French government that their campaign of propaganda be turned over to a high-binding American publicity agent, thereby cementing a deal that would be "pratique" in the interest of a friendship that might be idealistic.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

German Socialism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The naivete of your correspondent, J. Bornstein, in attempting to clear the German Social Democrats of any responsibility for the present state of German affairs is amazing. For over forty years the German Social Democratic Party worked for the overthrow of the monarchy together with the economic (capitalist) system which the monarchy represented. They also advocated universal peace and did lip service to the cooperative commonwealth that was to arise in the golden by-and-bye. But no sooner did the war break out in 1914 than the Social Democrats forgot all about their socialism and hurried to save the Fatherland from its enemies.

In 1918, when the great collapse came and the Kaiser fled to Holland, it was the Social Democrats who were intrusted with the government of the country. Their party was then the largest in Germany and theirs was the opportunity to create a new social, economic, and political structure. For several years after 1918 the power of the Social Democrats was unchallenged; but owing to cowardice or treachery they dared not, or would

not, use that power. They demonstrated their belief in democracy when they allowed the Junkers to retain their lands, the bankers and industrialists to maintain their stranglehold on the economic life of the country. In allowing Hitler and his cohorts to organize, develop, and equip an extra-official army of hoodlums they showed an extreme form of tolerance and a solicitude for democratic principles. They again proved themselves staunch supporters of democratic institutions when they voted to pay the Kaiser and his family 200,000,000 marks for the royal palaces and lands which were confiscated by the young republic. In helping to elevate the arch-militarist, Hindenburg, to the presidency in Germany they showed a rare form of tolerance and democracy.

The Social Democrats, however, were not so tolerant of their comrades on the left. In blaming the Communists now for what has befallen Germany they seem to forget that Germany is today reaping the harvest sowed in the early days of Social Democratic control of the government, before the Communist Party came into existence. The rise of the Communist Party, in fact, came only as a result of the betrayal of the working class and of the principles of socialism by the leaders of the Social Democratic Party.

New York, April 10

ABRAHAM BLUESTONE

Academic Freedom at Columbia

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The blow delivered to academic freedom by the dismissal of Donald Henderson from the Economics Department of Columbia University is being answered by a nation-wide campaign for Henderson's reappointment. The issue is clear. During the past two years Henderson's leadership in the radical student movement in America, particularly his role in the student trip to the Kentucky strike area, in the Columbia strike for the reinstatement of Reed Harris, and in the campaign to defend Oakley Johnson, resulted in such pressure for his removal that the administration finally acted. No one with a modicum of intellectual honesty will be misled by the official pronouncement that Henderson's dismissal rests upon academic grounds such as failure to complete work for the doctor's degree and failure "to apply himself seriously and diligently to his duties as instructor and to maintain the standards of teaching required by the department." Henderson has completed all the course and credit requirements for the doctorate. He has taken successfully the oral examination to which doctoral candidates are subjected. For the past two years he has been engaged in research upon a thesis, the topic of which has been approved by the department. The average time required for completing a thesis is known to be over two years. Some candidates spend several years on the task.

Our committee is now assembling data which will show the large number of Columbia staff members, including many above the rank of instructor, who have never received the doctor's degree. The charge concerning Henderson's teaching is correctly characterized as contemptible. Students of all grades have testified to his competence and ability. The junior seminar in economics passed a resolution to this effect, voluntarily and unanimously. Columbia has poor teachers, but Henderson is not one of them.

Our committee includes representatives of seven Columbia clubs. At other colleges the campaign is moving forward. The Association of University Teachers is definitely behind us. We will force Henderson's reappointment.

COLUMBIA JOINT COMMITTEE

FOR THE REAPPOINTMENT OF DONALD HENDERSON

New York, April 13

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The Commonwealth Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The letter of Lucien Koch, Director of Commonwealth College, to *The Nation* in regard to the student strike at Commonwealth College this winter charged that it was an effort of Communists to control the school. This in my opinion was a direct misrepresentation of the issue.

I was one of the strikers. I am a member of the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, and as such have little in common with the Communists. I traveled over four thousand miles for the express purpose of studying at Commonwealth College, and I am reluctant to believe that I fell a victim to the clever strategy of the Communists.

The real causes that brought about the strike were the following:

1. Expulsion of two students, Henry Forblade and Jac Copenhaver. These two students were among the oldest at Commonwealth. They were simply leaders of the student body in their campaign for student representation on the association.

2. Dissatisfaction with the teachers. The student body has criticized all but three of the teachers and their courses.

3. The dictatorial attitude of the association. Commonwealth College was built with the combined labor of both students and teachers. The students felt that it was therefore very unfair that the college should be governed by a practical dictatorship of two families consisting of five members of the present association.

After the strike was over and thirty-two of the fifty-five students had left, Mr. Koch refused an offer from Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, to submit the whole question to an arbitration committee of three persons—one to be selected by the College Association, one by the striking students, and the third to be selected by the first two as chairman. May we not fairly assume that his refusal indicated his inability to perform his charges?

New York, March 1

E. RHYS PRICE

Contributors to This Issue

JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR., is a member of the Scottsboro Unity Defense Committee.

JEROME COUNT, a member of the New York bar, is counsel for the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

JOHN KAZARIAN was formerly an insurance agent. Since July, 1932, he has traveled over thirty-two States in search of employment. He was unable to find permanent work of any kind, but during that period he held various temporary jobs such as dish-washing, raking lawns, removing a manure heap, loading cotton, tutoring in Latin, coaching football, picking grapes in Southern California, and pulling cotton in Texas.

CATHARINE YOUNG is the author of "The Lady Who Loved Herself: The Life of Madame Roland."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

MARY ROSS is an associate editor of the *Survey*.

Books and Drama

By Their Own Ignorance

By MARK VAN DOREN

By their own ignorance, I knew them,
And the tall way they stood;
Denying she had ever wandered through them,
Entering that wood.

By their indifference I proved them,
Those high old border trees;
Pretending that no thunderbolt had grooved them—
Each heart at ease.

No lesser lie could they be brooding:
A footfall had not died.
The truth, I said, was weaker praise—intruding
No more upon that pride.

The King's English

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. Prepared by William Little, H. W. Fowler, and J. Coulson. Revised and edited by C. T. Onions. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$18.

SURELY this must be the longest work ever issued with "Shorter" in its title. The two volumes run to 2,500 quarto pages. The title reminds us once again of the relativity of all things. The book is called "Shorter" because it is the official abridgment of the Oxford "New English Dictionary," the greatest and most authoritative of all dictionaries. That work was entered upon in 1858; the first volume appeared in 1884, and the last of the ten volumes (or twenty "half-volumes") was not published until 1928. Now for the first time an adequate condensation and adaptation of it have been made that place it within the reach of the individual.

The two volumes, bound in blue buckram, with the entries printed in three columns to a page, are one more example of the fine printing and book-making that we have come to look for from the Oxford University Press. The first volume runs from A to M, the second from N to Z. This division into two volumes, of course, has its inconveniences, particularly if one is looking up a list of words; on the other hand, a single volume would be too bulky to handle unless it were kept constantly on an open table: for those who prefer the latter, there is a one-volume edition.

Most readers, when they begin to consult the entries, will be nonplussed by the method of indicating pronunciation—by the e's, a's, and r's turned upside down, by a ligature like æ to represent the sound of a in *man*, by special consonants that have not existed since the days of Old English (before about 1150) to stand for the respective pronunciations of *th* in *thin* and *then*, and by purely invented phonotypic characters to symbolize the sounds of the italicized consonants in *shop*, *chop*, *vision*, *judge*, and *singing*. The pronunciation symbols are adopted from the Oxford "New English Dictionary," and they may, for all I know, be the most efficient and accurate possible; certainly they are ingenious, and the differentiation, for example, between short and obscure vowels is necessary. But the pronunciation system has to be mastered, and it will take the ordinary reader some time before he can translate it easily and instantly. True, the meaning of the principal symbols is indicated at the bottom

of each two pages; but the list found there is hardly adequate.

A remarkable shortcoming of the new work is the absence of scores of familiar words that have been part of the living language for at least several years. Lewis Gannett, in his review in the *New York Herald Tribune*, has already called attention to some of the more important of these. Among the words not listed are *Babbitttry*, *ballyhoo*, *bootlegger*, *brassiere*, *lipstick*, *compact*, *fundamentalism*, *hooch*, *golddigger*, and *muscle in* (the last, surely, as sound a formation as *elbow in*); as well as technical terms like *aileron*, *fuselage*, *heterodyne*, and *proton*. On the other hand, *gadget*, *camouflage*, *wowser*, *rayon*, *strap-hanger*, *highball*, *jazz*, *ragtime*, *movie*, *radio*, *broadcast*, *aspirin*, *Marcel wave*, *narcissism*, and *inferiority complex* are all included. Another amusing inconsistency is that the dictionary has the courage to list the excremental monosyllables but not the sexual ones.

One of the great merits of the present dictionary, however, is that it reveals the biographies of words much more fully than any other dictionary of comparable size. Not only does it give in each case the date of the first appearance of the word (if that came after 1450); it gives also the date of the first known use of the word in each new sense; and where a sense is obsolete, the date of the latest known use in that sense is also given. The record is endlessly fascinating, and full of surprises. If most readers will be astonished to learn that *whoopie* almost in its present sense dates back to 1845; that *racket* in the sense of "scheme . . . line of business or action" dates back to 1812, and *profiteer* to 1797, they should be hardly less astonished when they are reminded that we had no word to express the sense of *agnostic* until Huxley invented it in 1869, nor one to express that of *international* until Bentham coined it in 1780. It is still more remarkable that such derivatives as *internationally* and *internationalist* did not make their appearance until 1864. It is difficult to imagine how we got along without these words before that time, but perhaps that is no harder problem than how we get along today without words which, on reflection, seem nearly as necessary. For lack of more precise words it is obvious, for example, that we are stretching *international* too far. It is legitimate to speak of an international conference, for we are speaking of a conference *between* nations or their representatives. But is it legitimate to speak of an international culture, or an international style in architecture? Here we do not mean a culture or an architecture *between* nations, but one common to many or to all of them. To express such ideas accurately we should have the words *multinational* and *omnination*. I herewith proffer them, but without the slightest hope of seeing them accepted.

For the conservatism of the Anglo-Saxon (if the ethnologists will pardon the word) is nowhere more evident than in his language. The purists and the literary dictators have fought nearly every neologism tooth and nail. One need merely recall Dr. Johnson's opposition to the phrase "to make money," and to the word *idea* in the sense of notion or opinion; or Swift's disastrous prediction: "The War has introduced Abundance of Polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more Campaigns; *Speculations*, *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambassadors*, *Pallisadoes*, *Communication*, *Circumvallation*, *Battalions*." There never was a new word that was not at its introduction denounced by the purists as ugly, unnecessary, and presumptuous. *International* had to fight that opposition, which is perhaps why it required eighty-four more years for the first appearance of the most simple derivatives. We have seen precisely the same sort of objections recently brought against *psychograph*, proposed by the late Gamaliel Bradford. Yet the word is less equivocal and more precise than *portrait*; and I have not noticed that those who object to it on the ground of ugliness offer similar

objections to *biography*, *psychology*, *psychopathic*, or *photograph*.

The purists have always fought, and they have seldom hesitated to bite in the clinches, but in nine cases out of ten they have been beaten. The spectacle is rather sad. Here, for example, is H. W. Fowler, than whom a more intelligent, informed, sensible, and entertaining dictator is not to be found. In his "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" he derides the use of *intrigue* in the sense of to incite curiosity or interest; he ridicules the use of *protagonist* in the sense of advocate or champion; but the present dictionary, of which he is, incidentally, one of the editors, lists both of these meanings without condemnation. The bitter truth is that when misuse becomes frequent enough it becomes good use. It will be little consolation to the purists to point out to them that what happens in the history of language is precisely what happens in the history of manners and morals. Good usage is mainly a question of statistics.

Yet the purists have led many admirable lost causes, and it is disquieting, after all, to realize that they are destined nearly always to defeat. It is lamentable that *preposterous*, for instance, which in its original etymological sense characterized succinctly propositions involving the logical fallacy of putting the cart before the horse, should have lost that meaning altogether and become a hardly necessary synonym for *monstrous* or *absurd*. It is regrettable to see the word *sadism*, in our day, already losing its strict sense of cruelty in sexual relations, and coming to be used more and more to express the general idea of any love of cruelty for its own sake; or worse, to see it used as nothing more than a mere synonym for cruelty.

From the standpoint of the purist, if he only knew it, English is already hopelessly lost. One cannot know anything about the history of the language without knowing that "pure English" is a contradiction in terms. Modern English is bursting with Scandinavian borrowings and undigested French, Latin, and Greek; it chokes with illogic; it is full of thousands of hybrids—Latin stems with Greek prefixes or native suffixes, native stems with Latin or Greek prefixes and suffixes—and even schoolboys know that its spelling is—preposterous. But purists could help if they could forget their purity and their perfectibilism, and their silly assumptions about the virginity of English, and consent to become mere meliorists. Then, freed from neophobia and etymological standpattism, they could examine each new word or new meaning in a spirit at once hospitable and critical, asking only whether it seemed likely to help or to hinder the development of our noble tongue as a medium for conveying our thoughts and emotions in the briefest, fullest, most accurate and melodious manner possible.

HENRY HAZLITT

Portrait of Marie

Marie Antoinette: The Portrait of an Average Woman. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

LOVERS of modern biography will find here a volume written to their order. The book has scholarly breadth and depth; it is rich, racy, and colorful, proving that Herr Zweig knows how to write as well as how to study and evaluate historical documents. Considering the many previous biographies of the gay, frivolous, tragic queen, his achievement in casting fresh glamor over her already familiar story, in weaving new excitement into events long since worn threadbare in the retelling, seems nothing short of miraculous. The future biographer who attempts to outmatch his performance will need boldness to the point of presumption.

But Herr Zweig has done more than place an already well-known portrait in a new and appealing light. Equipped with

two qualities often lacking in biographers—critical insight and unsparing frankness—he has swept away a multitude of cobwebs. Squeamish readers may wriggle uncomfortably at his forthright discussion of the physical abnormality of Louis XV, which for seven years made his marriage to Marie Antoinette a marriage in name only. They may wince when Herr Zweig drags into the light of day that relationship of the queen which heretofore has always been shrouded in a veil of romantic reticence—her more than platonic attachment for the Swedish Count, Axel von Fersen. Doubtless, too, the prudish, recalling that the author comes from Vienna, the home of psychoanalysis will accuse him of a morbid interest in sex matters when they read his bluntly outspoken account of the little Dauphin's abominable accusation against his mother during the incarceration in the Temple. But to Herr Zweig, Marie Antoinette, while she is always a queen, and never more a queen than after she loses her crown, is first and foremost a woman of flesh and blood, and it is as such a woman that he so brilliantly portrays her.

Up to that point, one cannot quarrel with him. His psychological analysis of the ill-fated queen is altogether skilful and convincing. Yet those who know much of the French Revolution may feel that he has pressed that analysis too far. No indeed, as far as the queen herself is concerned, but certainly when estimating her significance in relation to contemporary events, and her influence upon them. Understanding almost too well the hatred of the revolutionary mob for "l'Autrichienne" Herr Zweig nearly goes it one better, and by implication at least gives the impression that if only she had been different there might perhaps have been no revolution at all. A debatable point possibly, but contemplation of the complex problems of eighteenth-century France leads one to the conclusion that the revolution which they precipitated was inevitable.

Yet even while feeling that Herr Zweig has, perhaps, overestimated Marie Antoinette's historical significance, one would not wish to detract from his achievement. His portrait of her as woman and as queen is full-bodied, and drawn straight from life.

CATHARINE YOUNG

Rain in Union Square

Union Square. By Albert Halper. The Viking Press. \$2.00.

APPARENTLY there are never sunny days on Union Square—not according to Mr. Halper's weather report.

And apparently nobody has a really good time on Union Square. Nobody is destined for anything but the bad end to be found in the concluding pages of modern realistic novels. "Union Square" ends on two suicides, a cracked spine, and several heartbreaks. The only happy people are a cop whose private life is left uninvestigated, a demented printer, and Vanya and Natasha, whose Russian names are adopted and whose trivial enthusiasms make one feel that outright insanity would have been an intellectual promotion for them.

Like Dos Passos, and perhaps for the same reason, Mr. Halper seeks to produce type character rather than individual character. "Union Square," like "1919," is an attempt at a contemporary historical novel, and since contemporary history is seen more clearly than ever before as the clash of classes, the characters serve best as the personifications of the conflict. In type individuals, no less than personalized individuals, are not effectively rendered when the author is possessed by a love of humanity and specifically of the humanity of his characters. Mr. Dos Passos has this love, and in spite of such devices as the "News Reel" and the "Camera Eye," which interrupt his narrative, the book has a live and continuous sense of reality.

In "Union Square" there is no such sense of reality. Halper has no love for his characters. He studies them shrewdly, and

shopkeeper studies his customers or a boss his men. He is an entrepreneur of the pen, exploiting Union Square and its people for literary material; consequently his men and women are viewed as partially as he views Union Square weather, which for his purpose must be always dismal. We have only the portions of their lives that are required by the recipe. So small are these portions that Mr. Halper does not hesitate to attempt to summarize his characters within defining adjectives. These adjectives serve another purpose. Carefully Mr. Halper detaches his characters from himself and his readers by the use of these adjectives as barriers. There are, for instance, "faithful, glory-skulled" Hank, the worker, and Leon Fisher, the "little" communist.

It is not surprising therefore that "Union Square" is being hailed by writers unfriendly to the proletarian movement as a first-class proletarian novel; it confirms their own sense of superiority, their own patronizing, duly "sympathetic" attitude toward the "suffering" masses. Moreover, the focus of the novel is not the revolutionary movement that in New York has its geographical center at Union Square. Mr. Halper not only dismisses that movement implicitly in his characterization of Leon Fisher, but explicitly in the tirade of Jason Wheeler—ex-Communist, ex-poet, and present sex-trash writer for the pulp magazines—a tirade which gives the impression of being one of Mr. Halper's wish-fulfillments.

The focus of Mr. Halper's novel is rather the traditional and still fashionable one of sex. The characters, indeed, are presented in couples, working out frustrated, dreary, messy sex complications. There are Leon Fisher and the wistful Celia; Comrade Helen and her shoulder-biting Mexican; cynical Jason Wheeler and his dogged nurse; syphilitic Franconi, the "gentlemanly" barber, and the woman in California who should have married him, and whose announcement of her flight to him leaves him no alternative but suicide; Boardman and his lewd, pitiful, mind-destroying mistress Marge; and simpering Natasha and Vanya, the bogus Russians. Except for Hank and his misadventures and the kids, whose tragedies belong rather to Tenth Avenue anyway, the tragedies of Union Square are all sex tragedies, and could be moved down to Washington Square, or up to Park Avenue or Riverside Drive, or to Westchester for that matter, and be more at home.

Nevertheless, "Union Square" is the work of a talented writer. Though his prose is not rhythmic or well turned, and is flawed by mannerisms like "dry fire" and "dry" many other things, Mr. Halper knows how to fit a story together, how to select and use detail. Technically he is as well equipped as any young novelist on the horizon. Technique, however, is not enough.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Europe and America: 1932

The United States in World Affairs in 1932. Prepared by Walter Lippmann, with the assistance of William O. Scroggs and Charles Merz. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

IN the second issue of this annual survey sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations, the authors devote the greater part of their space to economic issues in relation to foreign policy. The year 1932 saw a widening gulf between President Hoover and the American Congress; and with the growth of economic difficulties within the United States popular sentiment against collaboration with Europe increased. Thus Representative Dies declared before the House: "I am disgusted with that audlin sentiment that is continually urging us to save Europe. It seems to me that it is high time for us to save America." In view of this attitude and the approaching election, the Hoover Administration postponed any effort to settle the war-debt ques-

tion. Meanwhile, economic conditions within the United States rapidly grew worse. A deflation of commodity prices, a weakness in securities, a decline of new financing, and an increase in unemployment marked the end of the Hoover era. These conditions were reflected in Latin America, where defaults, revolutions, and wars occurred. Generally, the international situation was marked by the growth of trade barriers, which were largely the result of the efforts of debtor countries to balance their international payments. The result was that with the exception of Belgium all the creditor countries showed a larger proportionate loss of exports than of imports. "While the fifteen debtors were losing 22.8 per cent of their export trade, but managing to reduce their imports by 35.2 per cent, the seven creditors were losing 31 per cent of their exports, and cutting their imports by only 21.8 per cent." Debtor countries found themselves, nevertheless, in a particularly difficult position, because during the post-war period they had often made loans for political rather than for productive purposes. Moreover, many countries had borrowed money on short term; and during 1931 and 1932 every creditor country tried to salvage as much of its principal as possible. It is estimated that during 1931 the United States decreased its outstanding short-term indebtedness by \$1,500,000,000.

In an admirable chapter the authors trace the relationship between the American financial crisis of 1932 and the European situation. Fears for the financial stability of the United States led to withdrawals which threatened to force us off the gold standard. The outstanding events of the year were the successful efforts of the United States to meet this threat, and the abolition of reparations and the establishment of the principle of Franco-British cooperation at the Lausanne Conference. The text concludes with a summary of the Far Eastern dispute and of the Geneva arms conference, in which the United States also participated. The remainder of the volume contains nine valuable appendixes, including a chronology of important events.

This volume should constitute an admirable introduction for those who wish to learn something of the recent foreign policy of the United States. It should also provide the student and the man of affairs with a handy key to events. More unified in its treatment than last year's volume, the present edition retains the lucidity and simplicity which mark all of Mr. Lippmann's fine writing. Perhaps the outstanding merit of the book is the extent to which it shows the relationship of domestic economic and financial conditions to international policy.

No book, however, is immune from criticism, and the present volume contains perhaps three defects. First, it utilizes no documentation except what has appeared in English—a serious shortcoming from the standpoint of scholarship. Secondly, it ignores many important problems which arose in 1932. Thus no mention is made of the serious situation in Liberia or Haiti; nor is any attention paid to the attitude of the United States toward efforts of foreign governments to terminate American contracts, as in the case of the International Telephone Company in Spain and the Cosch firm in Chile. Finally, the volume prides itself upon refraining from "judgments." The result is that too many chapters give the impression of being merely an extensive elaboration of newspaper headlines, with inadequate attention to underlying factors. The writers themselves demonstrate how impossible it is to refrain from interpretation in any kind of historical writing. Thus the necessity of making some interpretation, coupled with an inability to go the whole way, explains why they have presented what to the reviewer is a specious analysis of the Hoover-Laval conversations. The authors have fully succeeded in their object of assisting the reader to "remember" recent events. Had they been given greater liberty, they would have succeeded in the more important object of helping us "understand" what we "remember."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Individualism at Bay

Individualism: An American Way of Life. By Horace M. Kallen. Liveright. \$2.

A Philosophy of Solitude. By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

INDIVIDUALISM is at the crossroads today, and a very dangerous crossing it is, threatened by communism, fascism, and other heavy traffic. To negotiate such a crossing successfully, individualism needs a clear mind and an alert eye. Instead—what have we here? Mr. Powys, in his "Philosophy of Solitude," sits by the roadside like the lecture-platform Buddha that he is, contemplating the navel of his "self." And Mr. Kallen in his volume wanders through the traffic, blissfully sucking his individualist thumb. Only Mr. Kallen is an ultra-modern infant and can quote William James and John Watson at you if you should try to pull the thumb out of his mouth.

Of the two, Mr. Kallen will prove most exasperating to serious students of the problem. Mr. Powys's contribution to the problem of the individual in a collectivist civilization dismisses itself at first glance as an Anglo-Saxon variety of Yogi, a sort of spiritual daily dozen for women's clubs. One is aware of an invisible class of plump Middle Western clubwomen doing their psycho-calisthenics under Mr. Powys's soulful direction. But Mr. Kallen sounds deceptively apposite. He analyzes the social forces which have generated modern individualism, but is not prevented thereby from making a rigid dichotomy between society and the individual, forgetting how much of the ego is of social origin. He admits that his "American individualism" is the common European garden variety transported to a soil free of feudal weeds. But he persists in drawing the distinction, though the free frontier has long disappeared and capitalist growth is choking itself here as thoroughly as in Europe. He discusses the effect of the doctrines of Calvin and Rousseau in distilling the modern individual out of medieval society, and asks Marxistically: "Can it be accidental that Calvinist theology was preferred . . . by those countries where free enterprise and the rising middle class were breaking the shackles of medieval rule in industry and politics and religion?" Yet a few chapters farther, Mr. Kallen, who helps himself liberally to Marxist historical analysis when convenient, is able to declare in this year of our depression: "That financial tyranny and industrial oppression are the consequences of an impersonal law . . . is not true." Under the circumstances one breathes a sigh of relief when Mr. Kallen breaks down under the strain of being rational and, in a blaze of mystic capitals that Mr. Powys himself would envy, diagnoses the world crisis of capitalism as a "Post-War Failure of Nerve," and deduces that communism and fascism are varieties of anxiety neuroses brought on by this Failure of Nerve. Presumably what was needed at the White House in 1929 was a neurologist instead of an engineer.

Yet the importance of the problem cannot be obscured by Mr. Kallen's presentation. Humanity is undoubtedly facing a psychological revolution more radical even than the social revolutions which are initiating it. Communism and fascism are evolving an environment which will profoundly alter or destroy individual psychology as we know it. It is customary to speak of the "medieval whole" which was broken up by the Reformation. Yet medieval and even classic society were relatively individualistic. To find a pure collectivism, productive of a true collective psychology, one has to go back to primitive society. Now, for the first time, capitalist technological progress is making possible—or compulsory—a collective society and a collective psychology on a continental scale, as homogeneous as a primitive tribe. Anti-Communists claim, of course, that they are the defenders of individualism, though the collective drift is of capi-

talist origin. But the Communists, who are in a better position to discuss the matter, have hardly given it much thought. Offhand, curiously enough, they too subscribe to individualism. The typical Communist position has been set forth by Oscar Wilde in his "Soul of Man Under Socialism"; and Trotzky in his "Literature and Revolution" merely reiterates Wilde. It is, briefly, that socialism will free the individual from the stunting struggle for existence and give every human being the necessary leisure for self-cultivation. But this presupposes that leisure will remain unsocialized in a socialized society, a highly debatable assumption. At all events, individualism is due for a real biologic test. To survive, it will have to prove that it is something much more congenital than a philosophy of life.

ALTER BRODY

Health Without Wealth

How to Budget Health. By Evans Clark. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

EVEN in ordinary times only the richest tenth of the American people had any reasonable assurance of being able to pay for the medical care they might need. The trouble was not essentially that medical care was too expensive. Our aggregate expenditures were well within our collective means. What we actually were spending would have been practically enough to pay for adequate care for everyone if costs and facilities could have been distributed, though actually, the records show, two Americans out of five were getting no medical or dental care whatever. The trouble with sickness bills from the point of view both of patients and of those who care for them is the inescapable nature of sickness itself: for any one family it is unpredictable as to time, kind, and amount; and usually the bill comes when the family is least able to meet them, since serious illness also involves loss of earnings and other expenses besides medical care itself. Sickness, moreover, brings uneven but imperative burdens to very unevenly distributed incomes, and no device of providence sees to it that the big bills coincide with the big incomes. In spite of all that philanthropy and governments have done in this country for medical care of the poor, the families with the lowest incomes and least surplus over the costs of the bare essentials of life actually spend a higher proportion of income for medical care than do those in relatively comfortable circumstances.

In the present comprehensive and readable book the director of the Twentieth Century Fund describes measures tried in the United States and abroad to iron out the uncertainty and inequality of sickness costs, and proposes specifically the organization of medical guilds. Through such a guild a group of physicians could offer complete medical care to the public, including necessary hospital care, for a flat rate of from \$40 to \$60 per person per year. Once that fee was paid, the subscriber would know that medical bills could not leap up unexpectedly to crush him, however serious an illness he might incur. For the physicians and other professional personnel the arrangement would mean assured adequate incomes. The principle, as Mr. Clark points out, is one which has been tried successfully in various ways among industrial and university groups, though typically not in as inclusive a form as he outlines. Since the publication of his book leading hospitals have manifested widespread interest in a not dissimilar scheme whereby people may be sure of getting hospital service at need on payment of a small annual fee, though in most instances the physician's fee is not included in the arrangement. In California the State Medical Society has approved a plan for medical service for annual fees worked out through the local medical societies.

Medical guilds would provide a way out of the economic

lemma of sickness for the more fortunate layers of the middle class and the well-to-do. A cost of from \$40 to \$60 a person a year puts the system within reach only of families with incomes from \$4,000 to \$5,000 and upwards, if one applies the habitual figure of 4 per cent as the share of income available for medical care. In 1928 about one family in ten in the United States had much as \$5,000 a year. Mr. Clark suggests that tax funds might supplement individual payments in cases of duly certified applicants whose own incomes were insufficient. If this were done widely enough to make the system generally useful as a means of meeting medical costs, it seems hard to see how it could escape some form of public control—the "state medicine" which Mr. Clark considers less satisfactory in any form than a wild system from the point of view of both the public and the medical profession. Within their admitted limitations, however, the principles of group organization and group payment embodied in the proposal of medical guilds offer great advantages to both doctors and patients. Efforts in this direction should be furthered by Mr. Clark's practical study.

MARY ROSS

Neapolitan Fable

The Pascarella Family. By Franz Werfel. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

THIS is a very uneven book. The first third of it deals plausibly enough, and very effectively, with the provincial pride and petty tyranny of Domenico Pascarella, a Neapolitan who plays the autocratic parent to his six motherless children. Until he gets home from business in the evening no lights may be turned on, even should there be a total eclipse of the sun—which there isn't; his three sons and three daughters, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-eight, must kiss his hand, they may only go out in the evening once a year, to see the Pascarella box at the Opera; in fact any move toward independence on their part at once begets the fearful rage of Papa Pascarella. As a result, the children, drawn together by common fear of and, for a long time, unacknowledged loathing for their father, cut off from all normal social life, are a great deal closer to one another than the children of most families. Regarding their father with mingled feelings of fear, hatred, affection, and pity, they take their first really rebellious step when Grazia and Lauro, with the connivance of the others, secretly go to the forbidden carnival ball.

Disaster to the two children is averted only by a greater disaster befalling their father. His lifelong partner in the private Naples banking house of Pascarella and Company skips out with all the funds, leaving Papa Pascarella to face the creditors. This is the beginning of the disintegration of the Pascarella family. To recoup the family fortune two of the sons go to Brazil, where one of them commits suicide; Daughter Lida becomes fatally ill; while Pascarella himself becomes a sort of ineffectual monster, lashing himself into his most terrific transports of rage when anything at all pleasant or sensible seems to appear on the horizon, such as his daughter's marriage to the wealthy Englishman, Arthur Campbell. For a time it looks as if the Pascarellas are going down for the third time—the most approved Shakespearean tragedy tradition, but Mr. Werfel throws out a couple of life-preservers in the form of Lida's magical recovery and the financial help to the family contributed by Mr. Campbell, who is probably literature's most unbelievable character. In short, the last two-thirds of "The Pascarella Family" is pure melodrama, reminiscent of the sort of play Christopher Morley used to dish up in Hoboken. The motivation in most cases is entirely fantastic. If I remember correctly, the chief reason for Pascarella's partner decamping

with the funds is that Pascarella never invited him to dinner.

In spite of this, much is to be said for the book. The children's love for one another, the atmosphere of constraint and inhibition in which they live, the sacrifices the girls make for their father in his days of adversity, the slow breaking of the domineering old man's spirit, are, if you will ignore the facts and accept the book as a fairy tale, delicately and dramatically described. And for a sensitive account of a young girl's excited reactions to her first dance you will go far to find anything better than the chapter on Grazia at the carnival ball.

GEOFFREY HELLMAN

Shorter Notices

The Carpenter's Tool Chest. By Thomas Hibben. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.

Everyone who desires direct realistic information upon fundamental matters of history and environment, and who appreciates having that material presented with pictorial clarity and interpreted with vigorous simplicity, will like this book. If such people are unfortunately to be considered childish, then perhaps it is a good idea after all to call this a book for children. The first part explains and illustrates all the tools in a modern carpenter's chest, and describes their functions in such a way that even a female child can understand. Two-thirds of the book is devoted, however, to a history of these tools through the Stone Age, the Copper and Bronze Ages, the Iron Age, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. And, such is Mr. Hibben's respect for and knowledge of the function and human significance of tools, that the reader will find this part of the book one of the best condensed social histories that he has ever read. All children will enjoy it, certainly. And it would be a hopeful sign if adults as well, including not a few expert historians, went to it for entertainment and suggestion. Almost every page is illustrated with admirably clear and characterful drawings by the author.

Mask of Silenus: A Novel About Socrates. By Babette Deutsch. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

"Mask of Silenus" is the story of Socrates as he lived through his last year and met death. Unlike John Erskine's novels about classical characters, it is not written to parody the classical story or merely to amuse. Rather it presents the whole struggle of skepticism and free inquiry against the ignorance, intolerance, and injustice characteristic of Socrates's time. Miss Deutsch's treatment of the tragedy is restrained and poetic, never, as it easily might be, melodramatic. She borrows, of course, heavily from Plato's account of Socrates's last days. We see him in his home with his wife, Xantippe. We meet him in the streets of Athens. We live through with him the last days of his imprisonment and the final hours of farewell before the drinking of the hemlock. When we hear him speak, it is in the familiar phrases of the "Apology." But we see him through the eyes of a modern novelist, conscious of today's social problems. He is very human, a little grotesque at times, brilliant and a bit obtuse by turns.

To the North. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Readers of "The Hotel" and the even more completely realized study in contemporary sterility that Miss Bowen offered us in "The Last September" will discover in her new book an advancement in technical ingenuity and stylistic perfection that fails to correspond to any enlargement of material or experience. Once again Miss Bowen concentrates sharply on what would be for anyone but Jane Austen or Henry James, perhaps, a much too tenuous problem in personal relations—a sort of "Pride and

Prejudice" situation in which the complications are caused not so much by the characters' sense of their own dignities as by their mortal horror of involving themselves too deeply in experience. The trouble with Miss Bowen's people is not that they do not have feelings, but that they are so painfully afraid of admitting them to themselves or to others that they would commit any cruelty to preserve their reticence. We have encountered such people before, of course, in the fiction of Mrs. Woolf, and it is only because they are presented so objectively by Miss Bowen that they seem so much more disagreeable. It is, indeed, a matter of regret that Miss Bowen's now fully developed powers of style and characterization should be dedicated indefinitely to the anatomy of sterility.

The Works of John Milton. Volumes VII and X. Columbia University Press. Sold on subscription only. \$105 the set.

With their seventh volume the Columbia editors begin upon the Latin prose-works of Milton. This volume contains the "Defensio Prima," edited by Clinton W. Kayes, with a vis-a-vis English rendering. The editor decided, perhaps rightly, to abandon the attempt to adapt Washington's seventeenth-century translation to the requirements of modern scholarship, and prints a new version made for him by Samuel Lee Wolff, who employs an English which is neither seventeenth century nor twentieth century nor of any golden period, but, if truth be told, a rather wooden product. Mr. Wolff uses just "translator's English," and our debt to him is that he does help us to construe. This volume, in comparison with its predecessors, is necessarily bulky and a little unwieldy. On page 312 two Greek words are misprinted (very likely by Milton). The tenth volume contains the "History of Britain" and the "Moscovia." George Philip Krapp is responsible for the whole; and has had, in comparison with his brother editors, a light task, since no *apparatus criticus* was asked of him. Whether he has anywhere corrected the text, or whether he has found it everywhere perfect, is not said. Were Milton's printers all that degree better than all the printers of today (except Mr. Rudge, whose work here, as in the six preceding volumes, is beyond praise)?

The Action of the Living Cell. By Fenton B. Turck. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

This book is not, as the title leads one to expect, a study in general biology, but a summary of the author's work in a limited field. Dr. Turck presents the thesis that changes in individual cells of an animal will affect other cells in the same animal and may under certain conditions produce general symptoms or even death. The author himself traces the conception back to the early Egyptians. His contribution is a new name, "cytost," for an indefinite, ill-defined, hypothetical substance produced by the cell, which is supposedly responsible for the changes mentioned. One must grant the author a great deal of originality in his ideas. His experiments, however, are crude, poorly controlled, and often pointless. The conclusions are not warranted by the data presented. On the other hand, the author hardly mentions the vast amount of careful work in this field which has been done by other workers, except in so far as they support his own contentions. In his concluding paragraph he anticipates "the opposition usually accorded new theories." He will probably not be disappointed.

Gas-House McGinty. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50.

"He was somebody, Ambrose J. McGinty, Chief Dispatcher in the Wagon Call Department of the Continental Express Company." A pathetic, boastful boss-worker, despising equally Jews, foreigners, hobos, fairies, the Salvation Army, labor unions, reds, and soapboxers, "Mac" partly emerges from a

phonographic lingo-vernacular medley of profanity and cat calling. He is muddled with religious and corporation virtue and sin, sex suppression and rugged self-consciousness; pathetic in his frustrated ambitions to rise in the company and make lady of his step-daughter, Josephine. He is everything a companion wants a worker to be—and his life is a chaotic failure. The other characters are dim and formless, perhaps intentionally for mass effect. Short italicized inter-chapters seem intended to give shots of world events of the early twenties, and of dramatic relations between capital and labor. The narrative movement is halted for long passages of dream life, soliloquy, an gas-house repartee. Yet the presentation is direct and unsentimental. You can take it or leave it, and it may keep you up all night for the sheer pleasure you get from its gas-house, bawdy house ribaldry.

Laughter in Hell. By Jim Tully. Albert and Charles Bon \$2.50.

Barney Slaney was big as legend, strong as myth, and silent. Barney's wife was a Bad Woman, and though he was too gentle to beat her, one night he killed her. He also killed Bill Groves who happened to be with her at the time. Barney thought he'd swing, but the court was lenient and gave him "life" in the chain gang. Barney took it standing up, and when he got his chance he pushed a guard's chin up around his ear and made a getaway. He found a Good Woman, and she went with him. Barney wandered and worked and thought about things vaguely; everywhere he went men liked him for his silence, his strength, his good heart. When the law found him out and two men came to take him back Barney let them fill him full of lead; then he mashed the two men's heads together, fatally and inextricably. "They never move again." This somber tale, perhaps written to meet the current demand for chain-gang films, is very briefly and somewhat naively told. Only occasionally does Mr. Tully tax his capacity for writing realistically of things he has known at first hand. In the top of the book there is a fabulous quality reminiscent of O'Flaherty. The characters do not achieve reality. Barney is a giant gesturing heroically but futilely in a world represented as giant-proof and without purpose or direction.

Films

Fascism Over Hollywood

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE" is probably the most important bad film of the year. It is important because it marks the first attempt by Hollywood producers to exploit the current popular interest in social and economic ideas. It is of course true that a certain awareness that all is not well with the world has been creeping in the films for some time: there was the famous "Pfui" scene in "Trouble in Paradise" and there have been pictures like "Luxury Liner" which at least make a bow to the depression. But references to the economic skeleton in the closet have been for the most part incidental, semi-apologetic, and always good-natured. Now for the first time Hollywood openly accepts the depression as a fact. Within a month of the inauguration the talkies follow up Mr. Roosevelt's radio speech with a picture which daringly represents conditions as they are, which execrates those responsible for them, and which points a "way out." For "Gabriel" does more than merely reflect politico-economic ideas in the manner of an S. N. Behrman comedy. It offers us a fairly consistent program of direct action. Its all-too-evident purpose is to convert innocent American movie audiences to the policy of fascist dictatorship in this country. The only difficult

is that those audiences may not be so susceptible as Mr. Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Corporation produced the picture, apparently believes. If one is to judge by the apathetic response with which it was received by a single New York audience, one is inclined to suspect that the American public is unready or unwilling to sacrifice entertainment for political propaganda. And the justice, one must admit, is entirely on its side.

Walter Huston does the best he can in his role of the stool-pigeon President who comes to the White House only to suffer a concussion of the brain which causes him to desert his party and lead the world to renewed peace and prosperity. But even with his fine Lincoln profile and excellent speech-making talents Mr. Huston is unable to give much credibility to the role. As a *deus ex machina* for both the story and the world, cerebral concussion has too many disadvantages; one of them is that audiences are all too likely to mistake the actions of the Savior-President for those of a crazy man. It may or may not be significant that the book on which "Gabriel" is based was written by an Englishman who has never visited America. But the picture has most of the faults which made "High Treason," the British film shown by the Film Forum a few weeks ago, such a lamentable example of cinematic naivete. The trouble with both films is not that they deal with ideas, or that the ideas with which they deal are of questionable validity, but that they deal with them on the dialectic plane alone. And this is as much as to say that as an imaginative representation of character and events "Gabriel Over the White House" has about as much reality as a diagram on a blackboard.

"Pleasure Cruise," which played for a week at the New Roxy without receiving much critical encouragement, was actually within its own very limited genre an exceptionally accomplished picture. A thinly constructed farce, whose settings were London and a pleasure ship in the Baltic, it had a sustained perfection of surfaces which reminded one of the Lubitsch-Menjou pictures of silent days. The combination of Roland Young and Genevieve Tobin is one that should be repeated in another and better picture under Frank Tuttle's direction.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Playhouse for Sale

FOR many years Brander Matthews used to tell each incoming class about the play he once wrote in collaboration with Bronson Howard. "It ran," he would conclude, "one consecutive night." Back in the nineties, you must remember, that was something of a feat even for a play in which a professor of dramatic technique had had a hand, but in 1933 it would be nothing at all. Several recent offerings have achieved this ultimate non-success, and indeed the only two productions put on exhibit during the seven days just passed both closed after exactly one performance. For the sake of the record I shall report that their names were, respectively, "Her Tin Soldier" and "Hummin' Sam," but I shall then pass rapidly to the scarcely less painful subject of an article, brutally entitled *The American Theater Goes Broke*, appearing in the current *American Mercury*.

Arthur Mann, who writes the piece, was once office boy to Winthrop Ames, and later partly responsible for the *World's* dramatic page. He has a theory that the managers committed suicide when they began to build theaters with the balcony left out, and he may be right. But the most interesting thing about his article is the collection of statistics which he has compiled from various sources to set forth in cold figures the plight of

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ERNEST GRUENING

will be the speaker

on Wednesday, April 26, at 8:15 P. M.

the show business. Let us, then, look first at New York, from whence all theatrical blessings flow, and let us begin with the region nearest to any producer's heart, namely, the box office. During a single week in January of 1928 the combined gross receipts of New York theaters mounted to \$849,100 and during the corresponding week of 1929 they were only about \$40,000 less. Next year, however, they began to slip badly. By 1932 they had fallen to \$410,800, and by 1933 to \$222,500, or, roughly, to about one-fourth of what they had been at the peak. Nor are the workers in the theater any less badly off than the producers and the owners of theatrical real estate. Five years ago Actors' Equity had 8,500 members who had paid their dues; today it has only 3,500 and of these some one thousand obtained no employment of any kind on last season's legitimate stage. During the same period the number of employed union stagehands, electricians, and so forth fell from more than 600 to less than 200.

Look now at the provinces. The number of stock companies has fallen from 165 to less than 35, and the number of tent-shows playing legitimate drama from 152 to 15. At the peak of the present season there were some six thousand theaters of all sorts dark, but even more striking than any of these figures is the fact that most cities are at present definitely closed to any road company which might care to stop for one night or one week. Five years ago there were 410 towns in the United States and Canada where dramatic or musical productions could be played. Today there are only twelve outside of New York City.

Of course, the drama is not so sick as the show business. Once the latter's gigantic bankruptcy has been somehow liquidated, there is no reason why the theater should not flourish again. In the first place, the movies are almost as hard hit as the legitimate theater, and the vast "chains" which deliberately bought out and then dismantled hundreds of playhouses through-

out the country are themselves disintegrating so rapidly that Paramount, for example, is said to have actually given away 150 cinema houses to persons willing to assume responsibility for keeping them open to show Paramount films. In the second place, it is even possible that the managers themselves will learn something—that they will, for example, learn that the public which buys the first twelve rows from ticket speculators is not the only public worth considering. For the moment, however, we are not considering such pleasant possibilities but the fact that the American theater has, in Mr. Mann's forceful if not elegant language, "gone broke." And I should like to add one bit of history which has become such since Mr. Mann wrote his article—namely, some account of the repurchase by Shubert interests of the Shubert Theater Corporation which went into the hands of the receiver some time ago.

This corporation was by far the richest and most powerful of all those concerned with theatrical enterprises. Since it first began to get into difficulties it had thrown back upon the owners many playhouses formerly held on lease, but when the assets were put upon the block they included six theaters in New York City and nineteen in other cities, besides various scenic, electrical, and other properties. There were, however, no bids until the Shubert representatives got the whole thing back for \$400,000, of which \$40,000 was in cash and about \$300,000 represented merely by first-lien receivers' certificates already held by Shubert interests. Thus the original owners get their property back for a few songs and the holders of the 6 per cent gold bonds issued sometime ago get in all probability nothing; but the extent to which theatrical property has been deflated can best be illustrated by two simple facts: (1) In 1929 \$1,000,000 was considered a reasonable price for a single desirable theater. (2) The book value of the properties just bought for something like \$400,000 is about \$24,000,000.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Nation

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1933

No. 3539

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	485
EDITORIALS:	
Circuses Without Bread	488
Mr. Welles's Opportunity	489
The Munitions Lobby	489
Class Justice	490
ISSUES AND MEN. THE CRUCIAL CONFERENCES. By Oswald Garrison Villard	491
CARTOON. Cuba Libre. By Carl Rose	492
GERMANY'S LOWEST DEPTHS. By Ludwig Lewisohn	493
THE DOLLAR ADRIFT. By Henry Hazlitt	495
HITLER OVER EUROPE. By Robert Dell	497
PUBLIC FUTILITY REGULATION. By E. Michael White	498
MACHADO MUST GO. By Hubert Herring	500
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	503
CORRESPONDENCE	503
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
Walden Revisited. By Joseph Wood Krutch	506
A Forgotten Hero. By Mark Van Doren	507
The Glory of Louisiana. By H. L. Mencken	507
"Fragmentary Ends." By William Troy	508
Hart Crane. By Eda Lou Walton	508
Shorter Notices	509
Architecture: Slum Unclearance. By Douglas Haskell	510
Films: "Marius" and Others. By William Troy	511
Drama: Maugham at His Best. By Joseph Wood Krutch	511
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	512

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE CONVERSATIONS in Washington, first between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister MacDonald and then between M. Herriot and the President, are reported in the press in tones of optimism. This is perhaps just as well. The diplomats arriving in the capital are coming for just one purpose: to create an atmosphere of friendly understanding and confidence which may possibly carry the Economic Conference in London over the almost insuperable difficulties that face it. The world clamors for agreements leading to economic security. But such agreements must be made by nations which face one another across chasms of suspicion and conflicting aims. Anything that can be done in advance to bridge these differences increases the hope of a renewal of international trade and industrial activity. We fear, however, that the best efforts of President Roosevelt—despite his frankness and friendliness and his realization of the crucial need of agreement—will be largely wasted upon a Europe in which two systems of opposing alliances are in process of crystallization. How far can good-will and earnest intentions penetrate this European complex? Nations will not lower trade barriers along frontiers that are hedged with guns. The President's valiant efforts will doubtless be seconded by Mr. MacDonald, who, despite his

recent rash collaboration with Signor Mussolini, is sincere in his pronouncements in behalf of peace. But the economic aims of these two men and their advisers—the lowering of tariffs, the stabilization of currencies, the standardization of exchanges, the settlement of the war debts—must be thrown into a political whirlpool where they are likely to sink.

THE DETERMINATION of France, Poland, and the three Little Entente countries to permit no revision of the peace treaties and to oppose Mussolini's proposed four-Power European conference was no doubt strengthened by the Nazi performances in Germany. Those five nations are reported to have signed a standpat pact. The whole world was inclining to a sympathetic view of Germany's plight, her reparations had been canceled, and a disposition was growing to attempt to right in a measure the post-war injustices of territorial distribution. Now all this has changed. The Brown Shirts constitute the newest and most serious menace to the peace of Europe, particularly since the German people are now completely insulated against learning the truth not only about their own land, but concerning public opinion abroad. Inculcating the belief that Germany was never defeated on the battlefield, but betrayed by the Socialists behind the lines, Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring are again training the German nation as an army for "the day." The new Nazi songs proclaim the need of shedding French blood. Unless the Nazi dictatorship is overthrown, it seems certain that its mad rulers will bide their time until they feel strong enough to launch an offensive war. In a few weeks Hitler and his cohorts have destroyed the efforts of fifteen years of republicanism, and made it impossible to carry farther the revision begun at Locarno and Lausanne.

WHEN SECRETARY WOODIN announced a complete embargo on gold exports, so taking us officially off the gold standard for the first time since 1878, a large section of British and French comment was resentful. The commentators implied that our action was a deplorable breach of ethics. This seems odd and illogical in view of the fact that the British abandoned the gold standard a year and half ago and that the French a few years ago redeemed their old currency and old internal bonds at only one-fifth of their face amount, not to speak of their deliberate default in interest to us last December. The commentators, however, hinted that the French and British actions were the result of "economic necessity," while America abandoned the gold standard "voluntarily." It is questionable whether disinterested analysis would establish this difference. A nation that was willing to see all its banks closed before it consented to abandon gold at the old parity can hardly be accused of having abandoned it lightly. The inflation bill sponsored by the Administration contains many permissive provisions that might well give concern, but Secretary Hull's official statement that our monetary action was in no sense intended as a club to be used in international bargaining, and the various statements to the effect that the British and American experts are moving toward a currency agreement, are reassuring.

CONFIDENCE CAN BE RESTORED by having the leading nations of the world return to the gold standard at the earliest possible moment. But in the interest both of the immediate raising of the price level and of the ability to stay on the gold standard, they must return to gold currencies of a sharply reduced gold content. The French, in the present negotiations, are in a peculiarly embarrassing position for the reason that they are still on the gold basis. They cannot discuss devaluation freely, and feel obliged to assure the world that they contemplate no action whatever. The American and British delegates will be making a serious error if they assume that there is anything to gain from devaluing while leaving France and other countries on the 1929 gold level. Those countries will experience revival much more promptly if we encourage them to devalue to the same extent as ourselves; their revival will not only make them better customers, and so help our own recovery, but a general devaluation will remove any charges of bad faith or comparative loss of economic prestige as between nations, and will reduce to a minimum violent international shifting of gold.

JAPAN MOVES ON into China, and a new "independent" state, Huapeiku, is born—and all because, regretably, the Chinese are so little devoted to world peace that they continue to put up a "provocative defense" against Japan's altruistic advances. Huapeiku is at present contained within the triangle bounded by the Great Wall and the Lwan River. But it is likely to grow south and west to Peiping and Tientsin if the Chinese persist in their folly—or even if they don't.

IN GRANTING a writ of habeas corpus freeing George Crawford, a Negro, Judge James A. Lowell of the Federal District Court of Massachusetts has admirably dramatized the important issue raised in the Scottsboro case—the systematic exclusion of Negroes from Southern juries trying Negroes in criminal cases. Crawford's case was fully discussed in Helen Boardman's article *The South Goes Legal*, in *The Nation* of March 8. He was charged with the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley, a wealthy member of the Virginia hunting set. A "frame-up" is strongly indicated, designed to shift suspicion from another member of this set. Governor Ely had signed extradition papers, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People sought recourse in habeas corpus. In granting it Judge Lowell speaks with refreshing vigor: "Why send this Negro back to Virginia when I know and everyone knows the Supreme Court will say the trial is illegal? The whole thing is absolutely wrong. It goes against my Yankee common sense to have a case go on trial for two or three years and then have the whole thing thrown out by the Supreme Court. The only persons who would get any good out of it would be the lawyers." And in reply to the question raised by the Massachusetts Assistant Attorney-General, who as the representative of the Governor opposed allowing the writ: "Are we going to say that the State of Virginia does not uphold the laws of the United States?" Judge Lowell said, "They have not done so when it comes to a question of putting Negroes on juries down there. The whole thing to me is a piece of stage play." The incident may serve to illustrate some of the strange complexities of our jurisprudence which are so disturbing to laymen—and some lawyers. Judging from

the precedent of *Marbles vs. Creedy*, in 1909, in which Justice Harlan rendered the decision of the full court, it appears likely that the Supreme Court of the United States will overrule Judge Lowell, and, on the assumption that Virginia would give Crawford a fair trial, vacate the habeas corpus. If, however, Virginia then convicts Crawford, with no Negroes on the jury, it seems probable that the Supreme Court will, as Judge Lowell prophesies, throw the whole thing out. If this assumed sequence takes place, it would indeed go against all common sense, Yankee or other.

THE POWER TRUST has lost its first major battle in its campaign to dominate the national economy. It is now about to be driven from its second line of defense. The first battle was fought over water-power sites. If the trust could obtain a monopoly on these, especially the larger ones at Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and so forth, it could create a superpower system covering the entire country. This would give the trust unbounded economic power, for the users of electricity would be, save for the largely impotent regulation of State governments, completely at the mercy of the utility companies. The superpower system would reduce production costs enormously, for obviously it is much cheaper to let nature do the generating than to produce electricity in steam plants. At the same time rates to consumers would remain more or less fixed, State regulation being what it is. Can anyone doubt that with the creation of such a system the trust would continue to pocket its unconscionably huge profits? Happily for the public the trust has lost this first battle. The most important power sites are in the hands of the federal government, though the trust tried desperately to block the Boulder Dam project and sought to capture Muscle Shoals under the pretense of having a private company operate it for the purpose of producing commercial fertilizers. In some of the States, notably Washington, the trust has also been beaten back. Thanks largely to the relentless campaign of Homer T. Bone, now a member of the United States Senate, the State of Washington has reacquired every water-power site within its territory. But the trust was far from defeated. It felt that it could still reach its goal if it could prevent the federal and State governments from distributing the electricity they produced.

THUS BEGAN the second battle, a struggle for control of transmission lines. If the trust owned and controlled the transmission lines, the government would be compelled to sell its electricity to the utility monopoly, for in no other way could the electricity be distributed to the ultimate consumers. Obviously the trust would buy only on its own terms. But if the government owned the lines, or parallel lines, the tables would be turned. The utilities could then buy electricity only on such terms and under such restrictions as the government chose to lay down. If they did not like these terms, the trust could continue to produce its own more expensive power and seek to sell it in competition with the government, which through its control of transmission lines could sell electricity directly to municipalities, cooperative associations, and even to ultimate consumers. Such competition would inevitably ruin the private companies because of the lower generating cost of the government-produced electricity. In the end the trust would have to come to terms with the government. It was because the

original Norris bill provided for government ownership of transmission lines as well as government operation of the Muscle Shoals plant that Herbert Hoover vetoed it. And it is precisely this provision in the Tennessee Valley bill that is now being so bitterly attacked by the power trust and its allies in Wall Street and in the United States Chamber of Commerce.

THE NORRIS-McSWAIN BILL, sponsored by the Roosevelt Administration, will give the government almost complete control over the power industry in the Southeast. Section 10 authorizes the Tennessee Valley Authority, which would be created under the bill, to sell electricity to "States, counties, municipalities, corporations, partnerships, or individuals," preference being given to the first three and to "cooperative organizations of citizens or farmers, not organized or doing business for profit, but primarily for the purpose of supplying electricity to its own citizens or members." Section 12 would require the Tennessee Valley Authority to refrain from selling electricity to persons or corporations "engaged in the distribution and resale of electricity for profit" unless the buyers specifically agree to resell to the ultimate consumer "at a price that shall not exceed an amount fixed as reasonable, just, and fair by the Federal Power Commission." No greater or more effective authority to regulate the utilities was ever given to a governmental agency. Under the Tennessee Valley Act the government could say to the power trust that it must reform or be smashed. But Sections 10 and 12 would be meaningless and worthless if that part of Section 12 which authorizes the construction of transmission lines by the Tennessee Valley Authority were modified or deleted. If these sections are adopted intact, the power trust will have encountered its first effective check and the electric consumer received his first "break."

MR. ROOSEVELT is astutely varying his political appointments with appointments based on sheer ability and intelligence. The selection of John Dickinson as Assistant Secretary of Commerce is a refreshing example of the second sort. Mr. Dickinson, although only thirty-nine years old, has had an unusually varied experience. He was formerly a member of the Harvard and Princeton faculties, was once associated with William G. McAdoo in the practice of law, and is now professor in the Pennsylvania Law School. He is known primarily as an expert in administrative law, but his knowledge in other fields is wide. His translation of and commentary upon John of Salisbury's "Policraticus"—a medieval treatise on politics—established Mr. Dickinson's reputation as a classicist as well as a student of political theory. His volume on "Administrative Justice and the Supremacy of Law," dedicated to Felix Frankfurter, develops the "newer philosophy of social solidarity" as a basis for legal procedure. Many of his talents can be utilized in his new position. Under the Hoover Administration the Department of Commerce became an abject agent of big business. The appointment of Mr. Dickinson is, we hope, an indication that the new Administration intends to convert this department, under Secretary Roper, into a General Staff which will rally diversified social forces to a concerted offensive against the depression and the major evils of our economic life.

OVER THE COUNTRY resentment is rising like steam from thawing fields. After a long winter of discontent and deep thought, the farmers in State after State are emerging with revolutionary plans that far outrun the Administration's measures. In March the National Farmers' Holiday Association condemned the farm bill as a gesture "worse than silly" and "a deliberate effort to palliate rather than remedy our agricultural ills." The same convention, representing farmers in sixteen States, demanded a national moratorium on foreclosures, federal operation of banks as public utilities, and a steeply graduated federal income, gift, and inheritance tax up to the point of confiscation to prevent the accumulation of private wealth dangerous to society. Finally it was resolved that "unless we receive legislative justice by May 3, 1933, we shall then prepare for a market-ing strike within ten days, and a national farmers' holiday will be declared and maintained." The demanded relief has not yet appeared and plans for a nation-wide farm strike covering twenty-five States are going forward. "We're going to have justice if we have to shut off every hog, every kernel of grain, every pint of milk, and every pound of butter." We are quoting Milo Reno, the president of the Holiday Association. And his threat is not an idle one. In New York State one strike and the threat of another on a larger scale forced the establishment of a board to fix the price of milk. In Wisconsin fear of the farmers' strike is so great that Governor Schmedeman, in an attempt to head it off, arbitrarily raised the price of milk for the last two weeks of April. "I am fearful," he said, "of the city unemployed joining the picket lines."

UNREST IN OTHER QUARTERS is indicated in an unprecedented crop of announced marches on Washington. The Continental Congress for Economic Reconstruction, Socialist and liberal in its inception, is scheduled to meet there early in May. Its chairman speaks of action and the spirit of 1776 and proposes a national council of the people "which will exert the pressure of our mass strength to win legislation for the benefit of farmers and workers, both employed and unemployed." The B. E. F., which got tear gas from Hoover and cuts in compensation from Roosevelt, is again mobilizing. The Portland headquarters of the Oregon Veterans' Liaison Committee is organizing the march and mentions 50,000 as the number of veterans who will camp in the capital this summer. It is an exuberant estimate, but even 10,000 might prove embarrassing. More than 145,000 signatures were affixed to a petition issued by the *Amsterdam News*, a Negro newspaper in Harlem, New York City, for a march on Washington in behalf of the nine Scottsboro boys. For this march also the estimates run too high. But if only a few thousand Negroes demanding even justice invaded Pennsylvania Avenue, the parade would be impressive and instructive to those who live and rule on Capitol Hill. Let no one ignore or underestimate the significance of these demonstrations. At present they may be disorganized, badly led, futile; their objectives may be misguided and superficial. But the march is becoming more frequent; it is being employed by three important groups among the economically dispossessed—the farmers, the Negroes, and the unemployed workers—whose demands are becoming more fundamental. The organized march may develop into a successful American technique for direct action.

Circuses Without Bread

THE ardor and enthusiasm generated in Mr. Roosevelt's campaign have continued through the two whirlwind months of his Administration. Events have tumbled after one another in such numbers that it seems incredible that less than eight weeks have passed since the first act was staged. The people have been given so many circuses that so far they have hardly noticed the continued absence of bread. First the bank closing; then the emergency banking legislation; then the reopening, amid applause, of some 80 per cent of the banks. (Those that are closed have between five and six billion dollars of the people's money locked inside.) Then, in rapid succession, measures designed to increase the prices of farm products, to secure mortgagees and ease the burdens of their debtors, to institute drastic cuts in government expenses, to put men to work on reforestation jobs, to appropriate federal funds for direct relief and for public projects, to reduce the hours of work, to insure honesty and publicity in marketing securities, to permit embargoes on munitions exports, to develop Muscle Shoals as a public power project; and finally the momentous decision, on the eve of the international economic discussions, to suspend shipments of gold and initiate a policy of inflation. Some of these measures have been made into law under extreme executive pressure; others are still being debated. Many of them give the President or members of his Cabinet executive powers previously unheard of under our Constitution. The dangers inherent in such action have been assumed by the Executive to be less than the dangers threatening the country through long-drawn-out partisan haggling. Without fully acquiescing in this view, we believe that Mr. Roosevelt has had behind him a huge majority of the people, so eager for change that the only method they would not have tolerated was one of delay.

But circuses are easier to provide than bread. To close the banks was merely to prevent something worse—the collapse of the whole banking system; to open the sound banks restored a little confidence but left the people with at least \$5,000,000,000 less purchasing power. To balance the budget on paper may have improved government credit, but this credit must be stretched to permit the use of hundreds of millions of dollars in creating jobs and feeding the hungry. To raise prices and stabilize production on the farms through subsidies is probably impossible and would surely prove a grievous burden for the rest of the consuming public to bear. To shorten the working week will lower wages for every worker already employed unless a minimum rate is fixed; while to set a minimum is hopeless as long as 61 per cent of the nation's industry has ceased to show a profit. As for inflation—so variously viewed as a menace or a cure-all—its effect is dependent upon factors far more difficult to gauge even than the possibility of its control. Not the most optimistic advocate of inflation in any of its forms can be certain how far it will raise prices or whether, when prices rise, people will actually buy enough more goods to give enough added employment to put enough extra purchasing power into the pockets of the workers to keep the upward spiral going. It becomes, in fact, a desperate race between decreasing real

wages and the movement toward enlarged business activity and increased employment.

Every one of the President's measures faces the fundamental stumbling-block of an economic system that has ceased to function in such a way as to employ the working class and pay profits to the owners. Can this system be patched together, set on its foundations, and made habitable again for both the masters and the help? Already in Mr. Roosevelt's brief period of power he has seen how each proposed economic change has merely created the need for a larger one. A limited farm-allotment plan grows into a general dictatorship over production and marketing and the prices to be paid for agricultural produce. The thirty-hour bill, at first designed simply to reduce hours of labor and so put more men to work, is in process of becoming a vast scheme of government control over hours and wages and production in industry; with prices presumably raised through inflation to meet the increased costs. The embargo on the domestic use of gold led to the embargo on shipments of gold abroad, with international consequences beyond present reckoning.

As they grow and multiply these various schemes are merging into something like an unplanned economic plan. Its shape is not clear and it contains innumerable conflicts and contradictions; but it obviously contemplates regulation by the federal government of a large part of the process of production and distribution. This is evident enough to cause alarm among bankers and associations of business men. They know, or suspect, in what general direction Mr. Roosevelt's unpremeditated steps are carrying us. They are massing to attack the industrial-control bill proposed by Secretary Perkins. The *Business Week* gives warning of the cloud, "no bigger than Miss Perkins's hand, low down on the horizon. . . . What about these new measures of industrial control?" While on the left the radicals in Congress are beginning to agitate for a "right-to-live" amendment to the Constitution. They believe that any measures sufficiently drastic to be effective would be thrown out by the Supreme Court and they want an amendment empowering Congress to enact laws to provide minimum wages and maximum hours for all workers, federal old-age pensions, unemployment and sickness insurance, and regulation of the production of all essential commodities.

The vital questions remain. Can a planned society emerge from under the wing of our Constitution? Can it exist within the shaky framework of the profit system? Can it, in any case, be designed by Franklin Roosevelt whose technique has been likened to that of a quarterback in a football game—ready to shift his play according to the demand of the moment? We doubt it profoundly. The rebuilding of the economic structure is a job to be undertaken knowingly and according to plan. There is reason to believe that at least some important elements in the Administration recognize and are prepared to accept the ultimate social implications of its immediate measures. It should be obvious that the Administration cannot give jobs to workers and food to everyone without assuming a measure of control not contemplated in that "charter of anarchy," our Constitution.

Mr. Welles's Opportunity

SUMNER WELLES, detached from the Assistant Secretaryship of State to be Ambassador to Cuba, has an opportunity which rarely comes to a diplomat in these modern days, when envoys plenipotentiary have come to be for the most part mere figureheads. The solution of the difficult and complex problem which now exists in Cuba depends in no small degree on the understanding, wisdom, forcefulness, and tact of the new Ambassador. He must chart his course with an eye to our responsibilities under the Platt Amendment, to the need of restoring in Cuba a government "adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," and yet be mindful of the sovereignty of Cuba and the sensibilities of the Cubans. He must bear in mind the effect of his attitude upon the relations of the United States with all of Latin America. He must have the courage to deal with entrenched interests back home.

Mr. Welles should be well qualified for the task. He has had a long familiarity with Latin American affairs. He knows the Cuban situation intimately. And whereas ten years ago he was an apologist for some of the utterly unjustifiable acts of aggression committed by American imperialism through the instrumentality of the State Department of which he was an integral part, observation of the consequences of our policies has brought him to a maturer and saner judgment.

In Cuba, specifically, the task is the difficult and delicate one of restoring civil liberty and the island's economic fabric without overt intervention. Intervention in the form of the occupation of 1905-9 is wholly unnecessary and should be avoided at all costs. Another proconsulship as practiced by General Crowder in the years following the World War would be only slightly less objectionable. Yet a certain amount of firm guidance and tactful cooperation by the American Ambassador is now—for a time—almost inevitable, and undoubtedly desirable. President Machado requires a more forceful attitude than has been exhibited by the American embassy for the last eight years. And much that the Ambassador may properly and wisely do cannot, at the risk of defeating his very objectives, be formally set down, but falls within the sphere of his own discretion. Elsewhere in this issue we print a clear exposition by Hubert Herring of the present state of affairs in Cuba. The Cubans are united as they have not been since independence in their determination to oust Machado; and certainly it is impossible to visualize any restoration of Cuban liberties or true economic reconstruction without his withdrawal. As *The Nation* pointed out in a recent editorial, Machado's maintenance in office has been due directly to the financial support of great New York banking groups, which has enabled him to keep a well-equipped army. This army has held his bloody dictatorship in the saddle. The sanguinary conflict which Mr. Welles faces is therefore only in secondary degree one between the Cuban people and Machado. It is a conflict between the Cuban people and the very interests in whose behalf the State Department has for the last twelve years been assiduously active in the Caribbean. It has been the State Department which has promoted the interests of the National City and other banks in our neighboring republics, and has stood

behind those great aggregations of power and capital whose practices are now so completely discredited. Nevertheless, their power persists. It is not absent in certain branches of the Administration. It persists unbroken in Cuba. Our task therefore becomes the application to another sector of the economic front of what President Roosevelt has defined as "the new terms of the social contract." Mr. Welles has the opportunity of writing a new chapter not merely in our relations with Cuba, but in a more enlightened Latin American policy. To succeed, he must be able to demonstrate a thoroughly unselfish attitude on the part of the United States and a determination to help free Cuba in the spirit in which the American people were enlisted in her behalf in 1898. And today that means economic as well as political self-determination.

The Munitions Lobby

THE House has passed the resolution authorizing the President to lay down embargoes on shipments of munitions to nations at war or threatening to go to war. The measure is now awaiting action in the Senate, where it will be strongly opposed if not defeated. It will certainly be defeated if the munitions lobby is not checked.

Originally offered by the Hoover Administration, the resolution was approved by the Senate three months ago with votes to spare. It was later called back for reconsideration, but the pro-embargo forces still commanded a comfortable majority. Since then sentiment in favor of the resolution has appreciably diminished. On the surface there appears no good reason for this reversal of sentiment. The resolution is now being sponsored, not by a generally discredited President, but by a Chief Executive who was recently carried into office by a record-breaking landslide and who still enjoys almost unprecedented popular support. His party in the Senate has greatly increased its strength. More than that, the chief opponent of the resolution, Senator Bingham of Connecticut, has in the meantime been retired. Yet the measure has actually lost votes in the Senate. Why?

There can be only one answer. The munitions lobby has been at work. It is an open secret in Washington that the armament manufacturers have approached almost every member of the Senate, and according to an important government official have "reached a number of them." *The Nation* has been informed that at least six Senators who voted for the resolution will now oppose it. Doubtless others have changed their position or are thinking of doing so.

The munitions lobby has long been active. When President Hoover first suggested that he would send an embargo resolution to Congress, the White House and State Department were swamped with protests from airplane manufacturers, munitions-makers, business organizations, rifle clubs, and the like. When President Roosevelt declared that he would seek favorable action, the protests again came pouring into Washington. These protests were for the most part similar in language and form, which betrayed their inspired origin. The munitions-makers did not rest at that. They appeared in person or sent their most dependable representatives to oppose the resolution at the committee hearings.

The munitions lobby has even succeeded in dividing

the government against itself. While Joseph R. Green, an officer of the Department of State, testified in behalf of the resolution, Luther Becker, chief of the Iron and Steel Division of the Department of Commerce, appeared against it. Why has the munitions lobby gone so long unnoticed and unmolested? Other lobbies have been denounced and occasionally investigated. But the only opportunity the country as a whole has had to observe at close range the methods of the arms manufacturers was during the Shearer investigation. For reasons not yet clear, nothing ever came of that inquiry.

Whether the arms-embargo resolution is defeated or not, the munitions industry should be subjected to an immediate inquiry. In recent months we have been perilously close to another world war. The danger is far from having passed. Only the makers of engines of destruction, of gas bombs and explosives, of bullets and bayonets, would profit by a new war. They have many important financial connections and even more important political connections. Their influence seems to be unbounded. The American armament manufacturers have actually precipitated wars in South America by playing off one unfriendly country against another—the State Department has plenty of documentary evidence of this. The European ring has lately several times come close to precipitating hostilities on the Continent. The American people for the sake of their own security must demand that the political and financial operations of this insidious industry be exposed. Such an investigation would be ineffective if it were confined to a mere routine interrogation of munitions-makers and peace workers. It must go into every phase of the American industry, into the political methods of the manufacturers, their propaganda expenditures, their shipments to the Far East and South America, and their financial and working agreements with the big armaments ring of Europe. We are convinced that the country would be amazed by the facts an honest and exhaustive inquiry of this sort would disclose, and would demand what *The Nation* has long demanded—government ownership of every industry that manufactures war materials.

Class Justice

THERE are at least two possible ways of looking at the trial and conviction of the engineers in Russia. One of them is to say that Russia is a sovereign state with a perfect right to administer justice in whatever way she sees fit, and this, rather inconsistently perhaps, is the way which many liberals seem to have chosen. The other way is to forget, for the moment at least, that the professed aims of the Soviet government—certainly the economic aims—are aims of which liberals tend to approve, and to consider the trial exactly as one would consider any other trial in which the accused suffered under disadvantages which arose from the social and political prejudices of the court. We are not accustomed to say of the Nazis in Germany, of the Fascists in Italy, or of the one-hundred-percenters in Scottsboro that it is, after all, merely their own affair. We are accustomed to criticize their premises as well as their methods. Why should we not do the same in the case of Russia?

Looked at thus, it is difficult to see how liberals who have always protested against the effect of class prejudice

in other famous cases, who have always pretended, at least, that they demanded a rigidly impartial trial, can logically acquiesce in the methods of Russia just because these liberals happen to sympathize somewhat with the basic aspirations of the Russian people. The prosecutor himself boasted that it was not an impartial trial, and declared that the purpose of the court was to administer "class justice." The prisoners were long held *incomunicado* under conditions which certainly gave ample opportunity for a third degree, and they were allowed no counsel except that which was appointed for them and which, presumably, therefore did not really want them acquitted. They were definitely presumed to be guilty unless proved innocent, and now that they have been sentenced it is impossible to determine from any of the long dispatches of what specific acts they were declared guilty. We shall not stop to remind our readers that one of the outrages of the first Scottsboro trial was the fact that the defendants were represented only by lawyers appointed by the prejudiced court, but we shall point out that the engineers in Russia were apparently convicted for reasons resembling those for which Sacco, Vanzetti, and Tom Mooney were convicted in this country—because, that is to say, the court was convinced that no matter what specific charges could or could not be proved against them they were in general enemies of the social order which the court defended. No one ever denied that either the victims of Massachusetts or the victim of California were guilty of being radicals. Moreover, in the case of Mooney at least, it was pretty generally recognized that he was by no means incapable of employing dynamite. But most of the defenders of all three insisted that the question was not whether the accused were radicals, that it was not even, primarily, a question of whether or not they were guilty of the specific acts charged against them; but that it was, on the contrary, essentially a question of whether or not they had enjoyed the benefits of a fair trial upon the specific charges.

Now we know very well what the reply of the Communist is. An impartial trial and a classless justice is, he says, impossible. He wants quite frankly therefore a justice prejudiced in his favor and an opportunity to prejudge his enemies as he believes that his enemies have always prejudged him. But though that position is perfectly logical it is not the position which the liberal has always maintained, and he is destroying himself if he accepts it, as he has recently shown some disposition to do when his sympathies happen to be engaged. Nor is it sufficient to say that the situation is entirely changed by the fact that the American system pretends to afford an impartial trial while the Russian frankly does not and, unlike the United States, partly recognizes the political nature of the alleged offense. The fact remains that liberals have never said that they demand only that the American government should acknowledge the "unfairness" of its system. They have insisted upon the individual's right to an abstract justice, and they cannot logically change their attitude for Russia without changing it for America also.

The historical position of *The Nation* is the liberal one. It has not changed. We still advocate a classless impartiality. We refuse to be satisfied merely to have prejudice change sides, and to forget all the dangers of a medieval method of trial just because that method happens for the moment to be working in the interests of a revolutionary government whose basic aim is to secure greater economic liberty.

Issues and Men

The Crucial Conferences

I HAVE again spent ten days in the Middle West, in Ohio, Iowa, and Chicago, and I have come back without any encouraging reports. Indeed, in several places I was told that the last three weeks preceding my visit had been the worst yet. In Chicago students and teachers have been striking or protesting publicly against the failure of the city to pay the instructors. The first act of the new mayor was to make possible the sale of tax warrants for \$1,700,000 so that the teachers might get one week's pay due last June! In one Iowan town I thought I saw distinct signs of unrest among the young people who are about to leave high school and face the world without the slightest prospect of obtaining jobs. To say that the situation of youth is getting perilous is merely to restate what everybody told me on my travels. Plainly, the relief measures of President Roosevelt have not as yet taken effect; there has not been time.

The more I study the situation, the more convinced I am that our domestic plight can be definitely alleviated only by international action. This makes the conferences in Washington and the final international conference in June—if it is not postponed again—of absolutely vital import if the world is to be saved economically. What a marvelous opportunity confronts Franklin Roosevelt! Surely no man in our history except Woodrow Wilson has had a greater one. It rested in Mr. Wilson's hands whether the world should or should not be made over; whether out of the welter of the war should come a new world order with the nations on equal terms, bound together in peace and amity and by a genuine brotherhood. How Mr. Wilson failed is known of all men; the latest proof of the disaster at Versailles is the four-nation proposal to revise the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Wilson raised the hopes of the plain people of the world higher than anyone else in modern history; their disillusionment and disappointment flung them back into the depths of hopelessness and despair. Now a second thrilling opportunity presents itself and the question is whether President Roosevelt will be able to rise to this emergency. If he does not, and if the leading nations summoned to the international conference at London cannot agree upon some of the vital remedies, then the world will continue to sink and decay because of the futility and feebleness of its leadership.

What are the chances? Well, as usual, I am hopeful. Mr. Roosevelt is at his best in negotiation, provided that he can resist the temptation to compromise and to be merely pleasant and agreeable. In this respect the President has been a most happy disappointment since he entered the White House. He seems to have cast off the vacillation and uncertainty and reluctance to make decisions which so often marked his conduct of the governorship of New York. He has agreed quickly to the proposals laid before him by his intimate advisers, and has then acted quickly. To an extraordinary degree he has realized the worth of the strategy of striking fast. Somewhat similar tactics, it seems to me, are what the world economic situation requires. He must have specific proposals to make and must not be afraid to demand cate-

gorical replies. He should then be in a position to get approval from Congress if he needs it, and after the preliminary conferences he should know pretty clearly what the international conference ought to do and how quickly it must do it. Certainly Mr. Roosevelt does not lack arguments for immediate action. He can point to his own country where there is beyond doubt increased confidence, despite the fact that the actual suffering is worse, and a growing hope that the measures already approved will gradually begin to tell. He can point to all that he has achieved at home and especially to the great saving of \$144,000,000 which he has asked in the cost of the army—a most admirable move. He ought not to threaten—I despise that strategy which implies that we can obtain disarmament only by having a huge navy or threatening to have the largest in the world, and that we can bring about universal tariff reduction only by threatening to raise our tariffs still higher. The world is too deep in the slough of despond to be moved by threats if it ever could have been. When a statesman begins to threaten, he is usually admitting the weakness of his case.

Mr. Roosevelt has a glorious chance; the world looks to him for leadership. How far he will go and how much he will achieve depends entirely upon the man himself. It will be a greater test by far than anything which has yet come to him—it will be an acid test. As he comes through we shall begin to know how successful his Administration is really going to be and whether the tide will definitely begin to turn next fall. I think the American people realize that he has not been playing politics—barring his, with a few exceptions, wretched diplomatic appointments—and that he is most sincerely endeavoring to serve his fellow-countrymen. Thank heaven, there is not as yet the first sign that he is thinking about renomination and reelection. But the definite place which he will occupy in the hearts of his countrymen and in the history of our time depends in large degree upon the result of the conferences now going on in Washington.

Meanwhile the situation is not without its comic side. Here is the D. A. R. solemnly resolving not to recognize Russia, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is filling its sacred Constitution full of holes; his latest request for power to control the currency is a direct violation of that document which declares that Congress alone shall have the power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof."

When this article reaches my readers, I shall be on the high seas, bound for England, for study and for rest. I shall resume these contributions to *The Nation* on my return home. I should like to take this opportunity to thank the many friends who, by letter or by the spoken word, have encouraged me to believe that they have found this series worth while.

Arved Garrison Villard



Caricature

CUBA LIBRE

Germany's Lowest Depths

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Paris, April 14

THE German press, including the great democratic dailies, is gagged and throttled. Not only all Jewish journalists, but all Socialists, Republicans, and liberals have been quite simply thrown into the streets. All papers are forced, under pain of immediate confiscation, to roar in unison with the Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels. The liberal weekly press—*Tagebuch*, *Weltbühne*, *Simplicissimus*—is destroyed. Goebbels and his emissaries at this moment roar—they never by any chance merely speak—first, that the Jewish boycott of April 1 was forced upon the innocent German people by the all-Jewish anti-German defamation campaign; secondly, that no revolution in modern times has been as peaceful as this; thirdly, that all law-abiding Jews are safe and unmolested; fourthly, that the Jews must be eliminated from German civilization and if possible from the whole world, at any cost; fifthly, that no one has ever dreamed of denying that at first, yes, at first, “very serious excesses took place [Ausschreitungen sehr ernster Art vorgekommen sind].” (*Frankfurter Zeitung*, April 2.)

Mere atrocity-mongering is of little avail. I shall mention no circumstance that has not been either admitted by the German press or vouched for to me privately by eyewitnesses of unquestionable veracity. If by any conceivable chance the actual physical atrocities have been exaggerated, the men at present in power in Germany have no one but themselves to blame. For no American, however little he may like the Jews, can imagine the pathological bloodthirstiness of the Nazi anti-Semitic campaign that has poisoned the German air these ten years past. The cry “Deutschland erwache!” has been less stentorian than the cry “Juda verrecke!” A foul, sadistic, self-exculpatory myth has been propagated, according to which the pure, innocent, blond, blue-eyed Nordic has been betrayed into defeat and shame by the woolly-haired, uncreative, lecherous Mediterranean spawn, whose treacherous emissary, nursed in the unsuspecting Nordic’s bosom, was the German Jew. This myth has been supported by supposedly reputable scholars, so that one cannot open a contemporary reprint of poor old Johann Heinrich Voss’s version of Homer without finding out from the introduction that both Achilles and Hector were blond Nordics recently arrived from the Baltic and that Thersites was a woolly-haired Syrian. No wonder that two weeks ago Nazi storm-troopers went up and down the Kurfürstendamm yelling: “Blut muss fließen!”

The moral tone and flavor of this whole movement is grossly pathological. The Hitler campaign posters, of which photographs are before me, cried: “Zerstampft den Kommunismus!” “Zerschmettert die Sozialdemokratie!” On March 18 Reichsminister Göring said at Stettin: “Not only will Marxism not return; it will be exterminated. These creatures shall feel my fist till they are obliterated. Not only will we stamp out this pest; we will tear the word Marxism out of every book. In fifty years no soul in Germany is even to know what that word means.” This is evidently not the

language of a sane man. One hears that same tone in the Nazi orders for the boycott of April 1. “Samstag, Schlag zehn Uhr, wird das Judentum wissen, wem es den Kampf angesagt hat!” I quote the original in order that the moral tone may be remarked—that tone of barrack-yard vulgarity, of the psychopathic arrogance of the subaltern mind that accepts kicks from above and transmits them to the defenseless below. One is tempted to say that the clinical picture is complete.

Hordes of people in this state of mind are in control of the country. And not only is the excellent Weimar constitution abrogated. All human and civic rights which have been won since the French Revolution have been wiped out. No one, Jew or non-Jew, has any recourse in law against any aggression or any cruelty, against expropriation, imprisonment, or execution. When these two circumstances are put together—the Nazi state of mind and the utter lack of law and order—there is no need to register individual atrocities, whether they have been committed against Socialists, Republicans, or Jews.

The Germans are fond of talking about the *Schmach*, the shameful humiliation to which they have been subjected. They sank to its lowest depth by their own action when on March 29 the Polish Ambassador at Berlin, M. Wysocki, complained at the Auswärtiges Amt, giving harrowing chapter and verse, of outrages committed against Polish nationals of the Jewish faith, and when on April 2 he had occasion to renew his complaint in regard to thirty-two additional atrocities. The vast and cruel irony of these facts is unsurpassable. Nor, by the way, is the German press void of admissions of the most damaging sort, as when on March 29 the *Kölnische Zeitung* indignantly reported that Jewish fugitives in Upper Silesia “boast in an unheard-of manner of their conspicuously bandaged limbs.” Equally characterized by an insane humor was the warning of Nazi headquarters to the storm-troopers not to smash the plate-glass windows of Jewish shops, since this practice might involve a loss to non-Jewish insurance companies.

Dreadful as all these things are, they are secondary. I am authentically informed from Germany that the opposition, though for the day and the hour overwhelmed, will surely raise its head again. How overwhelmed it is at this moment may be symbolized by the fact that Gerhart Hauptmann dare not return to Germany and that Thomas Mann and his family have fled to Switzerland. The gigantic atrocity, which is the concern of the whole civilized world, is the elimination of the Jews, irrespective of political affiliation, from the structure of German civilization. I am forced to except Jewish as well as non-Jewish Communists. They must accept a white terror as the fortune of war. I am also forced, as a matter of conscience, to add that Jewish Communists have not been wholly guiltless, however sincere and honorable their conviction, in reducing human society to this level of terrors and proscriptions. But there are at least 500,000 Jews in Germany today, the vast and overwhelming majority, who have no left radical affiliations. These men

and women have, since the days of Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn, accepted on its face value, as other Jewish groups in other lands have done, the invitation to assimilate, to become Germans not only in act and service but in their hearts and souls. They have succeeded; they have succeeded beyond all measure and out of all proportion. In literature, in art, in scholarship, in law and medicine, in all sciences, and in all intellectual pursuits they have attained a preeminence which none can deny. Nor have they failed to shed their blood, again out of all proportion to their numbers, in the so-called defense of their country from 1813 to the World War. And now they are to be "cleaned out" of German civilization. The *Säuberungs* process is on and it is complete.

Let this be made entirely clear in America: Beginning with Bruno Walter and Heinz Unger of the Berlin Philharmonic, Jews are being expelled from all musical organizations, from the theaters as both directors and actors, from journalism, from the professions of law and medicine and dentistry, from all chambers of commerce and exchanges; all Jewish judges are driven from the bench; all Jewish banks are forced to discharge their Jewish employees; publishers are afraid to publish books by Jews and booksellers to display them; all municipalities have discharged the few remaining Jewish officials, canceled all orders placed with Jewish firms, withdrawn all official notices from newspapers, however heavily censored, wholly or partly under Jewish ownership. Nor let it be forgotten that in Germany as elsewhere Jews were forced into the conspicuous professions of journalism and the theater and music and into the free-lance professions of law and medicine and authorship not least because all the inconspicuous professions—teaching, the consular service, the post office—were mercilessly closed to them. To crown this crowning atrocity of the elimination of Jewish citizens from all honorable and profitable pursuits comes the order, immediately enforceable, of the cancelation of all passports of Jewish persons, so that the few hundred fugitives who have succeeded in crossing the French and Belgian, the Dutch and Danish frontiers have been able to do so only because in these neighboring countries a sense of humanity has been aroused.

Let me dwell on this matter of the cancelation of passports. It gives the lie to the National Socialist folk-mysticism on its own ground. Were these men sincere in their declarations that Jewish influence has poisoned their cultural atmosphere and that the Jewish spirit, however Germanized, can never be other than alien and destructive to them, they would have offered a passport and transportation to every Jew; they would have asked the British Colonial Office for unlimited certificates of entry into Palestine; they would have provided cheap passage on German ships to Jaffa and to Barcelona. Instead, they closed the frontiers and damned themselves irrevocably in the eyes of any decent human being, be he friend or foe of the Jewish people as such. The Nazis are not even folk-mystics; they are sadists; they are a crew of half-crazed criminals who must be curbed if civilization is anywhere to endure.

I come to the German Jews themselves. They present a sorry spectacle. The public declarations and appeals of the Reichsvertretung der deutschen Juden, the Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten, and the Centralverein deutscher Staatsbürger jüdischen Glaubens are of an inconceivable abjectness of spirit. If it were not for the stern and dignified

silence—more I dare not write today—of the Zionist and orthodox groups, I should utterly despair. The terrible Centralverein whines: "With dignity and courage we shall know how to bear upon the soil of our homeland the measures inflicted by Germans upon Germans." If these people had had any dignity or courage, if they had ever permitted themselves to face the music of reality, there would have been Jewish gymnasiums, a Jewish university, the formation of a Jewish party at least, as in Czecho-Slovakia, and tireless appeals in Geneva for minority rights and protection these ten last bitter and unspeakably humiliating years. *They* of the Jewish faith? They are not even that. They have not protested against the brutal forbidding of *Shechitah* everywhere. They whine that they are Germans, Germans. Their ancestors went forth in other ages like men and heroes and died with the *Shmah Israel* on their lips. Can there be any gallant-hearted Gentile in the United States who does not take my point?

Of course the situation is one unparalleled in history. Quite strictly and exactly that. All previous major persecutions of the Jews, from the Middle Ages on through the pogrom waves in Czarist Russia after the Russo-Japanese War, were persecutions of a people of strong spiritual and social solidarity—persecutions, that is, of a self-conscious group who were able singly and as a group to resist and survive persecution by means of the moral power of their historic and religious consciousness. This German persecution is the first major persecution in which the persecuted have sold out spiritually to their oppressors at the latter's invitation and command. They have eviscerated themselves; they have for generations extruded from their consciousness all Jewish content and from their political and moral lives all Jewish bindings. They are in fact today as Germanized as it is possible for them to be and have nothing within them wherewith to bear their Jewish fate. Can anyone conceive of a more cruel confusion or of a more hideous dilemma? Eight years ago, in "Israel," I warned the Jewish people against this unspeakable fate; six years ago Arnold Zweig analyzed the situation and pleaded for Jewish spiritual and cultural auto-emancipation in his great treatise "Caliban." But no one saw fit to heed us.

Group psychology is ill understood. But so much seems to be certain: hatred and aggressiveness are primary factors, quite independent of the realities which are subsequently chosen as the objects of hatred and aggressiveness. The choice throughout the ages of the Jewish people as object and scapegoat is due to legendary ancestral memories of the nations constantly reevoked by the presence, the recognizable difference from themselves, and the defenselessness of the Jewish people. Yet, as these horrors in Germany show, the attempt to obliterate the difference is but to render the aggressor fiercer and the persecuted more defenseless. There is no faintest hope except in auto-emancipation. On April 1, the day of the boycott, little Jewish children were driven out from the schools. Which is more terrifying as a moral phenomenon—the brutality of those who drove the children out or the abjectness of Jewish parents who on that day, a *Shabbath*, permitted their children to go to school? Lest this poison corrupt the world—for it corrupts both master and slave—let Americans no more demand spiritual assimilation but respect their Jewish friends in the measure in which they are themselves, in which they are Jews.

The Dollar Adrift

By HENRY HAZLITT

WHEN Secretary Woodin announced an embargo on gold exports on April 19, he took a step of foremost importance for the world. America's abandonment of the gold standard, which occurred as a practical fact on March 4, became official; and when Europe knew that it could no longer get gold from us, the dollar went at once to a discount of $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the foreign-exchange markets. The step was followed immediately by a compensating rise in the "international" commodities—wheat, cotton, copper, silver, wool, raw hides, silk, coffee, cocoa—and the contagion spread immediately to farm products with an almost wholly domestic market, and to the stock market. "Inflation" was under way.

There is a widespread opinion that if you decide to have inflation it is a matter of relative indifference what kind you adopt. No opinion could be more profoundly mistaken, or more dangerous. It is like believing that if you decide to remove the patient's appendix it is of little importance whether the operation is done by a skilful surgeon or by a butcher with a dirty knife. The difference between intelligent and unintelligent inflation is the difference between prompt recovery and a series of dangerous complications which may ultimately result in complete disaster.

The soundest and most desirable of all steps at the present juncture would be the definite reduction in the gold content of the dollar. This reduction should be not less than about one-third and not more than one-half. At all costs we must avoid an insane international competition in debasement. Every effort should be made to agree to a uniform devaluation with sterling and as many other currencies as possible. The only exceptions permitted to this—and these should even be encouraged—would be those necessary to bring the principal world currencies into even relationship with each other. It is senseless, for example, that the problems of exporters, importers, and tourists should be complicated by a par relationship of sterling and the dollar of \$4.8665 when it could so easily, after joint devaluation, be made \$4 or \$5. This agreement should be reached at the World Economic Conference, and discussion toward that end should begin immediately. At the same time that the level is fixed upon, a definite date—preferably not more than a year hence—should be set for the resumption of gold payments at the new level. It is imperative that the world return to stability and certainty at the earliest moment.

Before discussing the consequences of this program we may point to the consequences of the principal alternatives to it. The Administration's actual policy has not yet been clarified, but each of the following alternatives is permitted by the new inflation bill: (1) efforts to return to the old gold parity of the dollar while attempting to inflate by forcing bank-credit expansion; (2) government overspending financed directly or ultimately by fiat money; (3) silver monetization, or bimetallism; (4) drifting.

The first alternative represents the policy the Federal Reserve authorities have followed ever since the beginning of the crash. Its complete futility ought by this time to

be obvious. More than a year ago, in advocating devaluation, I commented upon this policy as follows:

Devaluation is a drastic remedy, but let us not deceive ourselves into supposing that we can achieve real results with less drastic means. We cannot do so with mere "credit inflation." The volume of credit, in general, follows rather than precedes changes in the commodity price level; the belief that the causation is the other way round is a widespread but profound fallacy, and policies based on that fallacy will prove worse than futile. One need merely point to the Federal Reserve banks, which have been trying to stem the tide by keeping money artificially cheap and loading up with government securities—and the only result is, that they are loaded up with government securities.

It is to be strongly hoped that the new Administration does not continue or resume this policy. The Federal Reserve banks can make money artificially cheap (their success in doing so from 1927 to 1929 was one of the major causes of the collapse), they can conduct open market operations and force an enlargement of the member banks' excess reserves—but they cannot, in depressed times, force those member banks to lend. The reason for this failure is doubled-sided. On the one hand, the bankers, who have had their fingers burned, do not want to lend money to business, no matter what their own excess reserves, unless they feel pretty strongly assured that they will get it back. On the other hand, manufacturers find no reason to ask for new loans when they have no orders to fill. Bank credit simply cannot be forced into existence in this direct way. And even if it could, it would have very little effect on commodity prices (as contrasted with real-estate and security prices) so long as we attempted to keep the dollar at the old gold parity. Commodity prices under the gold standard are anchored to the world value of gold. The comparative irrelevance of the volume of bank credit outstanding in any one country to prices in that country can be gathered by a mere glance at the striking similarity in the movement of prices in gold-standard countries since 1926. The following are the percentages which price levels in February of this year in various countries bore to price levels in those same countries in 1926: United States 59.8; Austria, 64.5; France, 70.3; Germany, 68.0; Italy, 62.7. This similarity is all the more striking when one recalls that the various "index numbers" are differently compiled and give different weights to various commodities.

President Roosevelt is reported to be sympathetic to gold devaluation, but to believe that something like the same result could be achieved by keeping the present gold content of the dollar and cutting in half the required legal amount of gold reserves. The second may seem superficially the more conservative step, but it would actually be an extremely dangerous one. It would not at all help to increase the volume of credit—for the reason we have just indicated—in depressed times; but it would lead to credit overexpansion in boom times and end in ultimate collapse.

The next possibility under the new inflation bill to be

considered is that of government overspending financed either by the simple printing of more money by the government or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, the issuance of bonds which are not sold to the public but dumped on the Federal Reserve banks, which in turn issue currency against them. Fortunately the President seems to have set his face against this sort of inflation. It is the most disastrous form possible. It is uncontrollable. The lack of control is twofold: (1) When new expenditures are being paid for with paper money issued as fast as needed, the cost of them does not appear to be coming out of anybody's pocket, and the legislative body sees no reason to confine itself to necessary expenditures; it becomes wilfully extravagant on the assumption that the more it appropriates the more it increases "purchasing power." (2) Although a widespread notion persists to the contrary, even among professional writers on currency, it is not true that the value of a given unit of the currency varies in exact inverse ratio to the quantity of currency outstanding (even allowing for volume of bank credit and "velocity of circulation"). The value of a paper currency depends upon its prospects of ultimate redemption. Almost invariably, and always after the first stages, it drops in value faster than it increases in quantity. In post-war Central Europe, in a frantic effort to offset this tendency, currency was issued with geometrical acceleration. In Germany, for example, the total currency at the end of 1919 stood at 41 billion marks, equal in value to 11 billion gold marks. Even before the end of 1923 the total issue had reached the fantastic figure of 74,954,803,000 billion marks, but all this was worth only one-fifteenth of the total value of the currency at the end of 1919.

Silver monetization, or bimetallism, has many serious drawbacks, and presents no advantage that could not be achieved with much greater simplicity and certainty by the reduction in the gold content of the dollar. The so-called bimetallic standard, so nearly approved by the Senate recently, would in effect mean an alternating standard, and probably a silver standard, particularly if any such preposterous fixed mint-value ratio to gold as 16 to 1 were adopted. If there were no increase in the market price of silver, such a ratio would debase the dollar to about one-fourth of its present value. The increased demand for silver for monetary purposes would of course greatly increase its value and make the debasement less than this; but it would be impossible to know in advance just what the new value of the dollar would be. If the United States were to adopt a bimetallic or silver standard acting alone, as the Senate amendment proposed, our exchange rate would fluctuate daily in terms of all gold-standard currencies, which would put a heavy handicap on our foreign trade. As for the universal adoption of a silver standard, of bimetallism, or of symmetallism, there is simply no good reason for it. Apart from the question of the relative instability of silver's value compared with that of gold, silver is also at present, value for value, about sixty times as bulky as gold. It is hardly necessary to point out how this fact would add to the inconvenience of bank-vault storage or of metallic shipments in settlement of international balances. No one would gain by the adoption of bimetallism, or by the purchase of more silver for the currency, but the silver-mining interests. The provision permitting the President to accept \$100,000,000 in silver in payment of foreign debts is a silly one. If the silver is accepted at market value, foreign gov-

ernments would have to build up the credits to buy the silver when they might much more easily transfer those credits to us directly. If the silver is accepted at more than its market value, that is merely a way of reducing the amount of the debt, and it would be simpler to do this directly also.

We come, finally, to the policy of mere drift. This, combined with minor exchange control, is the policy that Great Britain has been following ever since her abandonment of the gold standard in September, 1931, and it is one we seem very likely to adopt. It is the policy merely of announcing no intentions, but of allowing the currency to become the football of international speculators and then waiting to "see where it settles." But it is quite meaningless to talk of the "intrinsic" or "natural" level of a currency that has ceased to be convertible into gold. Its value varies merely with its prospects of ultimate redemption. In Great Britain we already have the amazing spectacle of market operators fixing the exchange value of sterling from day to day in accordance with its varying prospects of final redemption at one level or another, while the Treasury authorities wait to see what value the speculators will fix so they will know at what level to devalue! The effects of this are obvious. The rise of prices that followed Great Britain's abandonment of gold came to an end in a few months, after which a decline set in. That is likely to be the course of events here unless we act promptly and decisively. There can be no vigorous recovery of prices, there can be no confident resumption of business activity, there can be no assurance in foreign trade, until the business community knows at what level the currency will be stabilized.

The present writer presented the case for the devaluation of the dollar in the March 30 and April 6 issues of *The Nation* last year. There is not space to repeat the arguments here. Two points, however, may be emphasized. Some critics of devaluation seem to imagine that reducing the gold content of the dollar would benefit only the holders of gold itself. These critics have simply forgotten—if they ever took the trouble to ask—what the gold standard means. It means that currency is freely convertible at any time into its face value in the physical metal gold. So long as that condition exists, a price in any gold-standard country must express at bottom the relation between the value of the commodity priced and the value of a given weight of gold. If this weight of gold is cut in half, the price of commodities, other conditions being equal, will approximately double. The creation of the necessary bank credit to finance this higher price level follows automatically: manufacturers need to borrow more, and bankers are perfectly willing to lend more.

It must never be forgotten, finally, that the true purpose of devaluation is to restore equilibrium within the internal price structure, not any supposed competitive advantages in foreign trade. Notwithstanding such disingenuous articles as those printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Garet Garrett and others, all the figures of actual trade show that the alleged advantages of depreciated currencies in foreign trade are mythical. But even if they were not, a competitive race among the nations to out-devalue each other could end only in calamity for all of them. Devaluation, to have its full effect on confidence, must be reached by international agreement. This, with the drastic reduction of tariff barriers, has become the chief task of the coming world conference.

Hitler Over Europe

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, April 6

RAMSAY MACDONALD on March 16 presented the British draft convention to the General Commission of the Disarmament Conference in a speech the tone of which suggested that he regarded himself as a new Moses descended from Mount Sinai to rebuke the faithless tribes of Israel. He then went off to Rome, where Mussolini sprang on him the project of a pact of the four great Western European Powers for the purpose of dominating Europe, rearming Germany, and revising the peace treaties. On March 23 MacDonald reported on his visit to Rome to the House of Commons and declared that if any of the four Powers concerned rejected Mussolini's project that Power would incur immeasurable responsibility for what might follow. The speech increased the alarm that Mussolini's project had excited among the delegations of the European countries at Geneva, except the Germans and the Italians, and the effect on the atmosphere of the Disarmament Conference was so disastrous that after a general discussion of three days on the British draft convention it was generally agreed that it would be useless to proceed at once to a detailed discussion. So on March 27 the conference adjourned until April 25, after deciding to begin on that date the detailed discussion of the plan chapter by chapter and article by article.

Whether the atmosphere will be any better when the Disarmament Conference meets again may well be doubted. Draft convention, Four-Power Pact, and everything else have been overshadowed by the Nazi terror in Germany, which is unique of its kind in modern times and takes us back to the Middle Ages, if not still farther. The reaction to it has been immediate and almost universal. Never in my lifetime have I seen such a current of opinion sweep so rapidly over Europe. The whole of Europe, with few exceptions, has suddenly become anti-German and nowhere is the change more marked than in England, where opinion has for a long time been predominantly and unreasonably anti-French. There have been pogroms, massacres, and cruelties of all sorts within living memory, but never in modern times has the government of a great country declared its intention of outlawing all its Jewish nationals and depriving them not only of the rights of citizenship but also of the means of subsistence.

Horrible as has been the treatment of individual Jews, Socialists, Communists, and even men like Baron von Schön-aich whose only crime is that of being opposed to war, there have been more sanguinary revolutions than this in modern times, but never has there been one so contemptibly mean. And the Nazis are not even consistent in their meanness. Herr Kastl has been called upon to resign his position on the executive committee of the German Federation of Industries because he signed the Young Plan, whereas Dr. Schacht, who signed it before him, has been appointed governor of the Reichsbank. I saw a great deal of Herr Kastl during the meeting of the committee of experts for the Young Plan in Paris in 1929 and have since seen him more than once at Geneva. He was erroneously reported to be a Jew, probably because he is a man of remarkably quick intelligence. He is,

by the way, a member of the German Nationalist Party, which is represented in the German government, but that fact did not save him.

The reason why what is happening in Germany has been so great a shock to European opinion is that people feel that we have here in the middle of Europe, in what we believed to be a great civilized country, an outbreak of primitive barbarism unchecked by any of the restraints by which the conduct of civilized people is regulated, with which it is useless to reason, and which cannot even be judged by ordinary moral and intellectual standards. The most charitable explanation is that half the German people have gone mad. One characteristic that makes the German Terror unique is that it is completely inexcusable and gratuitous. All other Terrors have at least had the excuse, as in the cases of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century and the Russian Revolution in the twentieth, that the regime had to defend itself against external attacks and internal resistance. In Germany there have been no external attacks and no general resistance. Indeed, the absence of any internal resistance—the ignominious surrender of Socialists, Communists, liberals, Jews, and Catholics—has perhaps done more irreparable harm to the reputation of Germany than the Terror itself. The leading Jewish organization in Germany has denied the reports that the Jews were being ill-treated, and emissaries from the German Socialist Party and the German trade unions have gone to London and Paris respectively to ask their fellow-Socialists and fellow-trade unionists to abstain from attacking the Hitlerite regime.

How is it possible in such conditions as these seriously to discuss draft disarmament conventions or peace pacts? What possible value could be attached by anybody to Hitler's signature to any convention or pact? The man is clearly a criminal lunatic. Even in Italy, as I discovered when I was there recently during and after MacDonald's visit to Rome, there is great uneasiness about Hitler's proceedings since he came into power, and his persecution of the Jews is considered to be crazy. The uneasiness was very evident in a leader a few days ago in the *Giornale d'Italia*. Probably one of the reasons why Mussolini proposed his Four-Power Pact was that he did not relish the idea of being isolated in the company of so disconcerting a partner as Hitler. The pact, in its original form at any rate, is already dead. Even the British government seems to have discovered that MacDonald had been hoodwinked by Mussolini and has proposed important modifications in the original proposal.

The British draft convention is principally one for the rearmament of Germany, which is one of the main objects of Mussolini's proposed pact. It is to be hoped that there will be a change in British policy, which has hitherto shown a deplorable lack of any sense of realities. The fatuous idea of the British government and the British Foreign Office is that by making concessions to Germany they will fortify the position of Baron von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, and thus enable him to keep Hitler in check. The truth is that Neurath has been retained up to now only for the pur-

pose of gulling foreign opinion and will probably disappear very soon. He has already been put under the supervision of Rosenberg, whose name by the way does not suggest a pure "Aryan" origin. Concessions to Hitlerite Germany will fortify Hitler's position by enabling him to boast that he has obtained what was refused to Brüning, Stresemann, and German governments of the left. They will be a triumph and a justification of methods of violence but they will fail in their object, for the more Hitler gets, the more he will want. The experience of the last three years ought to be enough. At the end of June, 1930, the Rhineland was evacuated and less than three months later the Hitlerites polled nearly 7,000,000 votes. Last July reparations were abolished and in

November the Hitlerite poll was nearly 12,000,000. Last December Germany was granted "equality of rights" and in March the Hitlerite poll increased to more than 17,000,000. The reply to all these concessions is the German Terror. If the process continues, it may stop when Germany has been given Alsace-Lorraine, but hardly before. To allow the rearmament of Hitlerite Germany even to the smallest extent would be a treason to European civilization. It may still be possible to take a step toward equality of rights by the reduction of the armaments of other Powers, but only on one condition, namely, that the British government is prepared to join in any action that may be necessary to prevent Germany from rearming.

Public Futility Regulation

By E. MICHAEL WHITE

THE ability of the public-utilities monopoly to keep rates up to the 1929 level has been one of the bright spots in the depression—that is, bright for the companies. It is a major problem for the consumer with a reduced income. In the three and a half years since November, 1929, all other prices have dropped with unbelievable rapidity to unbelievably low levels. This drop in prices has been accompanied by reduced incomes. Why have utility rates escaped the deflationary process? The answer is that the purchaser of a competitive product or service is at the mercy of the law of supply and demand and the vagaries of a competitive market, while the purchaser of gas, electricity, and telephone service is "protected" by public-utility regulation. This regulation, which preserved utility properties from confiscation, so-called, in periods of rising prices, has utterly failed to protect the consumer in a period of falling prices. The facts tell the story.

In September, 1929, the food bill for a typical workingman's family in New York City was \$381.58 per year. In February, 1933, the bill had been reduced to \$212.65, a drop of 44 per cent. In September, 1929, the same family paid \$97.80 annually for three necessary services furnished him by the great utility companies. He paid \$4 a month for his telephone, for which the New York Telephone Company allowed him sixty-six calls, \$2.30 to the Consolidated Gas Company for 2,000 cubic feet of gas, and \$1.85 to the New York Edison Company, a subsidiary of the same Consolidated Gas Company, for twenty-five kilowatt hours of electricity per month. In February, 1933, he paid \$4.25 for the telephone, \$2.30 for the gas, and \$2.30 for the electricity, a total for the year of \$106.20. In other words, his annual bill for the three services increased \$8.40, or 8 per cent. During the same period factory employment decreased 44 per cent in New York State, and factory pay rolls dropped 60 per cent.

The electric bill of the average domestic consumer in the nation increased from \$31.65 in 1929 to \$33.64 in 1931. To be sure, he got more current for his money, owing to a decrease in the rate per kilowatt hour throughout the nation of approximately 7 per cent. During the same period, however, his income dropped approximately 45 per cent, and a larger share of that reduced income went to pay what the economists call "rigid" utility prices. In addition to causing

hardship for the individual consumer, the increasingly large share of our national income which is required to pay these "rigid" prices is a major barrier to economic recovery.

Now let us look at the dividend record of the utility companies during the depression. In New York State total dividend payments to gas and electric companies increased from \$72,020,334 in 1929 to \$89,806,855 in 1931. This was in addition to increases in surplus. The companies serving New York City, most of which are owned by the Consolidated Gas Company, increased their accumulated surpluses during this period from \$223,458,282 to \$251,809,399. In 1932 Brooklyn Edison, in addition to paying 8 per cent on its overcapitalized common stock, *increased its surplus by almost three million dollars.* (That surplus had increased 250 per cent in the past five years.) The theory of a surplus is that it is built up in the fat years to provide for the lean.

The rate of return on the book value of common stock of the New York utilities ranged from 8 per cent in the case of Brooklyn Edison to 25 per cent for the Syracuse Lighting Company, 41 per cent for the New York Light and Power Company, and 60 per cent for the Long Island Lighting Company. The 1931 dividend record was maintained in practically all instances in the low-water year of 1932. One notable exception was the New York Edison Company, which was forced to reduce its dividend rate from 12 to 10 per cent! However, Consolidated Gas, the holding company to which the dividend was paid, declared the usual fifty-six-million-dollar dividend, which is at the rate of 11.7 per cent on its common.

How about rates in New York City, where we are supposed to have one of the most enlightened and alert public-service commissions in the country? Milo R. Maltbie, the new chairman of that commission, in a letter to the New York electric companies in July, 1930, made an eloquent plea for lower rates. He wrote:

The trend of electric rates has been generally downward, and *New York City should lead the procession.* A number of other cities have lower rates than New York City, and with the exception of areas having cheap hydroelectric power, New York companies ought to be in a position to serve their consumers at as low rates as any metropolitan center. A factor in the approval of mergers and

consolidations permitted by this commission has been the economies which could and should be effected, and you have freely conceded that consumers should share in the economies.

Does New York "lead the procession"? The following table of annual electric bills of customers using fifty kilowatt hours of current per month—the average for the country—demonstrates that the only procession which New York City leads is the procession of exploited consumers:

	<i>Annual bill</i>
New York City	\$36.60
Average for the country	34.88
<i>Publicly owned plants</i>	
Cleveland, Ohio	18.00
Los Angeles, California	24.60
Kansas City, Kansas	21.60
Seattle, Washington	28.80

It is true that there have been tremendous economies in the producing of electricity in New York City as a result of mergers and advances in the industry, but these economies have not been passed on to the consumer. Between 1920 and 1930 the four subsidiaries of Consolidated Gas furnishing New York City with electricity enjoyed operating economies of at least \$14,000,000. (These figures do not take into account the tremendous savings due to lower prices since that date.) The extra profit made possible by these economies was paid to the holding company in the form of dividends on common stock. Consolidated Gas raised capital necessary to expand its plant during these ten years by the sale of 5½ per cent preferred stock to the general public. It used this money to buy the common stock of its subsidiaries, on which it receives a return of from 8 to 16 per cent today—annual differential, \$13,571,379. While the economies were taking place, the four electric companies increased their surplus by an average of \$9,360,000 a year.

One further fact and the picture is complete. That is the fact of monopoly. Five great banker-industrial groups control from 85 to 95 per cent of the electric light and power industry of the nation. The electric and gas industry in New York State is dominated by three great holding companies—the Associated Gas and Electric Company, the Niagara-Hudson Power Company, and the Consolidated Gas Company. The last two companies, controlled by J. P. Morgan and Company, supply over 80 per cent of the gas and electric consumers of the State.

In 1929 the Legislature of the State of New York created a commission to investigate the system of regulation in the State. That commission, composed of the outstanding utility experts of the country, reported as follows:

Effective regulation along the lines originally intended by the act [the public-service commissions law] has broken down and the consumer has been left to the exploitation of the monopolistic private companies which control the public services.

The commission stated that Manhattan homes, for example, could get their electricity for a maximum of five cents per kilowatt hour if they were charged in accordance with the cost of serving them. That estimate was based on peak 1929 prices. But in 1933, when prices are at the bottom of the trough, the average consumer pays six cents per kilowatt hour and the small user pays an average of seven cents per kilowatt hour. Consolidated Gas, which was overcapitalized

\$150,000,000, had from 1921 to 1928, by means of a coal surcharge fraud, collected \$20,000,000 more than the increased cost of coal warranted. While the consumer was being defrauded, Consolidated Gas absorbed Brooklyn Edison, and the concrete result of that merger was an increase in cash dividends of \$18,000,000.

At the conclusion of its investigation, the legislative commission had this to say about the Public Service Commission:

The Public Service Commission, as the evidence shows, has felt willing or obliged to sanction rates which cannot possibly be justified on any economically sound basis of control. It has tended to dodge every vital issue of a controversial character because of its fear of court reversal, and has in effect surrendered to the utility companies the right to charge whatever rates the conditions of their business and the monopoly character of their enterprise will support.

If that was true in 1929, what words in the vocabulary of respectable men can describe the situation in 1933, when the plight of the consumer has reached a new low? Following the report of that commission, Milo R. Maltbie, long an outstanding figure in public-utility regulation, was appointed chairman of the commission, to replace Mr. Prendergast, who took a \$50,000-a-year job with the E. L. Phillips interests, whose companies he had been regulating ineffectually. Under the leadership of Mr. Maltbie the New York Public Service Commission has attempted to reduce rates by a policy of negotiation. This new policy was a result of the difficulties inherent in a system of regulation. In a decision involving electric rates in New York City in 1931, Mr. Maltbie sought to justify a reduction of \$5,500,000 which he had negotiated, in place of reductions of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 which the consumers demanded, on the ground that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." He pointed out, quite ably, the numerous obstacles to regulation—the time and expense involved, the uncertainty of the outcome due to the confused state of the law, the large number of companies under the jurisdiction of the commission (over 1,000) for whose regulation the commission has a limited staff, and the lack of a scientific basis for fixing rates. He referred to the New York Telephone case, which is a classic example of the wastefulness and inefficiency of the present system of regulation. That case was started in 1920 and is now on appeal to the Supreme Court. It required the taking of 62,864 pages of testimony and 4,232 exhibits, and cost \$10,000,000.

Mr. Maltbie went on to say that if the reductions offered by the companies in that case were not accepted, they would be withdrawn and the commission would be forced to resort to rate hearings, with all their delay and uncertainty. What a position for the public! If it does not want to accept reductions offered by the companies, it can take its chances with the courts and a commission whose chairman is pessimistic about the outcome of a rate case. Here is a frank admission that the commission cannot regulate, that it can only "force" reductions which are consented to by the companies. This hat-in-hand policy means a surrender to the very monopolies which public-service commissions were created to regulate. It is such abrogation of control which was criticized by the legislative commission in 1929.

In its annual report of 1932 the New York Public Service Commission defended its policy of negotiation, stating

that "the policy of obtaining reductions in rates by negotiation rather than by formal cases has been justified again by the results obtained in 1932." What were the results? Reductions in 1932 resulting from both negotiations and rate cases in 1931 amounted to \$1,884,200. Reductions negotiated in 1931 are supposed to save the consumers another \$8,200,000 annually. Most of this last amount is accounted for by the reduction in electric rates in New York City, which resulted in an increased bill for 50 per cent of the customers, the small users who are least able to bear the increase. The total reduction is less than 2 per cent of the revenues of the companies involved. A reduction in the dividend rate of gas and electric companies to 6 per cent would have meant an annual saving of \$40,000,000. Such a reduction of the dividend rate of the New York Telephone Company alone would have meant a saving of \$7,500,000 per annum.

During the war and after, many utilities, faced with ruin because of the sudden increase in labor and commodity prices, sought immediate relief—without the formality of rate cases and valuations upon which they now insist. They got it. Rate increases were allowed throughout the country on very limited showings by utility companies, and courts uniformly sustained these emergency measures. It was during this very crisis that Section 72 of the New York Public Service Commissions law was amended, giving the commission the power to fix temporary rates; and the New York Commission has stated recently in several cases that it can fix temporary rates without the necessity of a complete valuation of all company properties.

The Wisconsin Public Service Commission has recently attempted to give the public the benefit of immediate and drastic reductions. In January, 1932, it cut telephone rates 12½ per cent, thereby reducing the dividend rate of the Wisconsin Telephone Company to 6 per cent. The reduction had been preceded by an investigation of eleven months. It was set aside by a federal court after a three-hour argument, between trains. The federal court was recently reversed by the Supreme Court on procedural grounds and the case was sent back for reconsideration. The Wisconsin Commission does not know today whether its decision will be upheld by the Supreme Court.

There is only one sure relief for the apparently helpless consumer. That is public ownership. The figures contained in the table quoted above are more eloquent than argument. Even the threat of public ownership would force the companies to see the light, but in New York State we are denied that weapon. The public-operation bill annually introduced into the New York State legislature, giving cities the power to operate their own utility plants, was defeated again this year. The representatives of the utility companies argued to the legislative committee that to allow cities to go into the business of producing gas and electricity would lead to "racketeering" and "extortion"! The politicians of New York City who recently appropriated \$50,000 in order to force rate reductions were noticeable by their absence from the hearing on the public-operation bill, which the *Democratic* Senate failed to pass.

(This is the second of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The third will appear next week.)

Machado Must Go

By HUBERT HERRING

Miami, April 24

ALL is well with Cuba. I have it from none other than President Gerardo Machado y Morales. Whatever he does is for Cuba's sake, for our sake, for liberty's sake. Yes, the university is closed, but closed because irresponsible students and professors mistook license for liberty, talked communism, plotted the overthrow of free institutions. President Machado is eternally grateful to the United States, and will show this gratitude by stamping out communism in Cuba and preventing its spread to our shores. Furthermore, the Cuban press is free—free to print the truth. Machado cannot permit a few editors wilfully to distort the news. There have been killings. The President admits this tacitly. Unfortunately there are some irresponsible people in Cuba who have not learned to live under the orderly rule of constitutional government.

It costs General Machado anxious days and sleepless nights to protect our liberties. He is a haunted man. The palace is an armed garrison. The President's comings and goings are screened with secrecy. Three armed cars, the President in the center, dash through the Havana streets. He knows not whom to trust. His private guards are changed time and again. His violence squad, the Porra, strikes here and there at a venture. The trussed-up bodies of students are found in unfrequented streets—shot in the back,

shot while "attempting to escape." In one week recently five students were shot in Havana streets. A steady stream of prisoners goes to El Principe and to the Isle of Pines. Scores are held without trial "at the disposition of the President." Men disappear in the night and are not heard of again. Machado sits uneasily in his marble palace wondering when his turn will come.

Havana is a whispering gallery. Across the cafe table, after a swift glance around, you are told that Señor So-and-so disappeared last night, that he was a member of the A. B. C., that his house has been searched, that no one knows where he has been taken. Behind locked doors, with curtains drawn, lowered voices tell the story of friends and relatives. Stories grow in the telling. There is no press. Yes, said one editorial writer to me, I am perfectly free to write—about stars and flowers. The truth is bad enough, and as the stories pass from mouth to mouth Machado becomes a gargantuan blood-letter and terror stalks the streets at midday.

For three years the terror has increased. The impatient Cubans are determined to end it. Machado is virtually deserted save by the army which he pays, the office-holders, and a few foreigners who find him pliable. Cuba is united in saying that Machado must go. Various groups are aligned against him.

The political opposition is divided into three main

camp. Former President Mario Menocal leads the conservatives—from Miami. He is the traditional Cuban politician. He was the legally elected President from 1913 to 1917 and the de facto President from 1917 to 1921. A man of undoubted force, he commands a large personal following. But even the barbarities of the Machado regime have not erased the memories of Menocal's inept and wasteful administrations. Not so bad as Machado, not so cruel, but corrupt—so runs the common estimate of the man. Colonel Carlos Mendieta leads the Union Nacionalista. Mendieta, of all "los hombres del '95," as the A. B. C. describes the old guard, seems to command the greatest respect. When I met him a few weeks ago in Miami, I felt his warmth and patriotism. Former Mayor Miguel Mariano Gomez of Havana leads the Miguelist wing. Gomez is the perfect Rotarian, the good fellow of the plot. He would make an excellent spokesman for Cuba at Pan-American conferences. These three factions of the political opposition have now united in a pact and an appeal to the Cuban people to oust Machado, to set up a provisional government, and to assure fair elections.

It was an evil day for President Machado when three years ago he nailed shut the doors of the university, stationed police guards, and turned five thousand students into the streets. The Directorio Estudiantil is their answer. The Directorio carries the message of revolt into every village and crossroads of the island by means of a newspaper which, in spite of the police, in spite of bloody reprisals, is regularly distributed and eagerly read. These students are meeting secretly, studying, planning. They know that the old men of Cuba have failed, and they eagerly await their own hour. Cuban patriotism in their case is no refuge for scoundrels. Clear-eyed, clear-headed, they plot and plan for Cuba Libre. The Porra pursues them relentlessly. Their dead bodies are found in the streets. Prostitutes have been employed to attack the women students in the streets and to cut their clothes with knives. You cannot talk with one of these students without hearing of dear friends, sisters, brothers, fiancées, who are dead, scarred, in prison. Many professors of the National University have kept faith with the students. They too have paid the penalty of death, imprisonment, or exile. Venerable José Varona, dean of Cuban philosophers, eighty-eight years old, still lives in Havana and refuses to keep silent. Machado dares not touch him, for he is the living symbol of Cuba's fairest aspirations.

By far the most important and powerful of the forces of the opposition is the A. B. C., a secret organization enrolling between 7,000 and 10,000 members. It is organized in "cells" of ten members each. No member is supposed to know any others except those in his own cell. The A. B. C. was not originally designed as an instrument of reprisal. It did not resort to violence until every effort for a peaceable solution had failed. Machado assumed power on May 20, 1925. Ninety days later his agents brutally murdered Armando Andre, editor of *El Dia*. Killings from that day to this have continued with increasing frequency. The A. B. C. estimates that Machado's murders have reached a total of over 2,000. Impartial observers place the figure nearer 1,000. The A. B. C. was not organized until the fall of 1931, after the failure of the August revolution in that year. The first reprisal of the A. B. C. took place on July 9, 1932, more than seven years after Machado began his

policy of terrorism. Its victim was Calvo, the head of the secret police, who was killed. Since then the bombs of the A. B. C. have reached the official household of Machado. They have felled some of his chief agents. The members of the A. B. C. struck as Machado had taught them to strike. His violence finally begot theirs.

I write no brief for terrorism. I only report what I have heard and seen. I think of men and women, educated, sensitive, strong, who calmly admit that they belong to the A. B. C., that they now approve of the measures taken. They are now willing to kill, and if need be, to be killed, for the sake of the freedom of their country. I think of one girl, cultured, privileged, beautiful. "I would willingly carry the bomb myself which would put an end to Machado, and if need be, to me also." She is not exceptional.

The A. B. C. is far more than an instrument of terror. Terrorism has become an integral part of its program, a reasonable and necessary part in the judgment of its leaders. It is easy to forget that liberty has always exacted its price, and that often the price has been violence and willingness to die. These Cuban boys and girls are meeting death every day, for the sake of conscience and without fear. But the emphasis is swiftly changing. The A. B. C. regards itself as the party of Cuba's renewal. It plans for the day when it can come out into the open. It has issued a manifesto to the Cuban people which outlines plans and purposes and calls for recruits "for the renewal of the life of Cuba . . . to all Cubans of good-will and clean hands who have not lost their faith in the possibility of Cuba's redemption by Cubans."

The A. B. C. is a youth movement. The days of "los hombres del '95" are done. The old leaders served as a bridge between the colony and the republic, but their force is spent. They were corrupted by the spoils of office. They must give way to new men, new measures, a new Cuba. The A. B. C. quotes José Martí, who prophesied that after independence had been won, the real war for liberty must be fought. The manifesto interprets Cuba's debacle in economic terms. It contrasts the colony with the republic. In colonial days Spaniards held the public offices and strutted on the public stage, while Cubans owned and worked the land. The wars which began in 1868 and ended in the war of 1898 changed all that. Cuba was freed, but at a price. Cubans now hold the political positions, but the foreigner owns the land and reaps the profits. The establishment of the republic marked a rush for jobs. Veterans of the war and politicians demanded salaries. As government jobs increased, Cuba's economic situation grew worse. Politicians secured loans from outsiders, thereby bringing Cuba into deeper vassalage. Financially, Cuba became an appendage of Wall Street. American banks, American utility interests, American sugar interests became the rulers.

The sugar industry, according to the A. B. C., constitutes an economic state within the political state, wielding virtually unlimited power and subjecting vast masses of Cubans to its arbitrary rule. Less than 200 sugar centrals control more than 5,500,000 acres of sugar land. One American company controls about 670,000 acres. Within these holdings law is company made—with private railroads, private ports, and company-controlled municipalities. "If this process develops without interruption," says the A. B. C., "Cuba will be converted into one great sugar plantation with a population of West Indian Negroes, a pusillanimous native bureau-

cracy, a government which receives orders from Wall Street, and a flag—symbol of its independence." The A. B. C. interprets Cuba's present ills against this economic background. These ills are as follows:

1. The atrophy of civic conscience. Economic dependence bred an attitude of passivity and hopelessness toward public affairs. The Cuban served outside masters. These masters favored the Cubans who would do their will. Banks loaded loans upon servile presidents. Loans became new millstones about the neck of free Cuba. "From being an economic slave," says the A. B. C., "the worker tended to pass step by step into a condition of moral slavery—he became a fellow whose will was free only up to the point where it conflicted with the will of his master. . . . A band of bureaucrats is converted into a flock of sheep and sycophants."

This atrophy reached into the ranks of the leaders. "It is melancholy," notes the manifesto, "that lawyers of high standing, in order to obtain juicy retainers, should sell their souls to the devil. . . . So it is that economic dependence begins by weakening the civic will and ends by corrupting it altogether."

2. The reelection evil. Where economic opportunities are few, as in Cuba, public office assumes great importance. Cuban politicians have developed fierce appetite for office. Once in, they are hard to dislodge. Like Tammany chiefs they have learned how easy it is to live off the state. Therefore, Machado, Menocal, and all the lesser fry.

3. The use of the army as an instrument of despotism. Cuba needs no army against foreign foes. Theoretically, the only need for an army is for police purposes. Actually, the Cuban army is chiefly useful for the maintenance of despotism. The Cuban army of 12,000 men is a professional army, bought and paid for by Machado. The soldiers are paid, the teachers are not.

4. The degradation of Congress. Congress has been made Machado's sounding-board. Through the control of the national lottery and through the distribution of the highly profitable collectorships Machado can buy and hold Congressmen. The A. B. C. proposes to abolish the lottery, and quotes the words of Martí who warned against the "debility inevitably produced in the man whose reliance is upon sources of well-being other than his own strength and courage."

5. The prostitution of the judiciary. Machado dominates the courts, including the Supreme Court. Judges who refuse to obey are broken. A servile judiciary completes the breakdown of constitutional liberties.

6. The cheapening of cultural standards. The university is closed. Professors who refuse to support Machado have been imprisoned, killed, driven into exile. For three years the educational system of the island has been at a standstill. Writers dare not speak their mind.

All this is part and parcel of Cuba's economic state. "A parasitic economy begets a slavish culture" is the A. B. C.'s conclusion. President Machado must be regarded as the consummation of all these economic and political forces.

This much seems clear—Machado's time is up. Whether his end comes with his voluntary surrender of a power which he holds in clear defiance of Cuban wishes, by tyrannicide, or in response to firm diplomatic pressure from Washington—it cannot be far off. Something must be done. But how, by whom, and to what end? The Cuban political opposition seems to rely upon a combination of moral pressure from

Washington and a surprise attack from forces which they are preparing. General Menocal made it clear to me that he would welcome diplomatic pressure from Washington. But what have they to offer? They answer, a provisional government under some neutral leader who will assure fair elections. But what then? Will the old men of Cuba still rule? Will the National City and Chase banks and allied interests continue their old role of chamberlains to acquiescent presidents?

The A. B. C. and the students will go part way with the politicians, but they are under no delusions. They know that the old men are not to be trusted. They propose an economic and political house-cleaning. They propose to right the wrongs inherent in the land system—to recapture the large land holdings and encourage colonization of small farmers. They propose the reorganization of the economic structure, beginning with the banks. They propose a national bank of issue, national currency, national savings banks, a national agrarian bank for the financing of farmers' cooperatives. They propose the nationalization of railroads and utilities. They propose a sound modern program of social legislation. They propose a political realignment, with the reduction of the presidential power and the increase of the power of Congress, with limitations upon tenure of office, the end of the lottery, the substitution of compulsory military service for the present professional army, the independence of the judiciary, and a national system of public education with a free autonomous university. The A. B. C. invites no intervention. It asks true self-determination for Cuba. That means the end of the Platt Amendment and the end of dictation, whether it be from Wall Street or Washington.

What will the United States do about Cuba? Since 1898 we have done almost every conceivable thing about Cuba. We have ruled with marines, we have ruled with "advisers," we have ruled by pressure. During the past four years we have reverted to the Root interpretation of the Platt Amendment and have tried keeping hands off—at least the State Department has done so. It remains to be determined exactly and to what degree the National City and Chase banks have been responsible for keeping Machado in power.

One course we have not yet tried. We have not yet done the thing of which we have boasted—given Cuba freedom. We could do it. It would involve risks—the risk of greater chaos. If we have any lingering faith in democracy, we will do it. Cuba must learn to rule as we learn—blindly, haltingly. There would be lighter hearts in Havana if next week the new American Ambassador could drive to the Palacio Nacional to present his credentials to the President of the Republic of Cuba, and after the customary forms were over could say:

"Mr. President, under the terms of the Platt Amendment we have the right to intervene for the protection of human lives. We do not wish to intervene, but may I take this occasion to remind you that for eight years you have had your chance to rule and to amass a competence, but that Cuba will no longer follow your leadership? There is no peace ahead for you. Surely you find no satisfaction in prolonging the suffering. Can you not, for reasons of health, decide to take a well-earned rest? Paris is beautiful in the spring. There is a boat tomorrow."

The President of Cuba would catch that boat.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter finds himself in a surprisingly small minority in his complete satisfaction with the first, last, and only American appearance of George Bernard Shaw—which by the way should provide the old gentleman with enough lectures, scoldings, and mere quips to keep him busy until death discovers him and has, for once, the last word. On second thought, the Drifter realizes of course that the manner in which the American press and public received G. B. S. was quite inevitable. They could hardly have been expected to like a famous wit who chose to talk about serious matters, or worse still a literary lion who preached socialism. The newspapers printed his speech in full, since it was his speech. The radio was turned over to him, since it was he. So much for American generosity and love of celebrity. But on the editorial pages of the important press he was dismissed with petulance or condescension; and 399 people called up the radio station while he was talking and asked to have him turned off and out.

* * * *

ONE other call came in—from a newspaperman who said Shaw was fine. On the whole the reporters, often, it seemed, in spite of themselves, were sympathetic to the completely unpathetic Irish visitor. This too was to be expected. For newspaper reporters, perhaps as the result of constant contact with cruel facts, are almost to a man romantic socialists under the skin. (The most romantic and socialistic invariably end as Washington correspondents who consider themselves hard-boiled and yet go on expecting politicians to act intelligently.)

* * * *

AMONG the intellectuals Shaw was dismissed in more intelligent ways. His logic was assailed. His financial remarks were laughed away with the light superiority of a brilliant freshman who has just finished a course in finance. His speech, said the slaves of form, was not a speech at all but a rambling, unrounded pouring out of ideas that were neither new nor striking. Still others invoked that classic device for coping with Shaw which consists in holding up to kindly ridicule the well-known Shavian devices for obtaining publicity.

* * * *

BUT the Drifter, perhaps because he is a sentimental old newspaper reporter himself, can accept neither the petulant dismissals of the capitalist press, which disliked Shaw's speech because it was socialism and not uproariously funny, nor even the more intelligent dismissals. The Drifter found the Shavian discourse on The Future of Political Science in America intensely stimulating, profound, penetrating, and civilized. The world needs at least one man in every generation who is in a position to say what he pleases—and has something to say. George Bernard Shaw, standing on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House with Jackson Reynolds of the First National Bank on one side and Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company on the other, told the American people that the financiers have run us into the

ditch, that our Constitution is a charter of anarchism, that the capitalist system has broken down, that newspapers exist for the purpose of concealing the truth, that America saved Communist Russia, and that the only nations actually opposed to war are Communist countries which have more important things to do at home. And George Bernard Shaw was not singing an aria from grand opera. These ideas are not new. They are exceedingly important. And when the Drifter thinks of them being turned loose in the sitting-rooms of America by the courtesy of that revolutionary body, the National Broadcasting Company, he takes his entire wardrobe off to G. B. S.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

One Way Out

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We all greatly enjoyed out here *The Nation's* account of the editorial silence of New York newspapers with regard to the National City Bank. We need a daily paper in New York that will tell the people the truth, come what will. The feeling against Wall Street in this part of the country is beyond anything I have ever seen. If it continues to rise as it is rising now, the time cannot be far distant when someone will stand up to propose that we detach New York for gambling purposes, as Monte Carlo has been detached from Europe.

SHADE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

St. Louis, Mo., March 25

No Reflection Intended

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In his article entitled Gold-Plated Anarchy appearing in *The Nation* of April 5 Donald Richberg, in describing efforts of a committee of independents to defeat Thompson in the Dever-Thompson campaign for mayor of Chicago a few years ago, tells of a series of articles which he planned to write for the *Chicago Daily News* exposing Insull's support of Thompson. George Brennan, the democratic boss who supported the candidacy of Dever, according to Mr. Richberg, urged that publication of the articles be stopped because of threats that if they were continued Insull money would be used to turn democratic committeemen to Thompson. I quote Mr. Richberg:

"I can't afford to lose my organization," Brennan said. He could not stop our independent committee; but he did persuade the *News* that Insull could and would buy the election outright if the articles continued. So they stopped.

In that political campaign the *Daily News* earnestly supported Mayor Dever for reelection and as earnestly opposed Thompson, but neither then nor at any other time did it take instructions from a political boss. To a request that he set the *Daily News* right before the readers of *The Nation* in the matter of the Insull-Thompson articles, Mr. Richberg has replied by a telegram in which he says:

Referring to your question concerning the accuracy of my article in *The Nation* entitled Gold-Plated Anarchy permit me to state that no reflection whatever upon the *Daily News* was intended or should be read into the article. Although Brennan originally said, as I wrote, that he could not stop the independent committee, I am informed that he did afterwards persuade a majority of the committee that

further publication of articles showing the Insull-Thompson alliance would be injurious for the reason stated in my recent *Nation* article. Whether the *Daily News* agreed or disagreed with the committee would make no difference if the committee ceased to give out material for publication. Therefore responsibility for wise or unwise action rested solely upon the committee.

Chicago, April 5

CHARLES H. DENNIS,
Editor the *Daily News*

Intellectuals and the Depression

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To the article, *These They Cannot Take*, in your issue of March 22, I would like to add a few reservations based on observations in an average Southern city during the past few years. I have seen genuinely intellectual persons stripped of their fine interests, their spiritual resources, despite their increased leisure for those hobbies "whose values are still sound."

I have seen a group of twelve brilliant men, who in years of plenty formed a stimulating intellectual forum, peter out at a time when the members had more time to spend in research work—but, also, insistent new worries. At the beginning of last autumn the group made a last feeble attempt to function and finally ceased. It is now being revived as a fishing club.

Why is it that open forums are weakening, little theaters tottering? These are small social phenomena compared with the plight of great opera companies in the East, but they are significant in the Bible belt. In our part of the country we cannot help noting that concert appearances of the world's greatest artists are poorly attended, while night clubs do a land-office business and visiting musical shows, both the clever and the cheap varieties, are sold out.

Houston, Tex., March 26

ANNIE NATHAN

The Anarchists in 1917

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In his interesting article *Trotsky and Revolution* in *The Nation* some weeks ago Benjamin Stolberg said that between July and September, 1917, Kerensky "gathered around him for an attack on the left all the forces arrayed against the social revolution—the liberals, the Mensheviks, the Right Social Revolutionaries, the Anarchists." The inclusion of the Anarchists is not warranted as a matter of purely historical fact. In four out of the five passages in which Trotsky refers to the Anarchists in the second and third volume of his "History of the Russian Revolution," he speaks of their struggle against Kerensky. The cooperation of the Anarchists with the Bolsheviks during the early period of the November revolution is too well known to require further emphasis. The cases of Bill Shatoff and particularly of the Anarchist sailor Zhelezniakov, who actually proclaimed the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly early in 1918, are symbolic of that early cooperation. The Anarchists broke with the Bolsheviks later—but this has nothing to do with their actual record in 1917. In mentioning the Anarchists among the allies of Kerensky Mr. Stolberg was apparently thinking of Peter Kropotkin, who had arrayed himself with the Provisional Government in the matter of national defense. But Kropotkin, though generally recognized as the theoretical head of anarchism before the war, had since 1914 been deserted by practically all his former followers, and on the occasion to which Trotsky refers the great Anarchist writer was speaking exclusively in his own name.

New York, March 20

MAX NOMAD

The One and the Many

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Why does *The Nation* not discuss more fully the merits of socialism, communism, anarchism, syndicalism, and so forth from the philosophical and technical viewpoint? In all the years that I have read *The Nation* I have very seldom come across the names of Proudhon, Fourier, Bakunin, or other anarchists, yet it is a historical fact that they present the individualistic aspect of society. At present collectivism in one form or other holds the center of the stage, but there certainly is need for a discussion of individualistic philosophy, all the more so since the problem of the one and the many is still unsolved.

Eau Claire, Wis., April 15

F. WERTGEN

Unfair to Hitler

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am amazed at the stand you are taking toward the new German government and I want to raise my protests against the unfair articles appearing in *The Nation*. Why don't you investigate affairs more thoroughly before you join the general howl about Hitler and poison the mind of the American public?

You seem to be ignorant of the fact that the Communists and Socialists had gained power in Germany to such an extent that one more year of such weak government would have seen the country well on the path of Russia. Such corruption had invaded every phase of life as had never before been known in Germany. Since many Communists are Jews, naturally that element had to suffer with the rest, but that any atrocities have been committed has yet to be proved.

You say that concerts have been stopped because the conductor was a Jew, referring doubtless to Bruno Walter. Did you investigate the reason for this? Mr. Walter received a salary of 32,000 marks. He was allowed to conduct many concerts outside of Berlin, which increased his income considerably. In view of the fact that so many artists are starving he was asked to pay for his substitute when he was away. He refused and was dismissed. Is this fair or not?

For twenty years I have read *The Nation* and I have admired it for its decency and fairness, but you can consider my relation with it ended when my subscription has run out.

Chicago, April 16

THEODORE J. SCHERZ

Our Merchant Marine

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation has questioned more than once the wisdom of government aid to shipping as provided for in the Merchant Marine Act of 1928. The act is designed to preserve our commercial fleet on routes considered essential to the welfare of the country through the granting of mail contracts. Last year the government paid out \$15,847,664 more than would have been expended on a strictly poundage basis. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, the amount was \$19,164,337. When the act was passed, the maximum annual sum was estimated at \$30,000,000.

Because of the construction-loan and mail-aid provisions of the Merchant Marine Act, American shipping has shown a highly encouraging growth during the past four years. Some 70 American lines now operate 600 steamers to ports in 125 foreign countries, islands, and territories. Already 42 new vessels have

been constructed and 39 others reconditioned, involving an expenditure of \$150,000,000 in American shipyards. All of this has been accomplished at a cost to the government of less than \$20,000,000 a year, federal funds having been lent at the same rate of interest which the government itself was paying.

Is the government's policy justified? Do we, in fact, need an American merchant marine? Friends of the merchant marine point to the present status of domestic-flag shipping as ample justification of the government's course. They declare that federal support is absolutely necessary to offset the lower building and operating costs of foreign lines, and that commercial and military security demands the development of a strong commercial fleet.

Shipowners regret no less than other business men the rigors of international competition and the horror of armed conflict. But the former we have with us always, and the latter is ever imminent. Some day, when strife and rivalry and nationalism shall have been banished from the earth, this nation can afford to ship its goods in foreign bottoms. Until then, it behooves us to eschew so far as we are able the delivery wagons of our competitors. Experience has taught us the folly of depending upon foreign carriers. We have enjoyed prosperity, it is true, but we have paid dearly for our failure to provide our own ships during such periods as the Boer War, the World War, and the British coal strike of 1926. At three separate times our commodities were left to glut the home market and rot on the wharf, while foreign ships scurried for more profitable business. Thus, at the very time when our products would have commanded high prices we were unable to make delivery. Farmers and manufacturers have lost hundreds of millions of dollars through the sudden withdrawal of foreign vessels.

An American fleet also guarantees essential service, and acts as permanent insurance against oppressive rates. This is no imaginary danger. Before we had ships of our own, the service provided from our shores to South America—as a case in point—was greatly inferior to that provided from European ports. Moreover, our freight was frequently routed through an extra port. Cargo bound for the Continent was for a long time sent by way of Liverpool, thus giving British manufacturers an added advantage. And rates were all too often based upon what the traffic would bear. After the World War foreign operators were collecting \$40 a ton on American products. The Shipping Board threw its war-built fleet into the overseas trade and rates dropped 50 per cent. This country saved many millions from that single maneuver.

Critics of the government's merchant-marine policy would do well to consider the magnitude of our present foreign trade and its importance in the nation's economic structure. In 1929 we exported and imported goods valued at \$9,000,000,000. During 1931, after two years of depression, our foreign trade was still valued at half that amount. The less than \$20,000,000 a year thus far paid out in mail aid is a cheap guaranty of delivery and very reasonable insurance against onerous rates. This \$20,000,000, moreover, is keeping alive an industry in which investment runs into the hundreds of millions. American-flag ships now carry a third of our foreign trade, for which they annually receive some \$300,000,000 in freight rates. Some 83 per cent of this money is respent in American ports, thus keeping in this country millions of dollars which would otherwise go to foreign operators.

Finally, let us consider the military angle. The writer is not unaware of the trend toward internationalism. All honor to peace workers in their fight. But in an explosive world it would seem the part of wisdom to make some preparation for possible detonations. Merchant ships are the one implement of war also adaptable to peace-time pursuits. Those built under the Merchant Marine Act have been passed by a naval board for speedy and economical conversion in time of emergency. If

we should be embroiled in war, we have the auxiliary ships without which a modern navy is helpless. And if, as we all hope, peace remains with us, we have transportation for our goods without dependence upon the conveyances of commercial rivals.

New York, April 15

RUSSELL J. BAKER

The Nation and the Farmer

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation, it seems to me, is in strange company in its persistent hostility to every plan which might give relief to farmers. Toward labor *The Nation* is open-handed; it would not oppose, for instance, a program of wage maintenance on the ground that consumers would have to pay for it—as they would certainly have to. Why, with respect to the farmer, does *The Nation* side with processors, grain exchanges, Mark Sullivan, and the less-enlightened industrialists?

The Nation's one positive suggestion is "opening foreign markets." But while every farm economist believes in lower tariffs, there is a real question whether the foreign market can reabsorb surpluses built on expanded schedules of the war period. Moreover, the United States has changed from a debtor to a creditor country. The surplus problem seems likely to remain disastrous, and if *The Nation* disapproves of such methods of solving it as are suggested, it seems bound to propose something else.

The farmer, like the general wage-earner, has no bargaining power and hence no defense against deflation and the whole magnifying violence of price fluctuation. And while the present agricultural bill is mainly designed for relief, I believe *The Nation* should not overlook the fact that it opens the way for developing methods of control in agriculture which are the only hope of the future. For the first time, in Mr. Wallace and Mr. Tugwell, the country has enlightened agronomic talent directed toward agricultural planning. In view of this, it seems unfortunate that *The Nation* should, at the outset, align itself with reaction.

Des Moines, April 30

FERNER NUHN

[*The Nation* does not believe it is reactionary to oppose the levy of a sales tax of 100 to 200 per cent on the necessities of life. If tariff schedules, particularly our own, are sufficiently reduced, the fact of our being a creditor country will not, in our opinion, materially reduce our ability to sell farm products abroad. *The Nation* favors, as an additional and highly important measure, the devaluation of the dollar.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Life of Galsworthy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have been intrusted with the official Life of the late John Galsworthy and should appreciate communications therefor from any quarter—whether in the way of personal reminiscences and anecdotes bearing on any period of his life or phase of his activities (which should be sent direct to me at The Oaks, 59 Parkside, Wimbledon, S. W. 19, London) or in the way of original letters (which should be sent to Maxwell E. Perkins, Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York).

Any letters so sent will be copied in New York under the supervision of Mr. Perkins, who will return the letters to their owners.

London, April 10

H. V. MARROT

Books, Architecture, Drama

Now in the Hive

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Now in the twilight of the hive
A simple fluid grows alive.

A mighty and ■ delicate hand
Moves unseen and draws a band,

Scrolls concentric harmonies
That in two warm weeks will be bees.

Where nothing was, two jewels rise
To be the rainbows used for eyes.

The tender fingers hover there
And leave two wings of woven air.

Out of nothing save the sweet
There glows intelligence and heat.

The strange hand moves in each frail jar
And leaves a loveliness like ■ star.

And this same hand at this same hour
Bends far fire to its power,

Sets the bees of fire free
Which are the singing nebulae.

Walden Revisited

WHEN Thoreau retired to Walden in 1845 he was nearly a century ahead of his time. It is true that the Concord he left seems a village to us and true that we can hardly conceive of a society more simple than the one he chose to flee from, but Thoreau, with ■ prophet's vision, was really running away from something which was yet to be. Refusing ■ rug with which a kind neighbor had offered to cover the bareness of his floor, he remarked that it was best to avoid the beginnings of evil, and it was upon that principle that he renounced our industrial society before the society itself had become firmly established.

And yet, premature as he may seem to have been, he knew what he was doing and why he was doing it. At the moment Karl Marx had been meeting Engels in Paris and Henry George was probably playing marbles with some urchin of his own age, but Thoreau had already penetrated the evils of what we have learned to call the "profit system," and he summarized them in a few sentences which ten thousand rephrasings have not essentially improved. "I cannot believe that our factory system is the best mode by which men may get clothing. As far as I have heard or observed, the principal object is not that mankind may be well and honestly clad but, unquestionably, that corporations may be enriched."

So much for the diagnosis. Upon that most of our present-day prophets would agree, but it is there that the

agreement stops, and no proposed solution is less likely to receive a sympathetic consideration than the one which Thoreau undertook to defend. He was not only an individualist but also every dreadful thing which that term implies. He sought first of all his own salvation; he quite openly distrusted those who would do good to others before they had discovered how to do good to themselves; and far from seeking some social discipline which would unite humanity into a manageable mass of essentially uniform creatures with predictable reactions, he desired, so he said, "as many different persons in the world as possible." Even in his own day he was called heartless by Pharisees who asked him what part of his income (\$36.78 for ■ period of eight months) he gave to the poor, but he was not impressed. One just man might, he thought, be saved from the tepid Gomorrah called Concord, and one just man was worth saving.

Now I am not unaware of the objections which may be raised to conduct so—I believe "anti-social" is the word—as this. But the real point is less the individualism of Thoreau than an attitude toward society anterior to that individualism. He was one of the first to see toward what the world was tending, and in the face of the tendency he took an attitude far more radical than most radicals have dared to assume.

At best, the latter have hoped only to tame and to control the destructive forces, to teach mankind how to elude the evils of a world in which organization and machinery were gradually becoming more powerful than humanity itself. This world they have taken as inescapable premise, and they have argued only about what we must do in order to survive in it. Since population is increasing, we must have machinery or perish; since machine production implies more intricate international economics, we must devise a more and more complicated system of economic control to keep our economy straight. The task is arduous, perhaps even, as some have feared, beyond human capacity, but the race with destruction is on. And by now, so at least the Communists assert, the crisis has become so acute that we must give up many luxuries—such as freedom, speculation, the useless arts, and the diinterested pursuit of knowledge—which earlier and simpler societies could still indulge. The mere business of living has become more and more complex and exacting. As the result of progress and the perfection of labor-saving machinery, the task of keeping ourselves alive has become so much more difficult that the margin left to the soul has been narrowed to nothing and we are faced with a monstrous paradox: we can no longer afford those luxuries of the spirit which less advanced peoples not only found time for, but actually counted as the only real justification of life.

Just how much of all this Thoreau actually foresaw it would be difficult to say, and I am inclined to suspect that he never supposed it possible that a world could go as completely mad as he would feel ours to be. He could speak of the immortal soul he had seen creeping down the road of life pushing before it a barn and a hundred acres of land. He could also argue with an Irish laborer in an effort to convince him that it was better to work less and have less than to work more and have more. But it is doubtful if he ever conceived of a world which had got itself involved in

a method of living so complicated that it was about ready to give up all hope of ever doing more than keep itself going. Yet he did see enough to feel sure that mankind should never attempt what it has since attempted, and his teaching might be summed up in one injunction: keep the world simple; for if you do you will never be faced with the task, certainly unpleasant and perhaps impossible, of managing complexity. Things are in the saddle and ride mankind. We are trying to teach them not to ride us too hard, but perhaps it would be better, as Thoreau would certainly have said, to unseat them instead.

No one could well have had less real influence than he. Because of that fact Walden Ponds are harder to find than they were in 1845, and one cannot retire to any which happen to be available without the courage of an individualism even greater than he was required to possess. And yet the issue has not been quite decided, and if it should by any chance happen that our world, instead of successfully organizing itself into one vast ant-hill, is destined to break up into a thousand fragments, it may still be those individuals here and there persisting who will justify the survival of the fragments. Perhaps only the individual will be saved or is really savable. Perhaps Thoreau was right when he said of the Englishman who went to India to make a fortune so that he might return and live the life of a poet, "He should have gone up to the garret at once."

In any event, if the author of "Walden" were alive today, he would have the pleasure of saying "I told you so," for in the first chapter of that book he wrote, apropos the passion for railroad building:

Men have an indistinct notion that if they keep up this activity of joint stocks and spades long enough all will at length ride somewhere, in next to no time, and for nothing; but though a crowd rushes to the depot and the conductor shouts "All aboard!" when the smoke is blown away and the vapor condensed it will be perceived that a few are riding, but the rest are run over—and it will be called, and will be, "a melancholy accident."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Forgotten Hero

Mike Fink, King of Mississippi Keelboatmen. By Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

LITTLE is known about Mike Fink except that he was born at Fort Pitt in 1770, was killed near the Yellowstone River during the winter of 1822-23, and between these years flourished as a boatman on the Ohio and the Mississippi. Thus his career can be seen to have followed the frontier westward—first Pennsylvania, then the lower Mississippi Valley, and finally the Far West of lonely trading-posts. We know a good deal about these three frontiers, and so can give Mike Fink a setting as he travels. But of the fellow himself we have chiefly legends. It is these that his biographers have been interested in collecting.

Mike was a legend while he lived, as Daniel Boone was, and Colonel Crockett; but somehow even his legend has died, and Messrs. Blair and Meine find this hard to understand. Certainly it is not easy to understand. Yet one can guess. Mike was not noble, and by no effort of the folk imagination could he be made noble. He was a cheerful, loud-mouthed ruffian—strong, funny, a tall talker, a hard drinker, a terrible fighter.

That was all. It was not enough for a people who quickly came to desire a certain elevation in its heroes, together perhaps with some pretty touch of weakness. Mike had no weaknesses, no melancholies. He was nothing but a Roaring Boy. So he is not honored in his country.

There is no especial point in pitying ourselves for this, yet it must be said that we have lost something valuable. We have lost touch with that gorgeous talk of which Mike, like most members of his profession, was master, and of which the present authors have done well to give many fine specimens. Mike a fighter is something of a bore, and as a practical joker—a breaker up of camp meetings, a beater up of constables—he is worse. But as a talker he is sublime, and it is as a talker that this book, if anything can do so, will make him survive. "I'll be fly-bowed before sundown to a certingty!" "I'm a Salt River roarer! I'm a ring-tailed squealer! I'm a regular screamer from the ol' Massassip'!" "Hell's bells and pickled panther tails!" So he goes on. Messrs. Blair and Meine have accomplished a good many things in their learned and spirited book, but chief among them is the recovery of this prehistoric lingo.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Glory of Louisiana

The Kingfish: A Biography of Huey P. Long. By Webster Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. SMITH'S plodding chronicle shows that there is not much new in Huey, despite the wide swath he is cutting in Washington. At bottom, he is simply a backwoods demagogue of the oldest and most familiar model—impudent, blackguardly, and infinitely prehensile. The notion that there is some mysterious sagacity in him appears to be without ground. In all his career he has never shown any genuine intelligence, but only the most transparent sort of simian trickery. At the time his enemies tried to impeach him in Louisiana he handled himself very stupidly, and came close to being turned out of the governorship. In so far as any purely human agency saved him it was the even greater stupidity of those who sought to put him on the spot. There were some shrewd men among them, but they were too few to carry the rest. The whole combat was typical of political science in the Hookworm Belt. That is to say, it was a fight to the death between gorillas and baboons.

Save in the detail that he never seems to have taught school in his youth, Huey's career has covered ground trodden by hundreds of other Southern and Middle Western windjammers before him. With a common-school education behind him and a set of tough vocal cords in his neck, he applied himself somewhat casually to the study of the law, and as soon as he had a license to practice began to horn into politics. If he differed from the general, it was only in his superior boldness. Instead of going out for the modest office of county attorney and then trying to elevate himself into Congress, which is the orthodox program, he aimed straightway for a loftier and more profitable job—to wit, that of public-service commissioner—and by a lucky fluke he got it. A few years later, at thirty, he was running for governor. That first attempt ended in failure, but four years later he won, and ever since then he has been the undisputed viceroy and captain-general of Louisiana.

Mr. Smith, who is apparently a Louisiana newspaperman, describes his political method in detail. It is based upon the theory that the imbecility of the plain people is usually greatly underestimated and upon the moral principle of you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you. Huey fetches the anthropoid patriots of the *Hinterwald* by promising them the livers and lights of whatever demons happen to be besetting them—the Standard Oil Company, the railroads, the Pope, the city slickers, the Communists,

or what you will. And having brought them yelling to the polls, he prepares for the next time by making ■ discreet and copious distribution of jobs. Thus his organization grows more formidable at every election, and if it were not for treason within its gates he would be irresistible. Already, alas, there are some ugly scars upon his eleemosynary hand, and if natural law holds out, ■ really bold traitor will arise anon, and poor Huey will be undone. Worse, the villain will not only steal his job, but also try to railroad him to the hoosegow.

Of what use are such men? Obviously, they contribute very little that is valuable to the art of statecraft. Nor is there any evidence that they are edifying examples to the young. My guess is that they serve God and their country by making a good show—expensive, perhaps, but also exhilarating. The processes of government under democracy are normally very gloomy. They enlist ■ great many almost unbearably humorless men. I believe that it is the divine will that this melancholy should be lightened ■ bit. To that end there is always ■ plentiful supply of Huey Long.

H. L. MENCKEN

"Fragmentary Ends"

Death in the Woods. By Sherwood Anderson. Liveright. \$2.

WITH two important exceptions the stories in this volume represent ■ very definite retrogression on the part of an American writer from whose work one has become accustomed to receive an impression of constant growth and development. Neither the sentimental phallicism of "Perhaps Women" nor the timorous overtones of social consciousness of the more recent "Beyond Desire" are present in this book. The crystallization of one or the other of these attitudes that one had half expected does not take place. Nor is it possible to discover any still newer attitude that is offered in their stead. It is as if Mr. Anderson has at last given up the search for some principle of meaning in life that might give order and scale to his writing. Like one of his characters, the professor who is trying to write a book on values, he seems to have decided, "There are only floods, one flood following another." In a word, Mr. Anderson has relaxed into his old and well-known habit of "groping." Such stories as *The Return* and *The Lost Novel* mark a return to the thinness of characterization and detail, the diffuse lyricism that we associate with his very earliest work. There is the same monotonous insistence on the inarticulateness of life, the mysterious complexity of even the most ordinary human existences. "There you are. That is all. Life is more like that than people suppose. Little odd fragmentary ends of things. That is about all we get." If we cannot respond to this philosophy with the same sympathy that we did fifteen or even ten years ago, Mr. Anderson himself is to blame. He has played too long on such ■ fragile theme. And he has at times played on it so well that nothing but his best will satisfy us. Only two of the stories in this collection can compare with the best in "Winesburg" and "The Triumph of the Egg."

The title story is marred by the usual self-consciousness of Mr. Anderson when he feels himself in the presence of ■ character who is somehow exceptional or "significant." We are reminded just a little too often that the recollection of the old woman in the tale is to the author like "music heard from far off." The objective circumstances of her life are what make her come alive; and the reader's only regret is that these are not "rendered," to use Henry James's favorite word, with sufficient directness and completeness. Especially is this true for the scene in which the woman's dead body is set upon by the hungry dogs in the woods. But despite this failure to make the most of its possibilities the story is effectively moving. "The woman who died was one destined to feed animal life" is the formula that

Mr. Anderson works out for his character; and because he is able to discover so definite a formula the story has more significance than any other in the volume. *Brother Death*, which is interesting for a number of different reasons, succeeds chiefly by virtue of the tree symbol, which binds it together with a greater artistic unity than is common in Anderson's work. The distinct superiority of these two tales over the others in the collection merely serves to confirm the feeling that Mr. Anderson is a writer whose triumphs are accidental, whose command over his material is most precarious, and whose greatest need is for some established point of view that will enable him to develop his medium with more certainty.

WILLIAM TROY

Hart Crane

The Collected Poems of Hart Crane. Edited with an Introduction by Waldo Frank. Liveright. \$2.50.

HART CRANE, as a poet, had three problems: first, that which every poet confronts, the perfecting of his medium; second, one more peculiar to him since he was both modern and mystic, the integrating of his own life; third, the difficult one in these days of synthesizing through his poetic vision the very world from which he drew the subject matter for his vision.

His medium—the language, imagery, rhythms of his poetry—he did very largely perfect. He was artist enough to use whatever influences in French and English poetry were congenial to him, and completely to assimilate and individualize these influences until they were authentically his own. He was the only American poet to have "acclimatized" the language of the industrial and mechanistic world. He was the only American poet with "so extraordinary a capacity for surrender to the sensations of urban life" that that life furnished most of his imagery. Out of his general imagery, taken from the city, came his symbols, as an inevitable result of his mysticism. I am not forgetting his constant symbol of unity, the sea, but even that symbol of timelessness and eternity is given often in images reflective of city activity. His rhythms, too, grew out of the subject matter he dwelt upon, the city world of poetic reference beyond which gleamed the eternal symbol of the sea. This is, of course, far too simple an analysis of the elements composing his art. His rhetoric was the amazing product of a mind that never saw things singly, of a terrific sensitivity to sounds, sights, tastes, and their indivisibility. In no other modern poetic mind, working in the English language, could ■ single word set up so many curious sensuous associations. And again and again all these associations came together in ■ single image with the impact of divination.

A poet's concern must be, Hart Crane writes, "self-disciplined toward a formal integration of experience." This integration begins within the poet's own life. And Hart Crane never quite succeeded in integrating his own personal experience. Therefore the chaos of his inner life. But despite this he remained a poet and he had what he once divined in Whitman, "a peculiar type of perception, capable of apprehending some absolute and timeless concept of the imagination with astounding clarity and conviction." He had identified himself with Poe both in his personal frustrations and in his poetic fulfilment. For him, too, the impression, the mood, intuitively grasped could be true poetic prophecy. From Whitman he took the theme of vital America and an idealistic optimism. But his mind was in its method of working entirely antithetical to Whitman's. He arrived at synthesis not through an accumulated mass of impressions and an all-embracing wave of the arms but more directly, intuitively, subjectively, and therefore more economically through the use of symbols made to stand for the

whole. From Melville and from Whitman, as well as from his own personal experience, he took the sea as symbol of the eternally searching and creative spirit of mankind.

Hart Crane was completely opposed to the philosophical Eliot. With the "Waste Land" he would have nothing to do. He was not born in one of those pauses when the struggle between forces has reached complete balance. But beyond seeming discontinuity, he saw always a continuity. Beneath every sign of disintegration he saw structure. In mass production he saw the religious beauty of anonymous creation. He spun his own faith. It was mystic, romantic, and utterly modern. He accepted his America.

There is no need to go into an exposition of "The Bridge." That has been done. And in the end the lyrics in "White Buildings" may stand as Crane's most nearly perfect work, though not for scope. The "Key West" poems, the volume prepared just before he died, indicate that Crane had taken his critics too seriously and against his own temperament had turned toward simplifying his language and his imagery. His mind would not work that way. Anyone wishing to study Crane's method of writing may compare the two versions of the rather poor poem To Shakespeare. I myself suspect that the version given in the footnotes, in which the tree and Shakespeare's life become one image in words definitive of both, might have been Crane's final choice. It is less simplified, richer. The Broken Tower, in which the mystic symbol, the tower, and the physical symbol, the body, are one and the same thing, is a masterpiece—and it is the work of the Hart Crane who wrote "White Buildings."

Much more could be said about Hart Crane if space permitted. "The Collected Poems" make very clear his importance among American poets. He is more original and more vital than Eliot, though not so great a technician. He is the only American poet with a rich lyrical feeling who has attempted more than a personal synthesis; the only mystic who would prophesy concerning universal human values in the modern scene. He rejected no aspect of life, shut out from his consciousness no fact in the industrial world. All that he asked for his genius was "the power of acting creatively under laws of its own organization." He felt that the modern poet could not assume the role of philosopher or theologian, but he believed in his own function to fuse the "intractable" into a universal vision. For this great task he did not allow himself time enough before death. But his poetry contains all the evidences that he might have succeeded.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

Hardy Perennial. By Helen Hull. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

In the general miscellany of attitudes that American writers have adopted toward their material, Miss Hull's approach is significant. Neither violently attacking the American scene in revenge for a sense of exile, nor stylizing it in mannerisms of language, nor plumbing the lower neurotic levels, she works on the assumption that there is a set of emotions specifically American and at the same time positive and mature—material that is ready to the hand of the writer and for which he need feel neither contempt nor apology. This acceptance, generally condemned as sentimentality, is as much a part of the power of her novel as are the skill and beauty of her presentation. While "Hardy Perennial" is the story of Cornelia Prescott—into whose life Miss Hull has projected a new reading of the American nother-myth, showing the woman's loneliness, the sense of anonymity and frustration that comes to her with the increasing years of service to her family—the portraits of Horace Prescott and Ellery Emmons are equally significant. After reading Miss

Hull's analysis of the reactions of these two men who for one reason or another are severed from economic contact with life, one has a realization of the real middle-class tragedy of the present time. This tragedy, Miss Hull gives us to understand, is not primarily economic but psychological, involving men as it does in the need to find new values and to build a life that is simpler, less extraverted, and more human than the old one.

Edward Weston. New York: E. Weyhe. \$12.50.

Mr. Weston is one of the best—though not one of the best-advertised—of modern photographers. Having begun to take pictures some twenty years ago, he has gradually evolved a style of his own which is entirely free from all spectacular eccentricity, but which is unescapably powerful and original. His striking portraits are all taken in full sunlight and exhibit therefore a boldness which only handling as skilful as his prevents from being harsh. Even better, however, are the still lifes, in which he is apparently even more interested. Usually the subjects are of the simplest—a mushroom, a pepper, or an eroded rock—and though superficially the photographs seem to be only the most uncompromising naturalism, they have a quite individual power and charm. Nothing is easier for a photographer than to startle us into attention by the presentation on a large scale of some familiar object made strange by isolation. Few things, on the other hand, are more difficult than to justify this process as Mr. Weston does by so thoroughly dramatizing the form of the object as to make it repay close and repeated scrutiny. The present volume presents thirty-nine full-page plates of his work, beautifully and soberly reproduced.

World Drama. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. \$10.

Masterpieces of the Russian Drama. Edited with an Introduction by George Rapall Noyes. D. Appleton and Company. \$7.50.

Each of these anthologies justifies itself by presenting in convenient form important plays not always included in such collections. Among his forty-six plays Mr. Clark finds room for several unhackneyed works like "The Chalk Circle" from medieval China and Hans Sachs's "The Wandering Scholar from Paradise." Professor Noyes gives us only Mayakovsky's "Mystery-Bouffe" from the post-revolutionary drama, but in addition to Gogol, Tolstoy, Andreyev, and Chekhov he presents plays from dramatists less well known in America. Among them is "The Poor Bride" by the enormously popular Ostrovsky.

How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth? An Essay in the Theory and Practice of Shakespeare Criticism. By L. C. Knights. Cambridge: The Minority Press. 2s. 6d.

The Education of Shakespeare. Illustrated from the Schoolbooks in Use in His Time. By George A. Plimpton. Oxford University Press. \$2.

Mr. Knights has his fun with those critics of Shakespeare who think that the plays are built around characters and who even go so far as to speculate about the lives of these characters before and after, as if they were "real" persons. Mr. Knights demonstrates the irrelevance of such a procedure, but his pamphlet is not long enough to give very much meaning to the method he would substitute. He would have it that the plays are collections of words, and that the whole meaning of a given collection is something great and subtle and various which transcends character and plot. The plays, in short, are poems first and last, and should be studied as such—for their tones, their themes, their effects. Mr. Knights is one of a growing group who speak of Shakespeare in this fashion, and it is certain that they have much to say. So far, however, it has not been said very clearly. Mr. Plimpton's richly illustrated essay on the schoolbooks of Shakespeare's time is based altogether upon the

contents of his famous library. As he admits, these books educated other men than Shakespeare, and therefore do not explain Shakespeare; but they are of importance in themselves, and Mr. Plimpton's volume is a pleasant contribution to intellectual history.

Greek Night. By Pitts Sanborn. The Dial Press. \$2.

This is the story of Ranulph Hennessey, to whom all suffering was ugly. "If Ranulph had only been a little different, by this time he'd be an archbishop at least," says Eft, the newt-like encyclopedia of Atlantic seaboard aristocracy. But as it is, Ranulph's priesthood is drastically inverted; his own suffering, from love of his widowed stepmother whom social taboo kept him from marrying, and his impotent pity for all suffering turn into a kind of sensual rage against suffering itself. "Suffering, the holy thing, is filth, I've told you!" he says to Robert Fleming, a normal and unsophisticated young Westerner. Through Fleming's eyes we see Hennessey now holding the world and especially Fleming away from his young stepsister Claire, replica of the dead stepmother, to whom he has transferred his baffled, semi-incestuous possessiveness. "The sardonic in him, and what I might call his inclusive love of the aesthetic," (Eft again) astounds the boy, and the night session they share at the Hennessey country house, when Fleming sees the profoundly grotesque and tragic lengths to which the fury of unbearable pity has led him, is not easily forgotten. Mr. Sanborn writes a cool, adroit prose, and achieves a strangely cumulative effect of suspense and drama—the technique of a mystery writer used for problems not so neatly solvable as murder.

Architecture Slum Unclearance

ARE the poor to be built into our cities, where and as they are? Is their poverty to be recognized, provided for, institutionalized—and maintained? And is this the time for such resignation? The questions are fair in view of the many proposals made by otherwise socially-minded people for "slum clearance." An article in *The Nation* for April 19 by Henry J. Rosner is fairly typical. Mr. Rosner proposes that slum clearance be carried out in behalf of the actual dwellers in the present slums—in other words, that new structures be subsidized at absolutely minimal rents. The agency in charge is to be a municipal housing bureau; the backers are to be the taxpayers; the locale, since Mr. Rosner is drawing a contrast to present procedure, is where the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has placed its first "housing" loan—on the lower New York East Side.

Now let us for a moment pay attention, not to what such proposals intend by way of building agreeable dwelling space, but to what they are ready to accept, out of hand, in the way of evil preliminary conditions:

They accept the poor as such, and their miserable rentals.

They accept the location that these poor are already congregated on: in New York the East Side, and in other cities presumably corresponding locations.

They must sometimes accept enormously expensive land: in the New York plan, \$13 a square foot, which is more than half a million dollars an acre. (There is no reason to believe that any municipal agency could condemn land at rates lower than those accepted by the R. F. C.)

Though the buildings are tax-exempt, taxes must be paid on this \$13 land.

They accept interest at 5 per cent.

This is an astonishing set of handicaps to accept. Moreover, though the article in question contributes a careful, thorough, and acute analysis of present procedure, the criticism proves to be rather narrow in scope. It proves that the first R. F. C. loan of \$8,075,000 was a good piece of business for the recipient, Fred F. French, and almost no relief at all to the very poor. Were that all we could say against it, and were we obliged as an alternative to proceed under all the handicaps that our socially-minded people appear ready to accept, then our case would be feeble indeed.

Today we can be in no such temporizing mood. The failures of business are of a more serious nature than feathering its nest and failing to extend the most-needed aid to the community. The typical and normal real-estate adventure has actually brought community economics to the point of ruin. The Fred F. French deal is simply more of the same. A few more such victories, and not even Mr. French himself will be able to "make money," because the stalemate will be final and complete. If business could not afford to pay Mr. French half a million dollars an acre for his land, neither can the taxpayers; the consequences of a thoroughly rotten and bankrupt speculative system cannot be escaped just by shifting the burden from business to the taxpayers, or otherwise juggling the books.

No planning can do more than add to the hopeless confusion unless it starts from the fundamental facts—the geography of the region, its physical resources, power tools, technical knowledge, the people and their needs. From this standpoint we have no business deciding now to "house" on the New York East Side. According to Clarence Stein, there exist only the most rudimentary preliminary surveys of the region; and this is undoubtedly true of corresponding regions in other large cities too.

We do not know who should live in them—if anyone. And we have no business with \$13 land. Dollars are a poor index at best, but even so, Henry Wright has reliably calculated that for even moderately low-cost dwelling space in New York, land at \$5 is absolutely top. Anything more, whether paid to speculators, pirates, or honest men, not only arrests the natural downward trend already under way, but creates dislocations between land price and income that no manipulation can ultimately disguise. And if this is true with rents moderately low, what about minimal ones? Also, have we any business making a habit of 5 per cent interest, when the debt structure is already heavily overexpanded and apparently ready to burst? It is credibly calculated that in the United States business enterprise at present should pay an interest rate of zero or less!

What can be done? A thoroughgoing survey must be made of the country in its true physical as against its false financial relationships. In the meantime only the soundest of project can try to proceed under present terms. There is already current a story about responsible architects asked by lending institutions to plan something that would "save investments" in a region like the New York East Side. The architects replied "We will survey the region. We will map its requirements then make plans to secure the health and comfort of the population. The structures specified will be sound and efficient to build. But we will not undertake to save your investments. We are technicians."

In the present pass one might intrust subsidized operation to planners of a cynical hue, but not to good-hearted ones. The good-hearted ones are likely to take over the business community's welfare responsibilities, as the Socialists did in Germany, without the power. The cynical ones, on the contrary, would use any means to secure the erection of the necessary and appropriate physical structures in the right place, and then be prepared to capture them for the commonwealth whenever they might arrive the final stalemate on the dollar-books.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Films

"Marius" and Others

MARIUS," at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, is a pretty straight picturization of the comedy by Marcel Pagnol that has been so popular in France for several seasons. In certain respects it is superior to the original: Alexander Korda (who will be remembered here for his treatment of Erskine's "Helen of Troy") reinforces the mood by an excellent use of the Marseilles background; and the superb acting of Raimu, in the role of César, is seen to even better advantage. The setting of the picture is a tiny cafe on the Marseilles waterfront; the characters are its proprietor César, his son Marius, and the girl Honorine, who keeps a fish stand on the terrace. The story is of the very simplest: Marius, whose dreams turn seaward with the ships in the bay, is torn between the realization of those dreams and his love for Honorine. The trouble begins when on the very eve of his departure for far places he goes home with Honorine and spends the night with her. The scene next morning with his father in which the extreme vulnerability of the feminine nature is explained to him at length is perhaps the richest in the picture. It is filled with that uncynical acceptance of human frailty and illusion, so characteristic of the Latin mind at its best, which pervades the story from beginning to end. For "Marius" may best be described as a witty, charming, and eminently wise allegory of Original Sin. As such it is thoroughly French in mood and attitude, and can be compared only with certain other French films we have seen, such as René Clair's "Sous les toits de Paris," in which we find the same disconcerting mixture of tenderness and hard-boiled detachment in the treatment of human nature. Although Korda is not so original a director as Clair, he was in many ways a better choice for this picture, in which a sustained warmth and softness, both in the direction and the photography, are qualities more appropriate than the frequent brittleness of Clair. Within the limits of its genre (for the play may be related to the belated "local color" movement on the French stage) "Marius" is something of a triumph for the current French cinema. It encourages the hope that we will soon have a purely French tradition of the screen, corresponding to the German, Russian, and American traditions, and coming as surely out of something deep and permanent in the national character.

Despite the Paris setting and the boulevardier charms of Maurice Chevalier, the picture at the Rivoli fails to suggest anything but the very worst tradition of maudlin American sentimentality. M. Chevalier tries hard to be amusing as the young man who finds a baby in his automobile and marries the beautiful young American whom he hires to take care of it. But there are limits even to M. Chevalier's powers of nonchalance. Undoubtedly the picture will make a great appeal in the provinces, and may even serve a purpose in reestablishing this sometimes naughty favorite in the hearts of mothers throughout the land.

"The Return of Nathan Becker," at the Europa, is another Russian propaganda film, this time in Yiddish, since its obvious intention is to inform Jews all over the world of the opportunities offered the race in the Soviet Republic. It will be enjoyed, therefore, chiefly by those to whom anything bearing on Russia at present is of significant interest. To others it will merely seem a very crude parable about an American Jew who returns to his native village, discovers that he can lay bricks better than the untrained workmen engaged at Magnitogorsk, and learns that in Russia things must be done more rapidly than in America and not in so "individualistic" a manner. The climactic scene is

a bricklaying contest in which poor Becker is beaten by a comrade who applies the mortar not with a trowel but with a scoop. From beginning to end the picture may be responded to as something either very important or grotesquely funny—according to one's point of view.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Maugham at His Best

FEW if any contemporary writers have more sheer talent than Somerset Maugham. Sometimes, of course, he is content to depend upon that talent alone, and merely to run his scales with a disdainful virtuosity. Perhaps, indeed, most of his plays—as distinguished from some of his novels—have been little more than such scornful exercises in a superb technique; but "For Services Rendered" (Booth Theater) is, for once, a good deal more than that.

The virtuosity, to be sure, is no less evident than it always is. Maugham exhibits, for example, an almost uncanny skill in conceiving somewhat melodramatic situations which develop naturally into climaxes just at the moment when they are needed to punctuate the orderly development of an idea, and he never allows himself to forget for an instant any of the requirements for a well-made play. But this tale of an English family and of what the slowly developing consequences of the war did to its souls and its bodies has, in addition, a substance and a sincerity conspicuously lacking in the same author's showy arrangements of life east of Suez or adultery as it is practiced among Our Betters.

It is not, to be sure, a pleasant story. The blind son, the love-starved spinster, and the runaway daughter are not cheering to contemplate. Nor are they made more so by contrast with the serenity of a beefy father who is sure both that they all have much to be thankful for and that Old England at least is still sound at the core. But this spectacle, which might be merely depressing under a different treatment, is made to yield a real exhilaration by virtue of two qualities. In the first place, both the situations and the characters are somehow recognizably typical without being in the slightest degree stereotyped or hackneyed, and that fact is responsible for a kind of intellectual pleasure so rare that one almost forgets what it is like until a play as good as this reminds one that freshness of vision is still possible. In the second place, the emotions are so thrillingly discharged by the cold articulateness of Maugham's cynicism that one is aware less of those painful emotions themselves than of the relief which comes when they are commented upon with such restrained but adequate bitterness. No examples torn from their context can possibly suggest the effect, but two instances may be given to suggest ever so faintly the powerful underemphasis of his dialogue. One is the remark of the blind son who is explaining to his mother that he will manage to make someone sorry enough for his fate to secure his comfort even after she is dead: "They say that suffering ennobles. It hasn't ennobled me. It has made me cunning." The other is a subdued interchange between the same two when they have learned that the youngest daughter is about to elope with a middle-aged philanderer whom she does not love: "Aren't you afraid, mother, that she will come an awful cropper?" "No. She is hard, she is selfish, and she isn't stupid. I guess she can look after herself."

Powerful as the play is—and, indeed, I found it as impressive as anything seen in this season's theater—I doubt very seriously if it will achieve any tremendous success, for the simple reason that Mr. Maugham's fury is too cold and too aloof to

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ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Little Theater. Unpretentious comedy about a small town dentist. A surprise hit.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

appeal strongly to those who have escaped less completely than he has succeeded in doing from what he once called (after Spinoza) Human Bondage. A really popular writer must either love life or hate it, and Maugham has slowly disciplined himself to do neither. No longer even surprised at cruelty and meanness, he merely watches them at work, and his brilliance is the brilliance of a geometer. On the other hand, however, it must be set down that few plays have ever been better performed, and that the production of "For Services Rendered" might serve as a lesson to directors. So perfectly are all the excellent individual performances coordinated that it is ungracious to single out any of them, but if only two can be mentioned they had perhaps best be that of Fay Bainter, who is tremendously effective as the spinster, and that of Jane Wyatt in the role of the rebellious daughter. Several times this season Miss Wyatt has appeared to excellent advantage in short-lived productions, but she seems here to be developing an emotional power which may make her a really distinguished ingenue.

It so happens that the Maugham play was followed immediately by "The Three-Penny Opera" (Empire Theater) and the conjunction made me wonder as I came away from that quite transmogrified version of "The Beggar's Opera" whether any previous age had ever reviled itself as bitterly as ours has, whether there was ever before in the history of civilization a time when so large a portion of the intelligent and talented men poured such scorn upon themselves, upon their times, and upon man himself. I shall have to return next week to a more extended consideration of this, to me, brilliant work; here I can say only that I cannot but feel that the majority of the reviewers who gave it a tepid reception missed the point of its deliberate dissonances. Certainly it is not in competition with the ordinary operetta. I should, moreover, hesitate to say that it is exactly wholesome. But I was greatly touched by its morbid and mordant humor.

Those who seek simpler pleasures may be directed to "The Mikado" (St. James Theater), which is the first of Mr. Aborn's promised season of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. It is a fine, solid, and much more than usually well-sung production of the old stand-by, received with boundless enthusiasm by the first-night audience. William Danforth, with a lifetime of experience, does the title role to perfection, and I doubt if anyone ever got more out of "My Object All Sublime."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1933

No. 3540

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	513
EDITORIALS:	
Teachers' Progress	516
Judge Lowell's Great Decision	517
Devaluation—or Drift?	518
Putting Art in Its Place	519
CARTOON: FOR THE "CENTURY OF PROGRESS" EXPOSITION. By Carl Rose	520
THE WHITE HOUSE MYSTERIES. By Paul Y. Anderson	521
A \$100,000,000 TAX SCANDAL. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	522
A PYRAMID OF PROFIT. THE ASSOCIATED GAS AND ELECTRIC SYSTEM. By Ruth Finney	524
WHO KILLED THE GERMAN REPUBLIC? By John Gunther	526
HOW TO TRAVEL IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By Amy S. Jennings	528
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	531
CORRESPONDENCE	531
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	532
BOOKS, MUSIC, DRAMA:	
The President's Liberalism. By Ernest Gruening	533
A Chassidic Chronicle. By Alter Brody	533
The Beginnings of Tomorrow. By Louis Fischer	534
Was Jackson a Democrat? By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton	535
A Communist Colony. By Oswald Garrison Villard	535
City of the Angels. By Herbert Ashbury	536
Russians Don't Assassinate. By Isidor Schneider	536
Shorter Notices	537
Music: "Pierrot Lunaire." By Arthur Mendel	538
Films: Values Once Again. By William Troy	538
Drama: Loyalty and Passion. By Joseph Wood Krutch	539

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

PERHAPS MORE HEARTENING than any other development of the Roosevelt Administration is the rapidity with which it appears to be moving toward international cooperation. Particularly gratifying is the joint statement issued by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Bennett of Canada:

Economic and monetary policies must be adjusted to permit a freer international exchange of commodities. . . . No one of these problems can be profitably dealt with in isolation from the others nor can a single country accomplish a satisfactory solution. . . . We have agreed to begin a search for means to increase the exchange of commodities between our two countries and thereby promote not only economic betterment on the North American continent but also the general improvement of world conditions.

The words, the spirit, and the doctrine are all in refreshing contrast to those of the Hoover Administration. It remains to be seen, of course, how and when statements of this sort will be translated into concrete terms. The difficulties in the way—which include in this instance the serious obstacle presented by the Ottawa pacts—should not be mini-

mized. But such a statement issued jointly with the representative of the country's second largest customer is an initial step of the first importance.

IT IS ALSO TOO EARLY to judge what the final result of the Washington conversations will be in our relations with other countries. France, for example, is clearly disappointed in the work of its spokesman, former Premier Herriot, and may not even subscribe to whatever tentative agreement he arrived at. France has consistently and vigorously supported the contention that as long as world peace remains "unorganized," political unrest will continue to disturb world business. But to France the "organization" of world peace means only one thing, that England and America should bind themselves beforehand to come to the assistance of France in case it is attacked by a hostile Power or group of Powers. At the Paris Peace Conference the French tried to induce England and the United States to enter into an alliance with them. More recently they have been suggesting that we sign a consultative pact under which we would agree in advance to join with other Powers in considering action against an aggressor nation. An arrangement of this sort was M. Herriot's primary objective in Washington. That the former Premier should have failed to obtain an unconditional agreement from Mr. Roosevelt was a foregone conclusion. But the President did meet M. Herriot halfway. Through his spokesmen in Washington and through Norman H. Davis, his representative at Geneva, he suggested that the United States was prepared to agree to a consultative pact. He did not announce the exact terms upon which the United States would sign such an agreement, though he did hint that one of the major conditions would be acceptance by Europe of a sincere and comprehensive disarmament program. That would necessarily force France to reduce the size of its enormous military establishment. It was inevitable that France should be disappointed.

BY DOUBLING to \$200,000,000 the amount of silver the Administration is "permitted" to accept in payment of war debts, the Senate merely doubled the indefensibility of that particular amendment to the inflation amendment. This silver provision is a disguised way of doing one of two things. First, as it permits the Administration to accept the silver at a rate of anything up to 50 cents an ounce, which is considerably higher than the present market price, it is a disguised way of reducing the war-debt payments. It is desirable to reduce these payments, but it is also desirable that the reduction be made in a direct and straightforward manner. From another point of view the purpose of the silver provision is practically to compel the American government to buy silver at considerably more than the market rate and to hold it indefinitely. The government, it is true, is not obliged to continue to hold the silver under the terms of the provision itself. If it failed to do so, however, the provision would be an entirely useless one from anybody's standpoint. The foreign governments would be compelled to build up credits here with which they would buy silver, and would then transfer

the silver to our government, which would then sell it back to the market! The silver propagandists, of course, would insist that this metal be held. If this process is justified for silver, it is equally justified in principle for any other commodity. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., chairman of the Federal Farm Board, announces that the government has finally got rid of its wheat, after taking a loss of \$160,000,000. But at least it can be said in the case of wheat that the government did not pay more than the going market rate when it originally bought it.

WHILE WASHINGTON FIDDLES with plans for farm relief of doubtful value to farmers and of dangerous portent to the country as a whole, Governor Herring of Iowa has done his bit for distressed agriculturists by calling out the militia and putting a part of the State under martial law. It is hard to see how this can lessen the sense of outrage which farmers feel at finding themselves dispossessed from their homes for causes which they can in no way control. It may surprise some to learn that mortgage foreclosures are still going on in Iowa after the action of the legislature at its recent session. A law was then passed postponing all foreclosures on mortgages until March 1, 1935, meanwhile putting the property in question in court control. But the constitutionality of this law has yet to be passed upon by the State's high court, and in the interim some judges are carrying it out while others are not. Judge Charles C. Bradley of Le Mars, apparently, was still granting foreclosures, and a delegation of local farmers visited him to ask that he stop. They seem to have come into court somewhat truculently, some with their hats on and smoking. Thereupon Judge Bradley, with a concern for the "majesty of the law" which is the one question upon which the bench is always united, rebuked the delegation with the words, as given in a press report, "This is my court."

PERHAPS THE FARMERS were, unintentionally or purposely, discourteous. Anyhow Judge Bradley's smug declaration did nothing to sweeten the tempers of men who knew in fact that the court was maintained and the judge's salary paid out of taxes wrung from them and other hard-pressed citizens of the State. In an attack apparently not previously meditated, the farmers dragged the judge out of the court, beat him, smeared him with grease, and put a rope around his neck. It is hard to say at this writing whether or not Governor Herring's injection of military rule into the region was justified, but it is well to recall that in the last quarter of a century Iowa has been reduced from a foremost place among our sound and prosperous agricultural States to utter chaos. The United States Department of Agriculture has just reported that from 1929 to the end of 1932 the gross income of American farmers declined by 57 per cent and their cash return by 72 per cent. Iowa farmers contributed magnificently to make this showing, and whatever money they have left is largely impounded in closed banks. In a summary of the banking situation of the country on March 10 last, the Associated Press reported that out of 190 Federal Reserve banks in Iowa only 90 had been allowed to reopen, while of 626 non-member institutions all but 140 were still closed. Governor Herring's bayonet rule may restore what is called order to the stricken area but it cannot give it life.

THE REICH GOVERNMENT derives new strength from the merging of the Steel Helmet with the National Socialist storm divisions under Hitler's supreme command. The conversion to National Socialism of Franz Seldte, Minister of Labor in the national Cabinet and commander of the Steel Helmet forces, and the expulsion of Lieutenant-Colonel Dusterberg for insubordination are the last steps in the suppression of those diehards in this oldest of the post-war veteran organizations who still resisted fascist dictatorship. Skirmishes in Brunswick and in the Rhineland, where this element supported the radicals in their struggle against the Nazi troops, led to the negotiations for amalgamation. Indeed, the attempt of the local and state Reichsbanner and Red Front groups to carry on propaganda among the monarchist veterans might have succeeded for a time if they had proceeded with discretion. Instead, they marched to Steel Helmet headquarters singing Red Front and Reichsbanner songs, and drew the attention of the watchful Nazis to their maneuvers. A resolution adopted by the Nationalist Party condemning Seldte and expressing sympathy with Dusterberg indicates that Dr. Alfred Hugenberg is preparing to take up the fight against the Hitler camp to preserve his party, endangered by recent wholesale desertions, and to protect his Cabinet position.

THE PERSECUTION of German Communist and radical workers continues. Newspapers from abroad report the slaying of several workers in various parts of the Reich "while trying to escape." Four Communist functionaries are reported to have committed suicide while resisting arrest. In a number of industrial centers in the Ruhr newly elected radical shop councilors were arbitrarily replaced by Nazis. In these *Betriebsräte* elections in the Ruhr mines the ticket of the Social Democratic trade unions received 73,000 votes, that of the Christian unions 32,000, of the Communist 13,000, of the Fascist 43,000. Two years ago the Nazis polled only 4,000 votes. Nevertheless, that Socialist and Communist candidates should, under present conditions, receive so large a majority shows that the workers are more courageous than their leaders, many of whom have fled the country. Among the most recent of these are Severing, for many years Minister of the Interior; Dr. Breitscheid, executive committee member of the Social Democratic Party; Leinert, mayor of Hanover and president of the Prussian Diet; and Dr. Hilferding, the Socialist theorist. In Bremen, Königsberg, and Cologne the party-owned newspaper buildings have been confiscated by state authorities and placed at the disposal of the Nazi press.

THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL of the inner political structure of the Reich by the National Socialist Party has thus far failed to improve economic conditions. From Hamburg, Frankfurt, and Berlin come laments, muffled by censorship, over the reduction of foreign trade through the quiet boycott, the effects of which are making themselves felt in every branch of commerce and industry. But this deterioration should not be ascribed entirely to the foreign boycott movement. The financial condition of Germany as reflected in the gold situation of the Reichsbank clearly indicates the true state of affairs. The statement of April 22 of that semi-governmental institution shows a ratio of gold reserves against

outstanding obligations of only 9.3 per cent, compared to 10 per cent in the previous week and 26.6 per cent a month ago. A year and a half ago a presidential decree gave the Reichsbank permission to issue currency with a coverage of not less than 25 per cent. In its last report the Reichsbank described the financial situation of Germany as follows:

In spite of manipulation with foreign securities and standstill agreements the reserves of the Reichsbank in gold and foreign securities have again decreased by almost a quarter of a billion marks and have thereby reached a low standard that requires grave consideration. . . . The Reichsbank will face serious problems in the future if it should prove impossible to raise the foreign trade balances which have dropped so alarmingly during the first months of the current year.

A further sign of the critical state of affairs is the discharge from the German Banknote Printing Office on April 15 of its entire staff and all its employees. Only those were reinstated who had been for at least two years members of the National Socialist Party, and for whose loyalty and integrity not less than three trusted Nazis were willing to vouch. These precautions suggest that the printing-presses of the German Treasury are to be put to work once more with a new and uncontrolled inflation of currency. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, is not coming to America on May 6 solely to confer with President Roosevelt. His main task will be to obtain financial assistance for Germany, but not even the house of Morgan is likely to back new loans so totally unsecured by tangible assets.

THE JAPANESE have learned from their Manchurian experience, if they have learned nothing else, that they must not be too open and direct in their colonization campaign in China. When they established the "independent" state of Manchukuo their military forces were much in evidence. Now that they are busy erecting a new "independent" government just below the Great Wall they are following different, more subtle tactics. Both Japanese and Manchukuoan troops were used in the initial drive into the Peiping-Tientsin area. This invasion had the effect of demoralizing the local population and undermining the Nanking Government's authority in that section. But before anything more serious happened—for instance, a native revolt followed by the establishment of a new state—the Japanese troops were withdrawn to the Great Wall. The Tokio War Office explained that they had completed their task, which was to clear the area contiguous to the Manchurian border of unruly elements. But the Chinese troops under the Manchukuoan flag were evidently not affected by this order. They continued the drive toward Peiping. In the meantime the Nanking troops have been falling back, while the local Chinese have been fraternizing with the Manchukuoan forces. If anything now happens in this area, the Japanese will not be blamed, or so they hope, for they will be many miles away. To quote the New York *Times* correspondent at Tientsin, "the Japanese consider a Chinese coup de force in North China practically certain of accomplishment by the Chinese elements friendly to Manchukuo, and hence are withdrawing northward from the triangle to give the overturn the specious appearance that it is entirely a Chinese affair." Very clever strategy! But will it really deceive the rest of the world?

WHILE DEPENDING UPON the Chinese to do their bidding in the Peiping-Tientsin area, the Japanese have been more active in other fields. A Japanese member of the Manchukuo Privy Council announced a few days ago that notwithstanding the Changchun Government's promise that it will respect the principle of the open door, it intends very soon to close its territory to the trade of all foreign countries which refuse to recognize it. The Foreign Office in Tokio stated the following day that it did not believe this announcement was authentic. It is not likely that the Japanese in Tokio and their representatives in Changchun are working at cross purposes. The Japanese probably took this means to inform the world indirectly that they are about to close the door to Manchukuo if recognition of the latter's "independence" is not soon forthcoming. Nor has Japan abandoned its designs upon the Russian half-interest in the Chinese-Eastern Railway. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Tokio, Japan means to obtain control of the railway and eliminate Russian influence in Manchuria, "but is confident that it will be unnecessary to fight or pay much for the road," while a special dispatch from Moscow in the New York *Herald Tribune* reports an official Soviet announcement that the validity of Russia's claim to part ownership in the Chinese Eastern has actually been denied by Manchukuoan members of the railway's board of directors. Russia has replied firmly, citing chapter and clause of the Peking and Mukden treaties in defense of its rights in the road. Its tone is conciliatory, but it is evident that continued provocative measures on the part of Japan and Manchukuo will weaken the hope of a peaceful settlement of the dispute.

ASSASSINATIONS ARE LIKE WARS in that they rarely accomplish their object, even when there is one in view, but there is a chance that the shooting of President Sanchez Cerro of Peru may bring to an end the unusually stupid conflict for the possession of Leticia. The dead President was a moving spirit in initiating the war for Leticia and in leading Peru to refuse to accept the League of Nations' award of the Amazon port to Colombia. His death may make it possible for Peru to abandon a foolish enterprise without undue injury to that primitive and usually mischievous sentiment known as national pride. It was while reviewing 25,000 troops in training for the war with Colombia that Sanchez Cerro was shot, apparently by one of the party that has been opposing the war, the members of which had been ruthlessly handled by the executive.

FELIX ADLER withdrew from orthodoxy at the age of twenty-four to found a religion of his own which should be guided by ethics and be free of all ritual or dogma. That was fifty-seven years ago. It would be difficult to measure the influence which the Society for Ethical Culture has exerted in many fields among both Jews and non-Jews. Today Ethical Culture societies are to be found in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Japan as well as in the principal cities of the United States. Having cast off the limitations of religious ritual and taken all ethics for its province, the society was in a position to undertake a wide variety of social projects. "Ethical culture," said Dr. Adler on one occasion, "asks you to make humanity's tragedies your own." The society started the first free kindergarten in the United States, established a

school for the children of laboring men and an important settlement house, the Hudson Guild, and became identified with other phases of social-welfare work in New York City. Yet in spite of its broad secular interests the society, under the leadership of Dr. Adler, retained its authentic religious character. He himself was deeply religious and was active in the society's affairs almost until his death on April 24. Felix Adler was an unusual and significant American. He was a scholar who never ceased studying, an international professor who at various times held chairs in three of the world's leading universities. He was, finally, a man of great personal charm, whose warm spontaneous humor was unaffected by his formidable importance as a public figure.

OSCAR WILDE, it will be remembered, once defined fashion as "a form of ugliness so intolerable that it has to be changed every six months." Today the ribald layman who gets his science out of the daily papers is tempted to adapt the epigram to read, "Cosmology is a form of absurdity so unbearable that it has to be changed every three weeks." Indeed, he is even tempted to carry the analogy one step farther, and to add that when nothing new can be invented, the cosmologist, like the dress designer, goes in for a revival. Consider, for example, the paper just read before the National Academy of Science by Professor Dayton C. Miller, formerly one of Michelson's collaborators. Without naming it, Professor Miller reintroduces the conception of "ether," and boldly disregards the fact that recent science has just about given up as a hopeless absurdity that marvelous substance which was supposed to be absolutely rigid and at the same time so completely fluid that it passed through all bodies without affecting them in any way. For many years Professor Miller has been following an interferometer around a circle and now he has come to the conclusion that the solar system is moving at the rate of 130 miles a second through a *resisting* medium in the direction of the constellation Swordfish, visible in the southern skies. We confess that we do not understand this idea much better than we understand the expanding-contracting-winding-up-running-down universe recently so popular, but some day, when the theories promise to stay put for a reasonable length of time, we intend to try to catch up with them. When they are changing at a truly astronomical rate, it hardly seems worth while.

VIRTUE is one of the words which have been censored out of the movies. The *New Yorker* broke that news several weeks ago and kindly explained the censor's logic in the matter, which is simply that if you call certain women "virtuous" you thereby suggest the possibility that others are not. On this principle the Ten Commandments are also out, since a "thou shalt not" certainly implies the possibility of doing the thing forbidden. But the radio censor is willing to go to even greater lengths in his determination to protect the innocent moron. He deletes not only words whose opposites are improper but also those to which the auditor who is unfamiliar with them might attach an obscene meaning. According to *Variety*, the National Broadcasting Company has just ordered the removal of the word impunity from the lyric entitled I Lay Me Down to Sleep on the ground that it might be mistaken for "impurity." If this goes on we see a great simplification of the English language. "Eschatological," "crapulous," and "sexagenarian" should go at once.

Teachers' Progress

AFTER going unpaid for nearly a year, Chicago's 14,000 public-school teachers staged an educational program of their own consonant with the modern "learn by doing" formula. The city owes them some \$30,000,000, an average of \$2,140 per instructor. Homes have been lost. Families have suffered undernourishment, even actual hunger. Their life insurance cashed in, their savings gone, some teachers have been driven to panhandling after school hours to get food. They had been advised by Jesse Jones, director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to persuade the bankers to seek a federal loan to permit Chicago to discharge its indebtedness to the teachers. Under this plan the banks would use the city's tax-anticipation warrants as collateral. On April 24, having tried vainly for months to negotiate for their pay, the teachers, 5,000 strong, formed into five columns and marched on the city's five leading banks. At the City National, jeering reminders to the chairman of its board, General Charles G. Dawes, of his recent \$90,000,000 loan from the R. F. C., following his "technically" illegal loans to numerous Insull companies, evoked the former Vice-President's ready profanity. "To hell with trouble-makers," was his reply. When no relief was forthcoming from bankers or city authorities, the teachers demonstrated again two days later. On this occasion they were attacked and clubbed by police—likewise unpaid, but not so much in arrears as the teachers. One of the teachers, ill after months of privation, unable to support his wife and three children, committed suicide.

Chicago's financial plight antedated the depression. Favoritism and collusion with powerful business interests resulted in flagrant discrimination in tax assessments and laxity in tax collections. Some taxes of the boom year, 1928, have not yet been collected. Even the vaunted prosperity of the Coolidge-Hoover era could not offset the looting of Chicago under Insull-banker-politician-gangster domination. On the very day when the teachers were receiving an object lesson in civics from policemen's nightsticks, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, was denouncing before the Advertising Club of New York the "pink doctrines" taught in the nation's schools and colleges. His newspaper, always active in opposing radicalism, has been complaisant or ineffective in the face of the corruption and gangsterism which have made his city notorious. It was the *Tribune's* police reporter who, after his murder three years ago, was found to have been the go-between for the Chicago police and the underworld. While the New York dailies deemed the march of the 5,000 teachers front-page news, the "world's greatest newspaper" relegated it to page eight. It suppressed entirely the interesting item that the teachers had hauled down in Grant Park the flag flaunting the slogan of the Chicago World's Fair, "A Century of Progress." A group of distinguished Columbia University professors has urged the National Education Association to cancel its convention there this summer. Such action would be effective. Let us hope that the National Education Association will give new vitality to its middle name by thus helping to "lead out" its associates from the bog in which Chicago's financial leadership has sunk them.

Judge Lowell's Great Decision

JUDGE JAMES A. LOWELL of the Federal District Court of Massachusetts has rendered a decision of far-reaching import. It has precipitated impeachment proceedings and become a nation-wide issue. On resolution of Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, the House, 209 to 150, voted an investigation by its judiciary committee of the judge's granting a writ of habeas corpus to George Crawford, colored, under indictment in Virginia for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley. Whatever may be the legal technicalities of the case, Judge Lowell has, in effect, challenged the jury system as it applies to the trial of Negroes in the South, and the implicit sixty years' violation of the Constitution of the United States. The first clause of the Fourteenth Amendment declares that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." It is possible that the case of George Crawford may become historically no less momentous than that of Dred Scott.

The general basis for Judge Lowell's decision refusing the extradition sought by Virginia, and already granted by Governor Joseph B. Ely, lies in the refusal of the State of Virginia to permit well-qualified Negro jurors to sit on juries. In Crawford's case that issue had been raised and not disputed. It had been agreed between counsel for the State and the defense that Judge Alexander, circuit judge of the Twenty-sixth Judicial Circuit of Virginia, which includes Loudoun County where the crime was committed, Edward O. Russell, clerk of the Circuit Court, and Eugene S. Adrian, sheriff of the county, would testify that none of them had ever known "of any Negro to be called for jury duty or to serve on any jury in Loudoun County." To this, Judge Alexander added that he knew there were Negroes in Loudoun County who met the common law and statutory requirements of grand jurors, and had no doubt there were Negroes in the county who further measured up to the standards which he himself in his discretion had established for grand jurors of the county, but he had never investigated the qualifications of any Negro for jury duty.

Having first ruled that the foregoing facts were admissible as evidence, Judge Lowell, applying the Supreme Court decision in *Neal vs. Delaware*, granted the writ. In that case, the question was raised whether the exclusion of qualified jurors of colored blood possessing all the requisite qualifications was not a violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States. Based only on the prisoner's uncontradicted affidavit, Mr. Justice Stone answered the question affirmatively, saying in part: "The fact . . . that no colored citizen had ever been summoned as a juror in the courts of the State . . . presented a prima facie case of denial . . . of that equality of protection which has been secured by the Constitution . . ."

In the case of *Neal*, there had been merely a presumption of exclusion of colored jurors. In the Crawford case, there was no room for presumption. Judge Lowell was therefore confronted with two questions: first, whether he should ignore the agreed facts as he was urged to do by the Massachusetts Assistant Attorney-General, who alleged that

certain decisions of the Supreme Court rendered such facts irrelevant; and, second, if he did admit the facts, whether they would require him to grant the writ. To be sure, certain recent decisions of the Supreme Court (*Drew vs. Thaw*, *Biddinger vs. Commissioner of Police*, and *Hogan vs. O'Neill*) seemed to indicate that a federal judge on habeas corpus and extradition cases is narrowly limited in the facts which he has a right to consider. Nevertheless, it has not been decided by the Supreme Court that facts showing that an indictment was void because found by a grand jury impaneled in violation of the Constitution of the United States may not be considered on habeas corpus in extradition proceedings. And it would seem arguable that such a decision could scarcely be made, for the warrant of extradition depended upon the existence of an indictment constitutionally sound, however imperfectly expressed. Without that, Governor Ely's warrant of extradition would seem to be void.

It is true that the decision *In re Wood* (140 U. S. 278) seems opposed to this view. That was a case where habeas corpus was sought, after a conviction in the State court, on the ground that the grand jury that found the indictment was improperly impaneled. It was thus sought to make the writ of habeas corpus serve the purposes of a writ of error; and it was held that that could not be done. But the opinion in that case preserves the discretion of the federal court on habeas corpus referred to in *Ex parte Royall* (117 U. S. 241), where the writ is brought before trial.

It has been necessary to refer to these decisions to show that Judge Lowell was confronted with a novel and difficult question of law, requiring careful analysis of a considerable number of decisions of the Supreme Court not entirely easy to reconcile. He decided to consider the agreed facts. That presented the second question, and brought the case of *Neal vs. Delaware* into operation. Judge Lowell decided that that decision required him to hold that the indictment was void. The result was that the writ had to be granted and the prisoner discharged.

The decision has already had one extra-legal effect. The discrimination suffered by the Southern Negro, not merely socially and economically but before the law, has been more widely publicized than in any other single episode in a generation. It comes with dramatic coincidence in the immediate wake of the Scottsboro case. And there is evidence, despite the unseemly vituperation on both sides in the House debate, that the soberer and more enlightened opinion in the South may not prove unresponsive to the challenge. In the *New York Times*, Virginius Dabney, a distinguished younger son of the Old Dominion and the author of the recent volume "Liberalism in the South," wrote that the Lowell decision had "brought many Virginians and other Southerners to a realization that something probably will have to be done about the Southern jury system. The attitude of many thoughtful Southerners . . . is that it would be wise for Southern courts to begin calling Negro jurors from time to time." It would be the part not only of wisdom, but of elementary justice, and a belated effort toward vindicating the immortal Declaration written by the greatest of all Virginians.

Devaluation—or Drift?

IT is no longer necessary to argue at length the need for a controlled inflation. We have not only abandoned the gold basis for the moment, but we are now virtually certain to enact a measure placing in the hands of the Administration powers for an inflation greater than any ever before contemplated in our national history. The question to be settled now is the still crucial one of what kind of inflation. To exactly what extent do we want to inflate; when; and by what method?

It is our own belief that the practically uniform reduction of the gold content of the principal currencies of the world, through international agreement, and the earliest possible resumption by those countries of free convertibility at the new gold basis, would be not only the soundest possible course, but the only one that would bring a prompt return of confidence. International devaluation is a bold step, but we have now reached a point where, as so often in the case of surgical operations, safety can be had only through boldness.

Alternative courses that seem on the surface more cautious or conservative are in reality far more dangerous. This is particularly true, for example, of the provision in the new bill permitting the Administration virtually to compel the Federal Reserve banks to buy \$3,000,000,000 more of United States government bonds than they now hold. Senator Glass, in his very able and eloquent speech against the inflation program, pointed out that this section of the bill turns the Federal Reserve System into "a servile agency of the Treasury Department," which, in fact, has always used it more or less as "a doormat." The system, as Senator Glass remarked, has already "choked its portfolios with nearly \$2,000,000,000 of government bonds, practically by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and the board here, not a dollar of which it required in its business." These purchases have not, in fact, caused the member banks to expand their loans; they have hurt rather than helped the system's ability to accommodate the member banks; and the system could not now dispose of the bonds "without utterly demoralizing the entire bond market of the United States."

What has been the theory behind this policy, which, in spite of its demonstrated futility, continues to be so widely supported? It is the theory that prices depend directly upon the volume of currency or of credit; that prices cannot rise without increased "purchasing power," and that we must have this added currency or credit before we have the added "purchasing power." And this belief has led a large number of commentators either to believe that the devaluation of the dollar or of other currencies is altogether unnecessary, or that at least it should come as the end-result of inflation and not as the initial step. This view is supported by, among others, Walter Lippmann, John Chamberlain writing in the *New Republic*, and the *New Republic* editorially. Some of the arguments by which the idea is defended are astonishing. "Business and prices move first," says the *New Republic*; "they are causes of what happens to money, not results." We cannot believe that the *New Republic* seriously intended to say this. Was it a mysterious rise in prices of 600 per cent in France and Italy from 1914 to 1926 that

caused those two countries to inflate their currencies? Or was it inflation of the currency that caused the rise of prices? Was it a rise of 300,000,000 per cent in the German price level in 1923 that caused the issuance of sextillions of paper marks; or was it the other way round? There is only one answer to these questions.

Mr. Chamberlain, arguing against devaluation, remarks:

International trade is not actually done on a gold basis, but on a bill-of-exchange basis. The price of wheat rises and falls internationally with the supply of and demand for bills of exchange. Gold is only used to settle balances between central banks.

The final sentence will certainly astonish those in the foreign-exchange departments of ordinary commercial banks who were accustomed to import gold or to draw it for export whenever the dollar went above or below the "gold points." Those foreign-exchange dealers will be even more astonished to learn that international trade is not ordinarily done on a gold basis. What does Mr. Chamberlain suppose is meant by the statement that the parity of the pound is \$4.8665? It means that when both currencies were on a gold basis there was exactly 4.8665 times as much gold in the pound sterling as in the dollar. And when countries are on a gold basis it is this gold ratio, not the supply and demand of bills of exchange, that counts; for the exchange rate cannot move more than a fraction of 1 per cent either up or down without leading to gold shipments that check the movement. When a country is off the gold basis its so-called trade balance naturally becomes more important in determining its rate of exchange; but that trade balance is still far less important in its effect on a country's exchange rate than the prospects regarding the time and the level at which gold (or silver) payments will be resumed. Was it a sudden shift in the trade balance that caused the pound to depreciate 25 per cent within twenty-four hours after England announced the suspension of gold payments? Was it a sudden shift in our own trade balance that caused the dollar to go to a discount of 11½ per cent on the day after Secretary Woodin declared the gold embargo? It is well to keep in mind that it is in the strictest sense impossible for a country's foreign trade not to be "balanced." If its imports (in the broadest sense) exceed its exports, it borrows from abroad, either on long or short term, the exact amount of the difference.

This brings us to Mr. Lippmann's view:

If the [inflation] bill means that the President or anyone else should try to decide what the gold content of the dollar should be, it is putting the cart before the horse. . . . It is proposed to raise the price level, which is equivalent to reducing the purchasing power of the dollar. When the new price level is reached, and the government is stabilizing at that level . . . the gold value of the dollar will be its then exchange value with other gold currencies if there are any left. That will determine the new gold content of the dollar.

With all respect, it is precisely Mr. Lippmann who is putting the cart before the horse. What he is saying, in effect, is that the dollar should be left to the mercies of international

speculators for an indefinite number of months, during which business would be left in complete uncertainty regarding its ultimate level of stabilization. Presumably this policy would be tempered only by a so-called "stabilization fund." Historically, in post-war France, Italy, Germany, and now in England, the policy that Mr. Lippmann and others recommend is the policy that has actually been followed. But it has been followed at the cost of constant business unsettlement, of an uncertainty that makes it impossible for manufacturers to make plans for more than a few months ahead, and sometimes of stagnation. In our opinion, the failure of British prices to rise sufficiently to offset the depreciation of the pound is largely the result of this uncertainty. The fact that devaluation in the past has not come until after a long period of violently fluctuating exchange rates is no reason why we should continue such a senseless policy when we do not have to.

The gold standard, it cannot be too often repeated, means that currency is freely convertible at any time into its face value in the metal gold. A price in any gold-standard country, therefore, expresses at bottom the relation between the value of the commodity priced and the value of a given weight of gold. The world value of gold itself, of course, is affected by the world volume of credit, just as the world value of wheat may be affected by short sales of wheat. If the quantity of gold in the dollar is cut in half, then, other things being equal, prices will approximately double. The rise in prices will itself bring into existence the credit necessary to sustain it; business, seeing a profit at last, will borrow more; and the banks, at last assured that the price level, the chief general influence affecting the security of their loans, will rise instead of continuing to fall, will lend more. This will be natural credit, far sounder than any credit or paper money pumped into existence by government pressure or government fiat.

Putting Art in Its Place

If only the artists realized what we are going to do for them in the future, they would not fight against us, but with us. Art must not only be good but it must be popularly grounded. Only that art which draws its inspiration from the body of the people can be good art in the last analysis and mean something to the people for whom it has been created. There must be no art in the absolute sense, such as liberal democracy acknowledges. An attempt to serve such art would end in the people's losing all internal contact therewith and the artist's becoming isolated in a vacuum of art for art's sake. Art must be good, but beyond that, conscious of its responsibility, close to the people, and militant.

THIS illuminating statement of a general aesthetic system does not, as one might at first sight suppose, come from some zealous improver on Marxist theories, but from no less a person than the official press agent of Herr Hitler himself. It certainly sounds amazingly like the pronouncements one may discover in almost any issue of our own *New Masses*, and the resemblance is no mere accident, for however different the aims of the two parties may be there is something essentially similar in their states of mind. All dogmatic dictatorships resemble one another in their

inevitable tendency to an absurd simplification of every issue; all ruthlessly divide the white from the black; and none, therefore, can escape from the logical necessity of persecuting somebody and suppressing something. The banned book is the comic analogue of the tragic execution, and when absolute right is given absolute power, the scaffold must go up. Conservatives may be hung in one place and radicals in another, but the two processes are not really opposites. In either case an atmosphere of ferocity is generated, and atmosphere is more important than some will admit. It determines whether or not thought shall proceed with that freedom which alone can make it valuable, and it determines also the spirit in which individuals live. Art cannot flourish and life cannot be gracious if existence itself is dependent on an agreement with the dogma at the moment triumphant, and if half the population must tremble every time the other half changes its mind. Theology and politics used both to be games played for heads, and they are rapidly becoming that again.

In Russia aesthetic intolerance has been considerably relaxed, but Hitler is a new broom and, indeed, proceeds upon assumptions more ridiculously simple than any the Soviet government ever thought of adopting. But absurdity may safely go on from height to height or from depth to depth in a land where no one dares to laugh. Through the mouth of the ever-ready Goebbels, Hitler can announce that "true artists are rare" and that they will, therefore, "be fostered and supported." But no one can question his instantaneous and intuitive knowledge of who is and who is not a "true artist," when his power is so great that the Propyläen Verlag (Jewish owned, by the way) hastens to announce: "The well-known comments of L. Feuchtwanger in an English paper give us reason to discontinue the sale of those of his books which we published—'Josephus' and 'Three Anglo-Saxon Plays.'"

There is no doubt that a new spirit is abroad. There is no doubt that things have been done in Russia and Italy and Germany which involve a frank return to principles which, before the war, were commonly believed to have been abandoned forever. Some profess to find therein a sign of hope, a welcome collapse of those liberal principles which stood between the world and a frank realization of essential conflicts which must be settled at last. But we are free to doubt whether the world has not, so far at least, lost more than it has gained from the fact that several great countries have renounced those once commonly accepted principles of what was and was not a legitimate method of dealing with dissenting minorities. The conflict may be on at last, but there is no use denying that it has brought with it the savageries of war and that thought as well as human happiness is bound to suffer as terribly as it always does when "all is fair."

Certainly it is difficult for anyone who takes the intellectual life of the world seriously to rejoice when he sees thinkers and artists denied that right which the nineteenth century had gradually and tacitly granted them—the right to venture and suggest. Indeed, it is only because they were allowed to do so that the new ideas upon which the dictators depend were able to grow. The new theory, announced by each separate absolutist, is that truth has been discovered at last, and that therefore criticism, speculation, and question have come to their end.



Proposed Statuary for the "Century of Progress" Exposition

The White House Mysteries

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, April 29

THE signs and portents say that wonders are about to begin in this vicinity, but Comrade Roosevelt certainly moves in mysterious ways to perform them. Indeed, mystery is fast becoming the prevailing note of this Administration. It is not the sullen, furtive, hostile concealment which characterized the preceding Administration. On the contrary, the Roosevelt mysteries radiate the enchanted hopes and anticipations which attend the hanging of stockings on Christmas Eve. Consider, for example, the inflation measure. A more mysterious document was never struck off at a given time by the hand and brain of man. It authorizes the President to expand the currency in half a dozen different ways, but does not require him to use any of them. On the one hand we have the spokesmen for entrenched wealth tearing their hair and bawling to high heaven that the dollar is going the way of the old German mark. On the other we have the Honorable Joe Robinson assuring a convention of newspaper publishers that nothing radical is contemplated. The author of the measure staggers us with the bland assertion that it will transfer two hundred billion dollars of wealth from the "creditor class" to the "debtor class," while an equally ardent advocate announces that the principal object is merely to supply President Roosevelt with a talking point in the forthcoming world economic conference. Pay your money and take your choice. Or don't pay. It is utterly impossible for a mere reporter to predict the results of this measure, because nobody except Mr. Roosevelt knows to what extent he will avail himself of its provisions—and I very seriously doubt that he does. That the dollar should be devaluated for the purpose of increasing commodity prices has become pretty obvious. But how it is to be done, and to what degree, is still a mystery. I do not see how this uncertainty can fail to have a bad effect. All the most eminent soothsayers have repeatedly told us that a return of confidence is essential to the revival of business. How confidence can be restored by keeping the whole country in a state of suspense over the future value of the national currency baffles me. The wiser course would have been definitely to fix a lower gold content for the dollar. One thing, however, makes me feel instinctively that the measure on the whole must be a good one—the fact that Mellon, Mills, and Reed opposed it so violently. Three of that kind can't be right.

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ONE aspect of this whole business fills me with what is no doubt a highly immoral satisfaction. For more than ten years the bankers, the chambers of commerce, and a large section of the press have been whooping their heads off for a dictatorship. Now they have one, and before it is two months old they are squealing like a pig with its tail caught in a crack. I was unable to repress an impolite guffaw when Dave Reed implored the Senate in accents wild not to abandon its prerogatives by giving the President the blanket powers conferred by the inflation bill. This was

the same Reed who stood on the Senate floor a year ago and said: "What this country needs is a Mussolini." I suppose he didn't have Roosevelt in mind at the time. Nor could I refrain from a malicious and perhaps unprofessional chuckle over the shrieks which my brethren of the fourth estate let out when it was discovered that the State Department had submitted, *and the House had actually passed*, a bill under which the Secretary of State could have suppressed every newspaper, book, and other publication in the country for disclosing "official secrets." Fortunately for them, the Senate, which still clings to the antiquated custom of reading bills before voting on them, discovered the horrendous joker before it was too late. I am not unpatriotic enough to fancy a dictatorship, or idiotic enough to believe that it is a good thing for the country. But I am human enough to take a wicked satisfaction in the moans of pain now going up from the crooks and imbeciles who always wanted Congress to "go home and let the President run the country." Perhaps if they get their bellies sufficiently full of it this time we shall hear less of such nonsense after the country returns to a constitutional basis. It is a very timely lesson, and the rest of us may well thank God that the crisis which precipitated the Presidential dictatorship contrived at the same time to put a very decent gentleman in the White House. Think of having Hoover for a king! It would be precisely like living in a penitentiary—in fact, a good many of us probably would be living in penitentiaries by now.

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IT has seemed obvious for a long time that a large federal works program was needed to "prime the pump" if we were to start toward industrial recovery. Even the parrots in the pet shops have been saying for months that purchasing power must be stimulated—perhaps that is where the bankers heard about it. Roosevelt's hesitation in this matter has been the most discouraging aspect of his Administration. As readers of this page are aware, there has been dissension in the Cabinet on the subject, Secretaries Ickes, Perkins, Wallace, and Dern advocating such a program and the others actively opposing it or expressing indifference. To the majority influence was added that of Budget Director Douglas, the great balancer and economizer. However, a very significant and heartening development has occurred. The President has named four members of his Cabinet as a committee to devise a public-works program—and they are Secretaries Ickes, Perkins, Wallace, and Dern. If this action means what it would seem to mean, the President has finally decided, and decided right. It is high time. The results of successive deflationary steps since March 4 have already been felt in increased unemployment and diminished purchasing power, beer and the stock market to the contrary notwithstanding. To fill out a program will be easy enough. In fact, projects sufficient to consume not less than \$10,000,000,000 are already in the blueprint stage. The real problem will be one of elimination. Meantime, the Black thirty-hour-week bill, expanded, fortified, elaborated, and clarified

by Miss Perkins, as foretold in this place two weeks ago, has been making steady progress in the House, in the face of opposition from the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Manufacturers Association, and Bill Green and Matt Woll of the American Federation of Labor. What a combination! An intelligent labor leader assures me earnestly that Messrs. Green and Woll are not really dishonest; that they just don't know any better. It is perfectly plain to a mental adult that the bill, if upheld in the courts, would result in an enormous increase in labor-union membership, a very decided rise in the average wage, and a tremendous reduction in the number of unemployed. Woll's puerile argument for an embargo on foreign goods and Green's plaintive fears that fixed minimum wages might prove to be actual maximum wages are sufficient to explain why the American Federation of Labor continues to decline throughout the country in membership, influence, and public esteem.

IT would give me profound pleasure to report in detail the results of the conversation between Roosevelt and MacDonald and Roosevelt and Herriot, but I am unacquainted with them except in a general way. However, it is clear that Roosevelt and Hull are prepared to abandon the impossible policy of demanding full payment from debtor nations while maintaining tariff barriers which render them helpless to pay. Roosevelt is extraordinarily adroit in negotiations of the character which have been conducted here, and it is altogether unlikely that he has made any commitments such as the wily peasant, Laval, chiseled out of Hoover. On the contrary, when the world economic conference is held I think it will appear that the Administration has laid the groundwork for a shrewd bargain. French peasants and Scottish evangelists are not the only horse traders in the world. The squire of Hyde Park knows a thing or two. Anyone who doubts that may consult M. James J. Walker, of Cannes, France.

A \$100,000,000 Tax Scandal

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, May 1

HAS the Department of Justice no intention whatever of digging into the various financial and similar scandals which are simply clamoring for investigation and prosecution? Does it mean to remain forever silent on the Insull, Kreuger, Lee Higginson, Dawes, Illinois Life, and other cases? Perhaps a guilty conscience is preventing it from taking appropriate action. Perhaps the knowledge that the department itself had a hand in one of these scandals is now proving embarrassing. I have reference to the foreign steamship case. In this case the Treasury was cheated out of more than \$100,000,000. The scheme was so raw that even Harry M. Daugherty could not stomach it. But there were other government officials who could.

During the war many foreign steamship companies reaped fabulous profits in moving military supplies and other freight in and out of American ports. But when it came time to pay the war tax on this enormous income, more than a hundred of these companies balked. They filed income-tax returns for the years from 1916 to 1920 based on their own computations and their own interpretation of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918. The Bureau of Internal Revenue, however, ruled that the returns were in error. It declared that under its interpretation of the several revenue acts additional taxes running into scores of millions were due from the foreign companies. The bureau's interpretation was upheld in an opinion formally rendered by Acting Attorney-General Frierson on November 3, 1920. The Frierson opinion was based on a previous opinion handed down by Attorney-General Wickersham on March 9, 1910, which held that "foreign steamship companies engaged in the business of transporting passengers, goods, and merchandise between ports in the United States and foreign ports, and maintaining passenger and freight agencies in this country," were subject to the special excise tax then in force. Frierson held that there was no difference between this tax and the income tax laid down in the later revenue acts. The steamship

companies were accordingly ordered to pay the additional taxes due the United States.

They refused to do so, though repeated efforts were made every year from 1920 to 1927 to collect these taxes. Attorney-General Daugherty was later asked to render another formal opinion in the controversy. On January 21, 1924, he declared that "after a full consideration it is my opinion that the former opinion of the Attorney-General is a current and true interpretation of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918, with respect to the net income received from all sources within the United States by every foreign corporation and, *in particular, by foreign steamship corporations.*" Daugherty went out of his way to indicate to the steamship companies that their scheme to defraud the United States government was too much for him.

Several test cases were taken into the courts, but the steamship companies lost at every turn. Even the Supreme Court refused to review one of these cases upon the appeal of the foreign corporations. And when the Bureau of Internal Revenue won the Birkin case before the United States Board of Tax Appeals in November, 1926, the steamship companies knew that they could no longer hope for judicial support for their scheme. But this did not disturb them. They turned to other quarters for help, and the help was promptly forthcoming.

Some time between November 9, 1926, when the Birkin case was decided, and July 7, 1927, when the Department of Justice overrode the previous opinions of Wickersham, Frierson, and Daugherty, certain negotiations the details of which have not yet been disclosed were held between the foreign steamship companies and various government officials. As a result of these negotiations the Department of Justice on July 7 addressed the following opinion to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon:

SIR: Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of July 1, relating to opinions of the Attorney-General rendered November 3, 1920, . . . and January 21, 1924, . . . in so far as

they deal with the income-tax liability of foreign steamship companies under revenue acts prior to 1921. I am advised by the general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, in a letter written by him July 1, 1927, that the conclusions reached in the opinions referred to *have never been acquiesced in by the foreign steamship companies.*

It appears that the returns of seventy-two companies are now pending in the bureau awaiting the determination of the proper method of computing tax liability for the years prior to 1921, and that five such cases are pending before the Board of Tax Appeals and thirty-five other cases are pending in the courts.

In a few instances steamship companies have paid taxes as computed by the bureau, but these were cases where the taxes resulting from the difference in the methods of computation were so small as not to justify resistance by the taxpayers.

In short, the matter rests practically where it did before the two opinions referred to were rendered. The questions involved are difficult, and there is room for difference of opinion about them, and *the outcome of litigation is doubtful*; but the opinions referred to *stand in the way of your dealing with these cases* in the exercise of authority granted to you by law and in a way to serve the best interests of the United States. The questions do not arise under the Revenue Act of 1921 or any later revenue act. Under all the circumstances you should be free to deal with the cases as the conditions seem to require; and in order that you may do so, the opinions referred to are hereby withdrawn.

This document was prepared in the office of Solicitor-General William D. Mitchell. It is worth close study. First, it sets aside not only the opinions of Frierson and Daugherty, but by implication also the decision of the Board of Tax Appeals and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. On what grounds? Simply that "the opinions referred to have never been acquiesced in by the foreign steamship companies"! Imagine a court being unable to enforce its orders because a defendant refuses to acquiesce in its verdict! Secondly, the new opinion held that "the outcome of litigation is doubtful." In other words, the foreign companies might lose in the courts, as they had already lost, and therefore it was necessary to help them by extra-judicial means. Thirdly, the opinion declared that the previous opinions "stand in the way of your dealing with these cases." Therefore the Department of Justice kindly expunged them. Has there ever been a more brazen transaction in the annals of American government?

This whole matter was gone into by Representative McFadden of Pennsylvania in a sensational speech made on the floor of the House on June 4 of last year. But not a line, not a word of his speech appeared in the newspapers. It has now been made the subject of a relator's suit brought by David A. Olson in the District of Columbia Supreme Court. Olson was formerly employed by Price, Waterhouse and Company, a British accounting firm which has handled income-tax audits for the foreign steamship companies concerned.

The suit was brought against Andrew W. Mellon, former Secretary of the Treasury; David H. Blair, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Alexander W. Gregg, former general counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue; Ogden L. Mills, former Undersecretary and Secretary of the Treasury; and Arthur A. Ballantine, who is now Undersecretary of the Treasury. Charles A. Russell, who was

ousted for the Hoover Administration from his post as solicitor for the Federal Power Commission because he had incurred the displeasure of the power trust, is acting as counsel for Olson in the suit.

The bill of complaint carries the story forward in the following words:

... during the latter part of June, 1927, the said Andrew W. Mellon in pursuance of said plans and schemes, directed the defendant, Alexander W. Gregg, to enter into negotiations with the said representatives and attorneys of said steamship companies with the end in view of carrying said plans and schemes into effect, which would relieve the said steamship companies from the payment of said taxes so levied and assessed, and the said Alexander W. Gregg immediately thereafter had negotiations and conferences with the said steamship companies for the purpose of carrying out the said plans and schemes of the said Andrew W. Mellon.

... thereafter, and on or about the 8th day of July, 1927, and in pursuance of the said plan and scheme of Andrew W. Mellon, the defendants, David H. Blair and Alexander W. Gregg, had conferences and negotiations with said steamship companies and agreed with the said steamship companies that said steamship companies should make and prepare a return in accordance with Treasury Decision 3387, promulgated by the Bureau of Internal Revenue under the Revenue Act of 1921, which revenue act was not retroactive in any manner, but by its provisions set up a method of determining income taxes that varied from the provisions of the Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 in that its enforcement would reduce the amount of taxes below that determined under the said Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 and below and less than determined previously by the companies themselves, notwithstanding the fact that the said 1921 Revenue Act by its provisions specifically provided that the said Revenue Acts of 1916, 1917, and 1918 should remain in full force and effect for the collection of all income taxes due for the years 1916 to 1920 inclusive. . . .

In another paragraph the bill declares that "by virtue of the illegal, wrongful, and wilful acts of the defendants, the United States of America was defrauded in the amount of approximately one hundred million dollars."

These facts touch only the high spots of a scandal which, if fully and ruthlessly exposed, may put even Teapot Dome to blush. There is certain other information available which can only be made public through the courts. But Congress is not only authorized but morally obligated to look into still another aspect of this case. Even while these foreign companies were withholding tax payments legally due the United States, the Treasury Department was making tax rebates to them on subsequent payments! These rebates run into the tens of millions of dollars.

On the basis of the Olson suit Senator Wheeler of Montana has introduced a resolution requesting the Attorney-General to investigate the steamship tax scandal "with a view to bringing both civil and criminal prosecutions in the event he finds there have been violations as alleged in the proceedings on file in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia." Representative McFadden intends to press for a similar investigation in the House of Representatives. All the facts in this case have been before the Department of Justice for two months. But as yet the department has not seen fit to take action of any kind.

A Pyramid of Profit

The Associated Gas and Electric System

By RUTH FINNEY

A STRANGE reticence has overtaken the public-utility industry, strange, that is, in contrast with its former ardent appetite for attention. It is less remarkable when its practical results are considered. When the industry was maintaining an elaborate country-wide organization to get utility news before the public, its self-praise, for lack of evidence to the contrary, was generally accepted at its face value. Now publications are free to print facts about gas and electric utilities whose accuracy is guaranteed by the Federal Trade Commission. And such is the nature of the facts that the energy once devoted to propaganda is devoted now to keeping them obscure.

If utility lawyers went to court to try to stop the Federal Trade Commission, as the Electric Bond and Share Company did once, that would be news and the papers would print it. If they challenged the figures or conclusions of the commission's accountants that would be news. So expensive lawyers sit in silence at the commission hearings protesting not at all against what is said about their clients, and the hearings are therefore extremely dull.

The Associated Gas and Electric system has been one of the principal beneficiaries of this policy of silence. The Trade Commission's findings concerning it compose the most remarkable record so far disclosed, yet few if any of its 1,425,000 customers and 104,000 holders of common stock have been enlightened. J. I. Mange and H. C. Hopson control the entire \$900,000,000 system of properties extending from Nova Scotia to Florida and from Cape Cod to the Philippines, including twenty-six States of the Union. They gained control by an investment of \$298,318 in the Associated Securities Company, and on that investment they netted a return of 164 per cent in 1929. Investment of another \$10,000 in a two-man trust association, the apex of their vast structure, secured them the assurance that control can never pass from their hands and that no one else shall share their ultimate profits. On this investment the two men netted 265 per cent in 1929. The names of Mange and Hopson, unlike those of Insull and Young, have never been household words. Mange, a practical operator of electric companies, has been part of the Associated system since its beginning in 1906. Hopson is an accountant who graduated from the pay rolls of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Public Service Commission of New York.

The Associated system is a perfect example of the sort of intercorporate complexities which even utility men have ceased to defend—since Samuel Insull's complexity collapsed. Associated Gas and Electric Properties is at the top. This is the trust owned exclusively by Hopson and Mange. It owns all the stock of the Associated Securities Corporation, which owns all the stock of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. The Associated Gas and Electric Company owns:

1. Associated Utilities Investing Corporation, which owns seven holding companies, all of which own operating and servicing companies.

2. Associated Properties, Inc., which owns Associated Electric Company, which owns six holding companies, all of which own operating companies, and some operating companies of its own.

3. Associated General Electric Corporation, which owns W. S. Barstow and Company, Barstow Securities Corporation, and General Gas and Electric Corporation, which owns operating companies.

Beginning again at the top of the structure, Associated Gas and Electric Properties owns Manson Securities Trust, which owns New England Gas and Electric Association, which owns operating companies. It owns Associated Electric Companies, which owns operating companies, and also Associated Electric Properties, which owns both operating companies and a sub-holding company which owns operating companies. It owns Transit Securities Associates and Railway and Bus Associates, which own a network of transportation companies. It owns three more trusts and companies.

In some cases six holding companies intervene between an operating company serving the public and the topmost trust where Mange and Hopson sit in joint remunerative control. The system earned \$50,282,036 net in 1929. The money came from rate-payers in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and down the coast to Florida; from consumers in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and southward to Louisiana; and from others westward from Texas to Arizona.

To investors, "write-ups"—unaccountable appreciations in book values of the system—are of most immediate concern. The Trade Commission found that \$33,362,152 has been added in this manner to book values of the Associated Gas and Electric Company alone. Other write-ups occur in the books of the numerous sub-holding companies. For example, Pennsylvania Electric Company books show a \$17,000,000 write-up, an amount equal to one-third the entire ledger value of the company's assets at the close of 1929. A transaction which took place years ago between companies in the Associated system illustrates how values are inflated overnight. H. D. Walbridge and Company owned certain securities carried on its books at \$10,176,636. It sold them to its subsidiary, the old Pennsylvania Electric Corporation, which then entered them on its books at \$20,919,750 valuation.

Constant calling and substitution of stocks within the Associated system also makes the condition of the investor uncertain. Investors who put their money into the Binghamton Light, Heat, and Power Company, an operating utility, found themselves a little later with nothing to show for it but Associated Gas and Electric Company debentures. The company had been merged with the New York State Electric and Gas Corporation, and Associated debentures were traded for the assets of the operating company.

So complicated are the stock, bond, and dividend transactions in the system that occasionally securities have been issued without the authority of the directors supposed to have

issued them. On two occasions, the Trade Commission discloses, the board of the Associated Gas and Electric Company has passed retroactive resolutions ratifying various issues. As securities are issued in the system, it has been the practice to sell them for \$35 to the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, which resells them to the public at the market price, usually about \$65 in normal years. As a result of this practice the Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company paid a dividend of \$22,540,285 to the Associated Utilities Investing Corporation in 1929 and in the same month this second company paid a \$21,000,000 dividend to the Associated Gas and Electric Company.

But it is in the intercompany fee system of Associated that the juiciest figures are found, the figures of most immediate concern to the rate-payers—the consumers of electricity and gas. Fees are the simplest and most general method employed to defeat State regulation of rates. Large fees paid by operating companies for management services, financial services, construction services, purchasing services, all go into operating expenses and thus into the rate base. The companies which receive them are not regulated.

Five servicing companies, all owned by the Associated Gas and Electric Company, compete with each other in collecting fees in the Associated system, and in addition Associated Gas and Electric has been collecting fees itself and permitting another subsidiary to do so without making even a pretense of giving services. Apparently this last practice has been discontinued, but in six years \$9,970,944 was collected by Associated companies from Associated companies in the form of fees. Theoretically these paid for services costing \$3,397,204 to render. The net profit was \$6,573,739. But that is not all. So lucrative was the fee-collecting business that companies in the system bid for the right to it, and in the space of three recent years fee-collecting rights were sold and resold to various Associated subsidiaries for amounts totaling \$28,247,400. Associated Gas and Electric sold the privilege of collecting management fees from its operating utilities to the Utilities Management Corporation for \$5,200,000. Utilities Management hired another subsidiary, the J. G. White Company, to do the work for which it was being paid, at \$200,000 a year. It collected in nine months \$751,212, of which \$571,850 was net profit. It then sold J. G. White its fee-collecting rights for \$8,000,000.

Another subsidiary, the Consumers' Construction Company, was willing to pay \$5,000,000 for the right to fees. In 1928 the entire operating expenses of this company were \$113,208, and in that year the Pennsylvania group of operating utilities alone paid fees amounting to \$152,613. The Pennsylvania group could have hired the entire staff of engineers and clerks of the construction company, rented an office for them, paid all overhead, and still have been \$80,000 in pocket if relieved of fees.

The Utilities Purchasing and Supply Company paid \$3,700,000 for the privilege of purchasing for the Associated system and collecting fees. Most amazing of all is the action of the Associated Utilities Merchandising Company, which paid \$5,900,000 for the right to engage in the appliance business with the operating companies and then made the operating companies pay all expenses of selling appliances while it collected the entire gross from them. It was, as the Trade Commission says, "a clever scheme for taking from the operating companies a normal and legitimate source of rev-

enue," which would of course have reduced operating expenses and therefore rates.

To cap the climax, the Associated Gas and Electric Company, in addition to collecting fees directly and selling rights to other fees which it collects indirectly, until recently also apportioned all its expenses to its operating companies. The operating companies have been bearing the costs of services for which they pay fees far in excess of the costs. The public furnishes the money. There are other ways of inflating operating costs to the detriment of the rate-payer and the profit of the top companies. Take the Pennsylvania Electric Corporation division of the Associated system. All operating-company subsidiaries of Pennsylvania Electric Corporation deposit all cash they receive to the credit of the holding company. At the beginning of each month Pennsylvania Electric computes interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum on the open accounts maintained for the subsidiaries and charges this sum to the open account. The result amounts to a compounding of interest on accounts receivable. Operating companies would pay neither 8 per cent interest nor compound interest if they were free to get capital elsewhere.

Another account on the books of the operating companies labeled "federal income tax" helps to swell the amount of current expense which the rate-payer must bear. It is the practice in the Associated system for subsidiary companies to accrue federal income tax as an expense, crediting the amount to the open account maintained by their immediate holding company. The holding company computes a tax on the basis of the consolidated income of the group of which it is parent, charges the amount to its expenses, and credits it to the open account of the holding company next above it. But the senior company of this system, Associated Gas and Electric, paid no federal income tax to the government for the years 1927, 1928, and 1929. The public paid rates sufficient to cover a charge which any utility commission would have to allow, and the money went into the pockets of the Associated owners instead of into the federal Treasury.

Write-ups, fees, 8 per cent compound interest on open accounts, income-tax accruals that never go for income tax—how much do they mean to the man who pays the bills? In Erie, Pennsylvania, served by the Erie Lighting Company, a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Electric Company, which is a subsidiary of the Pennsylvania Electric Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Electric Company, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Gas and Electric Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, families pay 8.5 cents a kilowatt hour for the first 50 kilowatt hours of electricity used to light their homes, 4 cents for the next 2,950 kilowatt hours, and 3 cents for all in excess of this amount.

A few miles down the lake front is Ashtabula, Ohio, where electric service is supplied by the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company, part of the North American system, a company which has had to meet the competition of a municipal plant in Cleveland for many years and has done so on a profitable basis. Ashtabula families pay 5 cents a kilowatt hour for the first 40 kilowatt hours used, 4 cents for the next 200, and 2.8 cents for all thereafter. Trade Commission records should be even more illuminating to the people of Erie than the electric lights for which they pay so much.

(This is the third of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The fourth will appear next week.)

Who Killed the German Republic?

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, April 15

NOW that the tornado of reaction has blown Hitler into port at last, it is time to turn back and see what the winds were and where they came from. One wind, of course, was the Treaty of Versailles. The French are being paid back for that treaty with a vengeance; although, on the other hand, many Frenchmen are cynically glad that Hitler is in power, because they think that in his four presumptive years of office he will weaken Germany, perhaps destroy it. Another wind was the German inflation, which ruined the lower middle class, the petty bourgeoisie, and caused it to seize upon the extravagant promises of Hitler. Another was the world economic crisis. Hard times bred both the violence of the Nazis and the dumb apathy of their opponents. Another was the German republic itself, because the republic never very thoroughly wanted to be a republic. Another was an innately hysterical element in German character. And so on.

The author of this article recognizes these fundamental issues but he wishes to write on a lower plane. He would like, for a page or two, to deal in gossip. A series of the oddest personal intrigues imaginable set the stage for Hitler, because they undermined the constitutional fabric of the Reich and produced a camarilla which for a year at least really ruled Germany. The importance of personality in politics is often underestimated by newly Marxist writers. You cannot treat a country exclusively as an economic field trip. It is just possible that a toothache in the blue jaw of Comrade Stalin may have as much importance for Russia as a sheaf of statistics for the next Five-Year Plan. An inveterate and mysterious personal antipathy between, say, two members of a British cabinet, may cause its resignation. Tolstoy denied the importance of personality in the famous passage dealing with Napoleon's cold in the head at Borodino. But would he have denied that Brüning's perhaps irrational dislike of Hitler first moved him to that system of rule by decree whereby the republic eventually tottered? A great number of personal imponderables have contributed to the mess in Germany. Personal accidents of the most fortuitous kind have helped to write the swooping arrow, Brüning-Papen-Schleicher-Hitler.

One point worth discussion is certainly the state of health and temperament of that forgotten man, Hindenburg. This is a delicate topic but there is no use blinking the fact that extremely few men in their eighty-sixth year are perfectly normal, mentally and emotionally. They say that Hindenburg is "all right" until about the middle of the morning, and that those rare personages who get him at breakfast—or even earlier—can do something with him. This was the great strength of Papen. Few people would go so far as to say that Hindenburg is actually senile; but everyone will admit that he is very, very old. And Berlin, a rather cruel city, has developed a positive saga of stories at the Old Man's expense. Most of them are of course apocryphal, like those fantastic but terribly amusing tales that helped waft Franz Josef to the grave. One of the Hindenburg stories

describes him turning in puzzled recollection to his son Oskar and exclaiming, "Where *has* that chap with glasses [Brüning] gone to?" Another has him confusing Brüning and Schleicher when Schleicher was dismissed. Another describes an audience he gave to General von Hammerstein, the head of the Reichswehr: the General had some pretty important politics on his mind but Hindenburg began and ended the interview by shouting, "Herr General, I was not satisfied with the autumn maneuvers!" Still another has him carefully unhinging his knees to sit down after four hours on his feet watching the great parade of Nazi storm-troops saluting him on the evening Hitler became Chancellor. Hindenburg says to Oskar, "Son, I did not know we had captured quite so many Russian prisoners." Another story, which may be true, says that the Old Man broke down and wept, that same evening, realizing that he had made a ghastly, terrible mistake. He had.

In the pre-Hitler days, with parliament seldom meeting, the highest constitutional power in the country was the person of the aging President. Thus the embarrassing question, exactly to what degree his great age had made inroads on his brain and character, became of tremendous importance. Hindenburg himself apparently realized he was no longer young and vigorous. The story goes, at any rate, that he appealed to his state secretary, Dr. Meissner, to "protect" him, to keep him from breaking his oath. Little by little, however, Meissner's influence diminished, as the Old Man, adrift in a maelstrom of grave and puzzling crises, unable thoroughly to trust anyone, turned inevitably to the one person so close to him that the question of trust did not arise—flesh of his own flesh, Oskar, his son.

Oskar is no spring chicken. A heavy-set officer in the middle fifties, he had friends, military friends. Schleicher, for instance, was a fellow-officer in his regiment, the Third Potsdamer Foot Guards. Gradually, with Oskar and Schleicher as leading spirits, a palace camarilla arose. Some members were youngish officers, like the former Minister Treviranus; others were ancient and decrepit Junkers like Oldenburg-Januschau. The chief business of the camarilla came naturally to be the "protection" of the old President. Pretty soon he was isolated from other contacts.

If I had been writing this article six weeks ago, before the burning of the Reichstag, I should have entitled it *Government by Dictaphone*. For the dictaphone spirit dominated Germany. No well-ordered thumb on any hand knew what the fingers were doing. There was a palace camp, an army camp, a Nazi camp, with quick, subtle, and fluid shifts in balance of power between them. Even before, in the Brüning days, government by intrigue was beginning. Brüning used to amuse visitors by pointing up the fireplace and showing them Schleicher's dictaphone there, so at least the story goes. The big boys in politics were like a set of Borgias in, say, modern Guatemala.

Brüning hates Hitler, but he begat him. This, in a way, is the first point to seize in tracing, through the confusion of many personal accidents, Hitler's growth to power.

For Brüning, with the best intentions in the world, destroyed the constitution. It is a sad irony that this most enlightened, sensitive, and civilized archetype of the modern statesman should have set in motion the processes that eventually let loose jackals like Göring's men in the Berlin streets.

Brüning, as we all know, dissolved the Reichstag in the summer of 1930 and began to govern Germany by decree. He was not the first to do so. Decrees began under Ebert. But Brüning signed them wholesale. He thus founded a system of double government, for the Reichstag, slowly drawing the razor across its own throat, permitted him decrees even while it was sitting. This was because the Socialists could not openly support his unpopular—but necessary—deflationary measures. Brüning reaped the inevitable harvest; he became responsible not to the will of the Reichstag but to the whim of the President. Once Hindenburg withdrew confidence in him, he was doomed, because he had inadvertently destroyed the authority of the body to which he should have been responsible. This set a precedent for future chancellors. They were to be henceforth no more than the creatures of Hindenburg. "Presidential" Germany had begun.

The stage thus set, Brüning was easy to get rid of. He had gravely weakened his position by his bold dissolution of the Brown Shirts. He had, moreover, mortally offended and terrified the Junkers by planning partition of some of their bankrupt estates. The palace clique shipped old Hindenburg out to Neudeck, in East Prussia, where he was thoroughly isolated. Schleicher in Berlin and Oskar in Neudeck were in secret communication. At Neudeck a troop of whisperers came to Hindenburg, telling him that Brüning was an "agrarian Bolshevik." The Old Man, impressed and alarmed, returned to Berlin and threw Brüning out like a gnawed bone.

One has to foreshorten the story greatly, and perhaps dangerously oversimplify it. Schleicher, who was later to be so disastrously out-Schleichered, was the coming man. He had been a power ever since 1923, when he was Von Seeckt's executive officer. Later he broke with Von Seeckt. In 1929 he created for himself the post of politico-military secretary of state in the Ministry of Defense. He "made" his ostensible superior, General Groener. He broke Groener. And he began to dabble in political as well as army matters, becoming, in fact, a sort of "indispensable link between the army and political life." He was, for instance, the discoverer of Brüning, whom later he destroyed. His power was based partly on his great gifts of character, partly on the fact that the army—as Germany drifted seemingly toward chaos—was coming to dominate the situation, and Schleicher (then) dominated the army.

But it was not Schleicher but Papen who on June 1, 1932, became Chancellor of the Reich. No mystery to this, although Papen was an unknown man and Berlin was stupefied. Papen had been picked by Schleicher for the job; he was a "front" for him, someone to put out his chin, as I heard it expressed, on Schleicher's behalf. And then an amazing thing happened. Old Hindenburg, who had hardly known Papen before, fell in love with him. A Junker, an officer and a gentleman, a member of the Herrenklub, an awfully nice fellow, suave, quick-witted, and very charming, Papen became the White-haired Boy. He got almost as close to the Old Man as Oskar. He had breakfast with them like a

member of the family. He strode in and out of the palace as he pleased, although to others the Old Man was more and more inaccessible. And Papen's charm was buttressed by other considerations. Oskar, for instance, was supposed to be getting jealous of Schleicher's importance in the camarilla, and saw Papen as a counter-Schleicher pawn.

Papen had to go, despite his popularity in the palace, because he was so fantastically unpopular in the country. Germany was still theoretically a republic, and Papen, on assuming the chancellorship, had to call an election. He waited till the last possible day, July 31, and was overwhelmingly beaten. It was at this election that the Nazis reached their then top—13,700,000 votes. Papen dissolved the Reichstag after having been beaten by 512 votes to 42. The Nazis tried to prevent the dissolution. Papen had to call another election, and again, November 6, he took a terrific beating. The people were fed up with balloting—this was the fifth major election of the year—and the Nazis dropped 2,000,000 votes. Papen's first Reichstag sat exactly eleven days; his second exactly three. But this procedure—election, repudiation, dissolution—obviously could not go on forever, even in Germany. The Nazis, sore, went so far as to join the Communists in a Berlin traffic strike. This scared both the army and the palace. So Papen went.

Schleicher was pushed into the chancellorship himself, on December 3. He took the job only after a fortnight of hesitation and negotiation; he would have much preferred to continue to rule from behind the scenes. But there was no one else. The camarilla was running out of men. Schleicher lasted less than two months. It may shock people to hear it; but he gave promise of being one of the best chancellors Germany ever had. He was friendly with labor; he announced himself as neither capitalist nor Socialist. Believing in a strong, moderate Germany, he took a strong, moderate course. And thus he came to commit unforgivable sins. To wit: he flirted with the trade unions; he permitted the Osthilfe scandals to come out; he took up Brüning's scheme for colonizing Junker estates. Also, he was too confident, and too clever by half. He aroused distrust, and Hindenburg is said to have turned on him gruffly once, barking, "When, Herr General, are you going to lead the army against me?"

Then, too, Schleicher was turned out by the same thing that, fundamentally, had beaten both Brüning and Papen—failure to make terms with the Nazis. Hindenburg had contemptuously refused supreme power to Hitler in August, dismissing him with words which, I fear, cannot be reproduced in this article. But it remained utterly impossible to ignore the pressure of the Nazi movement. The Nazis could not be suppressed. They could not be given carte blanche. They had, as a compromise, to be seduced into the government somehow, or they would destroy Germany. Yet Hitler, angry at his first rebuff, refused steadfastly to enter any coalition except on prohibitive terms. Something had to be given Hitler—but what?

Even so, Schleicher would not have been so easy to dismiss except for a final obscure, opaque intrigue. The details hardly matter. The suicide of the parliament, the incompetence of the President, and the irresponsibility of the camarilla combined to make way for what was, in effect, a revolution from inside, a coup d'état unlike any other in modern history, wherein persons sworn to fidelity to the republic themselves sabotaged it.

Papen, Schleicher's creature, went Frankenstein. This was the first step. Having tasted glory, Papen was eager for more. Partyless (he had been expelled from the Center), he joined the Hugenberg Nationalists to revive the White-Black-Red front. He then met Hitler at Cologne in circumstances of the utmost secrecy and opened negotiations with him. This was the second step. The thing to do was to bluff or scare Hitler into some sort of compromise, to enlarge the Nationalist camp by getting in the Nazis. It was not a bad moment to approach Hitler. He had, after all, lost 2,000,000 votes, and Gregor Strasser's defection—even though Strasser was squashed like a bedbug—had worried him.

Schleicher seems to have been bothered more by the machinations of Papen-Hugenberg than by Hitler. At any rate he is believed to have taken seriously rumors of a Papen-Hugenberg coup d'état which would be the forerunner of a monarchist restoration. Schleicher, although on *du-Fuss* with the ex-Crown Prince, was not a monarchist. He was emphatically against a Hohenzollern restoration because he feared it would divide and weaken Germany.

The Hitler forces were summoning new strength. "Hitler rightly regarded Schleicher as the last hurdle between himself and power." Worried, Schleicher called a secret meeting in the Reichswehr ministry. It is said that creation of a military dictatorship was discussed, with the arrest of Papen, Hugenberg, and Oskar. Received by the Old Man, Schleicher cautiously informed him that the situation was serious, that the Reichswehr might have to go into the streets against the Nazis. Schleicher's threat was probably a bluff. He

wanted to frighten Papen and Hugenberg. But the threat turned out all wrong.

For hearing that Schleicher planned to call out the army, Papen and Hitler met again. The situation had developed beautifully to Papen's hand. He was now in a position to say to Hitler, "If you don't join us now—on our terms—we are all sunk. Schleicher will set the army on both of us. We must make a coalition." Hitler agreed and accepted terms that hitherto had been impossible for him—three seats in the Cabinet as against Papen-Hugenberg's eight. Little did Papen know at the time that within a month his party and influence would be burned to death by the Reichstag fire. No one calculated on the enormous band-wagon magnetism the Nazis subsequently exerted.

Schleicher was victim of his own intrigue, for when Hitler and Hugenberg called at the palace and got Hindenburg out of bed, the Old Man remembered hazily that Schleicher, in a different connection, *had* threatened to call out the army. So he believed the story Hitler and Hugenberg told him—that Schleicher must be summarily dismissed because he plotted civil war. Hitler and Hugenberg presented Papen's plan for a Nazi-Nationalist government. The Old Man fell for it. The next day Schleicher, to his bewildered amazement, discovered himself out of office. The tornado of Nazi reaction had begun. Brüning, when he heard the story, is said to have told a friend that he had been treated badly enough, but "Schleicher . . . five times worse." So did democracy die in the Reich. So did Adolf Hitler, who had become a German citizen only a year before, find himself dictator of Germany.

How to Travel in Soviet Russia

By AMY S. JENNINGS

TRAVEL in Soviet Russia is not difficult, it is not dangerous, it is more than reasonably comfortable, it is always completely engrossing and different, and it is probably the most friendly sort of trip you could undertake. But you must know how to manage. A dear old lady of sixty-five made the grand tour with us, third or special class, last year, and came out as spry and cheerful as ever.

All travel in Russia is organized by Intourist (from *in-ostranski*—foreign and tourist). They buy all tickets, make all reservations in trains, hotels, steamers, theaters, and buses, and have an office in every city you will visit—unless you wish to go to very inaccessible places. They are not equipped to give de luxe American service such as you would get, say, at the Savoy-Plaza in New York, but neither do they charge for such a standard. You will, however, be both clean and comfortable. Intourist conducts a school in which it trains its own guides and agents, instructing them in Russian history, Soviet organization and law, foreign languages, and especially in the vagaries of foreigners, such as the necessity of providing baths for Americans, beer for Germans, and so on. These guides are selected not only for their ability to learn, but also for their personal charm and ability to act as social leaders for groups. You will find most of them to be very interesting and attractive young women without hats.

The Russian guide, however, is usually quite unable to guess or even to believe what the tourist wants to see. The

marriage bureau, of course—museums, yes; but a house, an ordinary apartment house with ordinary people living in it—that house across the street? Oh no, that's nothing to interest tourists—it is impossible! But it proved possible, owing to an act of God and an efficient American group leader. For it began to rain and our leader suggested that though it was doubtless unconventional, surely the people in the apartment would permit us to come in out of the rain. They did; in fact, they were delighted to show us around, and so gave us a most valuable experience.

You can, of course, travel alone in Russia, first class, with a special guide. But Russia is organized collectively. A single individual is not important, unless he is a well-known diplomat, say, or a writer. A group has more weight. It becomes in fact a delegation—of pedagogues, doctors, students, or industrialists; and for such a group it is possible to arrange conferences with the manager of a big factory, with officials of the national commissariat for education, and similar leaders, who would be inaccessible to ordinary individuals. Almost more important than the group itself is the American group leader, who understands what will interest his compatriots, persuades the guides to show you these things, and knows how to get special permits from the G. P. U., which, far from being a band of terrorist police, is an extremely able and intelligent organization, always glad to help tourists. Russians are by nature artistic, and like a painter who does

not want you to see the picture till it is completed, they find it hard to believe that anyone can appreciate an unfinished product. It takes time and patience to convince them that Americans, being constructivist rather than artistic by nature, would, if anything, prefer to see a project while it is still in the building stage. All this planning and persuasion of Intourist guides and G. P. U. your American group leader takes upon him or herself, while you are left free to absorb the perpetual rain of new sights and ideas.

There are several organizations which provide American group leaders and organize groups with or without special interests for travel in Russia. All these travel bureaus use the facilities of Intourist, but each adds valuable services of its own. Of these the most complete and extensive service is offered by Open Road. It has plans for fifteen Russian tours this summer. Some of these will have special interests, such as music, the theater festival, peace, photograph and kino, economics, or student life, while others will be survey trips, both along the regular routes and entirely off the beaten track—if one can speak of such a thing in Russia. The groups are usually limited to ten; the American leaders are all experienced, some of them being authorities in their field and all having personal contacts in Russia which greatly enhance the value of the trip. A real attempt is made to give individual service and see that each group member makes contacts in his special field. In comparing prices it must be borne in mind that the Open Road costs cover every reasonable travel expense, including all sight-seeing, and even occasional extras purchased from a group purse with which the Open Road provides each of its group leaders. A typical Open Road tour would be the eight weeks' trip, including thirty-one days of travel through the U. S. S. R., led by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Stewart of the Foreign Policy Association. The cost is \$451, traveling third (special category). The Open Road caters in the main to what would be called in Russia the bourgeois intellectuals, that is, members of the professions, artists, and students.

The Pocono Study Tours have planned three groups for the summer, with American group leaders. They expect their members to be interested not only in sight-seeing and meeting people, but also in actual study. Lectures and organized discussion form part of the regular schedule, the special six weeks' seminar on Russia even including lessons in Russian conversation. As a matter of fact, it is invaluable both practically and philosophically to know a little Russian. If you can say "Tovarish, pozhalista" ("Comrade, please") and wave a piece of paper with an address on it under any good comrade's nose, he will put you on street cars, take you off, walk up to the door with you, ring the bell, wait until your friend appears, and very likely come in and eat with you. The Pocono Study Tours, by virtue of their educational features, are able to secure especially low railway rates and are thus able to offer a ten weeks' tour including England, Austria, and Paris, as well as a month in Leningrad and Moscow, with all lectures and tuition for \$463. It provides third-class travel throughout, and of course it caters in the main to students, both old and young.

World Tourists is the oldest of all the Russian travel bureaus, and through its close contact with Intourist secures excellent care for its patrons, but does not provide American group leaders. This is a financial saving, but if you can possibly manage the extra cost you will find it well worth while

to pay for a group leader, especially the first time you go to Russia. The World Tourists rate for an eight weeks' trip, including a thirty-one-day tour through Russia, is \$330. Travel is third class; the bureau caters primarily to radical groups and workers.

The Amalgamated Bank tours are for very large groups. They include group leaders and provide usually for a five-day stay in Russia, though longer trips may be arranged. Often the members wish to stay after the tour and visit relatives, and this is arranged for them. Because of their size these groups can secure special rates, but they cannot of course make the informal contacts of smaller groups. The cost of the entire trip including five days in Russia is as low as \$180. Travel is third category. Amalgamated caters in the main to small business and professional people, a large group of doctors being planned for this summer.

Friendship Tours organize groups of ten, each headed by a chairman. They are not interested in sight-seers, wanting only travelers with serious interests, to whom they offer short intensive trips, often combined with lectures and discussion. A trip of about six weeks, including twenty days in the U. S. S. R. and return to New York, costs \$335. Friendship Tours cater mainly to students, both old and young. Their sponsoring committee includes Professor George S. Counts, Professor Harry F. Ward, and Professor Goodwin Watson.

Union Tours offer trips to Russia by way of Odessa. The groups are small and are open to any individual. Complete round trips, including thirty days in Russia, cost from \$243.50 to \$385, according to the class of travel desired. These prices include all expenses.

There are three categories of travel in Russia: first class, tourist, and special. In visiting Russia one buys so many days' service from Intourist in one of the three categories. First class is about \$15 a day, tourist \$8, and special \$5. The service includes railroad fares, however far you go in Russia, hotels, meals, admission to exhibitions, museums, and the like, and half a day's guide and transportation service for sight-seeing. The rest of the day the traveler is left free to go where he pleases.

Going into detail, special category means third class on railways, second on steamers, three meals, sleeping in dormitories or hotels, sight-seeing by bus, transportation of seventy pounds of baggage, guides, and visa—which, interpreted once more, means: Hotels are clean and the beds are comfortable throughout Russia. Typical "special" accommodations in Leningrad would be a suite for four men or women consisting of an entrance hall; a sitting-room with a Louis XVI set of sofa and chairs in white and gilt and tapestry, an old-fashioned leather-topped desk, telephone, and rag rug; a large sleeping alcove with two large brass beds and two iron cots—all clean with good springs—bureau, and closet; and a large bathroom with tiled or red cement floor and the usual bathroom fixtures, the hot water often cold of course. Anyhow, one gets a bath, the beds are comfortable, and the rooms large and light. Tourist category might provide the identical suite but with two beds instead of four. First category would offer a single room in a more modern hotel. If you go off into the little mountain villages, you take what you get. It might be a dormitory in what was once a count's summer residence—cots with hay-filled mattresses, washing arrangements like those in American summer camps for children.

As to meals, breakfast in special category, served between nine and ten, consists of meat or eggs (eggs in the plural—at one station off the beaten track we ordered fried eggs. A pie plate was set before us with five fried eggs on it; we were about to divide these among us, when more and still more pie plates appeared. Each member finally got five or six eggs)—meat or eggs then, black bread and butter, usually some kind of sweet bun, and tea—or coffee if you insist, but it isn't like American coffee. The tea is good though. Because of lack of refrigeration the eggs in the north are apt to be not fresh enough to boil. One orders them fried or in omelets, so the cook may remove the dubious ones. For lunch you have meat or fish, vegetables such as macaroni, cauliflower, cucumbers, or tomatoes, black bread, tea, an ice with a sweet cracker, or perhaps watermelon. Potatoes are rare. Dinner, which you have at about nine, or ten, or eleven, is the same as luncheon except that in addition you have cabbage soup, which is delicious. These strange hours for eating were those of the old nobility, and the Russians are of the opinion that bourgeois enjoy them. You soon get used to them. If you are sick you can have white bread. As you go south you get more variety in your food, more butter, white bread, rice cakes with custard and jam, sometimes even chicken. Tourist category is much the same as "special" in respect to food, but you have more choice in the meat course. First-class travelers get in addition caviar, white bread, more desserts, such as the delicious Russian pastry, and tea in the afternoon. You always get enough to eat, in fact probably a great deal more than you want, but if you travel "special" you will probably like to supplement your diet with dried raisins, apricots, pears, chocolate, and jam, all of which can be bought quite reasonably at the Torgsin stores with American money.

Railroad travel "special" is in wooden cars which hold fifty-four people and are completely open. A corridor divides the car into a wide and a narrow section. In the narrow section the berths, which are just wooden shelves, run lengthwise of the car, one above the other; in the wide section they run crosswise and back to back. Two lengthwise berths and four crosswise ones form a sort of compartment, but they are open to the corridor and there is not even a partition between the upper berths—you can look the whole length of the car. There is a third tier of berths, usually reserved for baggage, but if the car is very crowded someone has to sleep up there. If you travel with a group you can nearly always secure a mattress, pillow, sheets, and blanket, frequently boiling hot from the steam fumigation. Otherwise you roll up in your own blanket and recollect your past blessings. There is a toilet at each end of the car, and all would be well but that someone evidently sold the Russian government soap faucets for water faucets. At all events you shove up on the faucet and the water sprays out, but of course with twice as much force as soap would. If you are not very careful the whole room gets sprayed. These old cars are rapidly being replaced, but you are likely to strike one now and then, and they are likely to harbor bedbugs. Some people apparently are immune, but some are not, and their only hope is to sleep in the upper berths, which are much freer from the pests, and use Flit—you should bring a small can and sprayer with you. These cars are the only real drawback to special category, but since in a thirty-one-day tour you only spend six nights in them, the hardship can be endured and even boasted about. As a matter of fact, these cars give you an opportunity to

meet and talk with Russian peasants and workers which you could get in no other way.

If you definitely do not want to face the peculiarities of hard travel, tourist category and first both have clean and comfortable cars. They are divided in the regular European system into two- or four-berth compartments, all fully upholstered and covered with clean linen slip-covers. Bugs are very rare. The first-class cars are regular wagons-lits, but they do not go all over Russia. In "tourist" you will meet officials, army officers, factory managers, and the like, nearly half of whom are able to speak some German or English, and are more than willing to come into your compartment and give you their opinion of what the government should do. In first class there are few people, mostly foreigners and not anxious to talk. Boat travel, both down the Volga and on the Black Sea, is delightful—clean, plenty of room for tourists, sun deck, stops for swimming, gipsy campfires down the river, music—as romantic as you like. There are excellent little orchestras in even the small hotels; the music is a delight all over Russia.

There are certain things you will want to take with you—first, all necessary toilet articles, including and especially toilet paper. Take G. Washington coffee crystals (they are much better than the powder) if you cannot live without your morning cup. Safety pins, given one to each child you meet, will make you innumerable friends among the younger generation. Packets of needles are treasures to the older women. Picture postcards of America and ten-cent-store refill pencils are a great aid in becoming acquainted. Fountain pens are not so good as there is difficulty in getting ink for them—better take a bottle for your own use. As for clothes, the climate in Moscow is much like New York in summer, but the nights are cooler. The Black Sea is subtropical.

The question of health is simple. The Bolsheviks have put through a rampant hygiene campaign, and the only danger is dysentery. Care in drinking water and eating raw fruits is all that is necessary. In Moscow and Leningrad the water supply is modern and sanitary and you can drink from the faucets. Everywhere else the water must be boiled. One should peel fruit, tomatoes, and such. If you become ill, take bismuth, and send for the doctor. There's a doctor on every boat, and in every town you'll go to, even the little villages. He will give you treatment absolutely free.

If it is at all possible, do not confine your Russian trip to a short stay in Leningrad and Moscow. These two cities, in spite of their immense interest, their art and historical treasures, are nevertheless the most overcrowded and difficult to live in of any in Russia. The tourists are comfortable in their hotels, but seeing the people you will wonder if they can really pull through even with all their hard work and idealism. But if you can stay awhile, go out to the suburbs and surrounding districts, or better still take the trip down the Volga to Stalingrad, to the farming country round Rostov, to the Black Sea, to the great dam at Dnieperstroï (however it's spelled this year)—you will see a Russia much less hectic, better fed, more serene, more stable, and yet permeated with all the new energy.

(This is the third in a series of articles on various aspects of travel. The first two, by Arthur Warner, appeared in the issues of March 22 and April 5. A fourth, on American expatriates, by Martha Gruening, will be published in an early issue.)

In the Driftway

IN the days of Coolidge prosperity, the Drifter walked in an alien world with a slight stoop which was the result of a burden of guilt. Drifters by their very nature have little prestige among respectable, hard-working, purposeful men. A wanderer with the winds of all the world in his hair may seem romantic to maiden ladies in sedate small towns or to young men just out of college. But heads of families never went to regard him as a bad influence and slightly cracked. He is entertaining perhaps, but irresponsible. It may be all right for a young man to have his fling and go gallivanting over the globe, but a sensible person knows when it is time to settle down and prepare for old age so that he won't be a burden on his relatives and friends. Government bonds, insurance policies, real estate, bank stocks, a well-furnished house, a few children to perpetuate the better strains of the race—these are the righteous and full rewards of a solid citizen in America. In other countries the rewards may be slightly different but quite as righteous. The wanderer is just as suspect in Russia, for instance, as in the United States. For proof the Drifter has only to cite a newspaper headline he has pasted in his hat: Soviet Decrees All Bearasses to Halt Drifters.

* * * * *

IN the America of 1929 the prestige of drifters had reached a particularly low level. An American without an office or a job on the belt, a man who was not making money ten hours of the day and thinking up ways of making money during the other fourteen, was, in effect, a man without a country. The Drifter neither sold nor bought anything. Electric boxes, cigarette lighters, miniature bars, modern furniture, oil lamps, cooperative apartments, a new car every year—all of these delightful things he passed by, often because he had not the price, sometimes because of a perverse resistance to salesmanship peculiar to drifters. When he did have a little cash he could never bring himself to buy a single railroad, government, or public-utility bond, a solitary stock, or one dollar's worth of insurance, and he turned his eyes the other way when a savings bank hove in sight. Instead, invariably, he squandered his meager superfluity on the cheaper teamship fares, on cafe days and evenings in the boulevard at Germain and the Calle Serpiente, on secluded beaches in Brittany and remote trails in the high Rockies. No wonder that in 1929 the Drifter was a little stooped with a burden of guilt.

* * * * *

BUT every dog has his day. The Drifter's burden of guilt has slipped away. A warm sense of equality with his fellows envelops him. He has no more money of course than he ever had. But he has as much as he would have had if he had settled down and sold groceries on Main Street. And at least he has the satisfaction that his savings disappeared with his consent into bottomless pits of his own choosing. Furthermore he has escaped one bitter expense. He is not paying rent on a safety-deposit box full of the embossed and empty shells of railroad bonds, bank stocks, and unsunderable insurance policies.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Farmer's Side of It

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You fellows back East never can see any good in any attempt to benefit the farmer by legislation. According to government statistics about fifty-five million people in these United States are dependent upon agriculture, and unless their buying power is restored your factories will continue to run on part time or close down altogether.

You prate about subsidies! Agriculture has been paying a huge subsidy to Eastern manufacturers ever since McKinley's time through high tariffs. It is true that you have advocated a lowering of tariffs, but it is not being done and the present farm bill is an emergency measure to start the ball rolling. Then lower the tariffs and the farm bill will no longer be needed.

You call it a sales tax of 200 per cent. Are you not laying it on a little thick? Take wheat for example. I sold a thousand bushels last fall at 29 cents. Bread was selling at 8 and 10 cents a loaf, the same price we paid when wheat brought \$1.50 a bushel. Do you think it would be an injustice to the processor to make him dig up something to equalize matters?

Beatrice, Neb., April 15

J. W. McLERAN

Revolution and Art

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I correct a misquotation in Mr. Charles Yale Harrison's attack on Marxist writers, artists, and critics which appeared in *The Nation* of March 22? Mr. Harrison cites me as saying: "There were revolutionary artists in Mexico who thought they saw definite marks of decline in Rivera's technical skill as he abandoned his revolutionary faith." These words are torn from their context. The complete sentence reads: "There were revolutionary artists in Mexico who thought they saw definite marks of decline in Rivera's technical skill as he abandoned his revolutionary faith and with frank cynicism accepted commissions which he despised as an artist and as a man." By omitting the words italicized, Mr. Harrison is able to exclaim ironically: "One wonders at the nature of the revolutionary faith of Comrades Rembrandt, Da Vinci, El Greco, and Van Dyck." The irony is wasted; it destroys nothing except Mr. Harrison's own man of straw.

Marxism has never claimed that a man cannot paint or write well unless he is a conscious revolutionary. Every artist must be judged in relation to his own social milieu. One might as well expect Cesare Borgia to be a technocrat as Da Vinci to be a "comrade." The four painters Mr. Harrison names happened to be part of bourgeois culture when that culture was revolutionary; but what is more important in this case is that Marxism recognizes that conscious partisans of a reactionary class may be great artists. Engels recognizes that Balzac is partial to the old aristocracy as against the bourgeoisie—"his sympathies are on the side of the class condemned to die"; but Engels also recognizes that Balzac is a literary genius, a realist who is "greater than all the Zolas of the past, present, and future."

Similarly, Lenin attacks Tolstoy as the exponent of the dying class of Russian landowners, but acknowledges his great literary genius. An integral part of the greatness of both Balzac and Tolstoy as literary masters lay in their absolute honesty, their gift for seeing and their courage for speaking the truth.

Balzac, Engels tells us, is forced by his strong sense for the realities of life to "go contrary to his own class sympathies and his political prejudices"; the novelist cannot help seeing the inevitable fall of the aristocrats whom as a citizen he favors. Lenin, too, recognizes Tolstoy's greatness in his capacity for seeing beyond the narrow horizons of his class in describing character. "Is it not a paradox," Lenin once said to Gorki, "that there was no real mujik in literature until this Count came along?"

These observations ought to be self-evident and I should not press them here were it not for the fact that even serious and intelligent critics repeat Mr. Harrison's error. Joseph Wood Krutch, for instance, recently stated that from the "pure" Marxist viewpoint Proust and Hergesheimer are on the same level because they do not approach their characters with the yardstick of the social revolution. Nothing could be more absurd. Marxists recognize the gulf between Proust's genius and Hergesheimer's mediocrity. Indeed, of Proust it may be said, as Engels said of Balzac, that his penetration into French society is so deep that it reveals the truth regardless of the novelist's personal sympathies and prejudices. True, Proust is limited in his vision; he sees the life of part of French society, he is blind to the life of the "lower classes"; but the life he does depict he depicts with the insight of genius. His work shows with an extraordinary concreteness of detail the decomposition of an old world; to that extent it coincides with the truth, and the truth is revolutionary, particularly in a society which is compelled to conceal it in order to maintain itself.

New York, April 30

JOSEPH FREEMAN

Disrespectful and Unpatriotic

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to take exception to the cartoon, if such it may be termed, which appeared on page 436 of your issue of April 19. Such a representation in the stress of a political campaign would seem to merit the description of poor taste. To ridicule our only living ex-President after the election of his successor appears to me purposeless, unsportsmanlike, disrespectful, and unpatriotic, regardless of what part your publication took in the recent campaign and regardless of any personal feelings which its staff may have toward Mr. Hoover.

Palo Alto, Cal., April 21

FLOYD R. EICHELBERGER

Leo Gallagher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In speaking of the Mooney trial recently you failed to mention the part Leo Gallagher has played in bringing about this new trial on the remaining indictment.

George H. Shoaf has said in the *Open Forum*: "Possibly the biggest factor which constrained Judge Ward of San Francisco to grant Tom Mooney another day in court was Leo Gallagher's masterly and convincing presentation of the law in the case." Those who heard the argument assert it was overwhelming; that it put Judge Ward on the spot; that he had no legal escape; and that he simply could not avoid giving Mooney a new trial. To someone who criticized him for deciding as he did, Judge Ward is reported to have said: "What else could I do? Mooney's lawyer marshaled incontestable facts. Those facts he fortified with the law. There was nothing else I could do but grant the petition."

Leo Gallagher's long record of defense of workers arrested while attempting to exercise their constitutional rights is well

known. It was because of what the dean of Southwestern University Law School called his persistence in defending political minorities that he was dismissed last year from that institution after nine years of service as professor of law.

Mr. Gallagher is at present running for the office of Judge of the Municipal Court. He has been indorsed for this office by Theodore Dreiser, John Howard Lawson, Sam Ornitz, and various prominent Los Angeles ministers and attorneys.

Los Angeles, April 17

ESTHER MCCOY

Is It Quite Fair?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I wish to protest against the statement in your issue of April 22 regarding the appointment of the new Indian commissioner. I am at a loss to understand why you should say, "For the first time in many years the Indians have a right to expect justice and sympathy from their guardians at Washington." It would seem from this that all the efforts made, not only by the outgoing commissioners, but by their predecessors, have gone for naught. While the Indians have not received full justice, and perhaps only a moderate amount of sympathy, they certainly have received some of each, which the editorial denies.

After all the labor and sacrifice which the outgoing commissioners have given to this very difficult task, it seems to me that they are deserving of a little more than this statement. Many of the things they would have liked to do they have been unable to do on account of Congressional restrictions or lack of funds, but certainly they have tried, and they have also accomplished. Do you think it quite fair to give them this partial thrust?

Philadelphia, April 25

JONATHAN W. STEERE

For Readers in Tulsa

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

For years I have been an ardent reader of *The Nation* and needless to say enjoy contacts with persons who read it as other liberal magazines. I should like to get in touch with other readers of *The Nation* in Tulsa. Anyone who is interested may write me at 407 West Fourth Street. My telephone number is 4-4232.

Tulsa, Okla., April 28

THOMAS L. WILSON

Contributors to This Issue

RUTH FINNEY is a Washington newspaper woman who for many years has specialized on the power question.

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*.

AMY S. JENNINGS, formerly associate editor of *St. Nicholas*, was a member of a group which traveled through Soviet Russia last summer.

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of folk plays entitled "Lamentations."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is at present in the United States on a lecture tour.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON is Kenan Professor of History and Government at the University of North Carolina.

HERBERT ASBURY is the author of "Carry Nation."

Books, Music, Drama

The President's Liberalism

Looking Forward. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

WHAT is a liberal? The question has often been asked—and asked as if a satisfactory and categorical answer were impossible. Mr. Roosevelt identifies himself with liberalism and identifies it, in turn, with the American tradition. His credo of liberalism is to be found fairly expressed in his collected campaign addresses, slightly edited to remove ephemeral and local allusions. Now that the country has seen Mr. Roosevelt in action for two months, his underlying philosophy is of increased interest.

Mr. Roosevelt's creed is that the old vision of America as a land of freedom and opportunity is still our goal, but that its attainment requires a new approach. "Faith in America . . . demands that we recognize the new terms of the old social contract." And he further finds the contract to be "as old as the republic and as new as the new economic order," asserting that "every man has a right to life, and this means that he has also a right to make a comfortable living."

Well, that is an economic basis of thinking, a redefinition of the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which contrasts also with the purely political approach of his three predecessors in office. The President then proceeds to picture the changed American life which requires the new terms of the old social contract:

Two-thirds of American industry is concentrated in a few hundred corporations, and actually managed by not more than five thousand men. More than half of the savings of the country are invested in corporation stocks and bonds, which have been made the sport of the American stock markets. Fewer than three dozen private banking houses and stock-selling adjuncts in the commercial banks have directed the flow of capital within the country and outside it.

And elsewhere:

Such controlling and directive forces . . . reside to a dangerous degree in groups having special interests in our economic order, interests which do not coincide with the interests of the nation as a whole. . . . We cannot allow our economic life to be controlled by that small group of men whose chief outlook upon the social welfare is tinged by the fact that they can make huge profits from the lending of money and the marketing of securities. . . .

And further:

I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself, but I do not believe that in the name of that sacred word, individualism, a few powerful interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon-fodder of the lives of half of the population of the United States.

Here is an attitude which should make possible far-reaching and even fundamental reform. How far-reaching is suggested by some of Mr. Roosevelt's specifically proposed remedies. He says: "Old-age, sickness, and unemployment insurance are minimal requirements in these days." These measures until very recently, and perhaps even today, have been contemptuously dubbed "socialistic" from the seats of power. Mr. Roosevelt's liberalism is found in other expressions. He says:

I share the general complaint against regimentation; I dislike it not only when it is carried out by an informal group amounting to an economic government of the United States, but also when it is done by the government of the

United States itself. I believe that the government, without becoming a prying bureaucracy, can act as a check or counterbalance of this oligarchy so as to secure initiative, life, a chance to work, and the safety of savings to men and women, rather than safety of exploitation to the exploiter, safety of manipulation to the financial manipulator, safety of unlicensed power to those who would speculate to the bitter end with the welfare and property of other people.

It must be confessed that while all this sounds hopeful, the words also have a latitude within which there is ample room for the success or failure of Mr. Roosevelt's objectives. A sentence like the following, while admirable in purport, is almost nullified by its enfeebling phrasing:

I believe that we are at the threshold of a fundamental change in our economic thought. I believe that in the future we are going to think less about the producer and more about the consumer. Do what we may to inject health into our ailing economic order, we cannot make it endure for long unless we can bring about a wiser, more equitable distribution of the national income.

Under the most rigorous interpretation of Mr. Roosevelt's conceptions and implied pledges, the old idea of America as a land of greater promise and greater opportunity than any other nation on earth may still be realized. Liberals will share his belief that this may be achieved in consonance with Jefferson's ideals of civil liberty, and that economic equality may be attained without loss of political liberty. But all liberals must likewise feel that the issue today hangs distressfully in the balance. They will agree with President Roosevelt that "what is called 'radical' today . . . is mild compared to Wilson's Presidential campaign." Mr. Roosevelt himself expresses his doubt in these words: "If our present social order is to endure, it must prove itself worthy . . . within the next few years."

Possibly within the next few months.

ERNEST GRUENING

A Chassidic Chronicle

The Sinner. By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. Liveright. \$2.50.

LITERATURE, if it lives long enough, ultimately becomes archaeology, and literary excavations are far more revealing than ruined cities. It is the peculiar fate of Yiddish literature to become archaeology in the lifetime of its authors. For Yiddish culture—that is, the language and the way of life and the psychology it has produced—is disintegrating before our eyes. Whatever metamorphosis the protean Jewish soul may undergo in the future, it cannot inhabit its present body very much longer. A contemporary Yiddish novel has an almost posthumous quality at birth, and apart from its value as a work of art it already has interest for us as a social document.

This novel, original of "Yoshe Kalb," the Yiddish Art Theater success, has unusual value as a social document, though it is no mean achievement as fiction. It is a colorful pageant of East European Yiddish mores, of all the apocryphal little customs and superstitions that individualize a race and a religion. But they are set down so incidentally that never for a moment is one aware of that false-face, papier-mache picturesqueness that is the besetting sin of Jewish genre novels in English. If the Yiddish type is passing, Yiddish literature can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that it remains as a chronicle.

"The Sinner" takes one right into the heart of the pre-war Yiddish Mittel-Europa, a network of predominantly Jewish towns stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The main

locale is the court of Rabbi Melech, a Chassidic potentate who from his capital in Nyesheve, Galicia, ruled over myriads of spiritual retainers throughout the Hapsburg and Romanov empires. Nahum, the rabbi's young son-in-law, a delicate, ascetic boy who lives in a realm of cabalistic mysticism, is seduced by Malkah, the lusty old rabbi's latest bride. Overwhelmed with guilt, the boy abandons his wife and disappears. For years he wanders through the world, a saintly simpleton, a sort of Jewish "divine fool," known only by the nickname of Yoshe Kalb, which is the Yiddish for Simple Simon. After fifteen years he turns up at Rabbi Melech's court and identifies himself to his wife and his father-in-law. His saintliness bids fair to win him the rabbinate succession, when a visiting rabbi from a distant town recognizes him as Yoshe Kalb, and moreover husband of the half-witted daughter of the local beadle, to whom he had been forcibly married in a gruesome ceremony in the cemetery, to allay the plague. The climax of the novel is the solemn trial of the mysterious simpleton by a synedron of seventy great rabbis.

While the grasping, libidinous Rabbi Melech and the other Chassidic types of the book are individually authentic one might take issue with the one-sided picture of Chassidism which the author conveys. Chassidism is a Jewish revivalist movement of the eighteenth century. Like Christianity, an earlier manifestation of Chassidism, it arose as a revolt against the spiritual formalism of rabbinical Judaism. Chassidism taught that religion was not a duty but a joy, that in fact sadness was the supreme sin and happiness the supreme virtue. In the Chassidic synagogues Judaism became a delightful folk-dance and the Torah a romping hoyden. Ultimately Chassidism, like Christianity, degenerated into a superstitious formalism of its own, exploited by dynasties of wonder-working "saints." But though most of the "saints" were unscrupulous charlatans, their humble followers retained much of the pristine innocence of the movement, and their holiday Judaism, strangely akin to the intimate physical faith of the Negro spirituals, was a religious idyl in direct descent from the "lilies of the field." The author has hardly indicated this side of Chassidism.

It may be remarked that the novel is vastly superior to its vulgarized stage adaptation. Maurice Samuel has done a sensitive translation.

ALTER BRODY

The Beginnings of Tomorrow

In Place of Profit. By Harry F. Ward. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

The Beginnings of Tomorrow. By Herbert A. Miller. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

STALIN said recently: "Our immediate task is to make all collectivized peasants well-to-do. Yes, comrades, well-to-do." Thunderous applause from the congress of collectivized peasants to whom this statement was made. But, he added, not through the exploitation of one by another. "All go up together or none go up," as Harry Ward puts it. Everybody has to work to achieve this goal. "Sometimes," Stalin declared, "people say: If there is socialism why should we still work? We worked before; we work now. Isn't it time we quit working?" "No," was Stalin's reply, "socialism is built on labor. . . . Socialism demands that all men work honestly, not for others, not for the rich, not for the exploiters, but for themselves, for society."

This is the new labor incentive which Professor Ward has made the theme of a thought-provoking book. He went to Russia and lived with peasants and workers for many months investigating the single central problem: What induces Soviet citizens to exert themselves? He discovered, first of all, the

same individual incentive that we know so well in the capitalist world. Through the wide application of piece work, which, it may be hoped, will gradually be abandoned because it is not always conducive to efficiency and rarely to a higher morality, compensation in the Soviet Union varies in accordance with the quality and quantity of the individual's efforts. Though the compensation is limited by steeply graduated income taxes and for the Communist, by the party maximum—so that Stalin earns less than many factory hands—each person in Russia today works as hard and as much as he physically can. The difficult struggle for a living puts a premium on bigger incomes which can be used to acquire more necessities and comforts. The inventor, moreover, as Ward shows, is paid for his inventions. And the Communist is rewarded by the knowledge that he is contributing to the establishment of a new social order. Under present circumstances, therefore, no one's personal incentive or initiative is destroyed by the impossibility of getting rich or of becoming a capitalist.

But—and here is the reason for Ward's volume—the Bolsheviks have added to this universal individual propulsion to work a new factor—the social incentive. As a motive for a whole nation this is a unique phenomenon in all history. The operation of this novel incentive, Dr. Ward seeks to demonstrate, increases individual productivity and justifies Prime Minister Molotov's boast that "capitalism can and will be finally defeated by the fact that socialism will give rise to a new and much higher productivity of labor."

How does the social incentive function? In an efficient collective village—now that confiscatory grain collections have been abolished—it must become obvious to the naked eye of every mujik that honest effort improves the crop and raises his living standard directly and immediately. He cannot help realizing that since no capitalists or landowners or usurers are on the scene, nobody is in a position to skim off part of his or the collective's income. He knows therefore that when he works for the good of the collective he works for himself. There is, consequently, every convincing reason for supposing that the Soviet collectivized farmer will be at least as ambitious and ultimately as prosperous as the American capitalist farmer who pays a considerable share of his yield to the banker, the mortgagee, and the distributor. Perhaps, then, Stalin's aim of making all *kolhoz* members well-to-do in two or three years is not an idle dream.

It cannot be as apparent to the Soviet workingman that the "surplus value" produced by his factory accrues to himself. Industry is more complicated and interdependent. Dr. Ward asserts, nevertheless, that the worker in Russia is learning that "from the acceptance of mutual dependence comes independence of want and fear." He contends that factory employees see the profit of industry being converted into more commodities, more educational facilities, and more social benefits. It cannot be otherwise, since no capitalist first carries off part of the values created by the plant. If, in the end, socialism proves more efficient than capitalism, with its periodic depressions, waste through overlapping and planlessness, and its costly competition and advertising, the Soviet worker will have gained all and lost nothing. Meanwhile, the elimination of the insecurity which plagues life in bourgeois countries has, according to Dr. Ward, already been achieved. He shows how. Dr. Frankwood Williams makes the same point elsewhere and suggests that this relief from the fear of a rainy day and an uncertain future has reduced mental diseases in the Soviet Union to a negligible minimum.

There is much general information in Harry Wood's book about Bolshevik principles and practice. The stress is on the interpretation of soviet ideology. Too few books on Russia have done this in the past. Too many are travelogues or social photographs.

An interesting relationship exists between Dr. Ward's book

and Professor Miller's. It is Ward who writes on Miller's topic, "The Beginnings of Tomorrow," while Miller actually registers the break-up of yesterday. His volume covers a tremendous field and reflects much travel and culture. It takes in China, India, Russia, and most other Asiatic countries, as well as religions, revolutions, and rival sociologies. In the author's mind, it seems, realism and receptiveness to new ideas mingle strangely with mysticism, psychological determinism, and unbridled individualism. The thesis of the book is that Asia and Africa are awakening, and that the West must be on its guard. Such a thesis assumes the truth of Kipling's "East is East and West is West." But the rigid demarcation of the poet of imperialism is non-existent. With Western capitalism entrenched in Asia and Africa; with an indigenous bourgeoisie developing in India, China, Turkey, Persia, and Egypt; with Japan, an Eastern Power, now exhibiting Western "culture" in Manchuria; and with bolshevism westernizing a semi-Asiatic nation, the need is not for the geographical politics of the German "Geo-Politik" school to which Professor Miller owes much of his inspiration. The need is for a basis of interpretation which, without overlooking racial and geographical differences, will see the unity of the capitalist world instead of its continental and national divisions.

LOUIS FISCHER

Was Jackson a Democrat?

Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.75.

WHY another life of Washington, Jackson, or Lincoln? is the natural inquiry as each new biography of those much-, not to say, over-studied national heroes comes from the press in a fashion not unlike Ford cars rolling out from the assembly line. The burden of proof is upon the author always, and a plea of *nolo contendere* is usually the most convincing answer we can extract. But not in this case. Here the reply is full, sufficient, and convincing.

Bernard DeVoto, in a penetrating—and devastating—essay in the January *Harpers*, while discussing the new biography for for which he hopes, thus characterizes it:

His result lacks brilliance. It is without the certainty of the ignorant and the psychological—the certainty that is the unmistakable hallmark of the theorist's cocksureness. It is without the ingenious nonsense of the interpreter. It is without the invective of the debunker . . . It is without teaching, without preaching . . . It will not make life seem easier to optimists and has no bearing on reform or revolution. It is only an intelligent man's efforts to deal with facts. It is a faulty, imperfect picture, a blurred image, an uncompleted map. But such as it is, it is trustworthy; it looks towards reality. It establishes part of a pattern, makes out some lines of the obscured page, recovers something from the past. Like other controlled and tested knowledge, it is usable. . . . It is an effort in the direction of truth.

It is not too much to say that this study of Jackson's pre-Presidential career, bringing him to 1824, is all of this and more, for it has more than a touch of brilliance. Mr. James, as he has already demonstrated, can write with grace and power. This book is not written, to quote Mr. DeVoto again, "with something between a bath sponge and an ax."

Following on the heels, as it does, of many predecessors, the story is not a rehash of familiar material but is fresh and original. No previous biographer of Jackson has so closely studied every variety of available evidence on the subject, and at the same time walked so carefully in Jackson's steps in order fully to familiarize himself with the whole scene of action. He has

used new evidence, improved on previous use of the old, and profitably and frankly made excellent use of the volumes of earlier biographers, acknowledging his chief indebtedness, first to Parton and then to Bassett. With infinite pains he has sought to settle forever certain controverted matters, some of them of slight importance. For example, one of the most humorous of historical disputes is that between South Carolina and North Carolina over Jackson's birthplace. Mr. James, in a discussion of the matter in his notes where he marshals the conflicting evidence in some thousands of words, reaches the fairly safe, though unproved, conclusion that he was born in South Carolina, but like most of those who have written on the subject fails to call attention to the fact that where Jackson went was far more important than where he came from, for if he had remained in South Carolina or North Carolina it is scarcely conceivable that we should have occasion to study him at all, much less to quarrel about his birthplace. But the scrupulous care of the author in this matter is characteristic of his documentation and elaborate notes, which with their wealth of detail give completeness to the picture, as well as confidence in the accuracy of the work.

The Andrew Jackson here portrayed is not a new one—such a thing could not be expected—but he appears in far clearer delineation, while here and there new features and characteristics present themselves. In face of the evidence it can scarcely be maintained hereafter that Jackson himself ever acquired any taint of democracy. He could and did use the people, and while he probably never accepted the Hamiltonian doctrine with respect to them, he almost certainly felt as little kinship with them as Hamilton himself. A more selfish Jackson here stalks—Jackson, apparently, always stalked—along various highways, all of them leading with his full intention to the magnifying of Andrew Jackson. His enemies—and of course those of his country—were those who disagreed with him, stood in his way, or failed to concede his primacy. High-tempered, often ill-tempered, implacable in his resentments, and not free from bloodthirst where his opponents were concerned, he is not always highly admirable, but he is none the less uniformly fascinating.

A few minor errors have been noted, but none that bear upon the author's conclusions. The chief value of the volume lies in the fact that it is the first elaborate and exhaustive study of Jackson, based on documentary evidence, that is readable, fascinatingly so. "Scientific" biography evidently can be also truly pleasing entertainment.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

A Communist Colony

Amana That Was and Amana That Is. By Bertha M. H. Shambaugh. The State Historical Society of Iowa. \$3.50.

MRS. SHAMBAUGH has written before—in 1908—about Amana, that extraordinarily interesting German communist colony which has been settled in one of the most fertile sections of Iowa since 1855. The present volume is an expansion of her earlier work. It has been altogether the most successful communist experiment in the United States. It has lived, on the whole, harmoniously and prosperously. It has become famous for some of its manufactures, notably its woolen blankets. It retains even today its German characteristics, including a distinctive dress and the use of the German language alongside of English. Under the pressure of circumstances, however, it has now considerably changed its communistic character. It now pays wages, permits its members to own their houses, and has in other respects yielded to the lure of private property. Yet it is still distinctly communistic in many of its aspects, and it is interesting to note that even in these hard times

there is no unemployment there. Mrs. Shambaugh has written with an obviously high respect for the members of Amana, acquired by many years of observation and nearby residence, and her book is fully documented. On the other hand, it must be said that she has not touched except very delicately upon the weak side of the community and the frailties of a section of its membership. She has also not touched upon the indignities and suspicions to which these worthy men and women were subjected during the World War merely because they were of German origin. Their nearly seventy years of residence in Iowa, with their extraordinary record of law-abiding loyalty and their amazingly high general level of character, did not protect them from revolting hundred-per-cent-American persecutions.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

City of the Angels

Los Angeles: A History with Side-Shows. By Morrow Mayo. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE publisher's blurb on the dust-jacket of Mr. Mayo's book describes the career of Los Angeles as "fantastic, entertaining, and interesting," which is putting it mildly, to say the least. With equal restraint it might have said that the history of the City of the Angels, from General Gaspar de Portola to Sister Aimee Semple McPherson, has been grotesque, preposterous, weird, bizarre, or what have you? Mr. Mayo appears to have been particularly struck by the madness which has accompanied the growth of the Western metropolis; although he devoted several years to collecting and studying the material which went into this work, he is still, if one is to judge by his comments, scarcely able to believe it.

But at any rate here is an account of Los Angeles from its founding to the present, aptly subtitled "A History with Side-Shows," and entertainingly set down by a capable journalist with a flair for the pungent phrase. Mr. Mayo has quite obviously done an immense lot of research, and has observed the gyrations of the Angelinos with an understanding eye. And from his labors has come a volume which the student of American phenomena will find invaluable. There is nothing in it that is not of absorbing interest, and there is a great deal that is amazing and almost unbelievable. So far as my knowledge extends, it is the first honest and unbiased history of the weirdest municipality on earth—not really a city, but a huge collection of villages which Mr. Mayo describes as "an artificial city which has been pumped up under forced draught, inflated like a balloon, stuffed with rural humanity like a goose with corn." Mr. Mayo's is far too truthful a book to be popular in California, although San Franciscans should enjoy it; and there is no likelihood that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will strike off a special edition and make it even a minor note in the unceasing clamor about the glories of Southern California. Nor will it find favor in the eyes of the All-Year Club, probably the greatest booster organization in the United States, which recently announced that in one four-month period it had published more than 90,000,000 separate advertisements, all devoted to spreading the gospel of more and better climate.

The reader will find in Mr. Mayo's book plenty of what is called straight history, for he gives names, dates, and carefully authenticated facts concerning every important event, from that day in August, 1769, when General Portola stuck his sword in a bit of mesa land and decreed that on that spot should rise the town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels, through the period when Los Angeles was widely known as the Hell-Hole of the West and was without doubt the wickedest town on the American continent, down to and including the triumphs of Sister McPherson, the Queen of the Evangelists. But the stories of

the side-shows give the real picture of Los Angeles and its amazing history. Mr. Mayo omits none of them; he describes in fascinating detail the rise of the city's suburbs, Pasadena and its plutocrats, Hollywood and its movie stars, Venice and its imported gondoliers, the great land boom which paved the way for the modern city, and the amazing ballyhoo which is constantly maintained in full cry by the Chamber of Commerce and other booster organizations. As Mr. Mayo points out, Los Angeles is regarded by the Angelinos as "a commodity, something to be advertised and sold to the people of the United States like automobiles, cigarettes, and mouth washes." He closes his book with a careful summary of the city as it is today, and speculates briefly but entertainingly upon its future. He doubts that Los Angeles will ever become the great nerve center of the Pacific Coast that its boosters confidently expect it to be. He believes that the climate is against it, and that once the influx of people from harsher and more invigorating climates has stopped, Los Angeles will cease its bellowing and abandon its go-getter habits, and become, as nature intended, a slow and dreamy town. And a good thing, too.

Whatever the future may hold for Los Angeles, it is today as Mr. Mayo clearly shows, only a gigantic municipal circus sprawling over 442 square miles (more than any other city in the world, of course) between the desert and the deep blue sea. Only America could have spawned it, but could even America produce another? In the immortal language of a Hollywood movie mogul, "I can tell you in two words, impossible."

HERBERT ASBURY

Russians Don't Assassinate

Ivan the Terrible. By Stephen Graham. Yale University Press. \$3.

There is a certain ingredient of good character which in English is called "pluck." There is no Russian equivalent for it.

There was no chivalry, no French insincerity of polished manners. On the other hand there was no conscious rectitude as of the English.

The Russian fighting character was that of the wolf pack which waits and harasses and snarls and retreats and returns always reinforced.

But the Russians, passive to fate, have ever proved pitifully incapable of assassinating those who oppressed them. The belligerent, cruel, vigorous Ivan was safer than an idealist would have been. For slaves and Slavs require a tyrant to rule over them.

PERHAPS this exhibit is enough to indicate how prejudiced and untrustworthy Mr. Graham is on any subject dealing with Russia and her history. It is true that he has spent several years in the country and familiarized himself with its literature. But he is an excellent example of the traveler who rolls over the globe in his own impenetrable little microcosm. In the composition of his shell these two elements are present—a smug English sense of superiority to alien races, and the idea, so pleasant to the English imperialist, of the Russian as the bear that walks like a man.

During the World War Mr. Graham in his surpassing wisdom reassured his English and American public that there could never be a revolution in Russia because the peasants loved their "little father" with a great and simple love. In spite of the long roll of Nihilist political assassinations Mr. Graham assures us in the phrases quoted above that "the Russians, passive to fate, have ever proved pitifully incapable of assassinating those who oppressed them," Mr. Graham's implication being that the present regime in Russia endures because of this incapacity. The Russian people's tolerance of Ivan and his cruelty

given no other explanation, though a very obvious explanation at hand.

In Russia as in other European nations the struggle between the nobility and the throne for supreme power was very bitter. Royalty was by no means universally victorious. Royalty usually allied itself with the emergent bourgeoisie to crush the nobility. Because of his terrified childhood, when he had been maltreated by the proud Boyars, Ivan's struggle against the Boyars had a psychopathic quality. But his cruelty was not directionless, as Mr. Graham implies. Most of his victims were from the aristocracy, whose oppression of all the lower classes had been so merciless that they could watch its sufferings with indifference and even with satisfaction. The expansion east and south and the development of trade under Ivan brought good times to the lower classes during at least a large part of his reign. This explanation makes clear both the motive for Ivan's errorization of the aristocracy and the popular acquiescence in his rule. Ignoring it, Mr. Graham is obliged to present Ivan in the guise of a mad butcher and the Russian people as cattle.

Mr. Graham's English interest leads him to give disproportionate attention to the commercial relations between England and Russia which began in Ivan's reign. Ivan is represented as being hastened to his death by his failure to acquire an English wife.

It is a little astonishing that the Yale University Press should give its imprimatur to a book that, though its names and dates are correct, is in the essentials of calm historical writing so unscholarly.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Shorter Notices

Papa La Fleur. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.

In Miss Gale's slender and slow-moving story of Papa La Fleur, the lovable old bee-keeper who lived, as if in another world, on an island near Portage, Wisconsin, there is an intensity of evocation, a wealth of sensuous impression, that require the greatest collaboration on the part of the reader. Verging perilously near in this novelette to effects which might be compared to the slowly elaborated, sentimental photography in a motion picture by D. W. Griffith, Miss Gale justifies her method by her unusual sensitivity to the beauties of landscape, and the exquisiteness of her writing. To enjoy the book to the fullest, one must give oneself up to it, consciously accept her objective to evoke the mood of the island and a picture of life still simple and heroic, and read with all one's senses. Strangely enough, one wishes that Miss Gale had not observed such reticence in constructing her plot. While the ending—Papa La Fleur's death in the waters of his native river—is a foregone conclusion, a necessary climax to the mood and tempo of the story, one is somehow disappointed to learn that Linnie's running off to Chicago with the stranger was an innocent escapade. The general atmosphere of the story could well have assimilated a melodramatic plot, and might even be said to require it as part of the pictorial effect.

Outside Eden. By J. C. Squire. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.40.

In these eleven short stories, designed for the most part to hit off the foibles of British authors, journalists, and critics, Mr. Squire pokes such devastating fun at the book reviewers—their rhetoric, their clichés, their guilelessness—that he is likely to leave them all in a state of paralyzed embarrassment, unable to train their customary flow of verbiage on his own work. However, one notes that the London *Observer's* comment on "Outside Eden" is in the very vein of book-reviewing that Mr. Squire so adroitly satirizes: "Here, in short, is a rich and various and

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jolly volume," and so on. The book cannot, therefore, be the first warning of that massacre which all reviewers subconsciously dread, or even the beginning of a movement to legislate them out of existence. Apparently Mr. Squire wishes them to live; so that, fetching a deep sigh of relief, one proceeds as usual: "Without indulging in morbid probings into the underlying motivations of human behavior, Mr. Squire reveals a deft talent for catching the superficial aspects of humanity, and for satirizing the literary branch in particular. Prof. Gubbitt's Revolution is a masterpiece of its kind. In this witty fantasy Mr. Squire is at his best, revealing his sly talent for making writers and critics mildly ridiculous, by turning their own clichés back on them with impish disrespect." *Stet.*

Music

"Pierrot Lunaire"

WITH the recent repetitions of two important works the League of Composers has crowned ten years of rich and varied activity on behalf of "debatable music." One of them, the Bloch Quintet, had its first performance, by Mr. Harold Bauer and the Lenox quartet, at the first concert of the league, in 1924. Their recent reunion to play it again at a league concert could only remind us that the work has long since emerged from the debatable category to establish for itself a secure and important place. Of the other, Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," much worse could be and has been said than that it has not emerged from the debatable limbo.

"Pierrot Lunaire" appeared in 1912, and has been more widely produced than any other large work of Schönberg's. It is a musical setting, for half a dozen assorted instruments and *Sprechgesang* (speech-song), of twenty-one poems by Albert Giraud, translated into German by Hartleben—the translator of Dowson. The text is so characteristic of the weakest post-romantic verse that it has been suspected, and Schönberg with it, of satiric intent. The voice part is written out in notes, but Schönberg carefully says on the flyleaf of the score that the part is not to be sung, nor is it to be simply spoken: the singer is to keep strictly to the notated rhythm, and to attack the indicated pitches—immediately leaving them, however, as in speech. *Sprechgesang* is a device which Schönberg and others have used extensively, and it was one of the most-discussed features of "Pierrot Lunaire." But instead of being a revolutionary departure, it is hardly more than the development to its logical, or absurd, conclusion of a tendency already conspicuous in the works of Wagner—the tendency of song to depart from the strictly musical line and approximate excited speech, from which, according to one theory, it originally sprang. The atavism was carried as far by Wagner as it should have been. For the best singers keep even the most difficult Wagner passages from being unmusically shouted, while the voice part of "Pierrot Lunaire" must be much more spoken than sung. Mina Hager, who spoke-sang it at the league's performance, seemed to do it full justice. But the result was much like Moissi's too well-remembered inflections. And the combination of musical and unmusical sounds is usually unsatisfactory.

Many of the comments which have swarmed in the wake of "Pierrot Lunaire" seemed more important before the recent performance than they do now; the effect of the work in performance is flat. Huneker's phrase, "the ecstasy of the hideous," seems as if he must have written it after struggling with the score rather than after listening to the work. Now, at any rate, it seems entirely inappropriate to this attempt to mix old wines—of vintages from 1500 to 1900—in new bottles. So

does the enthusiasm with which various commentators greet "Der Mondfleck" (No. 18 of the "Pierrot Lunaire" set). It consists of two simultaneous canons, both of which turn about in the middle and go backwards by the "cancrizans" device, accompanied by an independent three-part fugue—a piece of extreme intricacy, which has been likened to Bach's "Art of the Fugue." But what makes the most intricate of Bach's structure important is not their intricacy alone, but their intricacy *within the limitations* of laws of consonance and tonality. And when Wellesz writes that "this extremely intricate construction is not an end in itself, but is conditioned by the text: 'With a white spot of the bright moon falling on the back of his black coat—thus Pierrot makes his promenade in the cool evening,'" he is simply matching an ecstasy of the intricate with an ecstasy of the absurd. Schönberg writing this intricate polyphonic piece free from the limitations of tonality and consonance is like an architect designing an intricate structure "free from the limitations" of gravity and other stresses. And the absence of the limitations, and especially the speed of this piece, keep even an attentive and forewarned listener from being conscious even of the intricacy—much less of any relation between it and the text.

The League of Composers by its stated purpose must expect of course, that little of the music it produces will turn out to be permanently important. Most of the music of any age—the 1920's certainly not excepted—is doomed to be forgotten. The league is to be congratulated when a work it has sponsored turns out to be a masterpiece, like the Bloch Quintet; it is certainly not to be censured when "Pierrot Lunaire" seems to have been a dud. For the league can be judged not by the intrinsic value of the music it produces, but only by the catholicity and adequacy with which it brings forward all forms of debatable music. And in its ten years of performing that function it has certainly made a record unsurpassed by any similar organization anywhere.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

Values Once Again

IN a stimulating article in the current *Symposium*, Dwight MacDonald offers a running commentary on the work of seven Hollywood directors—Griffith, Vidor, Mamoulian, D'Arrast, King, and the "two Lubitsches." The trouble that Mr. MacDonald finds with most of them is that despite a sometimes exceptional technical proficiency they believe in nothing, their work is unmotivated by that "driving passion" which we associate with the true artist. Only David Wark Griffith had something to say, and the courage to say it in the face of both the producer and the public. Such pictures as "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation" really owed their power to Mr. Griffith's passionate absorption in "abstract ideas." None of his successors, except Von Stroheim in "Greed," has had either the belief or the courage to turn out anything surpassing in importance the technical exercise or, in Eisenstein's phrase, the Ph.D. thesis. Many convincing examples are offered to show the strange disparity between the infantilism of theme and subject in recent American pictures and the frequent competence or pretentiousness with which they are directed. The vigorous exposé of Rouben Mamoulian (who is called "The Thief of Hollywood") almost coincides with the revival by the Film Society of that director's "Applause." The over-elaborate symbolism applied to the tawdry melodrama of that picture, it may be said, seemed even more grotesque than in Mr. MacDonald's description of it. And Mr. MacDonald is in agreement with this column that Henry King's "State Fair" was one of the season's

most irritating failures because so much good incidental direct-
g was wasted on a wholly sentimental and distorted version of
rrent American farm life.

But there is something perhaps a little unfair in all this
nunciation of the American cinema for a fault or a limitation
hich it shares, after all, with every other branch of art in our
me. In the first place, an ardent sincerity of conviction ex-
pressed with mastery of form and technique is rarely enough to
e found in any field of art in any period. In view of the new-
ess of the medium, the special practical difficulties surrounding
the miracle is that we get as many excellent pictures as we
—and the average has been as high as two or three a year.
ut the more important fact that Mr. MacDonald seems to
more is the extreme difficulty for all the arts today of discov-
ing in life itself values that are strong enough or universally
ough accepted to stand up under artistic expression. The
nema, like the other arts, deals with experience, not with ab-
tract "beliefs," ideas, or standards. It reflects these of course,
ut only to the extent that they are actually operative in the
ving experience of an age. If Hollywood directors still trade
n the debased sentimentality and romanticism that survive an
arlier set of values, the fault is not so much with them as with
ontemporary life itself, which has so far failed to provide any
alues potent enough to be reflected in art. That the artist
ust believe in something, one is inclined to agree, but not with
Mr. MacDonald's next statement—"it doesn't matter what."
Neither the naive patriotism of Griffith nor the toilsome natural-
ism of Von Stroheim has survived, because as values both were
ound inadequate. And as for communism, we have seen too
many lamentable results of the effort to hasten the process by
which dogma becomes assimilated with life to be persuaded that
that process can be artificially encouraged.

WILLIAM TROY

Drama

Loyalty and Passion

MISS SUSAN GLASPELL'S experience as a playwright
goes all the way back to the early days of the Wash-
ington Square Players. Many still remember the gay
little satire on Freudianism which she wrote then under the
title of "Suppressed Desires" and also the later, more ambitious
drama "The Verge," whose elusive symbolism was strangely
fascinating even when it was not entirely comprehensible. Yet
despite this long experience Miss Glaspell's skill has continued
to grow, very slowly but very surely. "Inheritors" seemed to me
rather more admirable in intention than in achievement, and it
was not until "Alison's House" won the Pulitzer prize two years
ago that she came anywhere near to a popular success. Now
"The Comic Artist," written in conjunction with Norman Mat-
son and presented at the Morosco Theater, seems to me to be in
many ways the most surely as well as the most maturely written
of her plays.

This time Miss Glaspell has abandoned all reliance upon
the topical interest of her subject matter, and has chosen a story
whose outline is commonplace enough. The younger of two de-
voted brothers has married a vain and selfish girl who had once
been the mistress of the other. He knows and has accepted the
fact, but when the two come on a visit to the lonely Cape Cod
studio where the older brother has settled down with his wife,
the ex-mistress manages for a moment to stir the old embers
into flame. The indiscretion of the two old lovers is discovered,
and the pattern of four lives is, for the time being at least, com-
pletely destroyed. Such a story might, of course, be made into

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anything or nothing, but Miss Glaspell has made it seem freshly real by the vividness of her character drawing and of her atmosphere. She is concerned less with the situation itself or even with its general implications than with its meaning for four very specific temperaments. The question is a question of relative values, of loyalty versus passion, of the bright vivid joys of the moment versus the duller, though more solid, satisfaction which habit and harmony build into contentment. But the question cannot be answered abstractly. It is a question of who is sacrificing what to what, of how capable each is of ecstasy on the one hand or of contentment on the other. And Miss Glaspell's achievement consists in the fact that she has developed the whole situation in terms of four diverse but individual persons. The result is, accordingly, something as far from the mere problem play as it is from that melodrama which it might, of course, so easily have been. What one gets is a rich and subtle study in character, with a powerful presentation of the workings of strong feeling in persons intelligent enough and fine enough to make strong feeling significant. That, incidentally, is something the importance of which dramatic writers seem often to forget. They seek violent actions and "strong" situations. They overlook the fact that neither is very impressive unless the persons involved have perceptions delicate enough really to feel the force of the events in which they have become involved.

On the whole "The Comic Artist" is also very well played, with Blanche Yurka and Lora Baxter as the two women and Richard Hale and Robert Allen as the two men. I wish therefore that I could predict for it a success equal to what it really deserves, but candor compels me to confess that I very much doubt whether it will be playing by the time this notice appears. These days fortune is not usually very kind to serious plays as lacking as this in either topical interest or sensational qualities, and the difficult business of getting audiences into playhouses is

not usually accomplished by promising them merely intelligence, literary quality, and that particular brooding intensity which are the chief things Miss Glaspell has to offer. The difficulty is in part inherent in the dramatic form itself, which is best adapted to somewhat more obviously striking qualities, but the tendency of our own particular theater is to heighten it. Half our serious plays are "news" of one kind or another and undertake to give us the inside story of something, whether it be back-stage life or behind the scenes with a city editor. Half of the remaining half are scandalous, technically showy, or in some other way sensational. We have become so inured to noise and to sp that we find it difficult to hear quiet beauty or to taste delicate flavors.

Since "The Three-Penny Opera" has disappeared from the boards, I shall not carry out my threat to discuss it at length, but I cannot refrain from repeating that this deliberately perverted version of "The Beggar's Opera" struck me as something decidedly worth seeing for its savage humor. Of course it was not intended to be very much like Gay's opus. That is pervaded by a jolly sort of roast-beef and hearts-of-oak brutality, while "The Three-Penny Opera" is unmistakably a product of Germany's despairing morbidity. The method, with its mixture of styles and its continually broken rhythms, was that of a kind of dada or surréalisme, and it was cynical with the cynicism of hopelessness, but, so far at least as I am concerned, it got under the skin. Consider, for example, the wandering soliloquy of the czar of the begging racket upon the essentials of his profession: "The rulers of the world can create misery but they can't be seen to look at it. A man who has always had plenty to eat and drink will always will have plenty, simply cannot endure to see another man faint of hunger—that is, of course, if he does it on his doorstep." If that, in its grotesque setting, is not a telling speech, then I have lost my judgment. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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15

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1933

No. 3541

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	541
EDITORIALS:	
Prairie Fire	544
Put People to Work!	545
German Labor in Ruins	545
Pearl Buck, Heretic	546
CARTOON. THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS. By Georges	547
"GUARANTEED" MORTGAGES. By Benedict A. Leerburger	548
TAX-FREE CITIES. PUBLIC PROFIT FROM MUNICIPAL	
POWER. By Louis Bartlett	550
THE HITLER MYTH—A FORECAST. By Oscar Jászi	553
THE COLLEGES RENOUNCE WAR. By Harold Seidman	554
TRAVELING LIGHT. II. MORE THAN SIGHT-SEEING. By	
John Rothschild	555
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	556
MR. LEWISOHN RAISES A STORM	557
OTHER CORRESPONDENCE	559
BOOKS, DRAMA, ART:	
Roots. By Ruth Lechlitner	561
Adultery in Cambridge. By Joseph Wood Krutch	561
Why We Lynch. By Walter White	561
A Pious Gesture. By Arthur Warner	562
What Gandhi Thinks. By Richard B. Gregg	562
Bandholtz Among the Barons. By Rosika Schwimmer	563
M. Herriot's Beethoven. By Ray C. B. Brown	563
T. H. Morgan on Evolution. By Benjamin Ginzburg	564
Shorter Notices	564
Drama: Art and Pleasure. By Joseph Wood Krutch	566
Films: Camera Wit. By William Troy	567
Art: The Clinical Eye. By Anita Brenner	568
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	568

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CAN CONGRESS or the President do nothing to correct the scandalous situation that has arisen in the life-insurance field? We recognize that the Supreme Court has held that insurance cannot in any sense be regarded as "commerce," and therefore the insurance business is not subject to federal regulation. But the activities of the big companies have in recent months become a national scandal. On March 10 the Life Underwriters' Association of New York City stated that "despite the depression the current income of life-insurance companies was 50 per cent more than is needed to pay all death claims, maturing endowments, and annuities, together with payment of loans on policies or surrender for their cash value." Yet the companies have clamped down on all loans and cash-surrender payments, and have reduced dividends paid to policy-holders at the same time that they have increased salaries and commissions to officers and employees. Some companies frankly admit that their moratoriums on surrender payments violate established contract rights, if not also the laws of various States, and cynically add that the question of contract rights "will prob-

ably be settled in the courts." In other words, the policyholder must go to the extraordinary expense of hauling the company into court if he would collect money legally due him. There is other evidence of widespread illegality and corruption throughout the insurance field. It is useless to look to the State insurance departments to break up this racket, for most of them are the creatures of the big companies. The rights of 60,000,000 policy-holders are at stake. Are Congress and the White House going to sit idly by while the insurance ring continues to cheat and defraud these policy-holders?

THE Reconstruction Finance Corporation would be forbidden under the terms of a bill the Senate has just passed "to make, renew, or extend any loan . . . if at the time of making, renewing, or extending such loan any officer, director, or employee of the applicant is receiving compensation at a rate of \$17,500 per annum." The term "compensation" is defined to mean "any salary, fee, bonus, commission, or other payment, direct or indirect, in money or otherwise, for personal services." This limitation should have been placed in the original Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act. It can be pointed out, of course, that under it virtually every large bank, railroad, and insurance company in the country would be barred from receiving help from the R. F. C. But it is precisely that which makes this amendment so necessary. There is no earthly reason why one of these giant corporations should come to Washington pleading distress and asking for a loan while it continues to pay salaries and bonuses running in many individual cases into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Senate measure as originally introduced was directed only at insurance companies, some of which had recently increased the exorbitant salaries they were already paying, as *The Nation* pointed out in its issue of April 26. But in the course of the debate on the floor the bill was amended to include all corporations that might apply for loans or have already obtained loans. There is every likelihood that the Senate bill will be approved both by the House and the President. It should be.

THE RAYBURN MEASURE to safeguard investors through federal regulation of the sale of securities is limited to new offerings of securities, but within its scope it is a thorough piece of constructive legislation. The disclosures which it requires are much more sweeping and revealing than those required under the bill pending in the Senate. It borrows from British experience, generously but not slavishly. It commands a full and truthful statement, not only of the position of the issuing company, but of the people behind the company. All commissions and expenses of the issue must be disclosed. The bill imposes the responsibility of a trustee in respect of the truth and adequacy of the selling statement, not only on the principal officer and directors, but also on the underwriters. It seeks to tear the veil from all management, bonus, and other contracts not made in the ordinary course of business, and goes far to break down the screen behind which the essential facts have been hidden

from the investors. It makes unlawful any public offering of securities until a full and complete registration statement has been on file with the Federal Trade Commission for a period of thirty days. During this period the statement is open to public scrutiny. This waiting period strikes straight at the jugular vein of high-pressure financial salesmanship. It will disturb the long-established habits of bankers accustomed to take the market and the unsuspecting investor on the wing. But it will protect the investing public and ultimately the issuing companies.

PRACTICALLY ALL United States government obligations specifically promise the payment of interest and principal in gold dollars of the same weight and fineness as those existing on the date that the obligations were contracted. Many of them were bought and are held today on the basis of that promise. For that reason it is regrettable to see our government deliberately breaking that promise in what is apparently a callous and cavalier manner. Certainly the type of defense that the President offered for the action in his radio speech was far from convincing. He remarked that the government had agreed "to redeem nearly thirty billions of its debts and its currency in gold" when it "knew full well that all of the gold in the United States amounted to only between three and four billions." Innocent investors, especially foreign holders of our bonds, will be inclined to ask why the promise was made in the first place, and why the latest issue of our government bonds makes the same promise. Europe will rightly regard the President's excuse as merely a technical quibble. What investors in our government bonds are asking for is payment not in the physical metal gold, but payment in gold values—i. e., payment sufficient to offset the existing depreciation of the dollar. The preservation of the government's credit is of the utmost importance. It does that credit no good for officials to repudiate our contracts and to offer unconvincing reasons. And what of the Congressmen who have been insisting that Europe pay us the last red cent of the war debts, on the ground that they are sacred obligations, and who have been getting so much satisfaction from calling the French welchers? Can we repudiate our gold clauses on the ground that it is impossible to live up to them, and then refuse to listen to the plea of European governments that they, too, are now unable to pay?

THE ADMINISTRATION'S emergency railroad bill can only be regarded with mixed feelings. During the World War the railroads were swamped with more traffic than they knew how to handle, and government control was adopted in order that the most essential traffic could move with the greatest possible speed. Today the problem of the railroads is precisely a lack of traffic. The new bill provides for a federal coordinator, not for the purpose of moving traffic and "releasing" men for an army or for other employment, but purely for the purpose of reducing expenses. Reducing expenses for the most part is a euphemism for laying off workers; and to lay off workers at present, when no other employment can in practice be found for them, can hardly be called desirable. There is surely an element of truth in the contention of the unions that the purpose of the new railroad bill is to protect the security holder at the expense of the worker. On the other hand, it is obviously

necessary that the less fortunate railroads be permitted to earn operating expenses if the workers on them are to continue to be employed at all. In the first three months of the present year, for example, seventy-three of the nation's leading railroads failed to earn as much as their expenses and taxes. The new bill will allow traffic to be allotted to the various railroads on the decisions of committees appointed by them in proportion to their respective mileage while the federal coordinator is to pass upon these decisions, rejecting them for his own if he finds them unsatisfactory. The new bill also repeals the futile "recapture" clause. Its new rule of rate-making is more flexible but at the same time much vaguer than the one it supersedes.

IN SPITE OF THE FLOOD of optimistic opinions from statesmen in all countries, the prospect for the success of the coming world economic conference seems to be growing darker instead of brighter. In view of the desperate need for prompt decisions, the proposed program of the conference as outlined recently by the London *Daily Telegraph* sounds appalling:

About three weeks will be occupied by public speeches by the heads of the delegations of the sixty-six invited Powers. . . . The conference will then go into committee, appointing technical subcommittees that may be in a position to report on the main specific problems by the beginning of August, when they will adjourn until after the September meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

Thus the prospect is that the world may be kept waiting for concrete results until Christmas. Already we are told that it will be impossible for President Roosevelt to obtain his proposed "tariff truce" with Great Britain until he has promised definitely to grant a moratorium on war debts. Even if the so-called tariff truce could be achieved, it would not mean any real truce in the sense of the suspension of existing tariff schedules, but merely an agreement not to raise these further before or during the conference. This is as if warring nations were to attempt to arrange an "armistice" providing that neither side would fire any more shots each day than they had already been firing. Nor does it add to one's sense of confidence to learn that former Governor James M. Cox of Ohio may be appointed not merely as one of the American delegates, but possibly "chairman for the greater part of the sessions." Governor Cox may be a good run-of-the-mill politician, but he has never revealed any particular knowledge or grasp of economic problems, nor has he ever distinguished himself as an international conciliator.

WE DID NOT TAKE SERIOUSLY reports, most of which emanated from Chinese sources, that the Russians and Japanese were moving troops in preparation for an armed conflict. More recent developments seem to confirm the view that Moscow and Tokio have been maneuvering for advantage in the impending negotiations regarding the Chinese Eastern Railway and Russia's attitude toward the new state of Manchukuo. Apparently authentic dispatches suggest that the Soviet government is at last ready to dispose of the Chinese Eastern Railway. This confirms the statement in *The Nation* of March 29 last, by Louis Fischer, that "if Moscow were offered \$100,000,000 for its share of the Chinese Eastern there would be an almost irresistible

tendency to accept." The Russians, according to the dispatches, have asked \$150,000,000. The Japanese are said to offer about \$20,000,000. At the beginning of a transaction the two parties start far apart in order to come close together at a subsequent stage. The sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway cannot remain an isolated fact. It would ultimately involve de jure recognition of Manchukuo by the Soviet government and acceptance of Japan's forceful annexation of new and vast Chinese territories. We cannot believe that this is to Russia's taste. It certainly is not in Russia's, or China's, or America's interest.

THE STATUS OF MANCHURIA, and particularly of the Chinese Eastern Railway, has always been of moment to the United States. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1929 Stanley K. Hornbeck, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the State Department, said, apropos the Chinese Eastern and South Manchuria railways: "These lines, therefore, no matter who built them or who administered them, are not exclusively of Chinese, exclusively of Russian, or exclusively of Japanese concern. They were born in and of international politics." He might have added that they were also of American concern. The United States government has endeavored on three occasions in the last three decades to neutralize the Manchurian roads: through the action of Secretary of State Knox in 1909; of the Wilson Administration in 1919, when an Inter-Allied committee with John F. Stevens as chairman took the roads under control; and of Henry L. Stimson in 1929 and thereafter. The loss of the road by Russia and its acquisition by Japan or by an abject Japanese vassal would tend to give a touch of finality to Tokio's occupation of the three Eastern Provinces of China. But we are by treaty committed to protect Chinese territorial integrity, and we are by tradition opposed to the intrenchment of Japan on the Asiatic mainland. The situation seems to call for collaboration between Russia and the United States. The crisis is only one more of a myriad reasons why Washington should quickly get in touch with Moscow.

ANOTHER EUROPEAN REVOLUTION seems likely to end in victory for the forces of reaction. The history of the German revolution of 1918 is being duplicated in Spain. In each case a monarchical government was succeeded by a Republican-Socialist coalition. In each case the Republicans and Socialists hedged their program of reconstruction and reform with a policy of compromise. The roots of the old regime remained deeply imbedded in the cultural, political, and economic life of each country. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the royalists, big landowners, and industrialists still tremendously powerful in Spain. In the recent municipal elections they won 9,160 seats as against the 5,048 seats won by the government parties, which were supported by the small shopkeepers, skilled artisans, and well-to-do peasants. The coalition must now decide whether it shall move to the left, toward a dictatorship, in order to save itself and the revolution, or whether in the name of democracy it ought to yield to the majority and so bring back to life many of the evils that led to the overthrow of Alfonso in April, 1931. The principle of democracy itself is not at stake, though the coalition parties may make the mistake of thinking it is. Spain has had no experience in democracy,

no opportunity to develop strong and enduring democratic institutions. To surrender to the forces of reaction would be the height of fatuity. The monarchists and wealthy bourgeoisie would, with the help of the church, promptly restore the old dictatorship and destroy the democratic groundwork laid by the Republican and Socialist parties. The choice in Spain is not between democracy and dictatorship; it lies between two kinds of dictatorship—one that gives promise of a return to democratic methods in the future, and one that will endeavor to keep Spain permanently chained to the feudal institutions which the 1931 revolution was designed to abolish.

GANDHI'S FAST which began May 8 is directly aimed at the removal of untouchability. Indirectly it is aimed against British rule in India, and it may prove to be the most effective attack he has ever made. Disaffection for Great Britain is admittedly widespread in every section of Indian opinion, including those elements whose support has been most assiduously courted and counted upon. It is Indian disunity which is preserving British rule. The removal of untouchability would close the great gap in the Hindu ranks. Gandhi's fast of last autumn brought Hindu-Moslem unity closer to realization than ever before. It is likely that the present one may close the breach entirely for practical political purposes. If he should die, the moral effect of his sacrifice, given the importance of Gandhi as a symbol to the whole of India, would almost certainly produce that result. The British authorities, in releasing him from prison, have seized upon their one means of self-defense, but Gandhi's death, even outside of jail, would have tremendous repercussions. It is reported that a government official in India told a member of the British India League that Gandhi was the best policeman the government had. It is a shrewd comment growing out of the great British fear of widespread disorder if he should die. Whether that fear is justified remains to be seen. Non-violence is still a powerful force in India. But it is certain that the fast, whether Gandhi survives it or not, by increasing Indian unity will mark a great step toward Indian independence. Meanwhile the new Indian constitution, which has scarcely any support in India because it is too full of safeguards, is meeting conservative snags in the British Parliament because it is not full enough.

WE HAVE JUST ADDED two items to the dossier which we are forming in preparation for a treatise to be entitled "The Progress of the New Freedom in Europe." The first of these items is concerned with Mussolini, who recently refused to open the National Style Show in Turin until all the slim girls in the mural decorations had been repainted upon more flowing lines, and issued to the newspapers an instruction ordering them henceforth to accept for publication only such representations of the female figure as exemplify the "fully developed bust and hips appropriate to the Fascist girl and mother." The other item is an Associated Press dispatch from Constantinople announcing that nineteen priests had just been sentenced to from one to two years of hard labor for their refusal to employ in their prayers the Turkish word "Tanrı" instead of the Arabic "Allah." With unconscious irony the New York Times heads this dispatch "Turkish Courts Lenient to Nineteen Who Defied Prayer Decree." It seems a sentence of death had been expected.

Prairie Fire

FROM the Middle West comes a whiff of smoke, and a glow of fire flushes faintly, distantly, but ominously on the horizon. Nobody who has lived in the open acres ever minimizes even the slightest flicker of red in the tinder of dry grass or the leaves of a forest. The eyes of the country, which for two months have been concentrated on Washington, may now have reason to turn with even more concern toward the hinterland.

Happening simultaneously with martial law in north-west Iowa, and undoubtedly influenced by it, the vote of the farmers' convention in Des Moines on May 4 to begin nine days later a "holiday" in supplying food to the people of the United States was probably the most momentous news of the twenty-four hours, despite the fact that New York newspapers next day chose to relegate it to a secondary position while featuring on their front pages developments in connection with the Administration's "farm relief." The action of the militant farmers was a vote of no confidence in the adequacy of the Washington proposals, and it was cast not by residents of the Middle West alone but by beleaguered agriculturists of a score of States stretching west to the plains of Montana, dipping down into the cotton lands of Texas, and reaching "back East" to include the milk belt of New York. To dismiss the vote as unimportant with the assertion that it represented only 1 per cent of the farmers in the region in question, and so is unlikely to "succeed," is to take an earthworm view of the situation. The mental turmoil which produces great historical changes cannot be reduced to statistics. In a final sense the action of the farmers cannot fail because it has behind it the pressure of grievances so elemental that somehow or other they are destined to be lessened.

In an editorial comment on the situation in Iowa the New York *World-Telegram* says:

For all of the loose talk in America about red revolution and menaces of the kind that exist only in the hysterical imaginations of patrioteers, Americans are slow to understand that actual revolution already exists in the farm belt. To be sure it is only local in scope, but national revolution begins in local revolt against laws, sheriffs, judges, courts, militia. When the local revolt springs from old native stock, conservatives fighting for the right to hold their homesteads, there is the warning of a larger explosion.

From a radical source this might be regarded as the expression of a hope rather than a conviction, but from the *World-Telegram* it must be accepted as the latter. Nor does it seem to be an overstatement. The reasons for revolutions are always profound and usually long standing, but the pretexts—the occurrences which finally precipitate them—are immediate and often trivial. The manhandling of Judge Bradley of Le Mars, Iowa, by a party of farmers bears a close likeness to a certain "tea party" once held on the waterfront of Boston. And it is not quite impossible that Judge Bradley's provocative rebuke to the farmers, "This is my court," may take its place beside the traditional answer of Marie Antoinette to the plea that her people had no bread, "Let them eat cake."

Class-conscious radicals in our cities are sometimes disposed to question the validity of the agricultural uprising on the ground that the farmers do not aim at changing the industrial system nor proclaim any permanent revolutionary principles. The farmers, it is said, are "patriotic" 100 per cent Americans who would subside at once if their particular grievances were temporarily removed by some opportunist palliative. This is largely true. Most of them have never heard of Karl Marx, or if they have, think he is a brother of Groucho. But if revolution starts in the United States, it is precisely in such a group that it is likely to take shape, not among radicals and not even because of their propaganda. Whatever the underlying causes for revolution may be, actual action comes usually, as already suggested, because some incident, often trivial, gets some group "hopping mad." Naturally this is more likely to occur among supporters of the established order who suddenly find it to be incompetent than among those long convinced of its inadequacy. Besides, an outburst among conservatives is a hundred times more likely to spread, because it can count on a far wider basis of support than if sponsored by radicals, and cannot be so ruthlessly suppressed. It is impossible for anybody to predict what the eventual direction of a revolutionary movement in America might be, but it is a safe guess that it would start not at a Communist rally in Union Square but among disinterested farmers in the back country, at some meeting of disgruntled veterans of the World War, or in a group of unemployed gnawed with hunger and with no object in view other than a couple of square meals a day.

The way in which the farm trouble in Iowa and the "holiday" over a more extensive area is met may well have historic consequences. We do not want to be too quick to condemn Governor Herring for calling out militia. It was his duty to support the courts, and it must be remembered that, unlike many other commonwealths, Iowa has no State police. But although the Governor may have been justified in calling out troops, we hope he will use them not to supersede but to protect the civil authorities in their work.

"Beware the anger of a patient man," runs a European proverb. The American farmer has been inexpressibly patient. His troubles do not date from 1929. Since the beginning of the industrial age in America he has been getting relatively a reduced share of the national wealth. Farming has constantly become less independent and less fortunate as a way of life. During the World War the farmer made some temporary advance but he was the first and the most flatly to be deflated after it. He shared hardly at all in "Coolidge prosperity" and has been an outstanding victim of the depression, with the collapse of food prices, the crumbling of real-estate values, and the failure of country banks.

Governor Herring will not get far in the solution of Iowa's melancholy agricultural problem with martial law, and it is doubtful if the Washington Administration will do better with its farm bill. Yet there is not all the time in the world to wait. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Washington, with a preference for wind instruments, seems satisfied to play the bazoo while the prairies are afire.

Put People to Work!

UNEMPLOYMENT is the overshadowing fact in our economic crisis. Approximately one-third of our wage-earning population is jobless. Moreover, thousands technically employed receive no pay. Further than that, savings have now been dissipated, local relief has collapsed, and the problem is more than ever crucial. Yet except for the employment given 250,000 men in the forestry camps, and in various trades through the legalizing of beer, the Roosevelt program has to date included no serious effort to strike at the root of our trouble. Indeed, it is probable that even that slight degree of reemployment is offset by the administrative retrenchment already effected and proposed. A mass of legislative proposals have been ground out at Washington with unprecedented speed. Yet the one direct attack upon depression—the putting of men and women to work, to restore their purchasing power—has been conspicuously absent.

For three and a half years the American people, sinking deeper into the morass, has had dangled before it the tantalizing vision of a great public-works program. Almost immediately after his election in 1928, Mr. Hoover made known his view of the advisability of such a program in the event of depression, and virtually promised it through the Governors' Conference toward the close of that year. After the crash Mr. Hoover reversed himself, declared that we could not "squander our way out of the depression," and though at various times subsequently he alluded to "public construction" as one of the remedial measures he had adopted, it became evident that this did not go beyond the normal construction already projected. Programs of public works involving expenditures of five billion dollars or more were urged by responsible individuals and groups—by Senator La Follette, by Catholic welfare societies, by a great number of outstanding economists, and a year ago, on May 22, by the American Society of Civil Engineers—all to no effect. In the closing year of the Hoover Administration billions were appropriated through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—but this merely found its way into the vaults of shaky banks or into the treasuries of bankrupt railroads.

It was to be expected that from the hour of his nomination, or at least from the day of his election, Mr. Roosevelt would set the machinery in motion for the far-reaching planning which such a direct employment program through public works would entail. To date there is no evidence of such planning. Yet in his inaugural the President declared: "Our greatest primary task is to put people to work. . . . It can be accomplished in part by direct recruiting by the government itself, treating the task as we would treat the emergency of war, but at the same time through this employment accomplishing greatly needed projects to stimulate and reorganize the use of our great national resources."

After more than two months of the Roosevelt Administration, it is proper to ask what has become of this greatest "primary" task, and what and where the "projects" are. In his radio address on Sunday night, May 7, the President made allusion to a public-works measure which was to be presented to Congress within the week. But it appears that an appropriation of only \$1,500,000,000 is contemplated.

Such a sum is the merest pittance, wholly inadequate to the needs of 15,000,000 unemployed, for whom with their dependents it thus allows but \$100 apiece for the next year—assuming that this is a one-year program and not to be spread over several years. It may even include the already announced Muscle Shoals project, the annual \$50,000,000 rivers-and-harbors appropriation, which is being taken out of the War Department budget, and an appropriation for new naval construction. Is it to be the Hoover story all over again? Except for the emergency bank legislation of the first days of March, all else is of secondary importance to reemploying our citizenry. A five-billion-dollar public construction program is imperative.

German Labor in Ruins

THE Day of National Labor, celebrated in every part of Germany with customary Nazi pomp and swagger, fittingly presaged the sequestration of the unions affiliated with the General Federation of Trade Unions, the arrest of the leading trade unionists, and the confiscation of all labor banks and workers' cooperatives that followed a day later. With one stroke, the Hitler Government laid hands upon material possessions belonging to organized labor having a value of many millions of marks, to use them in the interests of the middle class against the working-class population of the Reich.

That the General German Federation of Labor had 4,800,000 members at the end of 1932, that is, that it had lost only 250,000 members during the years of severe industrial depression since 1928—less than the number lost by the United Mine Workers of America during the same period—is proof, if proof were needed, of the solidarity of that organization. Outside these free trade unions approximately two million German workers were organized in office workers' organizations and in the Christian and liberal trade unions, which after the coup d'état of May 2 voluntarily placed themselves under government control.

The ruthlessness with which the government proceeded against the labor unions seems even more outrageous when one recalls that these unions not only abstained from all opposition to the Hitler regime, but actually expressed in unambiguous terms their willingness to cooperate within the national front. In previous issues we have commented upon negotiations that had taken place between the president of the G. G. F. L. and Hitler and Seldte. A declaration of the trade-union executive published in the German press made it appear that an understanding with the government was practically complete. His view of the situation was so generally accepted that the representative of the Swedish trade unions, at the April session (Amsterdam) of the Trade Union International, moved the expulsion of the G. G. F. L. for its "unpardonable compliance with the demands of the fascist government." The official May Day proclamation of the Propaganda Minister, Dr. Goebbels, which underscored the anti-Marxian character of this Day of National Labor, elicited from the federation the reply that it would participate in the government's plans for May Day "to honor creative labor and celebrate the lining up of labor with the state." Simultaneously it was announced that trade-union

headquarters would fly the national flag on May 1. But all this was of no avail.

Materially, the confiscation of the workers' cooperatives by the Hitler Government is a matter of even greater concern. The membership of these cooperatives represents an army of consumers with a purchasing power that will exceed 800,000,000 marks in the current year. The army of 100,000 employees needed for the operation of these cooperatives will give the National Socialists a welcome opportunity to place many thousands of their own followers—many of them are white-collar men—in agreeable and comparatively well-paid jobs. The same is true of the producers' cooperatives, which employ an even greater number of workers and foremen. In the desperate financial situation of the nation the 80,000,000 marks deposited by workers in cooperative savings accounts, now in the hands of the Hitler Government, are an important consideration.

What the government will do with these cooperatives, which are especially numerous in the industrial districts, remains to be seen. It may be that they will be practically eliminated by prohibitive taxes from competition with the small tradesmen. It is not impossible, on the other hand, that the government may apply the postulates of the National Socialist program concerning department stores to the retail establishments of these cooperatives, and lease them to individual storekeepers for private operation. These declarations, which it has hitherto hesitated to apply to the large commercial undertakings of the rich, may fall relentlessly on the workers' cooperative undertakings, for they, like the Jews, are helpless and defenseless under the Nazi regime.

The fate of the unions is more easily forecast. They will be united under the direction and control of a national commissioner, to be appointed in the near future, in a single corporation upon which will devolve the task—simple enough under a fascist regime, as Mussolini's experience has shown—of bringing about a peaceable regulation of all controversies that may arise between capital and labor. In other words, ninety-nine cases out of one hundred will be settled to the satisfaction of the employers. The workers, deprived of both press and organization, will be left in helpless subjugation.

Pearl Buck, Heretic

PEARL BUCK has quietly resigned from the missionary service of the Presbyterian church. By so doing she has deprived us of the entertaining spectacle which a heresy trial would certainly have provided, but we are inclined to believe that she was quite within her rights. After all, Mrs. Buck has already given the world some interesting novels, and she may well feel, as Dr. Johnson once did, that she has done as much as any individual is required to do for the amusement of the public. By now she is again en route for China, no longer as a missionary but still "very much the wife" of J. Lossing Buck, head of the department of rural economics and sociology in the University of Nanking. Probably she feels that a place where "the heathen rage" is preferable to one where the theologians rant. Indeed, she implied as much in the now famous *Harper's Magazine* article in which she remarked, apropos the doctrine that an infidel is necessarily damned for all eternity unless a Christian mis-

sionary happens to come his way, "I agree with the Chinese, who feel that their people should be protected from such superstition."

As for the controversy in which she refused to engage, it would have been marked by a certain quaint, academic interest. Having been a missionary all her life, Mrs. Buck naturally took advantage of her presence in this country to discuss the good old American question of foreign missions and their value. Being also an intelligent, well-informed woman, she naturally said what at least the vast majority of her informed coreligionists would say under similar circumstances—namely, that the value of her work certainly did not lie in any Calvinistic theology which she might teach to the Chinese farmers. Mrs. Buck did not go so far as to rest her case upon the value of the social service which American missionaries have rendered. On the contrary, she reaffirmed her faith in the importance of what she believes to be the essential spirit of the Christian religion. There is, she maintained, a case for foreign missions because there is a case for Christianity, because, all things considered, she would not be willing to see the influence of Christ disappear from the world. But she certainly did imply very plainly that she cared little whether this Christ was a historical figure or only a legend, and she reported incredible things of certain of her fellow-workers.

I have seen the missionary narrow, uncharitable, unappreciative, ignorant. I have seen him so filled with arrogance in his own beliefs, so sure that all truth was with him and him only, that my heart has knelt with a humble one before the shrine of Buddha rather than before the God of that missionary. . . . I have seen missionaries . . . so lacking in sympathy for the people they were supposed to be saving, so scornful of any civilization except their own, so harsh in their judgments upon one another, so coarse and sensitive among a sensitive and cultivated people that my heart fairly bled with shame. . . . I have heard a missionary say, "Of course I tell these people their ancestors are in hell. If I did not believe that every heathen who did not confess Christ as his Savior burned in hell I would not be here."

Naturally Dr. J. Gresham Machen, professor at the ultra-orthodox Westminster Seminary in Philadelphia, and long prominent as a fundamentalist champion, objected to such sentiments as these. He drew up a brief in which he demanded that she be dismissed on the ground that she does not hold a belief in the divinity of Christ essential, does not credit the miracles described in the New Testament, and does not accept the doctrine of Original Sin. He peddled his objections from group to group until he found one willing to present an "overture" looking to the reform of the Board of Foreign Missions, and when the teapot tempest was about to break, Mrs. Buck decided to save everybody trouble by resigning from her official post.

Of course Dr. Machen has logic on his side. Of course Mrs. Buck's opinions are so far removed from the official creed of her church that John Calvin would have thought dismissal a very inadequate penalty for opinions as dangerous as hers. But of course, also, only a very small minority of the leaders among the Presbyterians actually believe what they are theoretically required to believe, and Dr. Machen is fighting a picturesquely hopeless fight against the spirit of his time.



The Burning of the Books

"Guaranteed" Mortgages

By BENEDICT A. LEERBURGER

NO mortgage company operating in New York City has paid the principal due the holders of its guaranteed certificates maturing after January 1, 1932. Instead the companies have chosen to avail themselves of the customary eighteen months' period of grace which is written in their contracts. As this period will expire on July 1 next, most investors have been at least mildly curious as to what concrete meaning would be given to the word "guarantee" as used in their certificates.

About two and one-half billion dollars of mortgages have been guaranteed by the four largest companies operating in New York City, and more than three billion dollars has been invested in guaranteed mortgages in New York State alone. These companies have heretofore widely advertised the safety as an investment of their guaranteed mortgages. They informed the public, moreover, that they were subject to the supervision of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and that such investments were legal when made by trustees. It follows that the great bulk of the investors who bought the guaranteed mortgages and certificates of these various companies were widows, infants, and other wards of the court. Savings banks, insurance companies, and charitable and fraternal organizations were also large investors in this type of security. There can be no question that the insurance feature of a guaranteed mortgage had a particular appeal to those intrusted with other people's money. The belief in the additional factor of safety, namely, the guaranty, was often the deciding feature when making a choice of investments.

It must be borne in mind that at all times since the companies first commenced selling these securities they have retained not only the bonus that the borrower was obliged to pay to procure the loan (in many cases and in most building-loan contracts a sum equal to 10 per cent of the principal), as well as the cost of title searches and insurance, but also, as additional profit, the difference between the interest rate called for in the mortgage and the interest paid by them under the terms of their guaranteed certificates. This is the price the investor has paid for his guaranty.

Various expedients were planned by the companies against the day of reckoning. Some went to the mortgageholder and frankly asked to be relieved of the guaranty, agreeing to give to the holder full power to negotiate directly with the owner of the property involved and foreclose or not (but at his own expense), as he might deem to be for his best interest. This method is the one now openly advocated by the present State Superintendent of Insurance of New York. Some companies wrote letters to all of their clients seeking both a reduction of the guaranteed interest rate and an extension of time within which to pay the principal. These letters dwelt with anxiety on the plight of the homeowner and even seemed to imply that the benefit of this act of mercy would be passed on immediately to the struggling wage-earner and home-owner. The writer examined the records of some of the properties referred to in these letters and learned that in each instance the property had been

recently foreclosed and was now owned by the mortgage company itself or its subsidiary. The struggling home-owner was none other than the company itself.

The third method was ingenious. A bill was prepared for introduction to the New York State legislature. A corps of astute lawyers framed the bill, coating it with sugar to insure its passage. In substance it was designed to bring about a moratorium. The companies were never deceived concerning its conflict with the Constitution but they believed that the inevitable litigation would give them an additional twenty-four months of grace. They had the Hoover complex that in time conditions would bring about a gradual rise in values which would enable them to pay their more recalcitrant clients.

Another plan that died aborning contemplated the creation of a new corporation called the Realty Stabilization Corporation, of which William C. Osborn had been elected president. It was to be capitalized at \$10,000,000, contributed by the companies. It was then to borrow from the R. F. C. enough money to pay its maturing obligations, assigning to the R. F. C. a prior participating interest in the mortgages and retaining for its members the junior interest. In effect, the corporation would have become second mortgagee and the R. F. C. would hold the first mortgages at greatly reduced face value.

When the President of the United States declared a bank holiday, however, the State Superintendent of Insurance, George S. Van Schaick interpreted it to include the mortgage companies. Consequently, and ostensibly to prevent hoarding, he directed the companies to make no further payments on their obligations except where the companies received interest from the mortgagor. In such event they were permitted to pay the interest—less a management fee and any reserve they might deem necessary to set up for the payment of real-estate taxes. As a result no further investment by these companies is necessary. Moreover, they derive a profit from the management fee which they did not have under their prior contracts. The Superintendent of Insurance, in order to clothe this leniency with an apparent consideration, directed the companies not to sell any more guaranteed mortgages except with his express permission. The companies are really losing nothing by abiding by this decree for the reason that they have been unable to sell their guaranteed certificates since they first exercised their eighteen months' period of grace. Their guaranteed mortgages and certificates were selling and still are selling at a huge discount in the open market. This "relief" will continue until the Governor or the legislature declares the "emergency" at an end, but until such time the companies are restrained from paying their obligations. The State Superintendent of Insurance, however, has neither taken them over nor directed their liquidation.

In many instances the mortgage company is permitting the second mortgagee to collect the rental although the first mortgage is in default and taxes have not been paid. The companies now have no incentive to protect the underlying

security, and since they must bear the cost of foreclosure themselves, their tendency is to remain wholly inactive. In these instances every dollar of rent paid to the second mortgagee is taken directly from the first-mortgage certificate holders, who should be entitled to receive these rents or at least have them applied toward the payment of taxes.

However, the companies have been successful in procuring some legislative relief. They have continued to seek direct relief by negotiating with the principal holders of these investments, but in most instances they encountered legal difficulty. If they approached an insurance company or trustee of an estate and asked to be relieved from making payment, they were told that the guaranty could not legally be waived—and certainly not without some consideration or benefit to the trustee. Should a trustee waive the provisions of the guaranty, he would be personally chargeable with any loss that his ward might sustain as a result, since such action on his part obviously could not have been for the benefit of his ward.

This situation was met by a bill introduced into the State legislature by Senator Buckley which became law on April 21. It permits an executor, administrator, trustee, or other person holding trust funds invested in guaranteed mortgages to "adjust, reduce, modify, postpone, or compound the same or any terms or conditions thereof including the rate of interest or any instalments thereof, and [the trustee] may at any time release the same." Certainly, no possible benefit can accrue to those who waive the provisions of their contracts, and the legislation appears to be meaningless unless it is contemplated to exert some coercive pressure upon those institutions that now hold a large amount of these guaranteed mortgages, particularly those under the supervision of the same State superintendent as the life-insurance companies. A similar bill allowing savings banks to waive provisions of the guaranty was likewise passed.

Since the purchaser of a guaranteed mortgage or certificate is usually the antithesis of a speculator and has paid heavily for such guaranty, it is of interest to inquire just what he can hope to recoup from his guaranty. Subjoined is an analysis of the four leading companies in New York City operating under the Insurance Department of New York State. The figures, taken from the annual report of the State Superintendent of Insurance, are not encouraging

to the investor. (The figures for the year 1932 have not as yet been published.)

It will be noted that not a single company has set up a reserve upon which to draw for payment of maturing obligations under its guaranties. It should be noted further that each of the companies has regularly paid throughout the depression a constant rate of dividends to stockholders, and that since their organization from two to three times the amount of the contributed capital has been repaid. The advance report for 1933, skeletonizing the statement submitted by the State Superintendent of Insurance of New York and unaudited, nevertheless discloses that each of the four designated companies paid dividends to their respective stockholders, in three instances at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Bond and Mortgage Guaranty Company paid an actual dividend of 19 per cent. In two companies the capital and surplus account for the year 1931 depreciated by two or three million dollars. Despite this fact, which indicates the trend in the real-estate market, the guaranties of the respective companies increased in 1931, in one instance five million dollars and in the other instance twenty-six million dollars (representing a further increase in their contingent liabilities). It should also be noted that the salaries paid to officers, directors, and office employees were increased by three of the four companies.

The fund available for distribution to the creditors is indicated in the capital and surplus accounts. Yet on the basis of the statements of December 31, 1931, the ratio between these accounts and the amount of mortgages guaranteed ranges from a low of 2 per cent to a high of 10 per cent. The conclusion that such an amount would be available is based on the assumption that the assets can be liquidated at the book value and at no cost, obviously a false assumption. The guaranty, as such, with reference to these companies, is at this time worth relatively nothing.

In this connection, now that the horse has been stolen, the present Superintendent of Insurance is recommending legislation limiting the amount of mortgages that a company can guarantee on the basis of a stated ratio between such guaranties and capital and surplus. It will be a long time, however, before investors will again believe in the sanctity of the guaranteed mortgage. Until then such a recommendation is only a *beau geste*.

ANALYSIS OF FOUR LEADING MORTGAGE COMPANIES IN NEW YORK CITY

Company	1930 Capital and surplus	1931 Capital and surplus	1930 Mortgages guaranteed	1931 Mortgages guaranteed	1930 Dividends	1931 Dividends	Dividends paid since organization	Salaries paid to officers, directors and office employees for 1930	Salaries paid to officers, directors and office employees for 1931	Ratio of capital and surplus to guaranteed mortgages, 1931
Lawyers Mtg.	\$22,264,000	\$22,638,000	\$419,892,799	\$434,870,115	\$1,680,000	\$1,680,000	\$22,536,436	\$ 889,246	\$ 970,838	5 per cent
Lawyers Title.	28,554,160	26,355,221	219,371,995	224,348,880	1,200,000	1,200,000	18,190,000	1,448,508	1,285,489	10 per cent
N.Y.T. & M. Co.	64,401,538	61,321,561	702,979,828	728,689,245	4,000,000	4,000,000	29,421,894	2,479,273	2,651,482	8 per cent
B. & M. G. Co. (a subsidiary of the T. G. & T.)	21,576,641	22,439,050	861,990,381	921,225,194	2,500,000	2,500,000	35,379,985	699,505	746,709	2 per cent

Note that on an increase of less than one million dollars in the capital and surplus account of 1931 over 1930, the Bond and Mortgage Guaranty Company increased by over sixty million dollars the amount of mortgages guaranteed by it. The New York Title and Mortgage Company with a decrease in the same account of more than three million dollars increased its mortgage guaranties by slightly less than twenty-six million dollars, and the Lawyers Title, with a similar reduction in its surplus account, nevertheless guaranteed an additional five million dollars in mortgages. Observe, moreover, that three companies in 1931 increased the amounts paid to the companies' officers; and that since their organization they have paid to their stockholders dividends ranging from more than twice to three times the original investment.

Tax-free Cities

Public Profits from Municipal Power

By LOUIS BARTLETT

EIGHTY-FOUR cities in the United States levy no taxes, yet perform all the functions of ordinary cities, and keep out of debt. There is nothing extraordinary in their location or natural advantages; they pay operating expenses, as many efficient factories do, from their by-products, and they keep expenses down by cutting out waste. These cities range in population from a few hundred to over 20,000, and are located in sixteen States. Oklahoma has fifty-five; Kansas seven; Indiana three; Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nebraska two each; and Georgia, Texas, Vermont, Idaho, Washington, New York, New Jersey, and Wyoming one each. It sounds too good to be true, but the fact is stubborn; these cities levy no taxes, yet they are efficiently run and furnish the services—police and fire protection, streets, sewers, and schools—that well-managed modern towns need.

How is this possible, when most American cities are reducing salaries, cutting down improvements, neglecting upkeep, and at the same time struggling under a load of taxes in many cases too heavy to bear, as the delinquency lists show? The answer is simple. These cities use the profits from the sale of municipal water, gas, and electricity, which would otherwise go to private companies, to carry on police, educational, and other non-revenue-producing services. In reality what citizens pay for public-utility services is a tax; but we are not used to calling it that, because it is not paid at the City Hall twice a year, but is turned over monthly to private companies which make a profit out of the transaction. More people pay for water, gas, and electricity than for the support of city, county, State, and national governments; and they pay far more for these services than they pay in taxes to any governmental unit. To illustrate: In California the cost of the State government for the current year is \$126,000,000; gas and electric bills alone amount to \$188,000,000, or nearly 50 per cent more. City governments in California cost \$145,000,000 and county governments \$123,000,000. If the cost of water, telephone, and transportation were added to the \$188,000,000, the disproportion would be much greater. No study of taxation, therefore, is complete if it omits consideration of what is paid for essential services which are furnished by a duly licensed monopoly, in other words, by a public-utility company. Necessary services, such as the supplying of bread under a competitive system, are of course in a different category.

Do we pay a fair price for our gas and electricity? Are the private utility companies honest and efficient? Ask the stockholder in the Insull holding companies. He knows. So do the stockholders of most utility companies. Their stocks are being put through the wringer and they are realizing that, with the water squeezed out, little remains. The first issuance of these so-called "securities" was a fraud on the public. But tons of paper and ink are still used to tell the world that the private companies, which admittedly were dishonest in their stock dealings, are honest and efficient in

the management of their properties, that consumers receive from them good service at a fair price.

But the fact that cities owning their own systems get equally good service at lower rates will not down. Some time ago Senator Norris introduced a graph into the *Congressional Record* showing that the average rate for domestic electric service in twenty-four American cities over a period of sixteen years was 7.4 cents per kilowatt hour, while during the same period in Ontario, Canada, the average for twenty-one cities was 1.6 cents per kilowatt hour. Since this study was made, prices under both public and private ownership have been reduced, but in about the same ratio.

Ambassador Frederick Sackett told the World Power Conference in Germany two years ago that there was something wrong with an industry that sold its product for fifteen times its original cost. Two thousand cities which own and distribute their own electric power have discovered what is wrong—the companies make excessive profits which they hide from the public in a maze of holding companies, fictitious capitalization, and juggled bookkeeping that would make the Cretan labyrinth look like a four-track highway. And in order to keep people deluded, they employ all the arts of the propagandist and keep in pleasant personal touch with the leaders in every community—at the rate-payers' expense.

An interesting disclosure of how it is done came out recently in a rate hearing before the California Railroad Commission, when the San Joaquin Light and Power Company was forced to give in detail all the items charged to its "operating expenses." It paid the following club dues and expenses for its employees: twenty-two in the Commercial Club, five in the Exchange Club, four in the Rotary Club, one in the Round Table, five in the Lions Club, three in the Bakersfield Club (outside of the territory it serves), one in the Optimists Club, four in the Engineers Club, three in the University-Sequoia Club, one in the Business Men's Club, one in the Petroleum Club, one in the Kiwanis Club, four in the Fresno City Farm Center, seven in the Ad Club, one in the American Legion, one in the Dairymen's Club, one in the Press Club. And besides being a member of many of these clubs, the president of the company which operates in the vicinity of Fresno, 200 miles from San Francisco, had the rate-payers pay his club dues in the California Club, Commercial Club, Family Club, and Bohemian Club of San Francisco, as well as in other clubs lumped together under the title "miscellaneous." One wonders when he found the time to earn his salary of \$22,900 a year.

No one is louder in the cause of good government than these club members; in fact, that is why they are members. They must be leaders in their respective communities and see that the towns are run "right." There must be no extravagance in city government; salaries must be kept down to the minimum. Especially in times of depression the pruning shears must be used freely to keep taxes down. They form "economy leagues," "taxpayers' associations," and similar or-

ganizations with patriotic titles, and enrol many good citizens who innocently think they are working for the community. Let us look closely at one of these organizations.

California, like other States, must pull in its belt. Since 1931 its government has been operating with the abandon of a flush mining camp and piling up a deficit. There is a legitimate place for organizations to study the cost of government and stimulate the legislature to reduce taxes. It is no wonder that the State Chamber of Commerce and the California Taxpayers Association assumed leadership in this direction. When the legislature met, the senate appointed a "fact-finding" committee on the cost of government which in three weeks made a survey of every department of the State government and of many county and city activities, and presented four hundred bills to the legislature. It seemed a superhuman task for a small group—but it developed that they had been "assisted" by the California Taxpayers Association. According to the survey, salaries were to be cut to the bone, consolidations and eliminations were to be made, schools were to be curtailed. Among other things the aggregate salaries of the seven Supreme Court justices were to be cut from \$77,000 to \$56,000, or from an average of \$11,000 to \$8,000 every year.

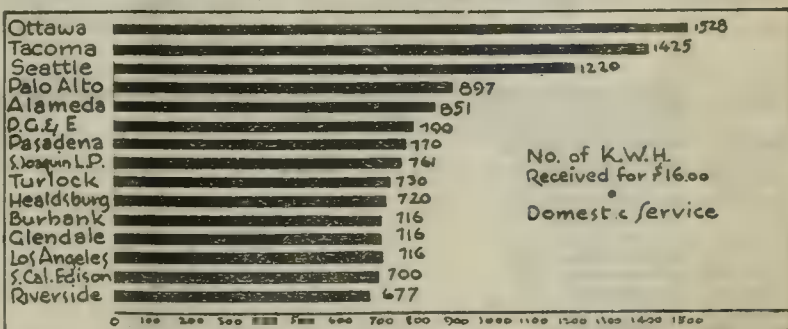
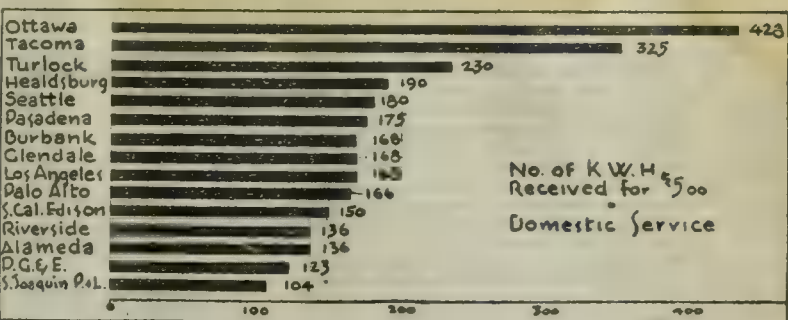
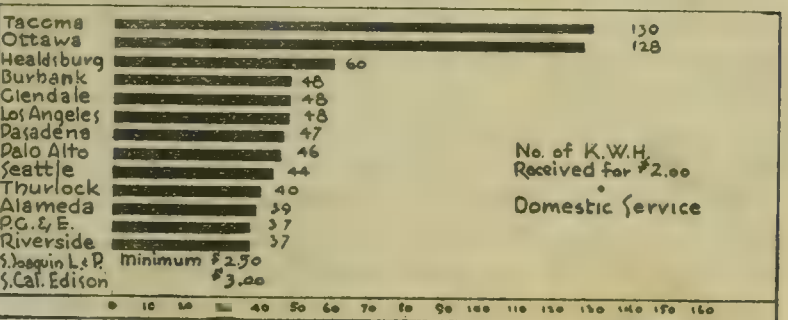
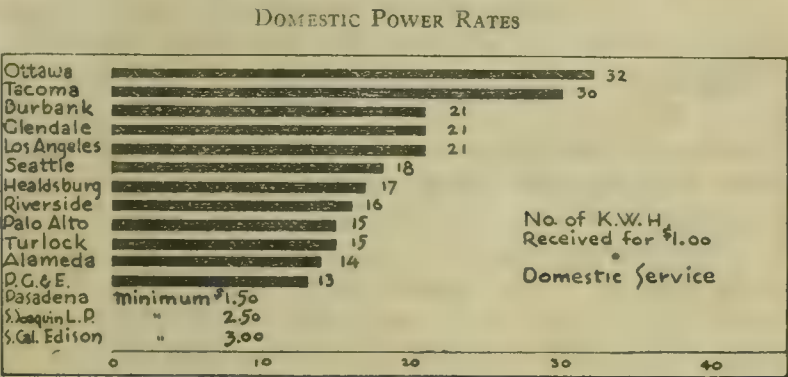
But who runs the California Taxpayers Association? Among its directors are the heads of the most important public-utility companies of the State. They want governmental taxes reduced. But what about the taxes they themselves collect in gas, electric, telephone, telegraph, and railway rates? Is this clamor for tax reduction a means of diverting attention from their own extravagance? One hesitates to say, but the list of salaries of over \$5,000 a year recently reported to the California legislature by the Railroad Commission is interesting, to say the least. A. F. Hockenbeamer, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the largest electric utility in the State, receives \$75,000 a year, or enough to pay the seven salaries of the Supreme Court, at the figure his "California Taxpayers Association" thinks just, for a period of one year and four months; Paul Shoup, president of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, listed at \$100,000, reported by the press to have been kicked upstairs at a salary of \$125,000, gets enough to support the entire Supreme Court for two years. Other presidential salaries reported are: Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, \$60,000; Southern California Gas Company, \$50,000; Western Pacific Railroad, \$43,500; Southern California Edison Company, \$68,500. The total of salaries of over \$11,500 paid by the last-named company would pay the reduced salaries of the seven Supreme Court justices for seven years.

The presidents of these companies are generous to others as well. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company pays one salary of \$40,000, seven of \$21,600, two of \$18,000, seven more over \$11,000—in all, ninety-four salaries over \$5,000. The Southern California Edison Company reports one of \$45,500, one of \$33,500, one of \$27,500, three more over \$15,500, thirteen more over \$11,500—in all, eighty-two over \$5,000. The Southern Pacific Company, in addition to one salary of \$125,000, pays one of \$36,000, one of \$35,000, two of \$30,000, two of \$25,000, two of \$24,000, one of \$20,000, two of \$18,000, three of \$15,000, and in all 160 over \$5,000.

Even small electric utilities are solicitous for the

welfare of their presidents. The Vallejo Electric Light and Power Company, generating no power and serving a small community, pays \$15,000 a year to its president, not far from a dollar apiece from every man, woman, and child in the town.

These fine salaries should enable the companies to get the very best brains in the community, which should be reflected in good service and lower rates to the consumers. Service, in general, is good, but rates are another story. Exact comparison of rates is difficult to make, because each company has a policy all its own, usually making up its rates by adding to a minimum charge a price per kilowatt hour which varies according to the quantity used. Such comparisons are not available in all the States, but I recently made such a study for the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, published in its Transactions for June, 1932. It may be said



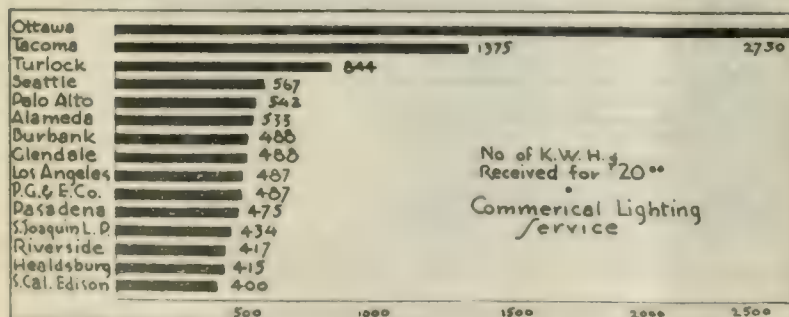
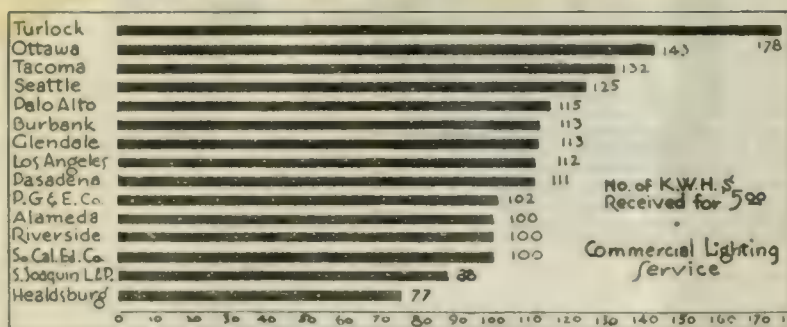
These four charts show the amount of power for domestic use obtainable for \$1, \$2, \$5, and \$16 in various California communities. All the cities listed own their own power plants. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, and the Southern California Edison Company are privately owned.

that the private companies' rates in California are lower on the average than those of companies operating elsewhere in the United States, though more than twice as high as the rates in Ontario, Canada, under public ownership. Twenty-one California cities own their own distributing systems, most of them buying power wholesale from the private companies. A comparison of domestic rates in these cities for lighting, heating, and cooking with those of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company shows that three small towns in the group charge slightly higher rates and that all the others charge less.

For instance, for \$1 a month the Pacific Gas and Electric Company gives 13 kilowatt hours; Los Angeles, Glendale, and Burbank give 21. For \$2 the P. G. and E. sells 37 kilowatt hours; Palo Alto sells 46, Pasadena 47, Los Angeles 48, and Healdsburg 60; Ottawa, Ontario, sells 128 and Tacoma, Washington, 130. Much the same ratios are found in the amounts of current for domestic use that can be bought for \$3, \$5, or more per month, and apply also for energy for commercial lighting and industrial use. Los Angeles attributes a large part of its industrial growth to its cheap municipal power rates, which had to be met by private competitors.

These cheaper power rates would hardly justify the cities, however, if they caused a deficit which had to be met from taxes. That side of the picture should be examined also. Do the cities subsidize their electric plants? The report I have cited contains exact data on this subject. It was found that after paying all operating expenses, depreciation on the investment, interest on debt, and so on—all of the items except taxes that the private companies pay—the cities made the following *net* profits per annum: Pasadena 47 per cent, Redding 46 per cent, Anaheim 46 per cent, Glendale 45 per cent, Lodi 38 per cent, Healdsburg 37 per cent, Alameda 35 per cent, Riverside 35 per cent, Palo Alto 34 per cent, Roseville 32 per cent, Santa Clara 28 per cent, Los Angeles 28 per cent. Moreover, the least net profit was 19

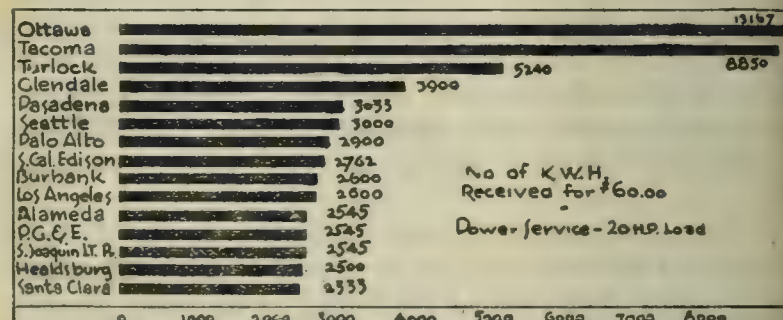
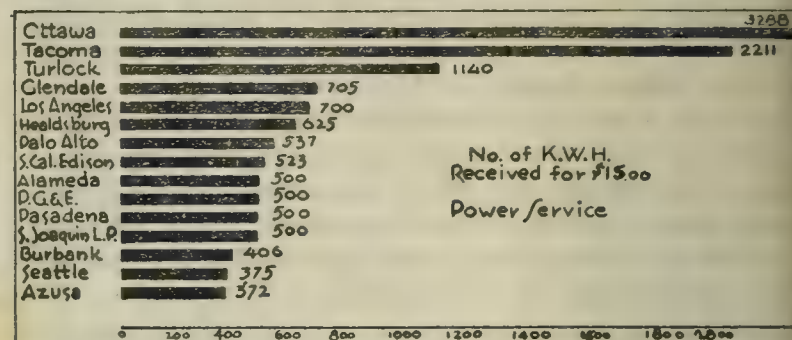
COMMERCIAL LIGHTING RATES



These two charts show the amount of power for commercial lighting obtainable for \$5 and for \$20. All the cities listed own their own power plants. Pacific Gas and Electric, San Joaquin Light and Power, and Southern California Edison are private companies.

per cent, in Burbank, where the city has not a monopoly and must compete with the Southern California Edison Company. In California electric-utility taxes average about 10½ per cent of gross receipts. After that item is deducted (for

INDUSTRIAL POWER RATES



These two charts show the amount of industrial power obtainable for \$15 and for \$60. Pacific Gas and Electric, San Joaquin Light and Power, and Southern California Edison are private companies.

bookkeeping purposes) the cities, operating with low-paid management, make from 8½ per cent net to 35½ per cent net profit every year, the average being well over 20 per cent.

This theoretical tax allowance of 10½ per cent has no real significance, however, as *all* of the net profit of the municipal plants is used for city purposes. None goes out as dividends. What the private companies pay is an involuntary contribution to the cost of government, which we call a tax; the profits on operation made by the cities are all voluntary contributions for the same ends, and remove the necessity for a tax to raise the amount of this contribution. These are the sums that make "tax-free cities." In California there are none such, for the cities have adopted the policy of reducing rates and thus giving a wider usefulness to electric energy, but as we have seen, even at the lower rates great profits are made. Some statistics gathered just before the crash by Bird and Ryan in their book "Public Ownership on Trial" show that the net profits of the public electric plants aggregate over 30 per cent of the amount raised by taxation in the same cities. The results of later years show substantially the same percentage. The net profits of the public plants have suffered less from the depression than almost any private business, and their net profits are approximately the same as three or four years ago. Those cities which also distribute gas make a comparable showing, so that if we add to the profits made from the sale of electricity those to be made by selling gas and water and giving telephone service at fair rates, the mystery of the tax-free city is solved.

(This is the fourth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The fifth will appear in an early issue.)

The Hitler Myth—a Forecast

By OSCAR JASZI

NO one with any historical knowledge of the rise of Horthy in Hungary, or of how Mussolini came into power in Italy, can have the smallest doubt that very soon Adolf Hitler will emerge as a bulwark of European equilibrium, a bellicose leader for peace, a pet child of international capitalism, and a staunch defender of Western civilization against the Soviets. This conclusion was implicitly stated only recently by the Hungarian Premier, Julius Gömbös, when at a sumptuous banquet of the government party he declared that "what Germany is going through now Hungary experienced in 1919, while today it is a picture of law and order."

Who could be more justified in such a conclusion than the eminent Hungarian statesman? It was His Excellency who in that stormy period of 1919 organized the white terroristic bands which murdered Jews, Socialists, and Communists in wholesale fashion, clubbed all adverse public opinion, drove out the Jewish students from the universities, put their own adherents into all offices and influential business positions, discarded the old parliament, and made the proletarian class a tolerated political organization and an obedient instrument in the hands of the government. And when all this was done, peace and harmony settled over the lacerated country. There is now no need for terrorism or extra-legal means, because terrorism and extra-legal means have been legalized.

The mechanism runs admirably. The rich Jews are now more powerful than ever, and the poor Jews participate democratically in the starvation level of the Gentile proletariat and small peasantry. Even the so-called parliamentary system has been maintained, for the open ballot and the gendarmerie make it possible to elect any man who is a supporter of the government. No public meetings are tolerated, and the villages are guarded by armed force against "unscrupulous" demagogues. There can be no strike in this happy country, because an immense reserve army of the jobless menaces even the starvation wages of the employed. Higher education has been purged of Marxist doctrines and similar scientific bacilli; and racial-national science is no longer opposed by disagreeable aliens. If this has been done on a small scale in feudal Hungary, and on a far larger scale in semi-capitalistic Italy, why should it not be done in the heart of Western Europe, with an efficiency appropriate to the Prussian genius?

The legend of a glorious national revolution is already being created. Hitler, like Mussolini, came to power with the help of the army and police, and with the active support of the head of the state and the most influential military and bureaucratic circles, and neither Hitler nor any of his fellow-leaders risked his life in conquering the state. But the new history will paint in the most glowing colors the heroic achievements of the Nazis, which are comparable to Mussolini's March on Rome (G. Salvemini has abundantly shown that the leader of the Fascisti made his triumphal entry into the Holy City in a sleeping-car). From then on, events will move in something like the following fashion.

September, 1933. A distinguished group of American university professors, recently in Germany under the auspices of some German navigation companies to study the "atrocities campaign," make a declaration. Though there have been, say these eminent men, some minor excesses—natural and inevitable in a time of national upheaval—Germany is all right, and foreigners enjoy the perfect hospitality of this people of poets and thinkers. At the same time the professors vigorously report that they have not seen a single Jew clubbed down or maltreated before the Hotel Adlon. Of course they have not visited the concentration camps in which Socialists, Communists, and pacifists are doing compulsory work; but that little episode is surely not important in view of the growing prosperity of Germany.

November, 1933. An editorial in the *New York Daily Planet* states that the spirit of industry is returning to Germany and that capital, unencumbered by social legislation, has splendid prospects of expansion. There are mildly complimentary allusions to Hitler. It is hinted that he begins to behave like a real statesman and that the spirit of anti-Semitism is ebbing. Some of the greatest Jewish business men, it is pointed out, have uttered unqualified praises of the "savior" of Central Europe from bolshevism.

December, 1933. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University has a much-discussed luncheon party with Hitler. The great scholar discloses his newest peace plan to the dictator and is agreeably surprised by the sympathy with which the Nazi leader greets his ideas. A perfect diplomat, President Butler does not even mention those pacifist colleagues of his in Germany who are still in internment camps, because the chief principle of the eminent scholar is not to discuss the internal situation of a foreign country.

March, 1934. The dailies announce the appearance of a sensational book written by six outstanding American political scientists, entitled "The New Corporative State in Germany." In this splendid collection of essays our leading scientists show how Germany has opened new roads toward democracy and how Hitler and his friends have achieved a kind of synthesis of Hegel, Gierke, and Othmar Spann. To be sure, no one in Germany is allowed to express any dissenting opinion, but it cannot be doubted that democracy has found through the Prussian organization new and unprecedented means of self-expression.

September, 1934. The Pope concludes a new concordat with the German Reich. The Holy Father exhorts the Catholics to cooperate in the national unification of Germany, in the spirit of love and harmony, with due regard for other races. Certain wicked foreign papers comment on the great event under the head, "God Again with the Stronger Battalions."

December, 1935. A sensational speech by Adolf Hitler arouses much comment. It carries the headline, "The Reception of the Jews in Germany." In this address of a brilliant statesman Hitler cautions his followers against too much anti-Semitism; now that all foreigners are out of office and no longer occupy chairs of learning, he makes a distinction

between patriotic and Marxist Jews. For the first, he advocates a certain amount of limited toleration for the benefit of the Teutons.

February, 1936. Emil Ludwig makes his first trip to Germany since his expulsion. The fruit of this return is a book, "Gespräche mit Hitler," in which the noted historian describes the political, metaphysical, and religious opinions of the great German leader, who has for so long been lamentably misunderstood by the hysterical public.

August, 1936. Three-fourths of the concentration camps are disbanded, owing to the fact that the most wicked Communists have died, while the better elements have been converted to true German principles. Unfortunately, the Minister of Propaganda states, some camps must be retained for new criminals who continue to appear in spite of the enlightening influence of the corporative state. Signor Mussolini is more happily situated. He need not maintain such camps at home within Italy, since he has the Lipari

Islands for such purposes. The reason for Germany's imperfect pacification is the stealing of her colonies.

January, 1937. Some of the influential Powers in the League of Nations, becoming more and more friendly to Germany under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald, advocate the necessity of giving a new colony to Germany for purposes of peace, in return for her good-will in international cooperation. This suggestion is further supported by the need of Germany for a place to put her irreconcilable Communists, that she may refrain from spoiling the beauty of the German landscape with barbed-wired internment camps.

While this series of events is taking place, all the peaceful states of Europe will continue their race for armaments and the murmur of the oppressed proletariat will become more and more menacing. The dictatorships must either go to war or face open rebellion. There can be no doubt as to their choice.

The Colleges Renounce War

By HAROLD SEIDMAN

THE student pacifist campaign inaugurated by the Brown University *Daily Herald* has aroused enthusiastic support among college students throughout the country. Columbia University was the first to respond to the *Herald's* suggestion of a college campaign against war; Princeton and Bucknell soon followed. Active campaigns are now being carried on at about ninety universities and colleges. Every college and university in the United States will probably do some sort of anti-war work during the coming months.

Campaigns at the City College in New York City and the University of Nebraska were stopped by the threat of withdrawal of appropriations by the city and State. As the editor of the *Daily Nebraskan* wrote: "It is unfortunate that a university must be so subservient to mass opinion on account of the necessity for support from State resources." A more liberal stand has been taken in most of the colleges, notably at Brown, where in spite of much criticism the administration has not attempted in any way to interfere with the pacifist activities of the Brown *Daily Herald*.

Increasing militarist propaganda in newsreels, yellow journals, and certain magazines was responsible for the decision of a group of students at Brown that something must be done immediately to prevent the United States from plunging into another war which might well destroy civilization. A newsreel advocating the building up of the fleet provided the immediate spark. Needless to say, the *Herald's* campaign aroused a storm of criticism among the conservative citizens of Rhode Island. William A. Needham, Providence attorney and so-called World War veteran, led the attack. "It is immature, false, pernicious, and dishonorable, positively vicious," said Mr. Needham. "I know the horrors of war far better than they do—these immature minds which do not know the smell of powder or the sound of an enemy shot. This is a foreign movement of communistic tendencies."

Mr. Needham neglected to say where he had obtained his intimate knowledge of the "horrors of war." In July,

1918, Mr. Needham joined the navy. He was commissioned as a lieutenant and sent to the naval gun factory in Washington. After he had learned about guns, Lieutenant Needham was transferred to the Boston Navy Yard, where he was put in charge of cable inspection. When the war ended, Mr. Needham was still in the Boston Navy Yard. It is possible that one can learn about the "horrors of war" in a navy yard but certainly Lieutenant Needham never heard an enemy shot.

Others were equally horrified that students should protest against giving their lives to make the world safe for the steel magnates and munitions manufacturers. Cowards, red corrupters of youth, conspirators against the United States—Grover Cleveland Bergdolls—these were only a few of the epithets hurled at those students who dared to question the efficacy of war as a method for settling international disputes. Mrs. Paul FitzSimons, president of the Newport County Women's Republican Club, had "no words to express her scorn and contempt for those who would corrupt the youth of the nation to cowardice." "I am not in favor of war," she said, "but we must have an army and navy to protect our commerce and nationals abroad, for until the soul of man is purged of jealousy and ambition there is going to be war. As a result of the furor raised by the 'patriots,' the State legislature in all its dignity decided to investigate. In the meantime, although those who attacked the Brown pacifists obtained most of the newspaper space, many prominent people flocked to their support. A large group of well-known Providence lawyers offered their services to the students. Letters poured in from alumni in all sections of the country urging the *Daily Herald* to hold its ground.

Realizing, apparently, that the legislature had been rather hasty, the investigating committee has exonerated the *Daily Herald* of the charges of communism and treason without holding any hearings. The committee report, however, reflects the smug attitude of many of our elders. It states that "the embryonic editors were apparently toying with ideas

and prophesies that "they, actuated by the principle of *anticipatory threatened invasion*, like Brown men of other years, would be among the first to answer the call to the colors."

Experienced peace workers told us that we would do well to obtain two hundred pacifist signatures at Brown. Approximately four hundred undergraduates in this conservative New England school have already signed the pledge not to bear arms except in case of invasion of the mainland, and only half the school has been covered. The captain of the football team, an All-American quarterback, ■ Rhodes scholar, and most of the other prominent men on the campus are members of the peace committee and enthusiastic workers for the cause. Pacifism is becoming respectable in the colleges.

The primary purpose of the campaign instituted at Brown is not merely to obtain pledges but to educate undergraduates, both men and women. A member of the peace committee at Brown who has in his possession a book containing photographs of the "glories" of war speaks to each student individually. If a student refuses to sign, he is asked to state his reasons. The number of men converted by these discussions was surprising. Some students who withheld their signatures for two hours became ardent workers afterwards and persuaded other men to sign.

The answers were very revealing. The majority of those who refused to sign also refused to state reasons. They just "felt" that one should fight for his country if called upon but they didn't know why. "War is a necessary evil," "pledges are useless," "we must protect our interests," "we must protect our possessions," "it is better to fight abroad than at home," "we owe something to our country," "we should not make any decision until the time of crisis arrives," "the American Revolution and Civil War were good wars," "the women should preserve the peace," "it's cowardly and radical," were some of the reasons offered. Several parents ordered their sons to remove their names from the petitions. Many students expressed sympathy with the movement but said they could not sign because of previous obligations to the R. O. T. C. and C. M. T. C., and others stated that if it were known that they were pacifists they could not make any progress in local politics.

Originally 145 colleges were invited by the *Daily Herald* to join in the peace campaign. Now, through the cooperation of the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, the movement is spreading to every college in the United States. Students are offered the choice of signing either the Brown pledge or the absolute Oxford pledge.

Conservatives find it difficult to comprehend that American students are extending their interests beyond football, liquor, and sex. Even today the average college man does not read a newspaper regularly, but the great interest aroused by the peace campaign augurs well for the future. The American college student may be finally emerging from his mental lethargy. The results of the World War have shown him that all wars are futile and sponsored by selfish interests. The Needhams and the FitzSimonses are effectively demonstrating that only united and forceful action can preserve peace. In the Kellogg-Briand Pact sixty nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and American college students demand that this pact be upheld. It will take more than flag-waving and bugle calls to empty the colleges for another war.

Traveling Light

II. More than Sight-Seeing

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

PEOPLE of taste generally feel themselves superior to group travel. They shrink from being herded. They fear abridgment of their freedom to go where they like and see what they enjoy. Few realize that in a small congenial party one may actually have more freedom of movement, see more, and have ■ better time than if one travels independently.

A college professor writes to a travel organization: "We found that everywhere we went on the second trip [independent] we had to take one of the big sight-seeing buses, which meant that we did all our sight-seeing, not in groups of twelve or thirteen, but in crowds of seventy or more." The organized tour may save money, nerves, and time. Also it often affords opportunities for meeting notable personalities, seeing unusual places, attending special events—opportunities which cannot be arranged for private individuals. The following trips are suggestive of the best in group travel for the summer of 1933.

Below our borders lies ■ land of vivid beauty, stranger to Americans than countries half around the world—a modern state emerging from the civilization of medieval Spain and the ancient Indian civilizations of this continent. The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America conducts an annual seminar in Mexico which provides an approach to Mexico's picturesque fascination as well as an insight into her history and her problems. The seminar this year will be held in Cuernavaca and Mexico City from July 8 to 28. The program includes lectures and round tables on archaeology, economics, literature, arts and crafts, international relations, and history, and field trips within a radius of a hundred miles. The trip can be made by steamer or by rail, the steamer being less expensive and much more pleasant. The round-trip rate for the whole period is \$398.50 from New York, including steamer, hotels, transportation in Mexico, and meals except in Mexico City. Rates for rail travel and for a shorter period in Mexico will be given by the committee at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

American Boys Abroad is an enterprise addressed to boys of senior-high-school and junior-college age. Dr. and Mrs. Sven V. Knudsen of 248 Boylston Street, Boston, direct the groups. Sailing on July 5 the boys travel through five European countries and spend a week as guests of private families in Holland. Dr. Knudsen has taken 800 boys abroad since 1927. This year a group of girls will enjoy the advantages which Dr. Knudsen offers. Members of the groups must be recommended by educators or by persons known to Dr. Knudsen. The rate is \$335 round trip from New York for boys under nineteen years and \$375 for boys over nineteen. The trip lasts eight weeks.

The seventh Cultural Expedition through Pacific Asia commanded by Upton Close will embark this summer from Vancouver in two sailings, on June 17 and July 1. The expedition spends thirty-two days in China and Japan—not in the ports that tourists usually see but in inland towns and cities. A series of lectures on shipboard, meetings with

Chinese and Japanese personalities, intelligently conducted sight-seeing, the intimate knowledge of the Orient which Upton Close possesses, are the distinguishing features of this trip. The expedition breaks up into parties of twenty-five for land travel, each with American leaders and native guides. Costs are \$675 for the July 1 sailing and \$720 for the June 17 sailing, which latter includes a longer cruise with calls at Honolulu, Hong Kong, and Manila. Application should be made to Upton Close Expeditions, 333 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

The International Student Service (140 Nassau Street, New York) sponsors a sixty-three-day trip for young men under the leadership of Kenneth Holland, its executive secretary. High lights are a steamer trip up the Rhine, a four-day canoe trip down the Danube, hikes in the Bavarian and Swiss Alps, the International Student Service Conference at Ettal, special scenes from the Oberammergau Passion Play, a lake trip from Geneva to Lausanne. The cost is \$375 for the round trip from New York, and the party sails on June 24.

The League of Nations Association plans a European trip for those who wish to make their holiday count in knowledge of world affairs. The Institute of International Relations in Geneva is the focal point. The group will spend a month in Europe and Russia. The cost from New York back to New York is \$545. The tour has been organized in conjunction with World Acquaintance Travel, Inc., of 56 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

The American People's College in Europe is a most seductive educational institution which makes study as painless as possible. Students combine travel in other European countries with their resident work at Oetz in the Austrian Tyrol. This year the college offers three weeks of residence in Oetz, two weeks of travel in Europe, and the round-trip steamship passage for a total of \$344. The study period includes easy hiking and mountain climbing. Longer study and travel periods up to fourteen months are offered for less than a thousand dollars. The travel part of the tour is under the management of the Pocono Study Tours, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York.

The Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, announces over forty groups which will travel in Europe or the Soviet Union or both this summer. Among these the party headed by General Victor A. Yakhontoff is of special interest because of the leader. General Yakhontoff was a soldier and diplomat under the czarist regime and a member of the Kerensky Government. He revisited Soviet Russia in 1929 and 1931, and so is familiar with the new Russia as well as the old. The round-trip rate for his party is \$675, with thirty-two days in Russia.

The League for Industrial Democracy sponsors a fourth annual tour through the Open Road. The group will spend six weeks in Europe and Russia under the leadership of Professor Colston E. Warne, of Amherst College. The subject for study is Socialism, Fascism, and Capitalism in Europe; the cost of the round trip is \$445.

The Open Road is organizing a students' tour of Palestine based on stays in workers' settlements and colonies. Travel in Palestine, a country of short distances and good roads, is by motor bus.

A peace study tour for teachers, lecturers, and lay students of international affairs has been arranged through

the Open Road by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Seven weeks of travel through Europe and Russia, with transatlantic passage, cost \$630.

(This is the second appearance of a column of travel information which is being run at intervals in The Nation. The list of unusual tours of special interest to Nation readers will be continued next week.)

In the Driftway

THE menace of the airplane to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is becoming acute. It reached a high-water mark in acuteness some weeks ago when an airplane landed, not intentionally, in the midst of one presumably happy home, which it demolished, and then rolled on to destroy a second house, killing ten or a dozen innocent—shall we call them under-standers? It was at that moment that the Drifter decided to cooperate in a project put forward by a correspondent in San Francisco, Ernst Bacon. Mr. Bacon is concerned with preserving not only human life but what inviolability still remains of the human ear.

Quite apart [he writes] from its potentialities as a weapon of destruction, the airplane is already such an offense to one's sensibilities that the prospect of an eventual Henry Fordian production is utterly appalling.

The automobile has long been a vehicle with which the careless and the insolent could annoy and abuse their walking fellow-men without fear of retaliation. And now one man may indulge his arrogant pleasure in swooping over cities, disturbing entire populations with his waspish dronings. Let an army officer decide to whoop up interest in the air force by staging a little sham battle, and all safety laws regulating the height of flying are suspended, work below is stopped, motorists collide, and men go mad.

There is still today some distinction left between city and country, some few regions in which quiet prevails, but I fear this happy state will not last much longer. Friends of mine who had spent four days getting into the heart of the high Sierras were surprised one afternoon to see—and hear—a plane bringing a party from Hollywood for an afternoon's fishing, landing on one of the lakes.

The popular myth that flying brings a new freedom, offers new sensations and experiences, has been pretty well settled by now. To those who have neither faith nor interest in such a bauble, and who still possess remnants of ears and nerves, I offer membership in the Society for the Suppression of Airplanes. The offices will be located under Niagara Falls.

* * * * *

THE most alarming thing in Mr. Bacon's letter is the Hollywood fishing expedition. The Drifter has always comforted himself with the thought that the overwhelming flood of automobiles—horns, stench, stupid drivers, and all—could never reach certain high and quiet places. Never in his wildest nightmares has he pictured a movie actress fishing in one of his favorite glacial lakes. Now the danger of attack from above threatens his last refuge. There is only one thing to do. When the Drifter sees, say Jean Harlow, stepping out of a plane on to the unsullied snows of Heaven's Peak he will take a flying leap off the other side.

THE DRIFTER

Mr. Lewisohn Raises a Storm

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a literary critic Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has few living superiors. But unfortunately, one looks in vain in his discussions of political and social problems for a display of those qualities of clear thinking, restraint, and understanding of the subject matter which distinguish his critical writings. Mr. Lewisohn's diatribe against Hitlerism, in a recent number of *The Nation*, not only matches in emotional abandon the utterances of Hitler himself, but is so naive and unrealistic in its political and psychological assumptions that it could be dismissed entirely were it not that Mr. Lewisohn's role of a latter-day prophet in Israel makes it advisable to examine and evaluate this latest encyclical.

Such an examination leads inevitably to the conclusion that Mr. Lewisohn, in making his frenetic demand for racial isolation, is performing a distinct disservice not only to millions of Jews, but to those millions of non-Jews in every land who believe that the gradual breaking down of national, racial, and religious barriers is an essential part of any program for the establishment of an ordered and peaceful society.

On its very face, Mr. Lewisohn's ill-considered pronunciamiento is invalidated by its own inconsistencies. In one breath he boasts of the Jewish contributions to German culture, and in the next denounces the German Jews for not remaining aloof from the activities in which they have won distinction. And his fervent plea for Jewish solidarity is not in tune with his complacent willingness to abandon the Jewish Communists to their fate.

It is all very well for Mr. Lewisohn to urge his fellow-Jews to throw themselves into battle, cryptically shouting *Shmah Israel*, but like most generals when they order their shock-troops into action, Mr. Lewisohn is comfortably installed in his Staff Headquarters at a safe distance from the front-line trenches. One remembers, too, that he is a comparatively recent convert to intransigent Zionism, and that his war-time resignation from a Middle Western college was perhaps not unrelated to his ardent defense of that German culture which he now berates other German Jews for adopting. If I seem to harp upon these inconsistencies, it is merely in order to emphasize my belief that his position is that of a weaver of romantic daydreams—a cloistered man, who shuts his eyes to the realities of life. In a man of lesser attainments such passionate advocacy of an isolationist policy might even be regarded as the rationalization of personal problems of adjustment.

At any rate, if Mr. Lewisohn were as familiar with the psychology of the Jews as he is with their history, he would be less insistent in his demand for isolation. The fact is that most Jews are like the majority of people of any race, creed, or nationality. That is to say, they are not heroes, martyrs, or egomaniacs, but simple, unpretentious folk who are less interested in abstract problems of culture or of philosophy than in the concrete business of daily living. They want security for themselves and their families, economic opportunity, and peaceable and friendly intercourse with their neighbors. They have the same natural affection for the land of their birth or adoption as do any other people and the same healthy tendency to accept the prevailing *mores* and idiom. They may muse more or less tenderly over the traditions and past glories of their race, but in practice they identify themselves with their political and economic environment rather than with their racial group. In so far as they have succeeded in this process of adjustment, they have prospered; in so far as they have pursued the policy of self-segregation which Mr. Lewisohn advocates, they have laid themselves open to the hostility which the alien always incurs.

After all, it is some two thousand years since Jerusalem fell. As well try to recapture its somewhat dubious glories as to rebuild and reanimate the Parthenon. Mr. Lewisohn's Judaism is as unthinking and as destructive as Hitler's Teutonism. In fact, it is of a piece with it: a reversion to the superstitions and prejudices of a bygone age rather than an intelligent acceptance of the actualities of the modern world. Obviously, it is as ridiculous to ask Einstein, Freud, and Bruno Walter to speak a dead tongue and court racial martyrdom with Mr. Lewisohn's barbaric battle cry on their lips, as it would be to expect James Weldon Johnson and W. E. B. Du Bois to practice cannibalism and voodoo, or Will Rogers and former Vice-President Curtis to put on war paint and charge down Pennsylvania Avenue, brandishing tomahawks.

On the whole, the position of the Jew throughout the world today is better than it has ever been. True, anti-Semitism exists everywhere, but it is progressively diminishing and will continue to diminish in exact ratio to the Jew's adaptation to his environment. Mr. Lewisohn's Zionism is a utopian fantasy, as anyone can determine for himself by trying to find a common denominator for Einstein, Otto H. Kahn, a Rumanian rabbi, Benny Leonard, Leon Trotzky, a Palestinian farmer, George Jean Nathan, Gyp the Blood, Lord Reading, a town beggar in the Atlas Mountains, Max D. Steuer, a Bronx sweatshop worker, and Fannie Brice.

I yield to no one in my detestation of Hitler and all his works. But the way to defeat Hitler is not by answering him with an appeal to the same narrow clannishness which he personifies. The hope of the world lies in the determination of humane and enlightened men and women everywhere to join hands in a common effort to liberate all the peoples of the earth from the stifling heritage of racial and national fear, suspicion, and hatred, in order that society may be reorganized upon broad humanitarian principles. Mr. Lewisohn, by raising obsolete battle cries, serves only to obscure the basic social, economic, and political problems which must be solved if Western civilization is to survive.

New York, May 4

ELMER RICE

Jerusalem Would Be Lonely

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is only natural that such a noisy lament as that which Ludwig Lewisohn utters in your issue of May 3 should be illogical. At a time when schools throughout the United States are holding anti-superstition classes, when liberal Christians are omitting religious training from their children's education, when physicists and anthropologists need no longer conclude their works with an avowal of their belief in the Lord—as J. G. Frazer did a score of years ago in "The Golden Bough"—the Jews, says Mr. Lewisohn, are to go back to "Hear, O Israel," Jerusalem, and what, in an English-language publication, he quaintly styles the "Shabbath."

This is the ancient cry of the rabbis, who, when their people were offered equal rights with other people here and there throughout their history, invariably replied that they preferred their flocks to remain segregated and without citizens' rights, so that they could attend more closely to their ancient customs and that "moral grandeur" which Mr. Lewisohn still advocates as the finest poultice for such troubles as the present antics of the Nazis. But what is Mr. Lewisohn going to do about restoring

the belief that Israel is going to answer his chosen folk, which was so potent a portion of that ancient "moral grandeur," and the equally strong belief in the coming of him whom Mr. Lewisohn would undoubtedly call, quaintly, the Messhiach?

To many Jews like myself, who are not particularly abject or ignoble either, Mr. Lewisohn's type of "moral grandeur" is vastly old-fashioned, and not nearly so exciting as the various mental acrobatics which science offers us. As for running to Jerusalem, we, who are as fond of a more Western type of culture as Turgeniev, find the idea of exile in Jerusalem, for all its Y. M. C. A.'s and tennis clubs, as sad and hopeless and unutterably lonely as Comus Bassington found his particular part of Africa.

Nyack, N. Y., May 4

ROSE CAYLOR

The Deleterious Myth

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ludwig Lewisohn may be a great artist, but he is no anthropologist nor even a statesman. I am with him when he denounces the unspeakable savagery of the present German government and the abject supineness of the people of Germany. But what can be his purpose in denouncing German Jews for considering themselves Germans or for their refusal to subscribe to the deleterious myth that the Jews constitute a separate race in Germany or anywhere else? Even if Mr. Lewisohn's implications were based on good anthropology—and they are not—what good would it do the Jews to further the cause of their enemies by admitting that they are everywhere an alien race? The present situation must be fought with courage and truth, not with insanity.

New York, May 5

EPIRAIM CROSS

There Is No Returning

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Jews are being persecuted, says Ludwig Lewisohn, even where they have become most completely assimilated with the people among whom they live; therefore let all Jews take warning and return to their spiritual heritage. And we are bidden to contemplate the moral iniquity of German Jews whose children were in school on a Saturday; if they had been good Jews, says Mr. Lewisohn in effect, they would not have been in school that day, and could not have been driven out!

As a matter of fact, German Jews were not fully assimilated. Always in Germany "der Jude" was separated from others, even if he was only partly Jewish. German Jews were kept apart from general German life as much as Christian Germans could keep them. They lost what Mr. Lewisohn calls their spiritual heritage not because they wanted to force themselves upon a people who did not want them, but because they were living in a modern, civilized world where that "spiritual heritage" of outworn superstitions was out of place. But German Jews, no matter how Germanized, still remained Jews, and were thus available as a scapegoat for Nazi blood-lust.

Just what would be the results of a return to the Jewish heritage? A strengthening of the differences between Jews and non-Jews, a perpetuation of ancient prejudices, and a still stronger persecution and hatred of Jews everywhere. The solution of the "Jewish problem" does not lie in any "returning." Problems are solved by progress, not by retrogression. Jews should continue to live the life of full citizens of the modern world, and demand their rights, not as Jews, but as human beings. Sooner or later their Christian neighbors will also be-

come human and leavened with enlightenment, and the Jews will get their rights. In Russia the Jewish problem has disappeared, because religion and capitalistic nationalism have been done away with; that way lies the Jewish future, and not in senile dreams of the good old days.

Newark, N. J., May 5

GEORGE L. TRAGER

Folk Mysticism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ludwig Lewisohn writes in *The Nation* of May 3 with his usual eloquence. It is difficult to see how anyone not a Nazi could be unmoved by his indictment of Nazi brutalities. In that part of his article dedicated to the Jews, however, I feel that his eloquence is tragically misused in the cause of a folk mysticism only a little less obscurantist, reactionary, and ill-founded than that against which he protests.

It is possible in these tragic times, when all nations, races, and governments face possibly insuperable difficulties affecting the destiny of millions of human beings, that Mr. Lewisohn really believes Jewish energies should be expended in protesting against the "brutal prohibition of *Shechitah* everywhere." However grossly ironical the incidental humane gesture on the part of Hitler in behalf of animals may appear, it is a fact that humane societies generally believe *Shechitah* is a needlessly cruel form of slaughtering and have protested against it on grounds that have nothing to do with race prejudice. If, as I believe, they are right in this, it is certainly within the province of any government to forbid such a practice, whether sanctioned by religion or not. Very few religions have not at some time or other sanctioned cruelties that to civilized persons are unthinkable.

As to the Jewish consciousness which he charges the German Jews with lacking, he is very close to saying to these incredibly persecuted people, "I told you so," and "Serves you right." He is right, of course, in saying that the situation is unparalleled and that earlier persecutions were of a "people of a strong spiritual and social solidarity." They were. Inevitably so, for they were persecutions of a people herded together in pales and ghettos. Does Mr. Lewisohn really feel nostalgia for such a past? His article was probably written before the fine and dignified gesture of Professor James Franck, who resigned his position as a protest against the degrading of Jewish citizens in Germany. It is a protest in which German Jews are the more justified because they have, once ghetto restrictions were removed, poured out their talents in the service of German life. They *have* been Germans—German Jews—just as in other countries they have been French, English, or American Jews. Mr. Lewisohn is on highly dangerous ground in suggesting that there is anything inherent in the Jewish heritage or the Jewish character that is inconsistent with such nationality and such citizenship. Not only Hitler and his lieutenants but Jew-baiters in all countries have taken a precisely similar stand.

According to Mr. Lewisohn the German Jews who refused to heed the warning he sounded in "Israel" "have nothing within them wherewith to bear their Jewish fate." Since when have suffering and persecution been monopolies of the Jewish people? "They whine," he says, "that they are Germans," whereas "their ancestors went forth in other ages to die with *Shmah Israel* on their lips." This exalted, egotistic masochism ignores alike the sufferings and the heroism of the Jews who have died in behalf of other causes—communism is one of them—and those of their German comrades in arms who are also tortured and hounded by the unspeakable Nazi regime.

And finally Mr. Lewisohn calls upon American Gentiles

to respect their Jewish friends "in proportion as they are Jews." That is, in so far as they observe the *Shabbath* rather than the Sabbath, observe dietary laws laid down some two thousand or more years ago for a nomad, desert population, and generally adhere to a Jewish fundamentalism in no way more enlightened than the Protestant fundamentalism of Dayton, Tennessee. He is probably right in feeling that there has been some abjectness on the part of Jewish assimilationists in their adoption of the folkways of the nationals among whom they dwell. Such abjectness and such racial aggressiveness as Mr. Lewisohn's are both the inevitable accompaniments of discrimination. One finds both these attitudes in every race and in every social group which is discriminated against. What one rarely finds, however, is so fine an intellect as Mr. Lewisohn's going down in such utter disarray before the impact of discrimination.

The best answer to Mr. Lewisohn is to be found in Emerson's fine lines quoted so approvingly by Mr. Lewisohn last year in his "Expression in America" as opposed to the usual "herd bleating" and "herd growling" of Americans, which are equally applicable to all "herd bleedings," Jewish or Nazi:

Is it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be an unit . . . not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section to which we belong?

New York, May 4

MARTHA GRUENING

Other Correspondence On the Farm Front

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Wisconsin farmers will declare an embargo on all farm produce beginning May 13 unless adequate legislative relief is secured before then, according to Walter M. Singler, the leader of the Wisconsin Cooperative Milk Pool. And there is no doubt that Singler and Arnold Gilberts, president of the Wisconsin unit of the Farm Holiday Association, have mobilized farm opinion behind them sufficiently to effect a serious shortage of farm produce if the strike is called. Three thousand farmers gathered in the municipal auditorium at Hartford and an overflow crowd of two thousand filled two other halls equipped with loud speakers to hear an address by Singler, who had just turned down an offer of arbitration.

In preparation for the strike, township captains have been selected for every important agricultural community, and a secret board of strategy has been appointed to act if the acknowledged leaders are enjoined by the courts from conducting the strike. Meanwhile, the Wisconsin legislature, forewarned by the previous milk strike, which nearly dried up the Milwaukee supply for the eight days from February 15 to 23, has prepared restrictive legislation. Under the projected laws mayors and sheriffs would be compelled to offer safe conduct to strike-breakers through pickets or assume personal liability for losses incurred within the provisions of the mob-liability law, which is being amended specifically to include damages suffered on public highways because of strikes. Another move contemplates the licensing of all milk producers so that striking farmers could be threatened with revocation of license.

While the legislature, which contains an unusual number of inexperienced men, has assumed a truculent air toward the farm leaders, Governor Albert G. Schmedeman, under close supervision from his executive adviser, has secured from the Borden and National Dairy condensaries an increase of fifteen cents a

hundred pounds in the price of milk. This brings the price up to \$1 per hundred, which meets just halfway the Cooperative Milk Pool's demand for \$2 per hundred (about 4½ cents a quart). The strike leaders say that other produce prices must be boosted correspondingly. Mortgages must be refinanced for long terms, and interest, "the farmers' greatest curse," must be cut to 1½ per cent.

The Milwaukee press, with the exception of the *Leader*, has set the pace for the State press, assuming a cool attitude toward the strike when it has not openly opposed it. The few La Follette Progressives and Socialists who survived the Democratic landslide last fall have seized upon the apparent reluctance of the Administration to support ameliorating measures. The Socialist Party has even gone so far as to issue a statement indorsing in full the demands of the Farm Holiday Association.

The farmers themselves, tired of unfulfilled promises, seem determined to demand a show-down. The recent move toward inflation, according to Gilberts, will not pacify them. Their trouble goes deeper than merely low commodity prices. And if previously the farmers have lacked leaders with a grasp of the whole economic situation, that charge cannot now be maintained. "The whole system must be reformed," these strike leaders say in effect. "If this holiday can only bring us a breathing-spell, just a little rest from the mortgage collector, we can carry on our educational program. Then in a few years we shall have an organization whose membership will know what is needed to effect a permanent solution."

Wisconsin farmers have thrown down the gauntlet to Congress. Interstate cooperation is expected to follow the national farm conference in Des Moines on May 3. It looks as if only fundamental legislative action can avert food shortages, rioting, and probable bloodshed.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 2

CHARLES W. TAYLOR

Open Road Leaders and Representatives in the U. S. S. R. . . .



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Lucy E. Textor, Professor of Russian History, Vassar College. "Off the Beaten Track in Old and New Russia." 7 weeks \$548

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Young Men and War

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You referred in a recent issue to the resolution of the Oxford University Union that its members will not in any circumstances fight for king and country. I wonder if your readers are aware that in union and debating societies in every other important English and Welsh university (I am not quite sure about the Scottish), with the exception of Birmingham, the same or a closely similar resolution has been passed by large majorities. Letters from economists and others which I have recently received speak of these resolutions as the only encouraging event that has occurred in Great Britain for years. The newspapers have attempted to suggest that in the coeducational universities the votes of women students were responsible for carrying the resolutions. Investigation has shown this to be quite untrue. Indeed, in some cases the only women speakers who took part in the debates supported the cause of militarism.

Denver, Colo., April 18 BRITISH UNIVERSITY GRADUATE

Books Wanted

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

This is an appeal for books, from the heart of the anthracite region. This town of 17,000 people has no library of any sort. A group of active and intelligent young miners are busily at work, in the unemployed league and in other groups, in an effort to arouse their fellow-workers to the necessity of action. They have done splendid work, but they are severely handicapped by the lack of social and economic books. They hope

to build up an adequate workers' library which can be expanded to a large circulating library later.

Anyone who wishes to help this work along may send books to John Coveleskie, chairman Workers Protective League, Market Street, Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania.

Mt. Carmel, Pa., May 1

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Misusing the Radio

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On Wednesday evening, April 12, I listened to Edwin C. Hill in his broadcast entitled *The Human Side of the News*, over the Columbia network. This was the second broadcast which Mr. Hill devoted to a discussion of Russia and the trial of the six Englishmen. In both talks he had no qualms whatever about mixing fancy with fact. For example, he described in hair-raising terms the room and atmosphere where the trial took place, painted the prosecutor as a very ogre, and insinuated that the Englishman who confessed to his guilt did so as a result of nervous breakdown brought on by third-degree methods. I, personally, have no knowledge of the truth or the falsity of these statements, but I seriously doubt if Mr. Hill, here in New York City, could have known with such amazing certainty the details concerning a trial which was then going on.

Mr. Hill is heard by millions of people, and he is especially dangerous because he has a fascinating radio voice and a remarkable ability for description. His talks carry the misleading title *The Human Side of the News*. Too frequently he merely airs his own point of view. Such misuse of the radio is surely doing more harm than good at a time when international understanding is so vitally needed.

New York, May 1

BEATRICE GREENFIELD ROSAHN

JUST PUBLISHED

NORMAN DOUGLAS

Looking Back

The memoirs of the celebrated author of *South Wind*, picturing the people who have crowded his unconventional life—Frank Harris, D. H. Lawrence, Rupert Brooks and a hundred others—and giving an extraordinarily vivid self-portrait.

Ill., \$3.50

MORRIS R. COHEN

Law and the Social Order

By the author of "Reason and Nature"

For twenty years the author has developed the views here presented, assessing every basic doctrine and movement that stirs the legal world. Equally important are his appraisals of representative figures in law—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Roscoe Pound, Elihu Root, Harold Laski, and a score of others.

\$3.75

JOHN M. KEYNES

Essays in Biography

Biographical essays on famous politicians—Bonar Law, Lord Oxford, Winston Churchill, Trotsky, The Council of Four; and economists—Alfred Marshall, Edgeworth, Ramsey, The Earl of Balfour. Keynes exhibits here the same gift of portraiture which made memorable his studies of the Big Four in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*.

Ill., \$2.50

ANDRE SIEGFRIED

Impressions of South American

In an unpretentious volume, the author of *America Comes of Age* outlines the geographical, racial, political, social and economic life of South America in a fashion which emphasizes how much better than the usual tome is a small book by the right man. "In this skillful and informing book he adds a whole new continent to the earlier panels of the screen of civilization."—*N. Y. Times*.

Ill., \$2.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Ave., New York

Books, Drama, Art

Roots

By RUTH LECHLITNER

From the vital seed
Locked in womb-tunnels blacker than the night,
Reach the slow roots of sight:
The delicate tactile ferns, the webs that feed
In dark veins swollen with the blind dark rain,
Seeking, shall trace again
Those subterranean patterns, deep and mute,
Reshaped in branch and leaf, bright flower and fruit.

The eyes that learn
To look at roots with second sight, may see
The stark perfection of the lifted tree,
The dream that is the blossom. They shall turn
From broken fruit and withered leaf to find
Here the whole fruit, the faultless leaf designed:
No form shall vanish; changeless and secure
No beauty perish while these roots endure.

Adultery in Cambridge

Great Circle. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

MR. AIKEN'S new novel makes interesting reading, but it must be confessed that the tale is neither so original as some of his recent short stories nor so unhackneyed as it would have seemed a few years ago. In the best of his shorter pieces—like, for example, *Silent Snow*, *Secret Snow*—Mr. Aiken has a subject matter and a method entirely his own. He creates an eerie mood by the calm, insane coherence with which he communicates the feel of a pathological mental state, and it would be impossible not to recognize the work as unmistakably his. This novel, on the other hand, has all the chief characteristics of a fairly large school. Well as it is written, one classifies it immediately, and I doubt, even, if one could be sure from the text alone who the author was.

This air of being typical rather than strictly original hangs about both the story and the method by which it is told. Perhaps the highly disorganized young hero, with his mind full of tag ends of culture ironically irrelevant to his intimate experiences, has never been made a young Harvard instructor before. Perhaps, indeed, the most original part of the book is just that part which is concerned with suggesting life in a shabby academic bohemia inhabited by struggling pedagogues who escape from the respectable routine of their everyday life only by means of home-made cocktails, cinemas, and burlesque shows. But if one has never seen this hero embodied as a Harvard instructor before, one knows him pretty well, and one is not surprised to learn that his emotional crisis is precipitated by the discovery of the not very passionate adultery committed by the wife whom he loves with only a stale affection and his most intimate friend. Moreover, the method, with its stream of consciousness, its Freudian dreams, and its ironic intermixture of short-hand references to classical or romantic clichés, is also not unfamiliar. These devices constitute the common denominator between, let us say, *"Ulysses"* and *"Antic Hay."* They have their uses, they are well handled by Mr. Aiken, and he, doubtless, has as good a right to use them as anyone else. But the fact remains that they have become pretty familiar, and that in the present book they do not

actually achieve a force or an immediacy as great as that achieved by the author when he uses a style more clearly his alone.

Indeed, the most striking thing about the whole book is the fact that one can now classify as easy and entertaining reading a novel written in this once esoteric manner, that we have learned to accept its elisions and its other conventions quite as easily as we accept the conventions utilized in more regular forms. No one who has read much contemporary fiction will find this book in any way difficult, or will, for that matter, be much surprised by the shabbiness of all the persons and all the passions represented. Perhaps the first fact merely proves the essential soundness of the method as such, merely proves that once the reader has learned how to read it and once the writer has actually mastered its possibilities, it is no more specialized or difficult than any other. But the fact that the small soul is so much taken for granted may give the critic longer pause. The secret infamies of the sub-average mind were once presented for the purpose of confounding those who insisted upon taking a too romantic view of human nature. They are not a particularly rewarding subject for repeated exploitation.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Why We Lynch

The Tragedy of Lynching. By Arthur Raper. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

IT would have been impossible for the publishers of *"The Tragedy of Lynching"* to have chosen a more timely publication date. The tragically complicated Scottsboro case and, more recently, the dramatic refusal of Federal Judge James A. Lowell to return George Crawford, a Negro, from Massachusetts to Virginia for trial on a murder charge have focused the attention of the United States and of the world on black-white relations in the South. When one looks only at what occurred at Scottsboro in 1931 and at Decatur in 1933, the picture is almost completely a hopeless one. *"The Tragedy of Lynching"* contains much that is equally conducive to despair. But its significance lies in the fact that such a dissecting of mob murder could come and has come from out of the deep South. Every person who has been stirred by the Scottsboro and Crawford cases should read the book in order to understand the background of the social, economic, racial, and political forces which have made Scottsboro possible.

The ineffectiveness of law-enforcement officers, or their unwillingness to defend Negro prisoners, or, in many instances, their actual surrender to or connivance with lynching mobs is perhaps the most consistent note throughout the study. Here and there exceptions are to be noted, but it is certain that these will continue to be exceptions as long as these officers are dependent for election or reelection solely upon white voters, through disfranchisement of the Negro.

A group of distinguished Southerners, headed by Dr. George Fort Milton of Chattanooga and including in its membership outstanding white and colored Southerners, made the present study at the request of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation. Dr. Raper, who is research and field secretary of the commission, has done an excellent job. He and his associates have made detailed studies of each of the twenty-one lynchings of 1930. The picture given in these cases is also a picture of most of the 3,724 lynchings in the United States since 1889.

Practically all the usual myths about the causes of lynching, and a good many of those regarding the Negro himself, are effectively exploded. Is the individual Negro, as professional Southerners allege, more leniently treated in Southern courts? The answer is no. During an eighteen-month period in 1930-31

only thirteen of eighty-one persons executed in the South were white; all thirteen were convicted of murder. Sixty-eight Negroes were executed—fifty-seven for murder, eight for rape, and three for theft. Do most of the lynchings occur in the "black belt" where Negroes are most numerous? The answer is again in the negative. Are most of the Negro victims of mobs lynched for raping white women? Less than 16 per cent of those lynched were even *accused* of sex offenses. In 1931 only eight of twenty-one victims were charged with rape, and that year the proportion of victims accused of sex crimes was higher than in any year since lynching records have been kept. Mobs are learning that even liberal and emancipated whites, Northerners as well as Southerners, are less inclined to protest against lynchings when they are made to believe a white woman has been molested.

If "The Tragedy of Lynching" has a weakness, it is its insufficient emphasis upon the economic factor—the abject poverty of whites as well as Negroes. It does not pretend to be anything more than a factual examination of the lynchings of a given year, and it is all the more impressive because of the objectivity of its approach, and the fact that the authors are Southerners at last speaking out boldly against an intolerable crime. The book is especially to be recommended to those who are interested in learning whether indiscriminate and intemperate "mass action," directed without intelligence, is going to help or injure Negro and white victims of lynchings. "The Tragedy of Lynching" is a valuable guide for those who seek all the implications and contributory causes of lynching, who see that militant and determined action is necessary to overcome the deep-rooted reasons for the evil, but who, free from doctrinaire economic and political theorizing, want rather to end an evil than to unite white capitalists and white workers in a campaign against the black proletariat.

WALTER WHITE

A Pious Gesture

Joseph Smith. An American Prophet. By John Henry Evans. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

IN the current zeal to recapture their past Americans may well pull out from the shadows of obscurity and partisanship the figure of Joseph Smith. Two great religions originating on American soil, Mormonism and Christian Science, although unlike in almost every other respect, have both been remarkable in adhesive power and genius for organization, and akin in that each was founded by an extraordinarily dynamic personality, who, though living in recent times, has been enveloped in mystery and misunderstanding as baffling as that surrounding the progenitors of earlier faiths.

Not that there is any lack of testimony in regard to either Joseph Smith or Mrs. Eddy. There are 20,000 volumes on Joseph Smith in the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City as against not many more than 2,600 on George Washington in the Library of Congress in Washington. But practically all existing books on Joseph Smith are written with a bias for or against his religious claims, and the man himself has been lost in the clash of controversy. Mr. Evans has tried, he says in his preface, to present the available facts without smothering them in opinion. He adds, "This, I believe, has never been done before."

It might have been more accurate to say "has never been done at all," for Mr. Evans cannot be said to have accomplished the difficult task. Although he discloses a wish to be fair in assembling his data and reaching his deductions that is in keeping with the best scientific spirit, he writes with an apostolic reverence which obscures Joseph Smith the man behind Joseph Smith the prophet. It would be unfair to say that

Mr. Evans is engaged throughout the book in fastening a halo about the head of his subject. Rather is he engaged in contemplating a halo which unconsciously he sees as already there.

There is this at least to be said of the muckraking school of biography, that by making its subjects men and women it makes them lovable or despicable—often both—and therefore human and interesting. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Evans writes as a Mormon should not disqualify him from presenting Joseph Smith as a man. Yet somehow it has disqualified him—that and other considerations. In a brave attempt to be picturesque he tells the story of Joseph Smith episodically rather than in straight narrative, but the chief result is that the reader often is hard put to it to follow the thread. Somehow the great human drama of the untutored farmer's boy who suffered the bitterest persecutions and an early death to establish a religion which today has upward of a million adherents has escaped the author's grasp.

Mr. Evans discloses his limitations significantly in his treatment of polygamy. To a Mormon polygamy is, of course, only a detail in a vast philosophy and a century of history. To an outsider, rightly or wrongly, it is nine-tenths of the picture, and Mr. Evans is badly advised to compress all he has to say of it in 10 of his 450 pages. Bernard Shaw, in his recent American address, characterized as a wonderful event in American history the imposition by Joseph Smith of polygamy upon his followers against all their previous religious education "for a purely political reason"—self-preservation by increased numbers.

It is a question whether that was Joseph Smith's intention when he himself began the practice of polygamy, secretly, in 1841—two years before his assassination—though there is no doubt that such was the purpose of Brigham Young when in 1852 he publicly promulgated the doctrine in Utah. Mr. Evans thinks Joseph Smith embraced polygamy as a measure of justice to women—to relieve the unmarried among them of the then about equally terrifying alternatives of spinsterhood or prostitution. However that may be, Mr. Evans says that Joseph Smith had had polygamy in mind for ten years before he began to practice it, had talked of it with friends, and that like many other supposed secrets the news had traveled considerably. It is a quaint conception of the function of a historian, therefore, to leave all mention of polygamy out of the narrative portion of the book and dismiss it in a few pages when considering separately the prophet's religious philosophy.

It may be that we shall have to wait for a non-Mormon to write a story of Joseph Smith which will raise the latter to a worthy status among unbelievers.

ARTHUR WARNER

What Gandhi Thinks

Gandhi Versus the Empire. By Haridas T. Muzumdar. With a Foreword by Will Durant. New York: Universal Publishing Company. \$3.50.

THIS is a book not only for people who are interested in Gandhi or in India but also for all who are troubled by the imminence, almost everywhere, of widespread violence and probable black reaction. For in it we have many of the most weighty and illuminating statements of the man who has done more than anyone else to show the power and practical effectiveness of non-violent moral struggle in settling great public questions.

The book is a careful compilation of the most important of Gandhi's statements since 1919, when he began his struggle for India's freedom, together with historical and explanatory matter by Dr. Muzumdar. The quoted material is clearly marked and separated from the commentary. There are Gandhi's statements

to the court at his trial in 1922; a number of extracts from his articles in his paper *Young India* during the winter and spring of 1930 preparatory to the beginning of the present struggle; his letter to the Viceroy announcing his intention to begin civil disobedience; his second letter to the Viceroy announcing further steps in the campaign; sundry statements to the Indian nation in regard to the conduct of the struggle; the famous Delhi Pact between himself and the Viceroy, Lord Irwin; all Gandhi's important speeches at the Round Table Conference; extracts from some of his talks to unofficial audiences in England at that time; and his radio talk to America. There are sixteen interesting pictures. Altogether it is a record of much value, not obtainable anywhere else in America.

The explanations by Dr. Muzumdar are very useful for readers who are not thoroughly familiar with the Indian situation and its history. His comment is heartily partisan, but so is most British writing on the subject. When truth is present a partisan flavor only adds interest. And no one who has any interest in a big moral issue can possibly be impartial.

The struggle in India is continuing, and the significance of Gandhi's personality and methods steadily grows in the imagination and thinking of the world. For real understanding and stimulus it is best to go to original sources such as are found in this book.

RICHARD B. GREGG

Bandholtz Among the Barons

An Undiplomatic Diary. By Major General Harry Hill Bandholtz. Edited by Fritz-Konrad Kruger. Columbia University Press. \$3.50.

IN the summer of 1919 the Supreme Council was anxious to finish its work, but no peace treaty with Hungary had been concluded. There was no recognized government to deal with. The Rumanians whom Hungarian patriots had invited to assist in defeating Bela Kun's regime had marched farther than was bargained for. They settled in Budapest and began to devote themselves to a thorough cleaning out of the country. The Hungarians pleaded with the Supreme Council to halt the occupation and the robbery, and Paris sent an Inter-Allied Military Mission to superintend Hungary's disarming and arrange the Rumanian withdrawal.

Early in August Major General Bandholtz arrived, heading the American Division. Nearly every day for about four months the mission issued requests, demands, orders—always called "ultimatums"—to the Rumanians to stop looting and to start withdrawing. Rumanian generals, commanders, the King himself, politely promised to comply, and continued to ignore the ultimatums. The mission appealed to the Supreme Council, which left the appeals unanswered except for four direct orders to the Rumanians, three of which were disregarded. But the fourth, containing the threat to disown the Rumanians as allies, did the trick. The retreat of the Rumanian troops began, and so did the terroristic reign of the Hungarian white army.

General Bandholtz's diary contains a daily entry until February 7, 1920. It covers one of the most tragic periods of our time, at one of its most dramatic points, yet it is written like an amusing story of some jovial uncle's visit to some romantic operetta land. Three items appear invariably every day—the name of the mission's presiding officer of the day, a statement of the everlasting ultimatums to the Rumanians, and a careful registry of where and with whom General Bandholtz ate his meals, often accompanied by ecstatic comment on the quality of food and wine. He expresses childish delight in exclusive clubs and in the aristocratic company which kept a glamorous cordon around him and the other members of the Inter-Allied Mission. He absorbed all the feudal prejudices, and saw and judged

events and personalities through the eyes of the reactionary company he was exclusively cultivating.

Meanwhile the Hungarian patrioteers harassed the liberals, pacifists, Jews, Socialists, and Communists—and prepared them for what was to make later one of the bloodiest pages of post-war history. In the course of his political mission to bring about a representative government which the Supreme Council could recognize, Sir George Clerk had to consult these harassed elements of the population. He reported the real state of affairs to the Supreme Council, and his reports were in direct contradiction to those of the military mission, which could see nothing wrong happening internally. General Bandholtz became angry at Sir George's unsoldierly weakness and practically coerced him into repudiating his reports. On those rare occasions when the General was confronted with actual victims of the incipient white terror, he warned the Hungarian authorities; but he carefully softened his reprimand by the assurance that he "could understand how the Hungarians would naturally feel sore over the fact that most of the Bolshevik leaders had been Jews." Male and female barons, counts, princes, dukes and "archie dukes" "float around" his office and his apartment in the Edelsheim Palace. They flatter him, they shower him with attentions, and he is their devoted servant.

The diary does not add to what has been published in previous biographies. But it does tell for the first time the origin of the fear that barred Count Karolyi for years from the United States. It was a Bandholtz cable to the State Department relating, on the basis of a story issuing from the Hungarian Foreign Office, the most idiotic hodge-podge about a Karolyi-Benes plot against the United States.

The editor of the diary has added to the Bandholtz manuscript an introduction and marginal notes which are in line with the worst feudal propaganda that has come out of Hungary since the collapse of the Karolyi regime.

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

M. Herriot's Beethoven

La Vie de Beethoven. Par Edouard Herriot. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 18 francs.

INQUISITIVE reporters, encircling Edouard Herriot during his recent diplomatic visit in Washington, neglected to ask him how he came to write this biography, which had coincidentally arrived in a new edition—the sixty-eighth since the first publication in 1929. The answer to that unuttered question lies within the book itself—implicit in the admiration that warms the text, and in the understanding brought sympathetically to bear upon the angularities of Beethoven's nature.

For this is no sprightly *vie romancée*, cutting clever figures on the ice of its subject, but a penetrating study of the man and his work. Disclaiming critical knowledge of music, M. Herriot proposes only "to seek to know and understand, the better to love him and receive his lessons, a being of the noblest genius." His search has been painstaking and earnest, overlooking no authority that might enlighten him. One need read no more than two chapters to discover that M. Herriot's disclaimer is far too modest. He may not be a trained musician, but he is patently an impassioned amateur of music who knows how to listen with his intellect as well as with his emotions. His comments on compositions reveal familiarity with structure and intuitive perception of tonal speech.

It was the statesman, however, and not the artistic amateur, who formulated the book—planned the opening scene at the Congress of Vienna, sketched the telling portraits of Metternich and Talleyrand, and set the stage in Prince Razumovski's palace for the entrance of "a certain musician who excited more curi-

osity than admiration." From the statesman comes the emphasis upon Beethoven's role as pacificator and prophet of universal brotherhood: "The art most suited to create an international language gets its first inspiration from the instincts of the race: it translates national characteristics, collects the songs flourishing in the soil." "Abstract internationalism is only a chimera; a real internationalism spreads by radiation."

Apparently in complete accord with those psychologists who maintain that the quality of a man's creative work can be deduced from his biography, M. Herriot attempts, with varying success, to relate Beethoven's compositions to events in his life. This is a simple matter with so clearly motivated a work as the "Eroica" symphony, but not so easy in the case, let us say, of the later string quartets. The problem of inspiration—the possibility that the springs of creative energy may be quite independent of externalities—is particularly fascinating in its application to Beethoven, whose work is superficially so like autobiography. M. Herriot overlooks the opportunity to examine the music for that quality which transcends the personal and extends into universality, and to question by what means the artist surpassed the man.

Concerning the obscure points in Beethoven's life, such as the cause of his deafness and the identity of the Well-Beloved, the author offers no hypotheses and is content with stating those of others. Preferring interpretation to speculation, he writes with captivating enthusiasm. The biography is complete and full-blooded, distinguished by the verve of its style, the clarity of the portraiture, and the richness of the background.

RAY C. B. BROWN

T. H. Morgan on Evolution

The Scientific Basis of Evolution. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

BIOLOGISTS have never been satisfied to rest the case for evolution on that induction from historical and descriptive data by means of which it was originally formulated. Ever since Mendel's day they have sought to clear up the problem by direct experimental study of heredity. Mendel's own work, the foundation stone of the new science of genetics, seemed at first to lead away from evolution, inasmuch as its fundamental conception of the shuffling of fixed unit characters made the origin of new stable species an incomprehensible mystery. But with the discovery of mutations by Morgan and his school, the way was again opened toward tracing and explaining the movement of evolution on the basis of experimentally observable processes. The doctrine of mutations demonstrates that every once in a while new hereditary characteristics spring into being, new cards are added to the pack that is shuffled by heredity and sifted by the environment. It thus becomes conceivable that in the course of time new species should be built up differing from the parent types not merely in the blend and combination of old unit characters but in the possession of totally new traits.

This is the basis on which Professor Morgan has undertaken to explain evolution in the present work, and no one is better qualified for the task than the eminent discoverer of mutations himself. Unfortunately the mutationist theory is incomplete, and particularly when it is forced into the mold of a mechanistic or physico-chemical explanation of the evolutionary process, its difficulties stand out on all sides—difficulties which neither the scientific authority of the writer nor the brilliance of his exposition has been able to dispel.

Precisely because mutation, as a conception of changing heredity, makes possible an explanation of evolution where the Mendelian doctrine of constant heredity did not, it raises all the philosophic questions historically connected with the doctrine of

evolution, such as the nature of the concept of organism, the relation of organism and environment, teleology versus mechanism, and so on. This is not to say that the moment the topic enters or reenters the realm of philosophy one has to forgo all experimental investigation, or that one has to choose between experiment and philosophy as between two rival and exclusive religions. It means rather that sense observation and critical analysis of concepts have to go hand in hand if knowledge is to be advanced. Professor Morgan, however, seems to take a very naive view of the whole situation. In a manner that recalls the Indians who blamed Columbus for the eclipse which he predicted, he blames the philosophers and the philosophical biologists for pointing out the philosophical complexities of evolution. If only they can be kept quiet, the experimentalist will solve everything satisfactorily!

Professor Morgan relies on the experimental localization of the hereditary units or genes in the chromosomes of the cells to draw the conclusion that the genes are chemical entities governed by physico-chemical laws and that evolution is a physico-chemical process without any teleological character. But it is a mark of uncritical thinking that it generally leads to the opposite conclusion from the one intended. And so we are not surprised to find the author suddenly suggesting—after developing the whole theory of the gene with a view to a mechanistic explanation of evolution—that there is a preestablished harmony between the order of chemical changes in the genes and the order of nature outside the organism. This is teleology with a vengeance.

Despite its sharp anti-philosophical tone, Professor Morgan's book is highly stimulating. One is even tempted, in view of the well-earned scientific eminence of the author, to make allowances for his bias as a case of "Grant's whiskey." But one has the suspicion that a change of philosophic drinks might be conducive to winning even more scientific battles.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Shorter Notices

Banana Bottom. By Claude McKay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

This is Claude McKay's mellowest book. It is less a novel in the usual sense than a folk tale. Though the central thread of the story concerns itself with the adventures of a black girl in her escape from the God of the white Protestant mission, it is really a book about Jamaica and the black peasants of Jamaica, their folkways, and the conflict of these folkways with those of the white, Christian ruling class. Bitia Plant, the heroine, is a Negro peasant girl who has been adopted and sent to the "mother-country" for education along traditional British lines by a high-minded missionary couple. She returns to find herself unhappy in the lofty, narrow atmosphere of the mission. Her old home and its associations are infinitely more congenial, and to these she eventually returns. No less candid than McKay's earlier works, "Banana Bottom" lacks their bitterness. Something akin to "pity and irony" has replaced his earlier militancy, but his rich and robust humor is undiminished.

The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca. By Morris Bishop. The Century Company. \$3.

One of the greatest adventures of all time has waited 400 years to be told adequately in a single book. To recall that Cabeza de Vaca and three companions—cast ashore on the Texas coast in the wreck of the expedition of Narvaez early in the sixteenth century—pressed westward 2,000 miles afoot until after eight years they reached Spaniards on the Gulf of California, is to get some idea of the length and breadth of the

achievement. A measure of its depth and cubical content may be had in recollecting that the men set out unarmed and without supplies, traveling from one group of Indians to another, always in the shadow of death from starvation, thirst, exposure, or violence at the hands of natives. Cabeza de Vaca's personal story continued, after his return to civilization, with his appointment as governor of the South American territory of La Plata, stretching from Buenos Aires to the "green hell" of the Chaco, where Paraguayans and Bolivians are at war today. Cabeza de Vaca had a vision of a colony of peace and good-will between Spaniards and Indians, but it was too exalted for his followers and ended in failure. Mr. Bishop, assistant professor of romance languages at Cornell University, has stalked material from Mexico to the dim, dusty archives of the Indies in Seville, but he has not left the sweat of his labors on his pages. In his diction he has caught some of the sonorousness and dignity of the Spanish sources, and he conveys in the book both the greatness and the pettiness of the age of which he writes. They were hard men, those *conquistadores*, hard in spirit and body, but they were as hard on themselves as on others—possessed of an almost invincible will to succeed and survive.

The Lost Empires of the Itzaes and Mayas. By Theodore A. Willard. Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company. \$6.

Despite the author's naive enthusiasm for his subject and his rough style, this book, by occupying itself with the human story of the development of the Maya kingdoms and their successive dispersions rather than with details of archaeology, is more useful and interesting than most other works in its field. It tells as much as has been learned of Maya history before the Spanish conquest; adds an account of the conquest; follows with a description of the Maya country, and of the descendants of its former ruling peoples; tells the story of the archaeological re-discovery of the Maya civilization, describes the principal sites, and concludes with some fanciful conjectures regarding racial origins which do not hesitate to call upon the inevitable Atlanteans and the lost tribes of Israel.

A Green Bough. By William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$1.75.

William Faulkner seems to have learned his technique from A. E. Housman, Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, and other poets of very different talents. He has assimilated several styles and formed one fairly his own. But his poetry, unlike the greater part of his prose, is very literary. Well-turned, competent, phrased with a certain beauty, and never commonplace, these verses set up a series of echoes in the mind. They lack the violence of the writer's prose. They sing of love, of beauty, of loss, of the rather typical poetic subjects:

Over the world's rim, out of some splendid noon,
Seeking some high desire, and not in vain,
They fill and empty the red and dying moon
And, crying, cross the rim of the world again.

The language, one will note, has no very individualistic turn. The imagery comes over from a romantic tradition. But for all this, Mr. Faulkner is not entirely unmodern. He has the modern's ability to analyze the feelings, the modern's certainty of disillusionment:

Man comes, man goes and leaves behind
The bleaching bones that bore his lust;
The palfrey of his loves and hates
Is stabled at the last in dust.

He cozened it and it did bear
Him to wishing's utmost rim;
But now, when wishing's gained, he finds
It was the steed that cozened him.

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The Tides of Life. By R. G. Hoskins. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

In "The Tides of Life" the author gives us a book in the much-exploited field of endocrinology written with conservative mind and with scrupulous attention to accuracy. He demonstrates that it is possible to make a popular book on science interesting without embellishing or romanticizing the facts. His book covers the subject in great detail, including a discussion of the recently isolated extract of the adrenal gland. The author is optimistic about the future of glandular therapy and believes that glandular extracts have not been utilized to their full capabilities. He remains, however, very critical and does not allow his wishes to dictate his conclusions.

D. H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical. By Frederick Carter. Frederick Warne and Company. \$2.

From this small monograph one gains an insight into an aspect of Lawrence's mind which has been but little emphasized. Altogether too much attention has been directed to his sexual notions, and insufficient knowledge of his somewhat chaotic ideas has led to the general opinion that sex was his be-all and end-all. Truly comprehended, Lawrence is seen as a proponent of anti-intellectualism—of a non-Christian mysticism. Unable to discover a developed terminology to express his meaning, he groped and stuttered. He objected to the intellectualization of our emotions and of the deeper drives within us (sex included), scorned science as Aldous Huxley noted, and condemned Christianity. Seeking to define his message, he resorted to studies of what are ordinarily described as uncivilized peoples, and sought in the remains of such pre-Christian people as the Etruscans a key to the enigma of their earth-bound sufficiency and happiness. Mr. Carter here reveals Lawrence's intense interest in astrology, theosophy, and the personality doctrines of the alchemists. Mr. Carter is the author of a book entitled "The Dragon of Revelations," to which Lawrence contemplated contributing a preface. It grew into his book "Apocalypse," in which he attempted to extricate the primitive "wisdom" there overlaid by St. John with Jewish "moralism." Lawrence is thus related to another great literary artist of our day, also an enemy of science, William Butler Yeats. Mr. Carter's book includes glimpses of Lawrence discussing these esoteric matters with the author and a picture of the last days at Bandol. Mr. Carter is impressed by the fact that Lawrence's villa was called Beau Soleil and that the sanitarium at Venice where he was carried during the final weeks was named Ad Astra!

Drama

Art and Pleasure

"LITTLE OL' BOY," the reform-school drama by Albert Bein, has found a home at last in the Playhouse. I say "at last" because the piece has been repeatedly announced by various managers who later abandoned it, and I must now add that the reasons for so much vacillation have become clear enough. The script has qualities sufficient to tempt any ambitious producer, but it also has defects which might well give pause to such entrepreneurs as are not over-anxious to lose their money. Its chances of popular success are slim indeed, and that is not all; for it raises again in more than usually interesting form the aesthetic problems connected with the "play with a purpose."

One defect common to most such plays it certainly escapes. It is not too overtly didactic, and it does not, therefore, give the impression of being an artificial fable cooked up for the sake of

a predetermined "message." It is, on the contrary, quite convincingly and even quite painfully real. The author, who is said to have had some personal experience with penal institutions, obviously knows his types and obviously knows how to present them in dramatic form. His characters engage the interest at once and the excitement grows steadily as the play progresses toward his melodramatic climax. There can be no doubt as to one's real concern with the amiable weakling and the strong tough rebel who takes that weakling under his wing. One follows their flight with an agonized suspense, one hopes against hope that they will reach some happy end, and one accepts the final catastrophe as one accepts any painful inevitability against which protest is vain. No one could come away with withers unwrung or without feeling the force of the indictment which it is the ultimate purpose of the play to draw. The audience has been made to share a suffering for which it knows that the callous bungling of society is really responsible.

What more, one may ask, is to be expected of any serious play? It holds the interest and it conveys its message. But the answer to that question is as simple as the question itself. One may ask what pleasure, what joy, or at least what emotional satisfaction it affords. One may ask, in short, what motive one could have for seeking out the particular experience which the play supplies. Few would deny that that is the question which potential audiences do ask, but some, perhaps, would deny what I strongly maintain—namely, that the question is a perfectly legitimate one, and that the purpose of art always will be to give pleasure of some kind. This pleasure may be any one of many sorts. In pure melodrama it may be the pleasure of seeing the hero triumph after what have seemed to be insurmountable difficulties. In tragedy it may arise out of feelings so elevated that their poetic exaltation is gladly bought at the cost of participation in outwardly unhappy events. Sometimes, even, when indignation runs high enough, it may resemble the pleasure which an orator gives merely by voicing with superior articulateness sentiments which are struggling unhappily for utterance in the hearts of an audience whose thoughts he expresses more clearly than the audience has been able to express them for itself. But Mr. Bein's drama does none of these things. It is real and convincing without discharging the emotions which it arouses. It ends with a dissonance unacceptable in melodrama without rising to the nobility of tragedy. In a word, it harrows the feelings without giving us any adequate compensation for the pain which it asks us to suffer.

To say this is not to say that the drama with a message is artistically impossible. Even a play as essentially artless as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" attracted millions of spectators without being either good melodrama or good tragedy; but it attracted them because, like the orator, it gave simple expression to partisan feelings already so strong that its mere articulateness was a joy. It was a hymn of hate in disguise, and hymns of hate spread like wildfire. But to say what I have said certainly is to imply that every playwright as well as every producer should, as an artist, ask of any play he proposes to write or to present: "What joy will it give?" Several producers did ask themselves that question, and as a result of the asking they surrendered their options on "Little Ol' Boy." If the author had asked it he might have written a play which would not, like the present one, seem somehow to lack a point.

"Man Bites Dog" (Lyceum Theater) represents the final stage in the degeneration of the type established by the newspaper melodrama "The Front Page." It bears, one might say, about the same relation to such hectic misrepresentations of a newspaper office as they themselves bear to actuality. Carried one step farther it might have been a really funny burlesque, but as written it falls somewhere between melodramatic satire and frank parody. One does not know exactly how it ought to be taken, and one ends by not taking it at all.

"Yeomen of the Guard" (St. James Theater) is the second in Mr. Aborn's series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. One of the operas less frequently played, it is perhaps less merry in text and score than some, but it is musically very fine, and Mr. Aborn has given a satisfying production. Incidentally, it is worth noticing that, grand opera aside, Gilbert and Sullivan are the only nineteenth-century writers for the stage whose works as a whole are still live enough to find an audience for a series of revivals.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films Camera Wit

OF the screen translation of Robert E. Sherwood's "Reunion in Vienna" (Gaiety) one can say that it suffers not at all in comparison with the original stage play. It remains, on the whole, the same effective bit of old-fashioned theatrical glamor, served up with just enough modern psycho-analytical sauce to save the sophisticated face. Even the satire, which is most endangered in these transformations, is kept intact; in several instances it is actually improved upon. In fact, the treatment of the big love scene between Rudolf and Elena offers one of the best examples we have had in some time of what might be called camera wit. It is a daring scene, one of the most graphic representations of the *lutte d'amour* that the screen has yet essayed. (Is it possible that our censors have declared a holiday, or is it simply that they are very naive?) But what makes it really interesting is the manner in which the director, Sidney Franklin, by an inspired shift of camera focus, turns the exaggerated passion of the hyperthyroid Archduke into pure burlesque. Everything in this sequence depends on the order in which the shots are shown: first, the lovers lying on the couch in close embrace, next a close-up of the gipsy musicians playing above their heads, and then a close-up of Elena looking very surprised, for Rudolf is suddenly nowhere to be seen. Before the audience recovers from the shock of his disappearance, Rudolf is shown again, lying at the opposite end of the couch, with the lady's slipper at his lips. This is surely an instance of the "felicitous perception or expression of associations between ideas or words not usually connected, such as to produce an amusing surprise" (Webster). Substitute for "ideas or words" images or shots, and for the order of logic the order of action, and you have a definition of the kind of wit illustrated in this scene, a kind of wit only possible on the screen.

Although the camera throughout this picture is used with such success for small effects, there is little effort to build up the larger background of post-war Vienna. No contrasts are offered between the Hotel Sacher as it was before and after the debacle; there is little of the tender documentation in which a Lubitsch or Von Stroheim would have indulged. And the reason perhaps is that "Reunion in Vienna," even as a picture, is pretty exclusively the actors' affair. Here again comparisons with the play will only lead to something like a draw. It is true that John Barrymore overacts in places with unmitigated crudeness, but a great deal of crudeness is required in the role, and behind it all one feels a more aristocratic authority than Mr. Lunt was able to lend to his mad Archduke. As for Diana Wynyard's rendition of the glowing Elena, it is neither better nor worse than Miss Fontanne's but quite different from it. If she does not suggest the reformed hoyden so much as the retired court lady, the result is about the same, and her great beauty makes up for the absence of certain other charms. As entertainment of the semi-romantic, semi-sophisticated sort "Reunion in Vienna" stands pretty high among the season's offerings.

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"Zoo in Budapest" (Radio City Music Hall) begins as a sentimental little idyl about two orphans who fall in love with each other in the very romantic atmosphere of the Budapest Zoological Gardens. This atmosphere, it should be said, is quite authentically rendered; and despite the miscasting of Gene Raymond in the sympathetic role of the boy, a certain tenuous charm pervades the earlier episodes. But before the end the animals are allowed to break loose from their cages and for a time wholly replace the human actors in the audience's interest. The film may best be described as another animal picture in disguise.

Close upon "Gabriel Over the White House" comes "Looking Forward" (Capitol), another attempt to cheer up American movie audiences during the present economic doldrums. Optimism and courage are the keynote of this fable of a great London merchant (Lewis Stone) and his superannuated clerk (Lionel Barrymore) who encounter bad times only to find they both gain by the experience. Based on a play by C. L. Anthony, the author of "Autumn Crocus," the film suffers primarily from a badly organized script. There are too many characters and too many situations for either director or audience to keep very straight in the mind. There is also, it should be warned, a goodly portion of British whimsy in the middle section.

The Fifth Avenue Playhouse continues its series of offerings in the French language with a new talking version of "Les Trois Mousquetaires." Photographically the film has little to commend it, although it was screened in the actual region of the Dumas novel. But it is certain to have a special interest for those who delight in the Dumas romances in any form and for those who like to hear French spoken as it is spoken nowadays only on the stage of the Comédie Française.

WILLIAM TROY

Art The Clinical Eye

WHAT Lewis Mumford calls "the pulse of the nation" is on view in this year's Independents' show at the Grand Central Palace. If he is right, then the nation is a bad cardiac case, and the ambulance should be called. The show is small, which means most likely that fewer amateurs this year had the seven dollars necessary for entry. Two trends seem to dominate, almost so much as to divide the exhibit sharply, leaving a few neutral offerings between them. These tendencies might be oversimplified for description as extrovert and introvert, the first evident in a large proportion of canvases and figures with a social message or protest, the second and larger confusedly *surréaliste* in manner and also in matter, and in feeling ranging from nervous depression to shrill despair. Pure decoration is served only by the Pueblo Indian mural exhibits, and religion and romance by Sing Sing and Dannemora. All the pictures from Sing Sing are Catholic. Dannemora contributes copies of Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Swiss scenes, and newspaper pictures. The skins have a papery pallor and the Blue Boy and Red Boy look like chorus girls. One original, *Wild Horses*, is an excellent folk-painting—naïve, vigorous, a shade pathetic. The show as a whole exhibits the American earmark of technical skill, and points to emotional breakdown.

These trends shift in the Whitney Museum show of Guggenheim Fellowship artists, who represent presumably the pulse of an older or more advanced and established artistic generation. The Guggenheim Foundation intends to foster no special tendency and the show bears out that policy, which seems to make for moderation, more conservatism than otherwise, and very little experimenting, as well as for a uniform excellence tech-

nically. Throughout there is nothing that is not well made, as is a good chair or a good shoe. There are many picturesque and pleasant pictures and nothing emotionally indecorous except a few socio-mystical things as introverted as an intestine—Gassner's mural cartoons especially. One thing lives—Gwen Lux's torso, *Icarus*, which comes so close to genius that this reviewer waives the margin. It seems to attract a good deal of attention, mostly unfavorable, which is usually a good sign. Though it is unique in quality, it forms part of a minority trend manifest in both shows, which is an interest in and a groping for monumentalism. This is doubtless due in part to the increasing weight of Mexican muralist influence, but it represents, too, the road to life of American art in the future.

This forecast seems to be borne out by the very small and neuter show called "A Picture Is Sold" at the G. R. D. studios, a collection of pictures sold in the last several years. The forecast is corroborated, also, by the report in "Recent Social Trends" that art schools warn their increasing numbers of students that "only one in ten will make a living, and only one in a hundred will make a name." Still, the amount of money spent on art in the United States is pointed out as an encouraging sign, though to be sure most of it is spent on "art in business," which is Hoover for advertising. What the connoisseurs buy, apart from fake Rembrandts, if the G. R. D. sales are typical, are small nothings, with one exception (Doris Rosenthal) as innocuous as the etchings in a hotel room. This commits potential producers to an artistic Dannemora or starvation, so no wonder so many people at the Independents' have the jitters.

The suspicion grows that an art gallery is no place to take the pulse of the nation, and this reviewer is willing to stop and cast a clinical eye instead at automobile shows, for example, where surely the nation's aesthetic joys are in active evidence. As for excitement caused by painting, it has been seen in the small mobs of watchers who somehow crashed the formidable gates of the unfinished R. C. A. tower in Radio City, to watch Diego Rivera and his gang doing big things in a big way. The sight of painters working like bricklayers in the clangor and dust of building seemed to arouse large feelings in the fascinated audience—students and workmen mostly—who gazed beatific and concerned as excavation-watchers. Somebody was on hand with a watch—they got half an hour—because it seemed that there was always another shift waiting at the door.

ANITA BRENNER

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1933

No. 3542

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	569
EDITORIALS:	
Is This the "Turn"?	572
Our New Role in Europe	573
Rivera's Revolution	573
O Tempora!	574
CARTOON: SUCCESS, 1933. By Art Young	575
DEPRESSION AND THE PROFIT SYSTEM:	
The Cause of the Crisis. By Louis Fischer	576
Crises Are Not "So Simple." By Henry Hazlitt	577
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? By Paul Y. Anderson	581
WORKERS OF CHINA, UNITE! By Soong Ching-ling (Mrs. Sun Yat-sen)	582
THE LEGION'S BETRAYAL. By Ernest Angell	584
MORE THAN SIGHT-SEEING. By John Rothschild	585
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	586
CORRESPONDENCE	587
BOOKS, DRAMA, ART:	
Dream. By Virginia Moore	588
Mr. Douglas Recollects. By Horace Gregory	588
The Way of the Reformer. By Raymond Pearl	588
The Party Line on Love. By Alter Brody	589
Objectivity Is Not Enough. By Ferner Nuhn	590
Shall We Legalize Abortion? By David Beres	590
Views of Lincoln. By L. E. Robinson	591
Shorter Notices	592
Drama: Two Farces. By Joseph Wood Krutch	593
Films: Faulkner in Hollywood. By William Troy	594
Art: The Rockefeller Coffin. By Anita Brenner	595
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	596

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

BEFORE HE TOOK OFFICE Mr. Roosevelt announced that he was opposed to a sales tax. But in the Administration's new industrial-control and public-works program there is now a suggestion for laying a flat sales tax of about $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent to raise the necessary \$220,000,000 for the annual interest on, and amortization of, the proposed \$3,300,000,000 bond issue for public works. The sales tax is not to be called that, however, but a "reemployment tax." It will be very difficult logically, of course, for any Congressman who voted for the farm bill to oppose this new suggestion. The farm bill involves a potential sales tax of 100 to 200 per cent on the necessities of life; and no one can consistently vote for such flat taxes on consumption and refuse to vote for a mere general tax of 1 or 2 per cent more on consumption. If the opponents of the new sales tax argue that the tax on farm products was for the laudable purpose of aiding the harassed farmer, friends of the plan can reply that the new tax is for the equally laudable purpose of providing employment. It is probably safer to return to the view that all public expenditure is or ought to be for a desirable social purpose and that all revenues should be raised

from those most able to pay them. Such a principle might cause us to reexamine our federal income tax, the rates of which are still very low compared with those in the British income tax, and ask whether it is really true that that tax at present is yielding the maximum revenue.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S signature on the farm bill was hardly dry when he stated that its one most direct and important proposal for relief would have to be indefinitely postponed. He decided, doubtless correctly, that the scheme for raising prices through reduced production, processors' taxes, and import duties would be contrary to the "tariff truce" in connection with the World Economic Conference. As the President had already announced that inflation of the currency was in abeyance, this leaves the farmer nothing immediate except the rarefied relief of the proposed refinancing of mortgages at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent—a rate much too high to arouse his gratitude. In the meantime he has been doing much better for himself through direct action. Although the farmers' "strike" set for May 13 was officially called off as a national movement, it nevertheless went into effect in certain regions, while in others the mere threat was sufficient to gain important concessions. Milk distributors in Chicago raised the price paid to Illinois farmers, and in New York State the new commission to fix rates went even beyond the dairymen's demands, granting them 4 cents a quart when they had asked for only $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents. Farmers may well be encouraged at the success of their efforts to help themselves instead of waiting for the politicians to help them. We look for the use of direct tactics among them much more in the future, and if they can be led to see the wisdom of tying up with organized labor in the cities, a real gain will have been made toward assuring the producers of our wealth some control over it.

THE UTTER CALLOUSNESS with which the average public official views crime in high places was reflected by the testimony of John W. Pole, former Comptroller of the Currency, before the Senate committee investigating the Harriman bank fraud. Explaining that the Harriman case was only a "routine affair," Pole said that "defalcations are common matters in the Comptroller's office, you know." When Senator Robinson of Indiana asked him whether defalcations by bank presidents were common, Pole calmly replied, "Yes," as though it were a matter of no importance whatever. Previously F. G. Awalt, Acting Comptroller, had testified that "between 500 and 600 defalcations" were uncovered every year by his office. And what happens? The cases are reported to the Department of Justice; about 300 convictions are obtained annually, and of the bankers convicted, according to Senator Robinson, the majority "get off on probation." Despite these damning disclosures no one in Washington seems at all concerned about the situation. Least of all Attorney-General Cummings. He speaks mildly of his desire to go after the big criminals, but first, he says, everything must be investigated in accordance with the usual legal forms. But how about the foreign-

steamship case discussed recently in the columns of *The Nation*? The facts in this case, one of the biggest income-tax evasions on record, have been before the Department of Justice for years. Nevertheless, the Attorney-General, in replying to inquiries of newspaper correspondents, told them that "some time" would be required to make the "necessary" investigation.

THAT the Social Democratic Party, and with it every remaining vestige of an independent labor movement, would sooner or later fall under the wheels of the Hitler juggernaut was a certainty for which that party, unfortunately, was all too little prepared. The destruction of all opposition in every field of public life is fundamental fascist politics. But the raids of May 10 were more than that. They were part of a diabolical scheme to undermine what not even the confiscation of headquarters, newspapers, and bank accounts could touch—the confidence of the masses in their proletarian leaders. It was with this purpose in view that the German press, a few days after the raids, published an official statement that accountants going over the books of the free trade unions had found evidence of such widespread corruption that the property of the Social Democratic Party was confiscated to safeguard the money of the German workers from the dishonesty of their leaders. According to Dr. Ley, the newly appointed commissar for coordinated trade-union activity, leading trade unionists will be indicted for malfeasance in office and for the embezzlement of funds, and Socialist leaders will be prosecuted for aiding and abetting this corruption. "The German worker will learn with amazement," says Dr. Ley, "that his leaders have not only deserted him at a time when he needs them most, but betrayed and defrauded him while they were at the zenith of their power." The German Social Democracy, which believed it would be possible to function under the Nazi regime is paying heavily for its shortsighted optimism.

OFFICIAL GERMANY is in high dudgeon over the assertion of Avery Brundage, president of the American Olympic Committee, that the exclusion of those "tainted" with Jewish blood from the 1936 contest prevents its being held in Germany as scheduled. The German government promises that visitors and contestants from foreign countries will be welcome, but what true sportsman would desire welcome under such auspices? Moreover, Germany's protestations become less reassuring in the light of recent events in its own athletic circles. Dr. Theodor Lewald, chairman of the German Olympics Committee, was forced to resign because his grandfather was a Jew; Dr. Daniel Prenn, German Davis Cup tennis star, was stricken from the list of Germany's net representatives by the government; and the splendidly equipped central school of the Workers' Sport and Athletic Association, an institution erected at an expense of more than 2,000,000 marks by the workers' gymnastic organizations, has been expropriated. As a result of Nazi intrusions into the field of sport, Frau Nelly Neppach, Germany's best-known woman tennis player, seven times the winner of the German championship, committed suicide. These incidents prompted the Englishman, Abrahams, victor in the 100-meter dash in the Paris Olympic games of 1924; René Lacoste, the French tennis player, and his countrywoman Suzanne Lenglen; R. Schaffer, the Hungarian foot-

ball champion; and several other stars of the international sport firmament to issue a statement refusing to participate in the next Olympic games if they were held in a Nazi-ruled Germany. Polish, French, and British sport circles will probably petition for a transfer of the Olympic games to some other country. Meanwhile, evidence accumulates that the world-wide boycott against German goods is beginning to be felt. The absence of British, French, and American buyers from the long-renowned fur auction at Leipzig caused some \$3,000,000 worth of furs to be withdrawn from sale. In New York, on May 14, 600 delegates representing 288 organizations resolved "to boycott all goods, materials, or products manufactured, raised, or improved in Germany, or any part thereof; all German shipping, freight, and traffic services, as well as all German health, pleasure, and other resorts, and generally to abstain from any act which would in any manner lend material support to the present regime in Germany."

PARAGUAY'S DECLARATION of war against Bolivia is clear proof of the impotence of existing peace machinery. Both countries are members of the League of Nations, and Paraguay was a signer of the Kellogg Pact, under which it renounced war as an instrument of national policy. Munitions lay at the bottom of the declaration of war. Armaments intended for Bolivia, which is landlocked, have to come across Chilean territory. The government at Asunción hoped its action would compel Chile to declare itself neutral and stop this traffic. Paraguay, having access to the sea, could continue to receive munitions direct from the manufacturing countries. Paraguay's declaration of war is a frank confession that without this supply of armaments the Gran Chaco dispute would never have reached the stage of open hostilities. An international embargo would in all likelihood have prevented the declaration of war and the months of desultory fighting which preceded it. A large proportion of the munitions have come from the United States and it is probable that the firms supplying them have helped to block the adoption by Congress of the resolution authorizing the President to join with other Powers in laying a general arms embargo. The League Assembly several months ago made known its desire to join with this country in an embargo on munitions shipments to Paraguay and Bolivia, but the President could not act without authority. It is essential to the peace of the world that the pending embargo resolution be approved without further delay.

IT IS a commonly accepted doctrine that civil liberty is an offspring of political and economic security; it is born when a ruling class is well entrenched in power and can afford to be generous toward its opponents. There is much to be said in justification of this view, but it hardly seems to be in conformity with the annual survey of the American Civil Liberties Union, which finds marked improvement in the attitude of the federal and State governments toward civil liberties. Certainly there is nothing in the present condition of the United States to give even the most self-assured much confidence in the permanence of its institutions and traditions. It seems more likely that at the present time civic tolerance is a child of unsettled beliefs and of the fact that people generally are so much occupied with a reorientation of their own convictions that they are not disposed to be

dogmatic toward those of others. Anyhow the findings of the American Civil Liberties Union are worth attention. For the first time in years no one is in prison under criminal-syndicalism or sedition laws in any State or colony except the Philippines. "No cases of mail exclusion by the Post Office Department are hanging fire. The Department of Labor has ceased persecuting alien radicals." In eight States laws limiting injunctions in labor disputes have been passed within a year. Proposed legislation for loyalty oaths for teachers has generally been defeated except in Delaware. In Kentucky all the criminal-syndicalism indictments growing out of the coal strike have been quashed.

OF COURSE there is another side to the story. There are still several nationally notorious cases of injustice of long standing, notably the Mooney-Billings case, dating back to 1916; the Centralia (Washington) Armistice Day case, 1919; and the Scottsboro case, 1931. Most of the more recent repressive tendencies, says the American Civil Liberties Union, have been local manifestations. The worst local areas are in the South, where the issue of Negro rights has been raised in several places; southern California, where the Better America Federation and the American Legion have broken up radical meetings; the coal fields of southern Illinois, where there is an iron-handed effort to crush independent unionism; and the cities of Chicago and Boston. It is noted also that in Michigan and Iowa, criminal-syndicalism laws have been invoked for the first time in American history against farmers—for opposition to mortgage-foreclosure sales. Perhaps we should not be too quick to conclude that the immediate situation indicates a tendency toward greater tolerance, nor be in haste to modify our theories of the origin of liberty in consequence. The period under scrutiny is too short, and the facts cited are too inadequate, to justify broad generalizations. Maybe all that we are having is an interlude. It is something, certainly, for which to be grateful, but it does not justify us in relaxing our vigilance.

WHILE GROWN MEN hunt for work and model factories lie idle, undersized children twelve to sixteen years old are working ten and twelve hours a day for two or three dollars a week in dark and filthy sweatshops through the industrial East. That is one of the more gruesome of the many paradoxes of the depression in America. The children in Allentown, Pennsylvania, were lucky enough to enlist the wife of Governor Pinchot in their cause. As a result their strike became news even in the columns of our leading optimistic dailies, and some of the strikers at least won an increase in wages and a minimum-wage guaranty. But the significance of the Allentown incident lies in the fact that it is not exceptional. Sweatshops flourish in every industrial State which has lax labor laws or indifferent enforcement. They persist mainly of course because of the vast supply of unemployed labor, but another contributing factor is the inadequacy of unemployment relief. In thousands of American homes meager public relief is being supplemented by the long labor of children who are more easily exploited than their elders. The press could undertake no more important public service than to expose mercilessly the conditions which exist in hundreds of factories. Full publicity combined with a boycott of goods produced under such conditions could drive the sweatshop out of existence.

OUT OF 21,725 STUDENTS in 65 colleges who have so far taken part in the nation-wide college poll on war, 15,636 have voted for peace. Of these 8,415 pledged themselves to absolute pacifism; 7,221 said they would bear arms only in case of actual invasion of this country. The other six thousand voted to fight or serve in any war involving the United States. The colleges involved are scattered through 27 States. The pacifist poll, not yet complete, is being conducted by the Brown University *Daily Herald*, which originated the war against war, the Intercollegiate Disarmament Council, and the National Student Federation. It is one of the most encouraging developments that have recently come out of American college life. It has aroused opposition in the expected quarters. In the Pennsylvania Senate a resolution has been introduced to penalize the holders of Senatorial scholarships at the University of Pennsylvania who have declared that they will not bear arms in defense of the country. The scholarships would be revoked and given to "more deserving" students. The *New York Times* dismissed the whole affair very early as a passing college fad. And the common method of attack is the easy remark that when war comes, pacifist pledges will be mere scraps of paper. The revenge which older people most often visit upon eager youth is to predict for it the same failures which the elders themselves made. We hope the young pacifists of America will ignore the example and the condescension.

IN NAMING JAMES BRYANT CONANT as its president, Harvard University has selected a scientist. He is in the fullest sense an academic product, who in a teaching career of less than a decade and a half achieved the highest possible distinction in his field—the Sheldon Emery Professorship of Organic Chemistry and the chairmanship of the department of chemistry. For his researches in oxidation, hemoglobin, and free radicals he received the Chandler Medal of Columbia University, and for his discoveries concerning the nature of chlorophyll the Nichols Medal of the American Chemical Society. Friendly comment on Professor Conant's call to the presidency stresses his opposition to narrow specialization, and cites, in corroboration, his joint work with associates in the departments of physics and of physiology. The Harvard authorities deserve praise in not choosing a financier or business man. No less gratifying is their reaching out beyond the dwindling circle of Back Bay Brahmins to a mere graduate of Roxbury Latin School, whose "only club is the Harvard Club," to quote the venerable Boston *Transcript*. Professor Conant has an admirable scholarly record, but one searches in vain in his career for evidence of a broad social consciousness, of an awareness of the great crisis which confronts our age. Problems more profound than any within our history challenge the coming generation, to the guidance of which the new head of one of our great institutions of learning must devote himself. What may we anticipate of his vision and dynamism in apprehending and directing the processes of momentous change and integrating education with them? His life has been that of the laboratory and classroom. His brief contacts with the outside world have been as expert and consultant for great corporations. One may wonder whether he is of that category of technicians for whom the captains of industry loom as great men, wisely intrusted with the destinies of our social order.

Is This the "Turn"?

SINCE the low point of the present depression was reached in March, there has been an improvement of astonishing proportions in business sentiment, in prices, and in volume of activity. Attention in recent weeks has for the most part been concentrated on the speculative markets. On the Stock Exchange the average price of fifty railroad and industrial stocks, according to the compilations of the *New York Times*, rose from 46.85, the low point of March 2, to 75.41 on May 11, a rise of 61 per cent in ten weeks. In the wheat, cotton, and other commodity markets the advance has been equally sensational. Wheat, for example, has risen more than 30 cents a bushel to a price in the neighborhood of 75 cents; corn has advanced about 23 cents a bushel from its lowest point, and rye 20 to 26 cents.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to dismiss all this as a mere gamblers' holiday; but such a view overlooks several important aspects of the situation. The rise in the commodity markets, if it can be sustained, has of course immediate meaning for the farmers, and whatever raises the farmers' purchasing power has meaning for general industry. The stock-market rise, too, apart from the fortuitous wealth it throws into the hands of the speculators, may prove to have a real barometric meaning.

The present upward movement of industry itself has been more emphatic, both in rapidity and in extent, than any since the depression began. The revised weekly *New York Times* index of business activity shows an advance in physical volume of activity from 60 per cent of an estimated "normal" in the week ended March 18 of this year to 74.1 per cent in the week ended May 6. This advance far outstrips that which took place from January to April both in 1930 and in 1931, as well as the much more pronounced advance from August to December last year. Of course the present advance is so sharp partly because it represents a recovery from the violent drop in the weeks just preceding and following the general shutdown of the banks. The recovery, however, has not merely wiped out the losses of those weeks; it has gone so far that on the *Times* index activity now stands at the highest point since January of 1932.

This index, it is to be noted, has no relation to dollar values, but is based entirely on physical units—freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric-power, automobile, and lumber production, and cotton forwardings. In the steel industry alone the improvement has been remarkable. Production has mounted from 16 per cent of capacity in the week ended April 1 to 30 per cent in the last week of the month, 33 per cent in the first week of May, and 35 per cent in the second week of May. The improvement has appeared, finally, in the retail field. "Reports received from leading centers of distribution," says the latest *Dun and Bradstreet* review, "emphasize the steadily gaining weekly volume of retail sales. . . . As retail prices generally persist at a low level, the increased dollar volume is indicative of the continued rise in unit turnover. . . . Sales of new automobiles are increasing. . . . A better volume of rural buying was reported and mail-order houses have increased their shipments following the recent price advance in live stock."

If the recovery is real enough so far as it goes, its chief significance lies, of course, in the possibility that it may at last mark a turning-point in the course of economic affairs. In relative extent it is of negligible importance compared with the preceding downward trend. If even a million men have been put back to work in the last two months, there are still in excess of twelve million out of work. We have therefore to ask what the probabilities are that the present upward movement will continue.

Before we can attempt to answer this question we should ask what have been the causes of the present recovery. The first of them was, of course, the reopening of the banks; but as all the banks did not reopen, this by itself could not even explain a return to the volume of business that existed before the banks closed. Certainly an important—but far from the sole—factor was our abandonment of the gold standard. The belief that we were to embark on a course of inflation or devaluation led to a discount on the dollar, and this discount reflected itself in a rise in security and commodity prices. Some of the "sound-money" advocates have talked as if the rise in prices had occurred *in spite of* our abandonment of gold; but this would hardly account for the fact that the general level of American wholesale prices, according to Dun's index number, advanced $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent even before the end of April, whereas prices in both France and Great Britain showed a decline in April. Irving Fisher's weekly index number shows that by May 15 wholesale prices here had advanced $8\frac{1}{8}$ per cent from the year's low point on March 5. The discount on the dollar cannot, however, account for more than a part of the improvement, for a better sentiment has been reflected lately in the reports from Great Britain and other foreign countries.

When we ask whether the present recovery is likely to continue, we must avoid falling into the cardinal error that has been made by most of the economic prophets time and again in the last five years. There are no automatic reasons why prices and business activity should go either up or down. Charts and tables of statistics, therefore, in themselves can give us very little help in foreseeing the future. The prospects of improvement, as we ought to have learned by this time, depend upon what statesmen, business men, and bankers do to improve things. The most important immediate decisions still have to come from the world's statesmen. Much of the recent recovery has been the result of the world's increasing hope that at last in the forthcoming World Economic Conference there is a prospect of international cooperation—that some sort of economic truce will be called, that trade barriers will be lowered and debts adjusted, and that the principal nations will return to a stable currency basis, presumably at a level on which such a stability can be maintained. A large part of this hope undoubtedly rests on some of the recent actions and statements, affecting both the domestic and the foreign situation, of the Roosevelt Administration. The initial momentum has been secured. It depends upon the world's statesmen whether that momentum is to be maintained, or whether we are to witness the end of one more abortive recovery.

Our New Role in Europe

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S address to the world on peace and disarmament did more than express a hope and sound a warning. It announced the determination of the United States to take an active part in international arrangements to promote good relations and stability, and the President's personal determination to assume a role of leadership in world affairs. With his admirable willingness to ignore conventional restrictions he addressed his appeal to the governments of all nations, including Russia. And although he talked for the most part in general terms, his explicit support of the MacDonald disarmament proposal went far to commit the United States to an official share in consultations to be conducted in the event of a violation of the Pact of Paris. His proposal of a new non-aggression pact seems of little importance except as a device to rally and unite international public opinion in defense of peace.

The urgency of the European situation gave ample excuse for the President's dramatic move and lent to his appeal an almost desperate significance. Out of the confused muddle at Geneva a few facts emerge. The first and most important is the isolation of Germany. Hitler's rise to power and the truculent and obstructive attitude of the German delegates at the disarmament conference have combined to cut Germany off more completely than at any time since the war. German nationalism has created a new warlike mood in Europe. British sentiment, long favorable to German aspirations, has changed with dramatic violence in the course of the last few weeks. Italy, which devised the plan to put Germany on an arms parity with France and Britain and itself, has become wary of further pro-German commitments. The Little Entente has drawn together in a formal union to protect its interests. France goes farther. Dispatches quote Foreign Minister Paul-Boncour as asserting the readiness of France to "take a strong aggressive stand and join all the foes of Nazidom in an effort to crush the National Socialist regime by peaceful means." The last three words should not deceive anyone as to the intention behind this pronouncement.

Revision is for the present inconceivable. A change in the unjust treaties that doubtless brought Hitler into power must now, ironically enough, be delayed until Hitler is eliminated. Even Germany's reasonable territorial claims take on the aspect of threats in the light of the tyrannical methods and aggressive aims of the Nazi Government. Similarly the hope of effective disarmament is weakened. Hitler's current protestations of peaceful intent can hardly be taken seriously in view of the blood and iron which permeate his whole philosophy. France can quote Nazi threats as evidence of the need of military preparedness. Poland and the Little Entente know well that the Hitler Government will demand slices of their territory as soon as it can back its desires with the necessary force. Even Italy begins to look askance at Hitler's determination to extend his Teutonic fascism down to the Italian border. To allow Germany to rearm would be to announce the next European war; while disarmament on the part of the other Powers has seemed inconceivable without some new source of reassurance.

And yet world peace and world recovery hang upon the achievement of genuine measures of arms reduction at

Geneva. Without these the economic conference in London seems doomed to failure, and no one has dared to calculate the effects that that failure would bring with it. President Roosevelt plainly realizes the crucial connection between London and Geneva; he knows that behind the tariff barricades are guns and that one cannot be lowered without the other. For this reason the economic conversations in Washington have inevitably veered to questions of conciliation and disarmament. But talk is vain and the hope of peace a frail one unless a sense of security is conjured into being at Geneva. And security has come to mean one thing—an agreement among the nations, including the United States, to attempt to reach some common basis for action in event of a violation of existing treaties. Without the adherence of the United States, such an agreement will be no more reassuring than other post-war arrangements have been. With the United States, the fears of Europe might subside sufficiently to permit the necessary first steps toward disarmament.

The time has come when we can no longer dodge international responsibilities. The one thing that must be prevented on the face of Europe is a new resort to arms. An agreement on the part of the United States, such as is implied in Mr. Roosevelt's address, to join in consultation with other nations whenever a treaty violation occurs, would do much to make such violations unlikely.

In taking these steps toward international cooperation our government should be wary lest it find itself acting as a tail to the French kite. Obviously we do not wish to join an anti-German alliance, no matter how carefully disguised it may be in garments of peace. If we oppose German aggression we should equally oppose any attempt to find in Hitlerism an excuse for French or British aggression. The peace must be kept; and the only sort of cooperation possible between the United States and Europe is cooperation in preventing the use of arms to satisfy ambitions or to settle claims.

Rivera's Revolution

THAT monstrous Armenian orphan of the depression, Rockefeller Center, is having art trouble again. Statues by Gwen Lux and William Zorach which had been ordered and set up, and Robert Edmond Jones who had been hired as art director, were all thrown out of Radio City because the mind of Roxy, softened by too much contact with his own "stage shows," obviously could not stand the impact of vigorous and authentic art. And now a fresco by Diego Rivera, admitted to be at least one of the world's leading artists, is indefinitely covered with brown paper because a renting agent says his clients (if any) will refuse to do business under the same roof with Lenin's head.

In both cases the blame has been laid upon that forever intolerant Mrs. Grundy, "the public." The public, said Roxy, would be offended by the nude statues of Lux and Zorach. "A great many people," wrote Nelson Rockefeller to Diego Rivera, would be seriously offended at meeting Lenin in the lobby of No. 1 building at Rockefeller Center. In the first instance, "the public," because of the publicity, became so interested that the nude statues were restored, and so far as we know no cases of moral degeneration have yet

resulted. In the present instance, we doubt very much that the head of Lenin alone would upset an average business man or cause a revolution. The average business man would probably not recognize Lenin unless he were introduced (by a renting agent) and revolutions are not generally caused by a picture of Lenin on the wall.

The trouble between Rivera and Rockefeller Center really began long before the head of Lenin appeared. Rivera was requested to do a genuine fresco—in monotonous. A real fresco, replied Rivera, is impossible in monotone colors. So he was given permission to use bright color. Apparently through an unfortunate oversight he was not asked to avoid red. And what really upset the renting agent—and would have upset the average business man—were the red flags and the slogans in Rivera's fresco. The objections were put differently of course—shall we say in monotone terms? "The description you gave us . . . led us to believe that your work would be purely imaginative." "The understanding was that slight coloring would be used. The bright colors have therefore provoked considerable discussion." The features of Lenin, it is true, did not appear in the preliminary sketch but at the same time it is apparent that they are completely consistent with the conception as a whole.

The objections of the renting agent, then, are simple-minded but perfectly clear. But it is difficult to see how the Rockefellers could have let themselves in for an embarrassing situation that in the circumstances was absolutely inevitable. The Rockefellers in recent years have shown an appreciation of Rivera's work which has resulted in a most praiseworthy campaign on their part to make it known in America. But they could not have understood his work very thoroughly and still have expected him to do an uncontroversial and "highly imaginative" fresco for a capitalist building in New York City. He is a known Communist, though he has been ousted by the official party. The whole conception of the fresco is revolutionary, and that fact was just as evident in the sketches he submitted as it is in the finished work. In including the portrait of Lenin, he did nothing that the Rockefellers might not have foreseen. Rivera has set down in one of his most famous panels in the Education Building in Mexico City his conception of a capitalist. It is not a pretty one and its model is John D. Rockefeller, Sr. As everyone knows, the capitalist is dining with friends and the food they are eating is money. No one, after seeing that panel, could mistake Diego Rivera's attitude toward capitalists in general, Rockefellers in particular, and that commodity which was the original basis of their fame, namely, money. Rivera has done nothing since then to indicate that he would accommodate his art to the tastes of those who hired him.

The Rockefellers are faced with the logical result of their original acceptance as a great artist of the Communist Rivera. The only dignified way out is for them to accept it and allow the fresco to be finished and exhibited. Otherwise they will be put in the position of preferring a renting agent to Rivera—of preferring business to art—which is unthinkable!

As for the fate of the fresco, we cannot believe that it will be destroyed. We are sure that the Rockefellers realize that a Rivera fresco will outlive the species renting agent. And so we confidently hope that the fresco will be finished and preserved in the interests of art. It is an excellent reason.

O Tempora!

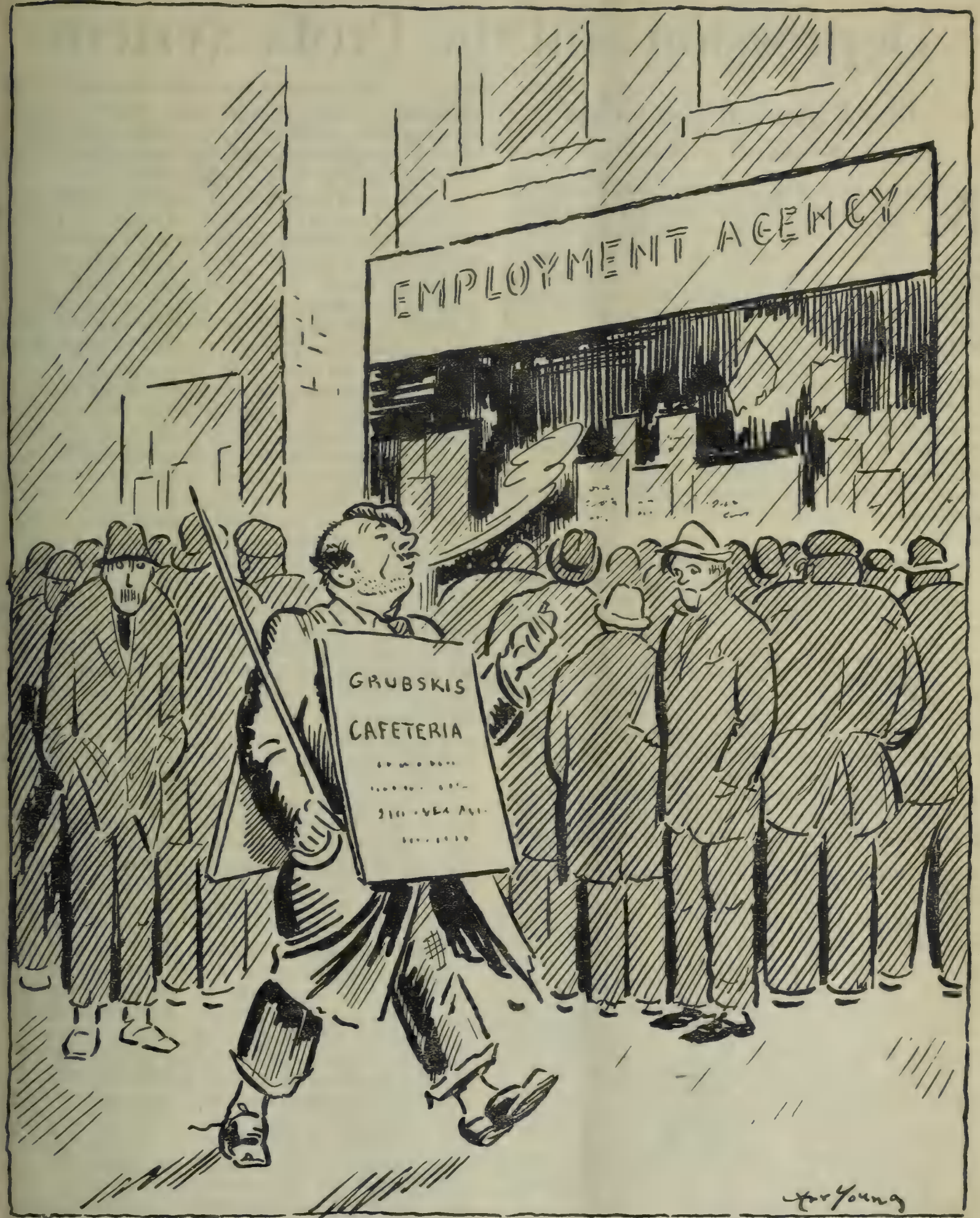
WHO says that the younger generation "has no manners"? If anyone does, we recommend to his attention a certain new work* which undertakes to tell us exactly what these manners are and which succeeds very admirably in the difficult task. The author, it is true, adopts the principles already made familiar by the newer grammarians. She is, that is to say, more concerned with what nice people do than with what, by somebody's law or somebody's logic, they ought to do. But this very fact makes her book of the highest practical value. Read it and you will know just what you can get away with, or, if you happen to be beyond the age when you are interested in getting away with anything, just how far the nice girls you read about can go without losing their adjective.

Our author begins with the straws which indicate the direction of the wind. She warns the old-fashioned girl that a "No, thank you" is enough when refusing a cigarette and that no kudos is to be gained by adding the information, "I don't smoke." She accepts the undeniable fact that "words which our grandmothers knew only because they were assiduous readers of the Bible" are back in the drawing-room; and she disposes of the once moot question of the propriety of public attention to facial make-up with the remark that the "Would you brush your teeth in public?" attitude "died quietly some time ago." Having thus established the atmosphere, she proceeds to discuss the problems of the maiden in a series of chapters which range from the one embodying some judicious advice on the proper reply to a "May I call you up some time?" through a group directed to the more formal problems of the official debutante, and then on to the final section containing counsel of a practical kind on what to do when your escort passes out.

She recognizes the fact that in these times the nice girl needs to be competent even if she is not exactly hard-boiled. "A modern mother is not one to insist upon knowing what intentions a young man entertains toward her daughter. It's probably just as well for her peace of mind." The young girl can therefore be casual about making acquaintances. "It is quite proper to meet a young man at a cocktail party and go on to dinner with him. . . . But of course before accepting an invitation from a complete stranger it is wise to look him over and decide whether or not you are willing to have him around in the future. It is sad but true that the more amusing a young man is the less apt he is to telephone a girl after their first meeting."

Quite naturally, however, it is in the speakeasy that nature's first law comes most conspicuously into its own. Drunks of the taciturn, the loquacious, the argumentative, and the sentimental type have to be borne. On the other hand, "The vomitous requires a firm touch. Have him led to the nearest bathroom and leave him there. Then take your mad money and go home. . . . When your escort passes out in a public place, waste no time in worrying over him. Take a taxi and go home. He will find his way home somehow when he comes to or has been thrown out by the management."

* "No Nice Girl Swears." By Alice-Leone Moats. With a Foreword by Edna Woolman Chase, Editor-in-Chief of *Vogue*. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.



Depression and the Profit System

The Cause of the Crisis

By LOUIS FISCHER

MANY solutions of the present economic crisis have been offered. We have heard arguments for inflation, reflation, and deflation; for higher tariffs, lower tariffs, and a tax on food; for labor armies, shorter weeks, doles, and public works. But our politicians and economists have been groping blindly for a way out simply because they do not know the cause of the crisis. Correct diagnosis must precede the cure.

Thirteen lines safely concealed from the public eye in the "Handbook of Labor Statistics" published by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1931 hit the nail on the head more squarely than anything that has yet appeared on the subject of our economic woes. Miss Mary Van Kleeck read them at the Senate Finance Committee hearings several weeks ago. In the small compass of eighteen lines the one great reason for the depression is set forth vividly and beyond dispute.

That the average yearly earnings in manufacturing industries were 76.2 per cent greater in 1899 than they had been fifty years before, that the value of the product per wage-earner was 130 per cent greater, that the value added to the raw material as the result of manufacture was 119.8 per cent greater, that the per cent wages bore to the value of product had decreased 23.2 per cent, the per cent that wages were of value of product added had decreased 19.8 per cent, and wholesale prices had decreased 13.1 per cent.

By 1929, or thirty years later, the average yearly earnings had increased over 1849, 431.5 per cent, the value of products per wage-earner had increased 651.7 per cent, the value added by manufacture per wage-earner had increased 649.9 per cent. The per cent that wages were of the value of the product had decreased 29.2 per cent, and the per cent that wages were of value added had decreased by the same amount, while prices had increased 60.6 per cent.

So simple. Yet supposedly clever people have been bothering their heads for the last four years and have failed to hit upon the thought suggested by these illuminating figures. What do they show? The profits of manufacturers have risen sky high. Each workingman has been producing much more. The value of goods put out by American factories has greatly increased. But the workingmen are receiving in wages a much smaller share of that value. I dismiss, for the moment, the unethical procedure whereby labor—and that means the man at the lathe as well as his white-collared colleague at the desk—is paid less for creating more. The chief point is this: the total value of products is greater; the total national wage bill is smaller. Then how can the wage- and salary-earners of the country buy back what they produce? They cannot.

The result, obviously, is a "surplus" of values which the recipients of pay envelopes cannot consume. What happened to this "surplus" which has been accumulating rapidly since 1899? It went first to the profit-takers, that is, to the manu-

facturers, and to the middle class of distributors who lop off a percentage of the industrialists' profits. And to the extent, often exaggerated, to which wage- and salary-earners participated in the operations of the stock market during a few boom years, they too got in on those profits.

In the second place, absolutely, wages rose, and the country in general enjoyed a fair standard of living. But the relatively very much reduced share of the producers in the consumption of their products resulted in a vast accumulation of unemployed wealth. At the same time we began to lend more and more money, which is another form of manufactured values, to foreign lands. Clearly, then, the profit-takers too could not consume the entire "surplus" of the nation's goods, and some of it had to be exported.

Why was it not invested at home? Large sections of the United States are underdeveloped or altogether undeveloped. Millions of people in the South, West, and even in the East still live in wooden shanties devoid of modern conveniences. Plenty of Americans suffered from low living standards even before the depression. During the first twenty years of my life I lived in many houses in Philadelphia, "the city of homes." (The family moved often because it could not pay the rent.) Not one of those "homes" had electricity or a bath or an inside lavatory. Yet all those houses are still standing and still inhabited. Why did we finance the electrification of homes in Dresden and Munich with post-war loans when there are homes in Philadelphia and Baltimore without electric light? The answer is clear: the wage- and salary-earners of Philadelphia and Baltimore and of thousands of other towns in America could not, because of the decline of their earnings in relation to the value of their products, have bought the electricity and the many similar conveniences and commodities which would have resulted from the investment at home of the sums sent abroad. And the more wage-earners there are, the worse the situation grows, for each of them contributes toward the "surplus." Our colossal lendings to foreigners, therefore, were merely the reverse side of reduced internal purchasing power and should, incidentally, have served as a warning of impending trouble.

Now if the gainfully employed had recouped in stock-market profits what they lost through receiving a shrinking slice of the goods they created, all would have been well. But that was impossible. It would have wiped out the capitalists' profits. Moreover, the concentration of America's wealth and America's national income in fewer and fewer hands has gone on apace for many years, so that despite the wide diffusion of stock ownership, profits were remaining with a decreasing percentage of the population which was too small to consume those profits. Rockefeller, Ford, and Schwab and their brother multimillionaires cannot eat twenty beefsteaks a day, or ride in fifty Packards, or inhabit seventy villas each. There is a natural limit to individual consumption. In other words, the people who wanted to consume all did not have the means, and the people who had the means could not consume all. Hence our reduced domestic purchasing power. Hence our huge foreign loans which may

never be repaid. Hence idle factories, unemployment, starvation armies, and all the other lovely features of the last four years.

That is the diagnosis. What is the cure? Since the difficulty is the concentration of economic profits in the hands of the people who cannot consume them, the solution, logically, is the division of those profits among people who want to and could consume them. And to prevent a recurrence of the present crisis, a system must be devised for distributing equitably in the future. Divide and redivide profits. That is the way out.

The most direct method of redividing old profits would be a capital levy. Provision for a perfectly equal division of surplus value in years to come would be socialism, which eliminates the profit of the capital-owner. There cannot be much hope that either of these measures will be adopted in the near future. We are in the stage when the new Administration seeks to redistribute old wealth by half-way and "painless" methods. The agricultural paragraphs of the farm bill propose to divert some of the city's wealth to the farmer. If the city did not also include fifteen million unemployed and many million underpaid workers, this would be a levy on the rich. As it is, it will check urban consumption more than it can increase rural purchasing power. Inflation, secondly, aims to transfer old wealth from the creditors to the debtors. Actually and ultimately, it reduces the savings of the middle class and cuts the real wages of the workingmen—America's two largest consumer groups. But we will potter around and try such devices as these, always hoping for the mystic "rebound" from God knows where which will miraculously improve the situation and keep us in "prosperity" until the operations of the profit system again clog the wheels and bring on the next depression.

Crises Are Not "So Simple"

By HENRY HAZLITT

I AGREE with Mr. Fischer entirely in his belief that we cannot prescribe remedies for the crisis unless we know its causes, that "correct diagnosis must precede the cure." But I can see no reason for believing that his own diagnosis is the correct one. Even if there is an element of truth in it (and the facts are so complex and many-sided that there is an element of truth in scores of apparently contradictory diagnoses), it is obvious that it represents a violent over-simplification. Mr. Fischer is using the changing shares of labor and capital in the product of industry, first over the fifty-year period from 1849 to 1899, and then over the thirty-year period from 1899 to 1929, to explain the crisis of 1929. But if this change to labor's disadvantage has been going on for eighty years, why did not the crisis come sooner? Why 1929, and not 1926, or 1919, or 1905, or 1899 itself? Was the depression of 1921 the result of labor's decreasing social share? Then how explain the sharp recovery in 1923? Were all the depressions of the last eighty years the result of labor's decreasing share? Then how explain all the recoveries? Does Mr. Fischer believe that all the crises were brought about by the same cause, but that each recovery is to be explained by a different cause in each case?

Mr. Fischer's diagnosis rests on the theory of crises de-

veloped in the 1840's by Karl Rodbertus and later adopted by Karl Marx. It rests on the thesis that labor receives a constantly decreasing share of the social product; that as the great mass of wage-earners have a diminished purchasing power, consumption fails to keep pace with production; so that a contraction of production follows, with unemployment and a further decrease in purchasing power, leading to an intensification of the crisis. The defect of this theory is that it cannot answer the sort of questions I have just asked. It makes it difficult to explain why we are not always in a crisis, and impossible to explain how we ever surmount one.

Let us turn from theory to facts. In his factual statements Mr. Fischer is not always careful. He speaks of labor being "paid less for creating more"; he remarks that "the total value of products is greater, the total national wage bill smaller." Such statements are flatly contradicted by the quotation he cites, which shows that the average yearly earnings of the worker increased more than 400 per cent in the eighty years from 1849 to 1929. The same 1931 "Handbook of Labor Statistics" from which Mr. Fischer's statistics are ultimately taken also shows (p. 846) that hourly wage rates increased in the thirty-year period from 1899 to 1929 by 233 per cent. Even when we allow for the increased cost of living and the reduction of working hours in the meantime, the laborer's command over goods, as shown by Paul Douglas's figures, increased by 35 per cent in this period. So it is not true that the total national wage bill was growing smaller, or that labor was being "paid less for creating more." It was being paid *more* for creating more. Perhaps not *enough* more; but that is a different contention, to which I shall return later.

I may point out, however, that the figures Mr. Fischer quotes are themselves misleading. This is not the fault of Mr. Fischer, who merely repeats Miss Van Kleeck's quotation, nor is it the fault of Miss Van Kleeck, who merely quotes the passage from the "Handbook." It is the fault of the author of the article, Ethelbert Stewart, the United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics. He has committed a simple fallacy of selection. He has compared the figures for the particular year 1849 with the figures for the particular year 1929, and presented the result as if it accurately reflected a general eighty-year *tendency*. But if he had taken, for example, 1869 and compared it with 1921, and presented his results in the same way, he would have been obliged to say:

By 1921, or fifty-two years later, the average yearly earnings of workers in manufacturing industries had increased 291 per cent, the value of products per wage-earner had increased 281 per cent, the value added by manufacture per wage-earner had increased 289 per cent. The per cent that wages were of the value of the product had *increased* 2.7 per cent, and the per cent that wages were of value added by manufacture had *increased* 0.7 per cent.

If Mr. Fischer wishes to make a more scientific approach to the study of the 1929-33 crisis I should advise him not merely to take wholesale a period of eighty years that included at least a dozen depressions and their subsequent recoveries, but to devote himself to a more intensive study of the period between the last crisis and the present one—the period, say, from 1922 to 1929. One of his main textbooks will be "Economic Tendencies in the United States," by Frederick C. Mills, a thorough and meticulous study recently

published by the National Bureau of Economic Research. He will find there some very interesting figures that seem to support his case. For example (p. 550):

The aggregate command over goods exercised by manufacturing labor increased at a rate of 3.1 per cent a year between 1922 and 1929; that of "ownership and management" increased by 7.3 per cent a year. (For both groups, purchasing power is measured in terms of wholesale prices.) The difference here is attributable, primarily, to differing rates of change in the real rewards of the two groups for their respective contributions to each unit of manufactured goods produced. The reward of labor for its contribution to each unit (i. e., labor cost per unit of goods produced, in dollars of constant purchasing power) was declining, while the rewards of "ownership and management" (i. e., overhead costs plus profits, in dollars of constant purchasing power) were increasing between 1922 and 1929.

Have we here the key to the present depression? Mr. Fischer would undoubtedly think so; but a study of other facts may lead us to alter that conclusion. For example, one of Mr. Mills's other findings is that while manufacturing "ownership and management" was able to buy 110 per cent more goods in 1929 than in 1914, and while manufacturing labor was able to buy 75 per cent more, the farmers as a whole were able to buy only 10 per cent more, notwithstanding that their own physical output had increased during that period by 25 per cent. In so far, then, as the 1929 collapse can be attributed to a lowered purchasing power on the part of any sizable economic group (and what we have here to deal with, it must not be forgotten, is a *relative* and not an absolute reduction of purchasing power), what happened to the purchasing power of the farmers is much more significant than what happened to that of manufacturing labor.

But is the crisis primarily to be explained in terms of these shifts in the purchasing power of different groups? In answering this question we may once more draw upon some of Mr. Mills's figures. He finds that the distributive tendencies in the period from 1899 to 1914 were the *reverse* of those from 1914 to 1929. In the earlier period the relative share of labor in the product *increased* while the relative share of "ownership and management" *decreased*. If Mr. Fischer's theory were correct, 1914 should have been an unusually prosperous year, for labor's relative purchasing power was higher. In point of fact, 1914 was a year of severe depression. Mr. Fischer may reply that this was because of the outbreak of the war. This explanation would not be entirely true, for the business recession began in the middle of 1913; but it would be mainly true. Its introduction, however, brings us to some of the complexities of a problem which Mr. Fischer regards as "so simple."

After reviewing a dozen or more of them, Wesley C. Mitchell, in his classic study of business cycles, remarks:

Taken one at a time, most of the theories of business cycles reviewed in Chapter I seem plausible, not to say convincing. Certainly each theory, this time without exception, illuminates some angle of the problem. Taken all together, the theories render a different service—one which is welcome only to the man who has the courage and time to enter upon a thorough investigation. They show that business cycles are congeries of diverse fluctuations in numerous processes—physical, psychological, and economic. . . .

This recognition of the complexity of the problem need not be a confession of bafflement. It warns us against facile

or even single explanations, but it need not deter us from attempting to estimate the relative roles that various forces played. My own belief is that the 1929 crisis is mainly the result of the inevitable collapse of the artificial war and post-war level of commodity prices. The sudden and enormous war demand sent the world gold level of prices up to two and a half times the pre-war level; it was inevitable that, once this war demand was withdrawn, this artificial price level would collapse. The break came in two main movements: the first in 1920-21, the second in 1930-32. But the force of this collapse was aggravated enormously by the whole series of post-war policies: by the vicious Treaty of Versailles, by the disorganization caused by reparations and war debts, by the preposterous tariff barriers thrown up everywhere, particularly by ourselves, by the wide adoption of the gold-exchange standard, by the artificial cheap-money policy pursued both in England and America, leading here to a colossal real-estate and stock-market speculation under the benign encouragement of Messrs. Coolidge and Mellon, and, largely as a consequence of our other policies, by our sometimes reckless lending to foreign countries. When the crisis came we intensified it not merely by suddenly refusing to grant new loans, but by demanding immediate payment of all our callable and maturing old loans.

Our post-war foreign loans, in other words, were mainly the result of our high-pressure export campaign combined with a refusal to buy adequate imports in return. In effect, we insisted on selling goods in exchange for dubious foreign I. O. U.'s. It was this policy, and not, as Mr. Fischer supposes, a shortage of home purchasing power, that led to those foreign loans. As a matter of fact, the new foreign security issues floated in this market in the eight years from 1922 to 1929 averaged only \$976,000,000 a year, and Mr. Mills estimates that the *net* outward movement of American capital in that period was only \$451,000,000 a year. As our total annual national income during that period was variously estimated at from \$80,000,000,000 to \$85,000,000,000, our "shortage of purchasing power at home," by this test, would have been only a fraction of 1 per cent, still permitting Americans to buy, on net balance, more than 99 per cent of their own output. Some part of our net export of capital, it is true, could be interpreted as reflecting a shortage of purchasing power on the part of American workers, but the mere fact of an export of capital is far from a *prima facie* evidence of such a condition. Mr. Fischer's interpretation, logically carried out, would lead us to the Alice-in-Wonderland conclusion, not only that all creditor countries lend because of a shortage of home purchasing power, but that all debtor countries borrow because of a surplus of home purchasing power!

Mr. Fischer's diagnosis of the present crisis, in sum, is incorrect, and therefore his proposed remedies, whatever their merits, are not relevant to the immediate situation. The causes of the crisis, as we have seen, are complex, and it cannot be cured by any single panacea. My own belief is that the three most *immediate* steps necessary are all international: a reduction of tariff and trade barriers; an amicable adjustment of the war debts; and the prompt return, particularly on the part of Great Britain and ourselves, to the gold standard at a devaluated level calculated to raise commodity prices, say, to a point about 10 per cent under the 1926 level. A capital levy, as proposed by Mr. Fischer, seems to me not

only irrelevant to the problem of prompt recovery but a measure that would violently aggravate the catastrophe. Wealth does not exist in the form of cash, except to a very minute extent, but in the form of real estate, chattels, securities, or going businesses. A substantial capital levy would cause these to be thrown on the market in unparalleled volume, and as almost no one would be in position to buy, a collapse of values would ensue compared to which the collapse we have just gone through would seem trivial. I suspect that what makes the capital levy proposal popular in some quarters is a mere verbal coincidence: the economy of private profit under which we operate is popularly known as the capitalist system, and a "capital levy" seems a way of hitting the capitalists. But most taxation from time immemorial has been in the form of comparatively mild capital levies. The largest single source of tax income in the United States today is still the tax on real estate, because real estate is the most visible and least concealable or transportable form of capital wealth. General property taxes have as a rule proved so unsuccessful and evadable that they have been largely abandoned. A capital levy today would fall heavily on the farmers, who are precisely, as we have seen, the class that suffered the relatively largest losses in the period from 1922 to 1929.

In rejecting Mr. Fischer's theory regarding the cause of the present crisis, I reject it, of course, merely when it is offered as the single or even as the primary explanation. In the general situation that led up to the collapse of 1929, the relative shift of income among various groups in the preceding period undoubtedly played some part—though, as we have seen, it was the farmers' rather than the industrial workers' relative purchasing power that was shrinking most. The figures cited by Mr. Fischer of the changing relationship of industrial wage payments to the total value of industrial products for the last eighty years are unquestionably significant, though I should differ from him in their interpretation.

The figures themselves, as I have shown, are distinctly misleading when taken in isolation; but even if it were definitely established by more careful statistical methods that manufacturing labor has been getting in the last eighty years a constantly smaller proportionate share of the total value of manufactured goods, one might still have more than one interpretation of this result. Mr. Fischer would presumably interpret labor's smaller relative share as *prima facie* evidence of the increasing "exploitation" of labor. But the figures can also be interpreted from the standpoint of the productivity theory of wages, a theory which, as a *long-run* theory, I believe to be substantially valid. Industry, it has become trite enough to observe, has been increasingly mechanized in the last eighty years; but this is only another way of saying that the volume of capital employed in industry has been increasing at a much faster rate than that of labor. We should expect as a natural consequence of this that the share of capital in the product would increase as compared with that of labor. What is desirable is not an increase in "wages" as such, in the technical economic definition of that term, but an increasing ownership on the part of the workers, either directly or through the state, of the machinery they operate. The profit system has so far shown a woefully inadequate ability to secure this end. Socialism or communism could secure it, but could they do so without a loss of managing efficiency that would leave labor on net balance in a poorer position than

under a reformed capitalism? I do not find the answer to that question as simple, on one side or the other, as most persons seem to find it; and it is, of course, not the sole question we must answer. Meanwhile my adherence to the profit system is tentative, *faute de mieux*. I should feel considerably more sympathetic to a complete socialism or communism than I am, or even to that ambiguous thing called Planning, if I could feel more confident than I do that the planning would fall into competent and expert hands and not into the hands of economic illiterates. Let us hope that a political technique will be devised that will more nearly insure that the economically trained and the socially educated, rather than the orators, the mob masters, or the merely aggressive, will hold the positions of political power.

Meanwhile, apart from our conclusions, something ought to be said about the spirit and methods by which we arrive at those conclusions. Nothing can be gained, in the long run, by facile answers and false simplifications. "Only by studying propositions about morals with the same detachment as propositions about electrons, caring more for the rules of the scientific game than for any particular result," writes Morris R. Cohen in "Reason and Nature," can the moral philosopher "hope to fulfil his function as a builder of sound ethical theory or science." Substitute economics for ethics in this statement, and we define an attitude that is not, I fear, very fashionable at the moment, but it is the only one in the results of which we can have any permanent confidence.

Mr. Fischer Rejoins

TO Mr. Hazlitt's question why labor's disadvantageous share in the products of its work did not bring on the crisis before 1929, the answer is: it did. We had many crises and depressions between 1899 and 1929. It is naive, moreover, to suppose that the disproportionate participation of labor and profit-takers in manufactured values must at any given moment produce an immediate crisis. In that event we should be having crises all the time. The effect of that disproportion is cumulative, and undermines the system, like a disease, at irregular intervals. Each time, either through the development of a new industry or through the expansion of commercial interests abroad or through any number of circumstances which the economists can enumerate, we get out of the crisis until the next one comes along. That is what we are trying to do now, except that the new industry and the new foreign countries and the new avenues for investment at home have not yet been discovered.

Mr. Hazlitt says that my statements about labor being paid less for creating more "are flatly contradicted by the quotation" I cite, which shows that wages had been steadily rising. But I wrote that "absolutely, wages rose." I also said, however, that the workers had been receiving "a much smaller share of that value," and I also spoke of "the decline of their earnings in relation to the value of their products." This is the core of the problem, and Mr. Hazlitt misses my chief point. Absolutely, wages rose, relatively they fell, and labor, therefore, could not buy back its proportionate percentage of what it produced. Hence the "surplus." Hence the crisis. Indeed, it makes little difference, from the point

of view of establishing the principle, whether even the share increased. It never rose high enough to wipe out surplus value.

This "surplus," I wrote, "resulted in a vast accumulation of unemployed wealth. . . . Some of it had to be exported." *Some*, not all. Much of the surplus remains in frozen forms in this country. We all know that banks and companies and individuals have assets today which they cannot put to use. That is part of the surplus. So there is no point in attempting to prove that the foreign securities floated here were limited in volume. Since Mr. Hazlitt, however, did attempt such a calculation, he should have added to the foreign securities issued here American purchases of foreign bonds and stocks not issued here and foreign real estate bought by Americans. He should also have added our favorable trade balances between 1922 and 1929, which alone amounted to \$4,692,000,000. It would be interesting to know how much of this the nations have been able to repay.

In this connection Mr. Hazlitt says: "Our post-war foreign loans . . . were mainly the result of our high-pressure export campaign. . . . We insisted on selling goods in exchange for dubious I. O. U.'s." But wasn't that pretty silly? Why the high pressure to sell our goods for dubious I. O. U.'s? Why didn't our exporters prefer sales at home to dubious foreign I. O. U.'s? The answer is the one I gave: domestic purchasing power could not consume all we produced. (Needless to say, relatively reduced purchasing power has in recent years been a phenomenon of the farmer's life as well as of the workingman's life.) If the values exported in the form of goods and investments had been used here, our industrial plant would have expanded even more than it did. Overproduction and the crisis would have come sooner.

Mr. Hazlitt tries to find an Alice-in-Wonderland conclusion in my argument about foreign investments. Nothing of the sort. Creditor countries lend abroad because of a relative shortage of purchasing power at home. They export because even dubious I. O. U.'s are sometimes better than burning excess commodities, throwing them into the sea, or letting them rot in warehouses. They export in the hope of developing foreign purchasing power for their goods. Now and then they are miserably disappointed. That is what happened in this crisis. The foreign debtors could not pay. So that, begging Mr. Hazlitt's pardon, there is a shortage of purchasing power in America and also in many foreign countries. Thus the present crisis is profoundly international.

Of course the Treaty of Versailles and war debts and tariff barriers aggravate this crisis. But are not these very circumstances the result of the war, and was not the war, in large measure, brought on by the struggle for markets and for colonies? And was not that struggle a result of relatively reduced purchasing power at home, which forced nations to seek foreign fields to conquer?

I will not enter into every one of Mr. Hazlitt's complicated objections to my brief presentation of the most fundamental, but not the only, cause of the depression. That may be done on some other occasion. At this moment I can merely say that my thesis stands: those who produce on the land and in the factory and office cannot, because of the capital-investors' profits, be paid enough to enable them to buy and consume the values which the profit-takers do not consume.

LOUIS FISCHER

Mr. Hazlitt Concludes

MR. FISCHER accuses me of missing his chief point, but I am afraid he misses mine. My objection to Mr. Fischer's theory was that "it makes it difficult to explain why we are not always in a crisis, and impossible to explain how we ever surmount one." If labor was not getting enough "to buy back its product" in 1929, was it getting enough to do so, in Mr. Fischer's opinion, in 1926, 1919, 1905, or any other non-crisis year? And if it was not, how does Mr. Fischer explain how the product was actually sold in those years? His reply appears to be that the surplus was exported. But we have already seen that even if this theory of the meaning of an export surplus were valid, the amount involved in the 1922-29 period was only a fraction of 1 per cent of the total national production.

Mr. Fischer's attempted answer to the figures I presented of our net export of capital during the 1922-29 period involves, as every student of the subject will recognize, the obvious fallacy of counting the same thing twice. Our foreign loans and investments merely represent the surplus of our exports over our imports (using both terms in their broadest sense, to include gold shipments, tourist travel, services, etc.). The figure I cited of the average net annual export of capital, \$451,000,000 a year (and it is of course Mr. Mills's figure and not my own), already includes and allows for the excess of our exports over our imports and the other items mentioned by Mr. Fischer.

Mr. Fischer says that it was a silly policy for us to sell goods abroad for dubious foreign I. O. U.'s, and I of course agree with him. But the ultimate buyers of those promises did not know at the time that they were bad. Moreover, it is worth pointing out that the losses of Americans in their foreign investments have received a misleading emphasis in the last few years as compared with their losses in home investments. Whatever comparisons I have seen indicate that the home losses were not only absolutely but proportionately the more serious.

Finally, it must be said that a theory which requires us to believe that every crisis is brought about principally by the same cause, but that every recovery is brought about by a different cause, and that this different cause has always made a miraculous appearance hitherto just after a depression has run about two or three years, is on its face a suspicious theory. I am not arguing that labor is not underpaid. But it is important not to confuse ethical and economic questions, and it seems to me that what under capitalism is called prosperity can continue for a long time even when unjust wages are paid, provided only that capitalists continue to turn out the same percentage of goods as hitherto for capitalists and not for laborers. It is *shifts* in the relative purchasing power of different groups or *shifts* in the production of various kinds of industrial goods that may bring crises, not more or less constant income disparities. But even these shifts are not the sole cause of crises. I incline to believe that they played a real but relatively secondary role in bringing on the present one.

HENRY HAZLITT

(The discussion in the foregoing articles of the causes of the present economic debacle and possible ways out will be commented upon editorially in a forthcoming issue.)

Where Do We Go from Here?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 13

YOU are now about to witness, ladies and gentlemen, the most stirring, thrilling, hair-raising, and breath-taking performance of this entire stupendous, magnificent, colossal, and unparalleled spectacle—a performance, ladies and gentlemen, which is nothing less than an attempt by the Administration to end unemployment, increase wages, regulate hours of labor, and control industrial production! And all at one stroke! If it succeeds it will be one of the greatest achievements in human history. If it fails—but let's not think about that. Before these flashing phrases are being devoured by a million eager eyes, there will, in all probability, have been disclosed the measure through which it is hoped to work the miracle. I must say that the work of drafting it could not have been intrusted to more capable hands. It was assigned to a subcommittee consisting of New York's Senator Wagner; Donald R. Richberg, railway labor attorney and one of the foremost economic and social thinkers of our time; and General Hugh S. Johnson, a soldier, lawyer, and ex-manufacturer with a noble contempt for the demoted captains of industry. When they have agreed upon a tentative draft, it will be submitted to a full committee of the President's advisers, and the President himself will determine the final form in which it will be submitted to Congress. At first glance it appears to be a rather grandiose undertaking, but the objectives are worthy in the highest sense, and the Administration deserves the greatest credit for seeking them. It could only be criticized for not seeking some of them earlier. The purposes, speaking broadly, are to create jobs and purchasing power by furnishing \$3,300,000,000 for public works, provide for trade agreements to prevent unfair competition, which would involve the maintenance of fair wages and working hours, and control and stabilize production. Thus, it would displace the Black thirty-hour-week bill, which has passed the Senate and is before the House; and also supplant the La Follette-Cutting-Costigan public-works bill introduced in the Senate this week. Indeed, it would take the place of half a dozen proposals that have been evolved by the various subdivisions of the celebrated "brain trust." Hostile cynics have even insinuated that it would take the place of the federal Constitution, but to this I indignantly dissent. As readers of this page are well aware, I believe only in constructive criticism.

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ONE of the most amazing—and significant—phases of the present situation is the pathetic eagerness of a majority of employers to be regulated. Their position, briefly, is that the government must help them to save themselves. They find themselves confronted with a small but deadly group of labor-sweaters whose ruthless price-cutting is simply ripping the bottom out of industry. These loathsome creatures are willing to see everything go to smash if they can get theirs before the collapse occurs. Precisely such a condition was foreseen and foretold by some of us in those dear departed days when the slogan of employers was

"Less government in business, and more business in government"—the spirit which dominated the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover Administrations, and led to the present situation. There is nothing to be gained, I suppose, by saying "I told you so," but good old Bob La Follette must have chuckled as he looked down from the ramparts of heaven and saw the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce earnestly assuring the spokesman for the hated railway brotherhoods that big business was anxious to "go along" on the proposals to inaugurate drastic regulation of industry. This is said in no derisive vein. On the contrary, Mr. Harriman's course is a credit to his intelligence, and my praise of him will not be diminished by the circumstance that he was forced into it by developments beyond his control. At the same time, prudence dictates that careful scrutiny be given to the methods proposed for regulating production and relaxing the anti-trust laws, and to the persons chosen to administer them. It would be very unfortunate indeed, if we started out to put the government in control of business, and woke up to find business in complete control of itself and the government. Moreover, it would seem that if any effective plan of supervision and control is to be established, it should be permanent rather than temporary. Otherwise, the return of prosperity would be likely to witness a lamentable amount of backsliding among the employers now weeping so copiously at the mourners' bench.

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JUST as the public works—industrial control proposal is the most promising step yet taken by the Administration, so its plan for temporary reorganization of the railroads is unquestionably the worst. I doubt whether General Atterbury could have invented a sorrier one, and I am personally acquainted with a dozen switchmen and brakemen who could have done better. The most glaring defects in the bill are its omissions. It would abolish the jobs of from 80,000 to 300,000 rail workers without making any provision for their future. It would establish a federal "coordinator," but would place the real power in the hands of three regional committees composed of railway executives, so that instead of having a federal czar over the railroads, we should actually have a baby czar under a regency of railroad managers. It is obvious not only that the regional committees should be subordinated to the authority of the coordinator, but that he should be given general supervision over other forms of interstate transportation. In short, a coordinator should be in a position to coordinate. Perhaps the most fantastic section of the bill is that under which approximately fifteen hundred State regulatory laws would be nullified. If such a provision ever passed the stage of enactment, it certainly would face a stormy journey through the courts. The indications are, however, that the whole measure will find rough sledding in Congress. On this bill Mr. Roosevelt is facing his first real fight. He asked for it—somebody sold him a lemon. It is regrettable that a stiffer fight was not also made against the so-called home-owners' mortgage bill.

Purporting to be a measure to relieve embarrassed owners of mortgaged homes, it is really a proposal to relieve the embarrassed owners of the mortgages. It will permit them to unload their questionable investments on the federal government at the expense of the taxpayers, and get in exchange 4 per cent interest-bearing bonds that are exempt from taxes. Never was Fiorello La Guardia more keenly missed in the House than when this inexcusable measure came up.

* * *

SECRETARY ICKES was not long in exhibiting his determination to clean up the Interior Department—and with the possible exception of Justice, no department is in greater need of a cleaning. A few days ago the Secretary learned that Charles C. Moore, Commissioner of the General Land Office, had suppressed the report and reversed the findings of his expert and legal staff in order to rule that the famous Section Thirty-six, located in the middle of the Elk Hills naval oil reserve in California, rightly belonged to the Standard Oil Company of California rather than to the United States. Ickes thereupon requested and received Commissioner Moore's resignation, and then issued an order that no former officer of the department would be permitted to practice before it until after a lapse of two years. The tract involved has been described as the richest oil field in the world. Since it is located in the heart of the naval reserve, it can hardly be doubted that its operation is draining the reserve. The federal government originally donated the land to the State of California on condition that it contained no minerals. Subsequently the State assigned it to a private company. The assignment was confirmed by that illustrious patriot, Albert B. Fall, when he was Secretary of the Interior. However, inquiry by the legal and mineralogical staff of the department disclosed that the original government survey of the land had classified it as min-

eral-bearing. Ten days before the Roosevelt Administration was inaugurated, Commissioner Moore, omitting from his record of the case a seventy-six-page report prepared by his expert subordinates, officially held that the original government surveyor had simply made a bright guess when he said the tract contained oil, and that, therefore, it should remain in the hands of its present possessors. This sort of thing has been common in the department since 1921, but I predict there will be no more of it as long as Ickes remains. In conclusion, for the benefit of those who relish a rollicking laugh, I recommend the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Butler, of the United States Supreme Court, in the case involving the valuation of the gas properties of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, for rate-making purposes. Throughout the period of high prices for labor and commodities the eminent jurist distinguished himself by his ardent advocacy of the "reproduction new" theory of valuation for public utilities. In private practice he had often been retained by utility corporations to advance that doctrine before the courts, and hence the propriety of his participation in decisions involving the theory was sometimes questioned. Nevertheless, his view was accepted by a majority of his brethren on the bench, notably in the cases of the Indianapolis Water Company, the O'Fallon Railway Company, and the Baltimore Street Railways. But alas for His Honor and the utilities he had served so faithfully, labor and commodity prices have declined, and "reproduction new" is a two-edged sword. In the Los Angeles case a majority of the court rejected the company's claim for a rate base of \$95,000,000, and fixed a "fair value" of \$65,074,000. The squawks emitted by Mr. Justice Butler were so heart-rending, and his comments on the majority opinion were so acidulous, that I cannot steel myself to repeat them here. But by all means read his dissent. It is not often that a member of the Supreme Court delights us with a gem of genuine comedy.

Workers of China, Unite!

By SOONG CHING-LING (MRS. SUN YAT-SEN)

BEFORE reviewing conditions in China, I should like to make a few remarks about the international situation today. The world crisis of capitalism becomes ever severer. Workers and peasants starve, the middle class is ruined, banks and business concerns crash, and even the United States of America has given up the gold standard. Only in the Soviet Union an entirely different development is taking place. Unemployment has been abolished, industry and agriculture are being organized on a Socialist basis, exploitation has been done away with, the cultural and economic level of the masses is being raised. The Five-Year Plan is a huge success. Vainly some capitalist countries are trying to adopt certain features of the Five-Year Plan. But they cannot succeed, because the laws of capitalist production and the rule of the bourgeoisie prevent it. Only the working class in alliance with the peasantry can build a Socialist society.

The more precarious the existence of capitalism becomes, the more vicious becomes the ruling class against the workers and peasants. Fascism is spreading in Europe as the last

desperate attempt of the bourgeoisie to maintain the existence of a bankrupt system of brutal terror. The greater the antagonism between the imperialist Powers becomes, the greater becomes their enmity against the Soviet Union, the greater the preparation for new imperialist world wars, for a new wave of intervention against the Soviet Union.

With this international background in view, what are the conditions in China? Economically, the workers are unemployed, or starving with miserable wages. They work long hours and have no protection. Peasants suffer, starve, and are robbed by high rents, usurious interest rates, and taxes. They have not sufficient land and they groan under feudal exploitation by the landlords and gentry. They suffer by the wars of the generals and the marauding armies of the warlords. Politically, there is no right of free speech and free press, no right of assembly and organization. Radicals and revolutionaries are imprisoned, tortured, and killed. Culturally, there is no money for the education of the people, because 90 per cent of the revenues is squandered by the various governments for the maintenance of their armies.

All these conditions are aggravated by the war of Japanese imperialism against China. How is it possible that Japan can wage a war against China? There are two reasons: first, Japanese imperialism is assisted by imperialist England and France, which also aim at further dismemberment of China. The League of Nations has given Japan a free hand, making only such reservations as aim to guard the imperialist robber interests of the other Powers and to deceive their own and the Chinese people. The second reason lies in China itself. The Chinese people want resistance against Japanese and every other imperialism. The Kuomintang government stifles this resistance by suppression of the boycott, sabotage of the Volunteers, and abolition of the democratic rights of the people. The main forces of the country are employed to fight not the Japanese but the Chinese people, the workers and peasants of China. The leadership of the armies of China is in the hands of reactionary, treacherous generals.

Who "defended" Jehol? The opium general, Tang Yu-lin, chairman of Jehol Province. He opened the gates of China to the Japanese invaders. He left the Volunteers in the ditch without arms and supplies; he stabbed his own soldiers in the back. Who is responsible for this treason? First, General Chang Hsueh-liang, chief war lord of the north and representative of the Nanking Government in Peking, who is the superior of the opium general and who, by his theory of non-resistance, gave the basis for the treason, which was further helped by insufficient preparations. Secondly, the Nanking Government. Why? This government employs its main forces against the Chinese people; it puts treacherous generals in command and prevents their removal; it prevents the arming of the people and the organization of volunteer military detachments for the waging of a national revolutionary war against Japanese imperialism.

Today even members of the Nanking Government raise the cry: "Death to Tang Yu-lin!" We agree, but we doubt that Nanking will shoot him. He should have been shot long ago. But did not T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance, declare a few weeks ago that the suggestion that Tang Yu-lin is on the Japanese side of the fence is an insult to the nation? As for Chang Hsueh-liang, he has been very brave in arresting students and workers! He has been very brave indeed in disarming the defeated soldiers of Jehol, to preserve "peace and order"! But did he not quit Manchuria with his army a year and a half ago, leaving the fighting to the Volunteers? Fighting is against his will and real intention. He will only open the gates of Peking and Tientsin to the Japanese. So Chang Hsueh-liang must be made responsible for the treachery of Tang Yu-lin, and only when the Chinese people overcome the treason of their leaders will China live.

And now for the Nanking Government—the so-called "central authority." The time has come when its phrases about "prolonged resistance" can no longer hide the facts of betrayal, cowardice, and non-resistance. No preparations for real resistance were made by General Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang leaders of Nanking. Only the utterly foolish hope was expressed that Japan might stop at the Great Wall, and that Japan's war of aggression would break down of itself owing to internal revolution and financial bankruptcy. But Japan will not stop. Jehol is the key for the invasion of Mongolia as well as of the north of China. Japan will not only take the territory north of the Yellow River, but will repeat its bombardment of Shanghai as well as other

Yangtze ports, in order to win greater power in the Yangtze Valley and dictate terms to the Chinese people. In its future war against the Soviet Union Japan will even attempt to use the Chinese masses as cannon-fodder, as it is already today using the Chinese soldiers of Manchuria against their brothers and sisters in Jehol and Hopei. When a nation can be driven to fight the robber wars of another imperialist Power, it has reached the lowest depths of its humiliation; it ceases to exist.

What is our task—the task of the Chinese people? It is clear. We must take the road of national and social liberation. The Nanking Government cannot unite China, cannot lead the national revolutionary war of the armed people against imperialism, cannot give food and work to the starving workers, cannot give land to the peasants. Why not? Because it is seeking always to compromise with imperialism. Because it fears the armed people more than the imperialist invaders.

I call upon all men and women, the youth of China, and especially the workers, peasants, students, and Volunteers, to unite and organize this struggle for the liberation, unity, and integrity of China—a struggle inseparably bound up with the efforts for the emancipation of the toiling masses from exploitation, with the fight for the rights of free speech, free press, assembly, and organization, and for the liberation of political prisoners. Only through such effort will be developed the unconquerable national and social forces which will break the power of imperialism and its treacherous allies. Let us remember that the Russian Revolution demonstrated the superiority of a revolutionary people and its revolutionary armies to the forces of the whole capitalist world. The Chinese people with its already great revolutionary tradition will conquer in the same way. Not imperialist domination and the dismemberment of China, but a free, united, revolutionary China of the workers and peasants!

We must fight in every city and village for these demands: (1) that at least 80 per cent of the armed forces of the country, with adequate equipment and all aeroplanes, be sent against Japanese imperialism to regain Manchuria and Jehol and to defend China; (2) that the people be armed and that voluntary military detachments be formed; (3) that democratic rights—free speech, free press, right of assembly and organization—be granted at once, and that the imprisonment, torture, and killing of revolutionaries cease immediately; (4) that the advance against the Soviet territories in China be stopped. Let it be emphasized that not only has the Soviet Government of China declared war on Japanese imperialism, but in January of this year it offered its cooperation with any army or military detachment in the fight against Japanese imperialism, upon the condition that the advance against Soviet territory cease, that democratic rights be given to the people, and that the people be armed.

If we want to carry through these demands we must prepare to fight. We must organize in every factory, every school and university, every city and village. Our demands must be discussed in every house, shop, and factory. Our demands must flood the streets. Only by arousing the masses to the seriousness of the situation and to the task of the future will we bring action. This action will be the broad and anti-imperialist struggle culminating in the national revolutionary war of the armed people against Japanese and other imperialism. It is the duty of all national revolutionary elements to prepare for this struggle.

The Legion's Betrayal

By ERNEST ANGELL

THE American Legion, dedicated to patriotism and unselfish service, has become in these last years of national crisis the most unpatriotic and selfish of American organizations. Unless it executes an about-face, it must soon be recognized as a definite menace to democratic institutions and free government. For a dozen years the American people left to the Legion the shaping and control of legislation for the disabled war veterans, their widows and orphans. The Legion built up a dominance over Congress and the State legislatures in this field, became drunk on power and grew insolent with success. The extent of the Treasury-raiding by the veterans under Legion leadership became known in 1932; the nation awoke to the loss of billions flowing into the itching palms, and in the dark days of March, 1933, threw off the Legion's grip on the federal Treasury and Congress. It would be difficult to give too high praise to the courage and achievement of President Roosevelt and the new Director of the Budget, Lewis W. Douglas.

Long before the President's economy bill was presented to Congress, the Legion had lost the interest and support of all its former leaders of distinction. When the Portland convention of 1932 voted overwhelmingly to demand immediate full payment of the bonus certificates maturing in 1945, the Legion lost its last claim to be a patriotic body and belied the purposes stated in its constitution of 1919—"to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses." With this vote the American Legion dedicated itself to plunder.

Some scattered members and units of the Legion have raised their voices in opposition to the greed of the majority. Dr. George J. Lawrence, commander of the New York department, came out in a ringing plea for support of the President's economy bill. The National Commander, Louis J. Johnson, after waiting too long and thus losing the opportunity to redeem the Legion's reputation at least partially, expressed a cautious support of the President. These, however, are isolated instances. The powerful National Legislative Committee worked tooth and nail to defeat the bill, and Legion leaders still in good odor in their own circles are reforming their lines for another attack on the Treasury at the first moment they dare. No one should believe for an instant that the Legion has reformed or become really patriotic, or that it is determined to put the interest of the country above that of the veterans. As soon as the President's dominance over Congress wanes, as it must, the veterans will renew the siege of the Treasury.

Dissenters in the ranks are in the meantime to be ejected so that the Legion may present a united front in the next battle. Certain units which have dared publicly to oppose the shameless plundering, to call attention to the legal dishonesty of "disability" claims and awards, have been suspended or ejected from membership or threatened with such discipline. The Legion is touchy and intolerant; it brooks no criticism from within; the body politic must be purified. The pages of the *American Legion Monthly*, the official pub-

lication, are never opened to the expression of minority opinion; its faithful readers must not have their minds contaminated. From this to the burning of books is but a little step. The Legion is thoroughly fascist in spirit, and therein lies the menace of its power and numbers.

Typical instances of this militant intolerance have lately occurred. The Willard Straight Post of New York City, which has been in hot water with the State and national bodies on several earlier occasions, has now had its charter definitely revoked as a unit of the Legion. This post has long been rebellious against intolerance and the grabbing of special privileges for veterans. When the group vigorously opposed the adoption of an amendment to the New York State constitution granting war veterans an absolute preference over any non-veteran for appointment to civil-service positions, the post was officially threatened with suspension or loss of its charter. On at least two other occasions, when it opposed Legion interference with academic freedom and with the orderly administration of alien deportations, demands were made by other Legion units for the exercise of disciplinary measures against it.

In 1932 the Willard Straight Post started the Scripps-Howard fight against the swollen benefits which were being paid to veterans by publishing a strongly worded telegram of protest against the Legion's responsibility for the enormous racket. The New York State Legion Executive Committee promptly countered by suspending the post from membership, without notice, charges, or hearing. The post objected to star-chamber methods; the suspension was lifted, charges were preferred, an open hearing was afforded, and the post was then formally suspended for three months for insubordination and intemperate language of criticism of Legion policies and methods. The action finally taken was eminently fair to the post, but the spirit of intolerance triumphed.

In December, 1932, the Willard Straight Post joined with a group of a dozen posts in New York City in adopting and publishing a mildly worded resolution opposing present payment of the bonus. Punishment was swift. At the next meeting of the State Executive Committee a resolution was adopted again suspending this one post and recommending that its charter be revoked by the national body, which alone has that power. No notice was given to the post of the committee meeting, no statement of charges was furnished, no opportunity for defense afforded. The resolution of suspension was silent as to the grounds for the disciplinary action, and the post was never able to obtain any statement whatsoever of the reasons for the action taken. None of the other posts which joined in the public anti-bonus plea have been disciplined, although it is understood that similar proceedings against one other post are contemplated.

In accordance with Legion procedure the Willard Straight Post appealed to the National Executive Committee, and was notified in advance of a hearing to which its representatives would be admitted. The post, however, could not obtain in advance any statement of charges upon which revocation of its charter was to be determined; it

could only guess whether it was to be tried before the Legion high court for its insubordination in helping to launch the attack on the pension racket or for its opposition to the bonus. The post declined to appear before the high court for trial in the dark. Its charter was revoked and it ceased to be a unit of the Legion.

The Anthony Wayne Post, of Radnor, Pennsylvania, has also felt the ax of official disapproval. That group adopted and published last November a strong resolution opposing payment of the bonus as contrary to the spirit and purpose of the founders of the Legion and as working ultimate injury to the interests of all veterans. In March of this year the post adopted and published a further set of resolutions, condemning the financial effect of existing veteran legislation, pledging support for the President's economy fight, and condemning the present mismanagement of the Legion.

The Wayne Post was promptly put on the carpet, and at a State Executive Committee meeting, at which the post's representatives were present and permitted to speak, its charter was suspended and permanent revocation recommended upon formal charges of insubordination, of action tending to bring the Legion into disrepute, and so on. Appeal was taken to the national body, which confirmed the revocation. In this instance the procedure was open and relatively fair, far more so than in the case of the Willard Straight Post.

The Army and Navy Club Post, of Cleveland, Ohio, very recently ran afoul of the Legion bigots under similar circumstances. Last March the post sent messages to Ohio Congressmen in support of the President's economy bill. An Ohio Legion district convention instantly recommended suspension of the post's charter. The post replied by adopting full resolutions declaring the action of the National Legislative Committee and its chairman, John Thomas Taylor, in fighting the economy bill to be "detrimental to the American Legion and in opposition to the declaration of principles of the American Legion." The whole affair was laid before the Ohio State Executive Committee, which declined to take disciplinary action against the post in view of the confusion caused in Legion circles by the National Commander having practically repudiated the action of his Legislative Committee and, tardily, supported the President. Incidentally, the Army and Navy Club Post is the largest in Cleveland; it constitutes the backbone of the Legion in that community, and includes among its members many prominent citizens in business and professional life.

The constitution and by-laws of the Legion contain no single word which prohibits or in any way limits the power of any post (there are about 11,000 posts in the entire country) to express publicly its views on any question of interest, either pertaining to Legion affairs or to those of wider scope. The constitution does prescribe that the Legion "shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles." Nevertheless, the national Judge Advocate, as the legal officer, has ruled that no post may give *public* expression to any vote or opinion which is contrary to policies or views adopted by the national body. The ruling has no foundation or authority in the organic law of the Legion and its validity is clearly open to serious challenge. So long as it is in effect, it may be readily invoked and applied to stifle the public expression of minority views of dissent; witness the expulsion of the Willard Straight and

Anthony Wayne posts. It will be used against other groups if they do not happen to be large in numbers or locally powerful, as was the Army and Navy Post of Cleveland.

When the Detroit convention of the Legion, held in October, 1931, yielded to the eloquent appeal of President Hoover and voted not to demand payment of the bonus, a considerable number of posts in various parts of the country kicked over the traces, repudiated the Detroit vote, and openly demanded immediate bonus payment. No action was apparently ever taken against them. They were too numerous; the pro-bonus feeling ran too high to risk splitting the Legion wide open for the sake of enforcing the appearance of solidarity by disciplinary measures. It depends on whose ox is being gored.

Two immediate issues confront the Legion—whether it shall cease to be a band existing principally to plunder the national and State treasuries by the exercise of political power and a paid lobby, and whether the spirit of intolerant suppression of minority dissent by exercise of the gag rule shall remain dominant. On the first issue the Legion has lost public confidence and thousands of its former members. On the latter issue it faces a vigorous fight from within. For the moment the forces of intolerance have the upper hand. Unless they can be defeated, the Legion will remain a definite potential menace to free government by democratic methods and institutions.

More than Sight-Seeing

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

ONE does not visit a place just to be able to say that one has been there. The important thing is *not* where one has been but what one has seen and done there. It follows that the most rewarding experiences come to those who have some purpose in traveling, and who approach the foreigners they meet on the basis of mutual interest in work or hobby. Such travel combines the excitement of exploring new places and seeing new people with one's serious interests in life. It is in consequence far more interesting than a mere sight-seeing jaunt.

The Drama League Travel Bureau (Hotel Barbizon-Plaza, New York City) will send a group of students and teachers of the dramatic arts to England for a migratory summer session at the Central School of Speech and Dramatic Art, affiliated with the University of London. Those who are accepted for the trip will receive scholarships in the school. The program includes two weeks in London, a week in Oxford taking part in John Masefield's "verse-speaking contest," a week in Stratford-on-Avon for the Shakespeare Festival, and two weeks at the Malvern Festival. Olivia Hobgood, of the Wellesley speech department, is leader of the group. The round-trip inclusive cost is \$493.

An American summer school will be conducted in Moscow and Leningrad this summer by two American educators cooperating with Russian scientists and educators. Two courses are offered: Experimental Educational Programs in the Soviet Union, and Contemporary Trends—Political, Technological, and Cultural—in the Soviet Union. The American directing staff comprises Professor Harvey N. Zorbaugh, of the School of Education, New York University,

and Professor Daniel H. Kulp, II, of Teachers College, Columbia University. Students will sail on the Paris on July 1, returning September 4; the round-trip cost including tuition totals \$455. Inquiries should be directed to Irving V. Sollins, School of Education, New York University.

The Odyssey Cruise through the Mediterranean will sail for the eighth time from Venice on July 10. The S. S. Cracovia, a Lloyd Triestino ship, will poke its way into nearly thirty ports, most of them inaccessible to large ocean liners but well known to yachtsmen. Informal talks on history, art, and archaeology by authorities in those fields supplement sight-seeing on shore. The cruise members are limited to eighty-five. Connections may be made with the Cracovia by Italian-line sailings up to July 1. The cost of the cruise, including all shore trips but excluding transatlantic passage, is \$575 and up.

A summer of wandering in Germany is being arranged for groups of high-school students under the auspices of New College, of Columbia University, New York. The sixty-day tour costs \$290 round trip from New York. There will be two groups, one of boys, one of girls, limited to twenty-five each. American and German leaders will emphasize the serious purpose of the trip—the appreciation of the life and culture of a foreign land through close association with its young people. New College recommends foreign study in rather prolonged periods to its students, and arranges for them in foreign universities. This year the centers of study will be in England, Germany, and France.

The second student delegation to the Soviet Union is being organized by the National Student Federation of America at the invitation of the students of Moscow State University. The Russian students will act as hosts and guides during a three weeks' visit. The round trip costs \$376. G. Mennen Williams, Princeton '33, has been appointed leader. In order to build a representative group, three students will be accepted from a college, but graduates of not more than three years' standing are eligible as members of the delegation. The Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, is making the arrangements for travel in Russia.

The National Student Federation is sending 100 American college girls abroad this summer in small parties. Friendly social contacts with foreign students at picnics, dances, teas, and country week-ends are arranged through the National Union of Students of England. The following tours will be offered: "The British Isles and Germany"—fifty-seven days in England, Germany, and Paris—\$698 round trip from New York; "Germany, Russia, and Central Europe"—a week in London, three days in Berlin, a week in Russia, a week in the cities of Central Europe, and a canoe trip down the Danube—\$696 round trip; "Medieval and Renaissance Art"—fifty-six days in England, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, and France, with plenty of time in each city and a free period of five days for individual exploration—\$698 round trip. Leaders of the parties are outstanding students. The National Student Federation also arranges for individual travelers, both men and women, who want to take walking or canoeing trips in Europe and to make contacts with European students.

(This is a continuation of the list of unusual tours which was begun in The Nation last week. It is the third of a series of columns devoted to travel information of special interest to Nation readers.)

In the Driftway

WHEN a little girl in Pennsylvania set off across the fields from home to put a dream into execution she had a great adventure, took a dignified and experienced justice in the New York Children's Court by storm, and widened the horizon of jaded newspaper readers to include a little French girl dwelling beside the River Isère. For twenty-four hours Mlle Michèle d'Idier lived among us. According to her romantic story, she had bought a ticket from Grenoble to Havre with money her father or a friend of her father's—it is not clear which—had given her to buy a new dress. She had slipped aboard the Lafayette without attracting notice. An oiler found her, kept her secret, and brought her food. In New York he lent her his overalls and she just walked down the employees' gangplank. She had set out, she said, in "a state of high excitement" without thought of the worry she might cause her parents, who, she said, were poor but "very nice and kind." On board she had played with dogs in transit. She had a brother, eight, she said, who in spite of his tender years "worked in the fields." She herself was in the "fifth lycée." All of this in broken English and French that fooled everyone until she met another Frenchman. It was then that Mlle d'Idier turned into Mary Whittier of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, who in tears confessed that she was American, a pure American—"but I was in Grenoble for two years with my father and I liked it there. I wanted to go back again and get away from this awful small-town life."

* * * * *

MARY WHITTIER has gone back to Pennsylvania, and the Drifter hopes that her mother will not mind too much. Mary ran a risk of course in coming alone to New York with a dream, ten dollars, a lovely face, and a tin box containing a washcloth, a red silk dress, and a bar of soap. It is always dangerous to take one's dreams into the marketplace. But aside from the fact that a dream is often its own protection, the Drifter wonders if the risk is any greater than the one involved in Mary's bitter unhappiness with "this awful small-town life." It is altogether likely that Mary will be happier from now on. She has had the thrill—and the fright—of that great adventure she craved. She may now find the security of home not quite so monotonous as it was. As for the hated "small-town life," it may also become more bearable. In a small town a little girl who has been to New York alone and almost succeeded in getting to France takes on an importance among her playmates that will prove very soothing to a sensitive child who probably felt before she ran away that she did not "belong."

* * * * *

MEANWHILE Michèle d'Idier still exists as surely as a vivid character in a novel. Out of an intense desire Mary Whittier created the person she would like to be, and because Mary is obviously an artist she built up the character of Michèle by means of a selection of significant detail that a maturer and more conscious artist might well envy. The Drifter looks forward to the later creative works of Mary Whittier, grown older but not less gifted with imagination and a talent for invention.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Bernays Takes Exception

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Rosner's main contention in his article on Knickerbocker Village in your issue of April 19, that the government ought to develop housing for the poor, would have weight if the government were to enter into the socialization of land and housing as a whole. At the present time the government has made no such commitment, and private industry has not been changed into socialized industry. Under the present system of private capitalism and the private ownership of property it seems to me that one effective method by which private industry can obtain the aid of the government (that is, the R. F. C.), is through the arbitrary limitation of dividends. The major interest of Fred F. French is in erecting dwellings for people of limited income at the lowest possible rental, without loss to those who assume the burden of the venture.

May I call your attention to certain errors in Mr. Rosner's article which should be corrected? He states that the property area is 165,000 square feet, whereas it is 219,000 square feet. He states that its value is \$13 per square foot. As a matter of fact, much of the property was turned over to the corporation at less than the price Fred F. French paid for it.

It is stated that the Fred F. French Construction Company will receive a fee for its services. That is correct. It will be a modest fee, the lowest figure ever received in the history of the company in over \$100,000,000 worth of real-estate operations. It is stated that the management fee will probably amount to \$250,000 per year. One zero has been incorrectly added. The fee is 2 per cent, or less than \$25,000 a year.

It is stated that another of "Mr. French's profits will depend upon his ability to reduce actual cost below \$41 a room." As a matter of fact, any such profit will go toward liquidating the loan with the government and then reducing rents, because the law prevents the owners from getting more than 6 per cent.

It is stated that R. F. C. funds for housing will be used in many parts of the United States to help tide over hard times. That is what the Knickerbocker Village project will do—it will help unemployment relief, increase the use of supplies and materials, generally expand the whole credit structure and the credit system, and provide better housing for low-income families with a maximum profit of 6 per cent to the owner.

New York, April 27

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

On behalf of Knickerbocker Village

And Mr. Rosner Replies

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I did not state that the property area of the Knickerbocker Village is 165,000 square feet. I said that Fred French Operators owned 165,000 square feet of property which was to be turned over to the Knickerbocker Village, Inc., at a price of two million dollars, or \$13 a square foot. I was aware that another 54,000 feet had yet to be purchased, but that will not represent any additional investment by the French organization.

I was also aware that Mr. French had paid more than \$13 a square foot for the property which was being turned over at that price. That does not, however, make Mr. French a public benefactor. Much of this property was acquired at inflated values as part of a speculative building enterprise. In the present market it is worth much less than \$13. Mr. French is

probably delighted that he is able to get such a high price for his property at this time. My point was, and still is, that low-cost housing cannot be provided on land that costs \$13 a square foot.

As for the management fee, Mr. Bernays and I are talking about two different things. My article made it perfectly plain that \$213,000 of the \$250,000 I mentioned as the management fee would be needed to meet legitimate operating expenses such as repairs, labor, and cost of fuel. I said that Mr. French's profits from management would be \$37,000. That is the figure that should be compared with Mr. Bernays's figure of \$25,000. At the time I wrote the article, no management fee for Mr. French's services had been fixed. I had to estimate what the profits to the French Management Company would be. I am delighted to learn that Mr. French's profit for management will be \$25,000 annually instead of \$37,000, although I still think it is too much. My estimate, it turns out, was pretty close.

I certainly do not agree with Mr. Bernays's contention that government housing must wait upon the socialization of all land and housing. One might as well argue that we shouldn't have a public-school system because we still have private schools for the well-to-do. It is a well-established practice of modern government that public agencies should meet the needs which private enterprise does not meet. Just as education was made a public function because private schooling was too expensive for the poor, likewise housing should be made a public function. Who can say that education is more important than housing?

New York, May 1

HENRY J. ROSNER

To What Purpose?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of May 3 one of your correspondents—Theodore J. Scherz—threatens to withdraw his long-standing subscription to *The Nation* because of your biased and unfair attitude to the new German government. To console you for that loss I wish to say that I know quite a number of your readers who, like myself, feel that what you have said and published on the German situation was the only civilized thing to do in the face of facts and circumstances.

American friends of Hitlerism seem to derive their information from a common source. Thus one reads that Bruno Walter was not allowed to conduct his orchestra because he did not share his salary with his less fortunate Christian colleagues. Your correspondent forgets to say that the modest property of Professor Einstein was plundered and confiscated because he was a reputed Communist in the pay of Moscow, and that he was caught red-handed in a plot to bring Stalin over to Berlin and have him crowned emperor of Germany.

I have no hope of converting your dissenting correspondent, but I wonder to what purpose he has been reading *The Nation* for twenty years.

Philadelphia, May 4

NATHAN L. RUBIN

The Nation Wanted in Japan

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

To my great regret I am no longer financially able to subscribe to *The Nation*, although I have found it very useful in my teaching of English. I wonder if one of your readers would be willing to send me his copy each week. If so, I should be extremely grateful. My address is Tanabecho, Nishimurogun, Wakayamaken, Japan.

Wakayamaken, Japan, April 6

SEITARO MATSUBA

Books, Drama, Art

Dream

By VIRGINIA MOORE

I dreamed I cast no shadow, and you none,
Under the slant-rayed sun,
And wandering in a green and flowering glade
We dragged at heel no shade.

Nor had we memory of the years of death
Before we failed in breath,
Nor hint that teeming dark shaped to our size
Stooped when we tried to rise. . . .

I dreamed I picked a flower from the dew.
No dark flower made it two.
A flock of birds went over, nor cast a pale
Company on the vale.

Mr. Douglas Recollects

Looking Back. By Norman Douglas. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago everyone was reading "South Wind." The book had been slow to catch on, but once it was started on its course, sales were increased by that indelible sign of popularity—word-of-mouth advertising. Friends stopped one another to praise the book, and each new reader felt the private joy of making a discovery. It became the fashion to talk of Capri as an earthly paradise, a place where civilized, "interesting" people spoke lucid prose, met, drank, and carried forward their love affairs to irresolute conclusions. Even today faint echoes of this world are heard in Noel Coward's "Design for Living" on Broadway. The setting, of course, has changed, and "South Wind" no longer lures American tourists to the Bay of Naples.

What of its author, Norman Douglas, that engaging, shabbily dressed, audacious middle-aged Englishman who appeared in Mackenzie's "Vestal Fire," that sinister, crapulous schoolmaster of the D. H. Lawrence-Magnus reputation? He is now an old man with the authority of years behind him; he is the sage of Capri, and his time is ripe for writing memoirs. Obligingly he assumes the responsibilities attendant on old age and literary celebrity. He was never the man to withdraw from such opportunities. Very well, he will perform once more, but he will turn the trick with a difference. He assigns himself a game, a device to keep himself from falling asleep. Here is a tray of calling cards, some of which date back fifty years, while some were left but yesterday. He selects them at random, and the engraved names spur his memory. Some are blanks; others are rich with desirable associations. Wilfully he can choose to forget or to remember; the game has all the charm of complete informality, yet its practice is a premeditated art.

First of all we become aware that Norman Douglas is a Victorian, but that comforting assurance needs, in this case, explicit modification. His taste for adventure, his scientific curiosity, even his accomplishments as a linguist stem from a civilization and a period that produced a Darwin and a Richard Burton. His family had proper connections; enough at any rate to secure him a Continental education, the hope of a small income which never materialized, and a post in the Foreign Office. We may conclude that Douglas was always poor but

had what were called "advantages," that is, the right to regard himself as a gentleman and naturally to assume the tastes and attitudes of an established leisure class. The wherewithal to live was by no means as definite as these intangibles of social position; a sensitive young man with the perceptions of an aesthete, model 1890, required, more than all else, the wit of a well-trained parasite, the means of living on richer, duller people than himself. In the laissez faire society in which Douglas moved, or rather was trained to move, with grace and the good fortune of a delicately modeled profile, his chances for success were almost even, with the odds against him. It is impossible to pass moral judgment upon him, for he won at a game where moral conduct was not at stake; his loss was personal, a sacrifice of human wisdom and what ancient philosophers called the soul.

Under the influence of mild corruption Douglas grew ripe, and the product of his autumn mellowness was "South Wind"; now, for all his grace, we find him turning rotten. His taste has grown uncertain; one can trust him only for specific commentary on the quality of wine, food, and the physical beauty to be found in young people of both sexes. He retains a flair for pure gossip; read his notes on Frank Harris, Rupert Brooke, D. H. Lawrence, W. H. Hudson, Krupp of Essen, and others disguised under false names. I shall not attempt to recite the episodes here, for like the art of all good gossips, his style does not permit translation. Douglas's manner of voicing a catty remark or of expressing a malicious elevation of the eyebrow does not reflect credit on his would-be imitators. One must go back to the original text.

Throughout the book one is reminded of Douglas's nostalgia for the dead world left so irrevocably behind him, in which even his own "South Wind" lies buried. He feels that the war cut his life in two, and that nothing since the war has had the right flavor. No doubt he would join Ezra Pound in saying:

All things are made foul in this season . . .
No more do my shaftes fly
To slay. Nothing is now clean slayne
But rotteth away.

He quotes, however, Professor Franz Leydig of Bonn University, with this observation: "He supplied me with a formula for avoiding those flat lands of life where men absorb each other's habits and opinions to such an extent that nothing is left save a herd of flurried automata. I think with gratitude of that old man."

HORACE GREGORY

The Way of the Reformer

100,000,000 *Guinea Pigs.* By Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

CONSIDERED as a subspecies of *homo sapiens*, reforming crusaders seem as odd fish to the detached and realistic human biologist of today as they did to his worthy predecessor, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, born four hundred years ago last February. What makes them seem funny is not so much their purpose, which at least is made to appear always noble either in fact or in intent, but rather their technique. Asserting with ear-splitting vehemence their own honesty, purity, and high-mindedness, the crusaders almost invariably then proceed to use precisely the same kind of intellectually and morally indecent methods to sell their wares that they object to when the other fellow uses them in his line of trade. What puzzles the bystander whom God did not tap for membership in the reforming brotherhood is why exaggeration, insinuation, misplaced emphasis, and other assorted kinds of chicanery are

so commonly regarded as different and more commendable when employed in one cause than they are when used in another. One does not forget, of course, that hardy persons have been known to allege, and even sometimes to act upon the principle when engaged in dubious enterprises, that the end justifies the means. But surely nobody except a crusader *pur sang* ever believed that this argument made the means smell any sweeter.

These remarks are suggested and, I regret to say, in some degree given point by the treatise before us for consideration. Some parts of the book have appeared in condensed form in the columns of *The Nation* during the past year. Having read them there, I looked forward with at least a modicum of eagerness to reading the complete opus, as I imagine a good many other people did. Residues of our lowly biological origin make us all inclined to feel a certain pleasure and vicarious virility in seeing someone else get a "sock on the jaw," as Mr. Shaw so wittily puts it; especially when the "someone else" is a soulless corporation and therefore no man's friend. And this book certainly smashes about with a fine frenzy. The uninformed and careless reader is likely to get the impression that there are few if any advertised foods, drugs, or cosmetics that escape a deserved castigation.

As a matter of fact, the book will sorely disappoint the judicious, and for a simple reason: it is written for the avowed purpose of passing judgment upon the actions and motives of certain groups of men (food and drug manufacturers and officials) and upon the products of their activities (foods and drugs and the enforcement of the Pure Food Law). But it states only one side of the case; and in doing so freely employs most of the devices known to demagoguery, propaganda, and Mr. Ivy Lee as useful in inflaming the emotions and subduing the reason, to the end that the jury may be prejudiced against the other side. Compared to Messrs. Kallet and Schlink, the late Webster Thayer seems almost the perfect paragon of judicial fairness.

From this point on I shall speak only of such parts of the book as relate to foods. The reason is that I have some firsthand knowledge of the food industries, and none of the drug industry. I prefer to restrict my criticisms to the field of my competence, such as it is.

The general impression conveyed by the book is (1) that food manufacturers and dealers in this country are in a sort of gigantic conspiracy, aided and abetted by the officials of the government appointed to enforce the laws, to purvey to the 100,000,000 guinea pigs playfully alleged to constitute the American people a great deal of poisoned and adulterated food, for the dual purpose of conducting toxicological experimentation and reaping vast wealth; (2) that such few pure and good foods as may be found on the market are, because of their high price, available only to the well-to-do; and finally (3) that all decent citizens should immediately take after the rascals who are poisoning and cheating us, and give them a proper beating up. This impression is created by describing and discussing in great detail selected examples of flagrant but exceptional frauds and abuses. Then by subtle insinuation these cases are so generalized that the uninformed reader is likely to be seduced into regarding them as universals. There is a notable absence of even an attempt at any statistical proof of the alleged dangers or harm done by bad foods.

This kind of expository technique does not give a fair picture of the actual case. It neglects certain highly important considerations of which we have space to mention here only two, namely: first, that the great bulk of manufactured foods of all kinds achieve and maintain a remarkably high standard of quality and purity, all things considered, and are sold at reasonable prices, having regard to their cost of production and marketing (as is evidenced, for example, by the wide range of canned foods of unimpeached quality sold by the great grocery-

store chains); second, that for something like two decades past practically every important branch of the food industry (manufacturing) in this country has been aggressively educating and policing its own membership, not for the purpose of devising new ways to cheat the consumer, but upon the sound theory that honesty is the best policy, and that the security of the industry can best be insured by improving the quality and lowering the cost of the product, both of which results have been accomplished to a really remarkable degree, as any honest man who can remember conditions of from thirty to forty years ago can testify.

There are, of course, quacks and rascals in the food industries, just as there are in the more high-toned professions. There are, indeed, far too many such birds in all our aviaries. But after all they do not constitute the whole population. Again the federal Food and Drugs Act could and should be greatly improved. It is idiotically inadequate, though incidentally this book tells only a part, and in my opinion the less important part, of the story of why it is as poor as it is. But it seems unlikely that much progress will be made toward its improvement by any such intemperate methods as some of those advocated by the present authors in the final chapters of their book. They seem singularly oblivious to the profound wave of resentment which has gone over this country against the prohibitionist and all his ways.

In brief, this is a book for uplifters by uplifters. For such it will seem a noble document, to which there can be no effective answer, or even the mildest disagreement. To the other moiety of mankind, who cherish ideals of fairness and moderation, it will seem an intemperate, misleading, and therefore potentially pernicious presentation of the case against a state of affairs which, though obviously far from perfect, is steadily improving.

RAYMOND PEARL

The Party Line on Love

The New Commandment. By Panteleimon Romanof. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

THIS is the story of a man who has to choose between love and his career, and of a woman whose possessive passion threatens to throttle its object. Not a very novel theme, nor are any unexpected psychological changes rung on it. If it were an American novel it could be ticketed as a provocative serial for the *Woman's Page*, sure to arouse a flood of controversial correspondence. But in its Soviet setting this old theme acquires edge and import, and strikes one as urgently as if the problem had never been posed before. The phenomenon carries its own explanation. Certainly the author is not responsible, for the novel is no arresting piece of work by purely fictional standards. It is simply a reflection of the fact that all our values—economic, social, moral, and aesthetic—are undergoing a profound reappraisal in Russia, with the result that many emotions and experiences which we take for granted because they have become part of us are projected there as on a screen and made visible to us for the first time.

One of these things is love—modern romantic love, the flower of Western individualism, which is developed to its subtlest in prerevolutionary Russian literature. In the test tube of Sergei Mamaev's peasant soul this cultivated emotion, which has transcended its sexual roots, is beautifully isolated and analyzed. Sergei is a peasant youth who has risen to a responsible position in the party organization in Moscow. Like many of his comrades he has a peasant wife in his native village from whom he has been separated by the revolutionary tide. In a Moscow office he meets Ludmilla, a beautiful and cultured member of the intelligentsia, a being whose books he had de-

voured at the country school. He goes through the process of falling in love with her—a common enough phenomenon by our bourgeois standards, but something balefully beautiful and unsettling to this peasant Communist. From the first he resists it. "Stranger's clothes which do not fit us," he calls that lofty sentiment with its delicate refinements of feeling which Ludmilla accuses communism of destroying. "And with what will you clothe yourselves?" she presses him. "Perhaps some of the old things will do," he replies; "the rest will have to be new." But in the end he succumbs to its deadly fascination. He divorces his peasant wife and marries Ludmilla.

After a while Sergei discovers that being in love with a woman like Ludmilla is a full-time job, an exacting, highly specialized technique, like toe dancing or acrobatics, which unfits one for any other occupation. To Ludmilla that was only as it should be—but Sergei was in love, also, with the Communist Party. He begins to realize that this poetic emotional conceit, which was such a beautiful leitmotif in the spiritual décor of bourgeois culture, is otiose and even dangerous in proletarian culture. It takes up too much time, for one thing. It unites two individuals in an unsocial alliance against the rest of the community. It is a lump in the social dough, a species of emotional hoarding which retards the free circulation of individuals necessary in a Communist society. And in addition he begins to wonder whether this absorbing need of another is not symptomatic of emotional emptiness rather than of emotional overflow. Inevitably their married romance collapses, and he leaves behind a note telling Ludmilla that his life "demands movement and communion with the whole world and not with a single being."

"The New Commandment," however, does not add to Romanof's stature as a novelist. As in his earlier "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," Romanof shows himself a conscientious realist, devoid of technical or psychological inventiveness. His characters give one only too convincingly the impression of being taken from "real life," and therefore out of their element in the pages of a novel which should be peopled by characters created for the purpose. On the whole, judging by available translations, post-revolutionary Russian fiction puts its best foot forward in the short story. With the notable exception of Pilniak, none of the new novelists has measured up to prerevolutionary standards, whereas in the several anthologies that have been published here one comes again and again upon stories worthy of Tolstoy and Chekhov at their best.

ALTER BRODY

Objectivity Is Not Enough

What Is American? By Frank Ernest Hill. The John Day Company. \$2.

BECAUSE America is still in process, one grasps at any attempt to pin down its qualities with something of the craving of a woodsman for a look-out among the trees. Florescence and formation are around one, but very rare still are the sudden recognitions which come from orientation.

In his surveying effort, Mr. Hill chooses the extensive rather than the intensive method, focusing on common American experience under the heads of Blood and Land, Frontiers, God, Democracy, and the Machine, rather than on the higher peaks of individual expression. To this task he brings a pleasing inclusiveness and matter-of-factness which in a way mark an advance over the fevered uneasiness of many similar attempts at national self-analysis. He is cordial toward the diverse and non-dominant racial elements—the Indian, the Negro, and the later immigrations; he is hospitable toward special American experience wherever it has made a mark. He is perhaps over-com-

placent with regard to the permanent adequacy of our political traditions. His conclusions are mild and affirmative as he points out certain qualities which differentiate Americans from Europeans: friendliness as distinguished from courtesy, and an initial good-will rather than suspicion; classlessness and self-respect; a prizing of results above quality; a feeling for spaciousness and plenteousness; a belief in education and experiment.

The limitation of "What Is American?" lies in this same horizontal equanimity. Though the objective attitude has freed itself from an uneasy subconscious element really European in origin, such as marks the studies, for instance, of Van Wyck Brooks (but also intensifies them), it is merely a halfway stage toward a creative and proper American subjectivity. This deepening quality, while long present in American expressive fields, has appeared but sparsely in American criticism; so far, in fact, an Englishman, D. H. Lawrence ("Studies in Classical American Literature"), has perhaps most strikingly touched it. Should Mr. Hill wish to continue his explorations, he will do well to risk deeper soundings. "What Is American?" remains at best an outline.

FERNER NUHN

Shall We Legalize Abortion?

Abortion: Legal or Illegal. By A. J. Rongy. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

DR. RONGY estimates that nearly 2,000,000 abortions are performed annually in the United States, and that nine out of every ten women have at some time in their lives experienced at least one abortion. Should we allow an error of even 50 per cent in these figures, an assumption which is not warranted, it is still apparent that we are dealing with a topic of universal interest and not merely with an academic medical problem.

Probably 95 per cent of these operations are done illegally. If the woman can afford the current high rates, she may be fortunate enough to obtain the services of a skilled expert whose only fault is haste. Too often she has to employ an incompetent midwife who has no knowledge of, nor regard for, asepsis. Worst of all, she may try to induce the abortion herself. The result is a staggering incidence of post-abortion infection leading to chronic invalidism, sterility, and death. One author, quoted by Dr. Rongy, estimates 15,000 deaths annually in the United States following abortion.

From this reprehensible state of affairs Dr. Rongy seeks an escape by urging the legalization of abortions. He argues that since the laws against abortion are broken without any feeling of criminal action, and since these millions of abortions will be done anyway, it is more sensible to have them performed by competent physicians in proper hospital surroundings. To support his stand he describes the experience in Russia, where abortions have been legalized and are performed under careful medical supervision, and compares the morbidity and mortality figures of that country with statistics from other parts of the world.

It is well to remember that except in the tenets of the Catholic church the civilized world has in different degree made provision for legalized or therapeutic abortion. In the United States the law allows a physician to interrupt a pregnancy if he is convinced that the life or health of the mother is endangered. Russia simply has extended the indications. One must not imagine that in Russia an abortion may be had for the asking. The proper authorities must be satisfied that there is good reason for it. The difference is that in contrast to the narrow physical indications prescribed by the rest of the world, Russia recognizes that the social, economic, and mental effects that the child may have on the mother are perhaps as important as the

physical effect. Apparently the Russian birth-rate has not suffered despite the increase of legal abortions. It is this wider interpretation of legality that Dr. Rongy urges.

Actually the communal attitude, even in the United States, is much more liberal than the law. Dr. Rongy, to illustrate this, mentions a recent criminal rape case (he gives no details) in one of the insular possessions of this country, in which, during the course of the trial, it was revealed that the woman had become pregnant and had taken steps to prevent the birth. No comment was made by the bench though the woman had in her statement confessed to a criminal act. That the law does take its course with less fortunate individuals the reviewer has seen in the case of a white girl who had been raped by a Negro and who was refused an abortion when she appeared as a clinic patient. She subsequently gave birth to a mulatto child.

Dr. Rongy quotes a series of 40,000 abortions in Russia with only 2 deaths. The mortality in the United States on the basis of these figures and those given above is 150 times as great as in Russia. On the other hand, an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* which appeared after Dr. Rongy prepared his book (February 4, 1933, p. 341) quotes another Russian author who reports 13 fatalities in 1,815 abortions, a mortality nearly as great as that among the illegal abortions done here. But in two later issues of the same journal (April 15, 1933, p. 1212, and April 29, 1933, p. 1378) two articles from Russia are abstracted in which 26,051 cases are summarized with only 2 deaths. Such statistical discrepancies point to the need for more careful study. Dr. Rongy does not help to solve this dilemma, because he also presents his statistics with insufficient detail and without analysis of their origin and accuracy. The book is to be severely criticized for its failure on this point, especially as its arguments are otherwise so convincing.

Dr. Rongy faces courageously an important social and medical problem which is almost ignored by organized medicine in his country. The editorial mentioned above, which appeared in the official publication of the American Medical Association, is an indication of the treatment of the topic. Incomplete, selected statistics are presented to support a prejudiced conclusion that even legal abortions are dangerous. There is no mention of what should be done about the 2,000,000 abortions that are performed here without regard to any laws.

DAVID BERES

Views of Lincoln

President Lincoln. By William E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$7.50.

Lincoln: A Psycho-Biography. By L. Pierce Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

A STUDENT of Lincoln for many years, Dr. Barton had the patient persistence and talent for details which made him most competent in hunting down facts, in exploding creative myths, and in reading critically a wide range of literature collateral to his own immediate subject. "President Lincoln," the last three chapters of which were written by W. H. Townsend after Dr. Barton's death, expands the second volume of his "Life of Lincoln," published in 1925, with more documentation and less definiteness in assessing the greatness of the Civil War President. Lincoln's attitude toward John Brown, his nomination for the Presidency, the feeling of many that he was unfit for leadership in the impending national crisis, his moral mastery of his distrustful and discordant Cabinet chiefs, his chosen "not with a view of his own comfort" but because he needed them, his tribulations with incompetent generals on the Virginia front, his lack of military knowledge, which he turned

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into personal policy and insight, his satisfaction with Grant and Sherman, and his emancipation and initial reconstruction policies, form the heart of the book's lengthened narrative of the military events and leading personalities of the war. The dubious-minded Seward came to acknowledge the President's superiority; Chase, recalcitrant, whom Charnwood regarded as "a sneak," was not, in Barton's opinion, a betrayer: he "honestly believed" himself the ablest of the group, and felt subdued only when Lincoln deftly invited his resignation and that of Seward and then boldly brought them back again. McClellan, egotistic and dilatory, was impossible. Lee, with his "single-track mind," "provincial" grasp of affairs, and the South's distrust, grew into a great commander. Jefferson Davis, with the appearance of culture and aristocracy, was irritable and opinionated. The author neglected to handle the foreign policies of Lincoln, the financing of the war, or the economic and constitutional questions of the period, but he made his last book, within its limits, a true account of Lincoln and the war struggle, interesting especially for the general reader.

Mr. Clark's attempt to present Lincoln upon a Freudian canvas fails less through any lack of extended reading than through his apparent lack of a scientific thesis and temper. That Lincoln's "pent-up emotional reserve" found outlet in his will, his humor, and his ambition for power, is not a novel discovery nor is it an unusual experience. The author's book is too fatally fluent to make its case convincing.

L. E. ROBINSON

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Shorter Notices

The Mind of China. By Edwin D. Harvey. The Yale University Press. \$3.50.

We are so accustomed to an aristocratic concept for the word "mind" that the title of this book first suggests a study of the Chinese philosophers. But the book is what the title in its most comprehensive sense implies. It describes the ideas that lie behind the folk institutions of the Chinese, particularly those affecting the after life and the careers of spirits through all the stages of the spirit world, from close haunting to the bliss of oblivion. The whole range of human emotions—bestial fear, class arrogance, and the most delicate pitch of sensitiveness—all are projected into the spirit world. Professor Harvey makes his interesting study of the Chinese folk mind still more relishing by apt and abundant quotations from the Chinese classics and collections of folk stories.

The New Russia. Edited by Jerome Davis. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

A group of professors went to the Union of Soviet Russia in the summer of 1932. Thirteen of them contribute chapters to this symposium. They contain much meat. Dr. Frankwood Williams's discussion of the new psychology is the outstanding section of the volume. Miss Kingsbury of Bryn Mawr, who has made many visits to Russia, presents an excellent summary of the social-welfare system. Jerome Davis, writing on government and party, is not so thorough, while Dr. Ellsworth Huntington's paper on geography could have been dispensed with without doing the book any harm. Professor J. L. Gillin of the University of Wisconsin studied the problem he knows best, penology, and unearthed some valuable facts and underlying motives. Francis A. Henson, executive secretary of the National Religion and Labor Federation at New Haven, gives a good layman's summary of Bolshevik ideology which, read with Dr. Williams's key essay, makes for enlightenment. Allan K. Smith on the legal system, Dr. Newell L. Sims on Soviet agriculture, Harry C. Krowl of the City College of New York on education, and the Douglasses of Hood College on workers' lives are mediocre and inadequate. Dr. Karl Scholz of the University of Pennsylvania has garnered much data on industrial development from his several trips to Russia, while Dr. Alzada Comstock of Mt. Holyoke, who always writes intelligently about finance, needs another trip to refresh her knowledge. There is nothing new in this volume but it can be recommended as the most recent summary of easily collected facts and impressions of the U. S. S. R.

Spell Against Death. Poems by Harold Lewis Cook. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Mr. Cook is an expert rather than an important poet. His first book, "Spell Against Death," is undeniably better than most books of poetry now appearing. Most of the lyrics are compact, precisely phrased bits of intellectualized emotion. Most of them are on the themes of love and death. Mr. Cook is modern in his feeling that no emotion is pure and that no faith is entirely satisfactory, and also in his desire to return to that purity of emotion which can, in these days, be only momentarily known. Mr. Cook is a fine craftsman, although he shows no inclination toward working out new forms. He wastes no energy on descriptive adjectives. He points his phrases well. He controls his rhythms with skill. But he has, as yet, nothing very clearly his own to say, and no unusual medium for expressing what he says with force. His imagery inclines to the usual. His use of language is not strikingly individual. He touches the keys lightly and plays rather familiar music with grace.

Regulation of Public Utilities. By Cassius M. Clay. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50.

The Fair Rate of Return in Public Utility Regulation. By Nelson L. Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

These volumes are useful contributions to the current utility discussion. Both approach the intricate and controversial matter of regulation from the standpoint of existing methods of attempted rate control. Public ownership in any form does not come within their purview except by implication—Mr. Clay quotes Owen D. Young's testimony before a Senate committee that "we must learn how to regulate adequately our public service in private hands, or there will be no alternative but the public ownership of such services." This author, an attorney, gives an admirably objective, well-ordered, scholarly, and extremely readable survey of this aspect of the power question. Particularly valuable are his chapters tracing the gradual assumption of rate-making policies from legislative bodies by the United States Supreme Court under the increasing perversion of the "due-process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Somewhat less satisfactory is the chapter on holding companies, in which their alleged advantages are set forth, but their very obvious exploitative purposes merely suggested rather than adequately exposed. Thus, the writer's admission that "instances have undoubtedly occurred, however, in which holding companies have been superimposed or pyramided on top of one another, primarily for speculative gain in order that a relatively small financial interest might exercise control over great investments," is manifest understatement. Professor Smith's volume, winner of the second prize in the 1928 Hart, Schaffner, and Marx contest and thoroughly buttressed with citations and tables, discusses railroad, telephone, and water companies. Evidencing painstaking research, this study nevertheless leans a bit upon the writings of utility officials and utility-partial processors. Likewise it is fearfully dull and heavy reading—the trees almost obscuring the forest. The two volumes, indeed, furnish a contrast in readability, an object lesson to thesis-writers and academicians that it is possible and desirable to be both authoritative and interesting.

Drama Two Farces

CHARM and farce are not usually associated. Nevertheless one will find them very agreeably combined in the "comedy" by Luigi Chiarelli, which Somerset Maugham has translated and the Guild has produced at its own theater under the title of "The Mask and the Face."

This amusing little divertissement begins as though it were drawing-room comedy of the most self-consciously sophisticated sort. The scene is an ever-so-elegant villa on the shores of Lake Como; the people are ever-so-elegant aristocrats, toying with their cigarettes after what must have been a perfect repast; and they are now discussing Life (that is, the peculiarities of Woman) through a series of epigrams which each obviously feels good enough to be written down. Gradually, however, one begins to be aware that things are not quite what they seem. Signor Chiarelli is spoofing the sophistication of his own characters and delicately emphasizing the artificiality of his own play. All the dramatis personae are so nearly perfected types that they suggest the simple puppet, and all the action is so neatly schematized that it begins to remind one vaguely of those farces of Molière in which palpably unreal situations are made the vehicle for a penetrating comment upon reality.

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of marital fidelity. Nothing, he thinks, is more ridiculous than a complacent husband, and the man who discovers that his wife is unfaithful can regain his self-respect only by killing her. But when he finds himself actually faced with the situation which he had so glibly discussed, this strong-minded fellow discovers a dilemma. He cannot actually bring his hands to close upon the throat of the guilty woman, and he can think of only one solution: she must disappear immediately and he will confess to the authorities that he has thrown her in the lake. So far all is relatively simple. But when, six months later, he returns from prison after a triumphal acquittal to find his friends waiting to congratulate him and a deputation of citizens determined to greet him as a hero, he begins to rebel. A murderous husband is equally—and more publicly—ridiculous than a complacent one. Nor are things made any better by the discovery of a body in the lake, and the consequent necessity for a very painful funeral. Meanwhile the wife has come back unbidden; she is discovered at the last place she ought to be found—namely, at her own interment—and of course the strong man gives in.

Judith Anderson, as the erring wife, plays with great aplomb. So does the rest of the cast, which shares with Philip Moeller a good deal of the credit for a very well-managed entertainment. Still more of it, perhaps, should go to the author and his translator, who have walked the tight rope with exhilarating skill. Signor Chiarelli is especially deft in maintaining an ambiguous tone and in clothing his puppets with just enough flesh to make them neither more nor less real than they ought to be. Perhaps the very serious will complain that his play is not very convincing. The moralistic may even protest that such a collection of Don Juans and nymphomaniacs has never been actually gathered together even upon the shores of Lake Como. But "The Mask and the Face" is nevertheless as convincing as it was intended to be, and it has, even, its moral: none of us can know whether or not we are really sincere when we are declaring what we believe to be our deepest convictions. We think that the mask is our real face until something tears it off.

Unexpectedly enough this normally unrewarding week of a dying season revealed another and equally amusing little comedy—Bourdet's "Best Sellers," acted at the Morosco Theater with Peggy Wood in the leading role and Ernest Truex perfectly cast as the modest young man who is catapulted into fame by winning the Zola prize for a novel based upon the diary which his wife kept before their marriage when she was in love with another man. The play is really two plays: the first act a satire on the publishing racket in France, and the others the story of how the wife found it necessary to supply her husband with another plot before he could continue his literary career. Perhaps the first is really the most amusing, and much of its satire is quite applicable to these United States, as when, for example, the publisher exclaims enthusiastically that he has published ten thousand copies of a certain book, "And when I say thousands I mean real thousands—five hundred apiece, not two hundred and fifty like some of these other fellows." But the second play is good too. The wife loses all her illusions concerning the novelist she has picked out for her second lover when she finds out that he has turned their little romance into a novel, but she resigns herself to the ways of the tribe on the discovery that her own husband has been working secretly on the story of his jealousy, and the curtain goes down upon a charmingly domestic scene. Peggy Wood is seated at a typewriter, as the devoted wife of an author should be. Ernest Truex, grown suddenly confident, is dictating from a manuscript: "On the train which was carrying them toward Orleans, he studied the face of his wife." Bourdet, like Chiarelli, has more skill than force and more technique than substance, but he, also, turns the trick by virtue of a deftness, a charm, and a certain neatness of structure which pleases even if it does not exactly convince. Incidentally, moreover, he succeeds in prov-

ing something which American playwrights need to learn, namely, that a topical play does not have to be exasperatingly raucous.

"H.M.S. Pinafore" (St. James Theater) is so far quite the best of Milton Aborn's series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. In fact, it is about as satisfactory a performance of that jolly piece as one is likely to see. "Patience" comes next.

Not much need be said of "9 Pine Street" (Longacre Theater), a play based upon the Borden murder case, which manages to remain pretty dull in spite of two killings with a flatiron and the presence of Lillian Gish as a very gentle murderess. Even less is required about "Hilda Cassidy" (Martin Beck Theater), a saga of the tenements which may have been influenced by "Street Scene" but fails consistently to awaken more than a very mild interest.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Faulkner in Hollywood

SO far the talkies, in their search for material, have not overcome their preference for stage plays over novels or stories specially prepared for the screen. The reason for this preference has been obvious enough: dialogue, when it was first introduced, was a novelty that had to be exploited for all it was worth. Producers and directors forgot overnight the great refinements in acting and photographic effects that had been developed under the limitations of the silent medium. The first American talkies, like "Bulldog Drummond" and "The Letter," were almost literal reproductions of original stage plays; they usually turned out to be as successful as these plays and for the same reasons; and there seemed little reason why producers should not continue their raid on the Broadway theater indefinitely. The second stage did not occur until it became apparent that not all plays were equally suitable for screen adaptation. The effort was then to choose only such plays as would permit of a certain elaboration of setting and action, as would give at least an illusion of the motion that had characterized the old silent pictures. At the moment this stage seems to have passed into a third, in which the depletion by Hollywood of suitable plays produced in New York during the last ten or twelve seasons has created a rather desperate situation. The time has come when Hollywood is reduced to filming plays like "Our Betters" and "The Silver Cord," which, if they seemed static on the stage, seem considerably more so on the screen.

The only alternative—since Hollywood refuses to exert enough imagination to work out stories which have not already been worked out in some other medium—is a sortie into the contemporary novel. We have had Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms"; his "The Sun Also Rises," published in 1926, has at last found its way to the studios. And now Paramount offers us a truly extraordinary version of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary." "The Story of Temple Drake" (Paramount) is extraordinary because it departs a great deal from that book without sacrificing any of its essential quality. One may or may not like that quality, one may feel that the fascination of evil is among the least legitimate appeals that a work of art may make, but one cannot deny its presence in this picture. For the sustained moral horror throughout, the script-writer is primarily responsible; the adaptation is one of the most skilful in some time. A dramatic story is made from Faulkner's highly subjective narrative by the initial shifting of the center from Popeye to the girl Temple. It is Temple's story, as the

title indicates; and her struggle with the destructive power of evil within and around her provides the objective structure. The result is very much more satisfactory than would be any attempted concentration on Popeye's psychopathic vagaries—even if that were possible on the screen. For some mysterious reason Popeye is rebaptized Trigger; he resembles the conventional movie gangster more closely than the vicious degenerate of the book. But as played by Jack LaRue he is hardly less sinister. The director, Stephen Roberts, deserves much credit for extracting the last ounce of horror out of certain scenes—those in the abandoned mansion, for example, particularly the one in which Popeye's movements in the dark are traced out by the course of his glowing cigarette end.

On the screen as on the stage, Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord" (Radio City Music Hall) owes its persuasiveness pretty largely to the heavily underlined acting of Laura Hope Crews. As a talkie "The Silver Cord" suffers from most of the defects of the play: it is talky, repetitious, and by no means as striking in theme as it would have been fifteen or twenty years ago.

WILLIAM TROY

Art

The Rockefeller Coffin

BY ■ strange coincidence, at dawn of the day when Hitler was having Germany purged of everything Marxist, modern, and Jewish in its literature, the Rivera murals at Radio City were nailed into what may turn out to be ■ coffin. The wake was attended by a body of resolute gentlemen who the doorman said were tenants, two representatives of the owners, an army of guards and some mounted police, and some fifty carpenters. The mourners were Rivera and his assistants, three students who stayed outside the door when all visitors were ordered out of the building, and this writer, who did likewise. Also a photographer who learned at the door that there was a ban on pictures and reporters.

The operation was dramatic. It was plain that the operators meant to be quick, efficient, and still. It was plain, too, why; for the Rockefellers were caught between two nasty choices. Either they allowed the mural, Lenin notwithstanding, to be finished as a monument to their financial and intellectual generosity as patrons of the arts, and faced possibly seventy-two stories of empty office building; or they removed, destroyed, or wall-papered the painting and suffered a considerable loss of prestige as public uplifters and benefactors, which no doubt was the ideal they meant to serve when they engaged Rivera, one of the recognized great among living artists, to decorate the most prominent wall in the biggest building of Radio City.

Many critics have hastened to note that they erred in engaging Rivera at all, knowing that his political convictions and his aesthetic creed were inseparable. But the real error at the foot of this and the rest of Radio City's misfortunes was the idea that they could at the same time build a cultural and artistic center for the public benefit, and make it pay. No critic would have laughed or carped at the Roxy fiasco if so much emphasis had not been laid on the artistic marvels that we were to acquire at Radio City; if, indeed, the public had not been informed so insistently that Radio City was the product of high-minded philanthropy. For no one expects high art to be sponsored as a piece of business and we are all familiar with the fact that when art is joined with business in shotgun wedlock, the offspring is usually crippled, sick, or monstrous.

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them if they are poorer by a few hundred millions. People who own seventy-two-story buildings just off Fifth Avenue can't fill them with rent-free laboratories, libraries, and studios. But is it necessary to say that Rivera violated the agreement, that his work doesn't harmonize with the architecture, that it isn't suitable for public view, and that the colors are too bright and the concept not imaginative enough, instead of admitting quite frankly that most business men object to renting space in a building where they and their customers must look at Lenin?

The canon Rivera has violated is the second-rate architects' creed that decoration, to be "harmonious," must be practically invisible; that neither in color, idea, nor style should it be anything that you stop to look at. Otherwise it isn't "restful," and it wastes time and may congest traffic, like the murals at the Boston Public Library. None of the great muralists of the past seem to have known this rule, perhaps because most of them were good architects as well as good painters.

The ban on Rivera has been good copy, and adds another comic footnote to the history of art. It has also encouraged a body of academicians to form a kind of society for the suppression of foreign art. They are going to break a lance in defense of the startling idea that an artist born outside of the American tariff wall is not necessarily superior to the artist sheltered within it. In the name of American art, we shall hear, down with purchases and contracts rewarding creatures not citizens of the United States! We note with patriotic alarm that one of the founders, Ulric Ellerhusen, was born in Germany, and we wonder about Jes Schläijter; and would it be proper for a New Yorker to buy the work of Dean Cornwell, a Californian?

Let us ignore the law that interbreeding of ideas as well as of peoples makes for fertility and vigor; forget that Greco, the great Spanish painter, came from Greece, and that Picasso, the giant of France, is a Spaniard; decide that Dürer betrayed his art when he went to Italy to study. And why bother to remember that the Italian Renaissance thought that it was what its name implies—a rebirth and rediscovery of Greece? Instead, let us recommend that American art look carefully into the citizenship papers of Maurice Sterne, Max Weber, Noguchi, William Zorach, Lord Duveen—and let us have a bonfire in Radio City.

ANITA BRENNER

Contributors to This Issue

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The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1933

No. 3543

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	597
EDITORIALS:	
Secretary Ickes Cleans House	601
How Pacific Is Hitler?	602
The Progress of Progress	602
CARTOON. By Georges	603
SOCIAL CHANGE AND THE BRAIN TRUST. By Louis Fischer	604
INFLATION: HOW MUCH? By Henry Hazlitt	606
GERMAN CULTURE IN EXILE. By Emil Lengyel	607
THE SUPREME COURT BLOCKS UTILITY REGULATION. By	
Will Maslow and E. Michael White	609
CHILDREN ON STRIKE. By Paul Comly French	611
DEATH OF A PURITAN. By Robert Herrick	612
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	613
CORRESPONDENCE	614
FINANCE: THE PUBLIC RETURNS TO WALL STREET. By	
Peter Helmoop Noyes	616
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	616
BOOKS, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA:	
How Can Man His Stature Know. By Mark Van Doren	617
One Scientist's Belief. By Joseph Wood Krutch	617
Youthful English Middle Age. By S. K. Ratcliffe	618
German Big Business. By Charles A. Beard	618
Charlotte's Dream Empire. By Lionel Trilling	619
Interpreting the Jews. By Marvin Lowenthal	620
Shorter Notices	620
Drama: Summary I. By Joseph Wood Krutch	621
Films: Submarine Pictures. By William Troy	622
Architecture: Rockefeller's Necropolis. By Douglas Haskell	622

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NORMAN DAVIS'S STATEMENT at Geneva, promising the cooperation of the United States in maintaining world peace, amplifies and clarifies the President's declaration of a week before. It is a useful addition, for it states concretely what our representatives at Geneva will be empowered to do; and it is cleverly designed to give Europe a maximum of assurance and at the same time to give our own Congress a minimum of cause for apprehension. It commits the United States to support of the MacDonald disarmament proposals, and to consultation with other states in case of a threat to peace. Further than that it pledges us to "refrain from any action tending to defeat such collective effort" as other states may make to restore peace in event of an aggressive act in violation of treaty obligations. The statement also expresses "sympathy" with continuing international supervision of armaments to enforce whatever mutual obligations are entered into. The significance of these opinions and commitments is tremendous in view of the present crisis at Geneva. Whether or not the Davis statement saves the arms conference from final collapse, it gives it at least a fighting chance to achieve some agreement which will lessen the danger of an early European conflict and en-

able the London economic meeting to open under slightly less ominous circumstances.

BUT THE CONCRETE MEANING of America's reentry into European affairs should not be lost sight of. By signing such a consultative agreement as is being drawn up at Geneva, we acknowledge officially, what has long been a fact, that there can be no neutrals in the next war. The Pact of Paris made the doctrine of neutrality an anomaly; but the United States has clung passionately to its theory that we could somehow disassociate and isolate ourselves in the event of a war. We cannot do so. Even in the Asiatic war now raging we have been forced to take sides, though our failure to back our position with any tangible evidence of our expressed disapproval of Japan's aggression has made our judgment wholly ineffective. We are now committed to give at least negative support to international action against an aggressor, if we concur in the decision to apply such action. In plain terms this means that we will fail to declare our neutrality in such a situation and so will support an international embargo or boycott of an aggressor nation. We hope the Senate will find itself able to swallow this pill, and will signify its willingness by prompt adoption of the embargo resolution now before it. The hope of any unified action in behalf of peace now hangs on at least this measure of support from the United States. Mr. Davis's description of an aggressor follows Mr. Roosevelt's and is refreshingly simple. An aggressor "is one whose armed forces are found on alien soil in violation of treaties." By what intricate processes of rationalization will Japan seek to escape the effect of this definition? Its application to the situation in China—through which Japan's army is sweeping at a rate too swift to record in a weekly journal—should provide an interesting topic for the conversations between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ishii.

BECAUSE RAYMOND MOLEY is not only Assistant Secretary of State but is generally regarded as the President's most influential adviser on economic questions, his recent radio address on the World Economic Conference is more than a little disquieting in its general conclusions. When Mr. Moley points out that the delegates may, as individuals, join in a common spirit of give and take, but that their conclusions will always be modified by what their parliamentary bodies may be willing to approve, and that they will be actuated by a personal pride in achieving a diplomatic "victory" for their own countries, he is merely presenting a candid and hard-headed view of the grave obstacles to the success of the conference. Instead of concluding, however, that a recognition of these obstacles calls for the greatest counter-efforts on the part of those who believe that the success of the conference is vital, Mr. Moley merely concludes that the conference should attempt very little, and goes on to argue that international cooperation is of minor importance anyway. In support of this opinion he even goes so far as to express the belief that the world depression is a sort of miraculous coincidence—a whole series

of "domestic" depressions which happened to occur at the same time. "Each nation," he remarks, "must set its own house in order, and a meeting of representatives of all of the nations is useful in large part only to coordinate in some measure these national activities." Just what does setting its own house in order mean? For better or for worse the present economy of the United States is based on foreign trade, and on the assumption of the continuation of that trade. The South, for example, could adjust itself to a domestic basis only by abolishing 55 per cent of the acreage it has for years planted to cotton; and a like abandonment of acreage or of machinery and equipment, with a corresponding lay-off of labor, would have to be made by scores of other American industries. If the international conference is not going to result in a reduction of tariff and trade barriers, then it is hardly worth holding. But if it is held, there can be no hope for its success unless the delegates from every important country recognize how vitally important that success is to the economic restoration of the world.

THE GREAT BATTLE of Muscle Shoals has at long last been won. All praise should go to Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska who fought the good fight for years. He started against immense odds, against a giant power trust which was constantly growing larger and stronger. Several times he was on the verge of victory only to be set back by the sabotage of the House of Representatives and the vetoes of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. The Muscle Shoals provisions of the Tennessee Valley Act embrace, virtually down to the last minute detail, the program Senator Norris had long been struggling for. The House sought at the eleventh hour to compromise with the power trust on the question of transmission lines, the paramount importance of which was emphasized in *The Nation* of May 3. With the government in possession of its own transmission lines, it would have a tremendous club to hold over the power companies. The House, however, would have denied the government the right to build its own lines until after it had negotiated to buy the existing lines, all of which are owned by the power companies. In short, the government would have been compelled to haggle and bargain with the utilities companies over the very device which the government was to use to force those companies into line. Happily, the House compromise was defeated and the Norris plan accepted unchanged. The government is now in a position not only to produce its own electricity at Muscle Shoals but also to sell that electricity direct to the ultimate consumers over its own transmission lines, which it may erect at once, without bargaining with the power companies, if they refuse to distribute the current on terms that are just and equitable.

THE SUCCESS OR FAILURE of Mr. Roosevelt as President hinges on his industrial-recovery bill, the details of which finally have been made public. The enormous prestige which the President has gained so far has been won more by his brilliant manipulation of popular psychology than by actual change in conditions. But public confidence cannot be kept alive indefinitely by psychological oxygen. What the American people are asking for is a way out of the industrial depression, and Mr. Roosevelt cannot achieve that with mere phrases any more than could Mr. Hoover, even though the phrases of Mr. Roosevelt are superior. The

industrial-recovery bill aims to substitute action for oratory. It is perhaps the most revolutionary measure ever proposed by an American President to Congress. Its enactment will suspend capitalism in its hitherto characteristic form. That is, it will end the principle of laissez faire, or the private control of business. It will shatter the Hoover doctrine of "rugged individualism." Yet it will not accomplish a socialization of industry or the elimination of the profit system. It is proposed as only temporary, as an emergency measure to clip the wings of capitalism for a couple of years in the system's own interest. And capitalism, in its present moment of defeat and despair, is keen to have its wings clipped. It feels that to be its only hope of salvation. The rest of the country, too, seems to be ready for the step. We are a nation of pragmatists, and will try almost anything once. If the scheme works, capitalism may go on to new victories and defeats. If it doesn't—and perhaps even if it does—it may serve as a bridge to something better.

WISCONSIN'S "MILK STRIKE" has been called off, for the time at least, after a demonstration unique in American history. On the one hand there was undisguised mass resistance to law, and on the other an attempt by Governor Schmedeman to put it down, but there was little bitterness or violence on either side and a disposition on the part of noncombatants to treat the trouble as a sporting event rather than as an insurrection. Although several thousand persons were involved in melees in one place and another, nothing more violent was used as weapons than clubs and tear-gas bombs, and there was only one fatality. A farmer who had climbed on a truck to help dump its milk either fell or was pushed off to his death. The insurgent farmers, armed with planks from which long spikes protruded, were active in picketing country roads and successful in stopping a considerable part of the usual milk traffic. Near Mukwonago 300 farmers spilled 30,000 pounds of milk, while at Shawano militiamen—whom the local population derisively dubbed "boy scouts"—engaged and routed a gathering of farmers with tear gas. The noncombatant townsmen sympathized with the farmers, but were more concerned because 2,000 members of the State militia, most of whom had been sworn in as deputy sheriffs, were entitled thereby to collect \$4 apiece a day from the county treasury. The townsmen were also distressed because the local burying ground was overrun in the battle and a mess was made of the painstaking efforts at beautification of the Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Association.

YET BEHIND THE SETTING almost of a musical comedy was a grave situation. Farmers, faced with the lowest prices for milk in thirty-four years, openly defied the authority of the State, and for the first time in Wisconsin's history the militia was called out to subdue them. Even so the farmers had the support of so large a proportion of public sentiment that the Governor wisely refrained from any but the softest-handed tactics in opposing them. The doings of the farmers were notable, too, in that they were almost spontaneous—without any definite or centralized direction. The "general strike" voted for May 13 by the Farmers' Holiday Association had been called off by its president. The only organization behind the farmers was the Wiscon-

sin Cooperative Milk Pool, the head of which disappeared early in the demonstration upon advice of his astute attorney. After lasting a week, the trouble came to an abrupt end at a conference between farmers and the Governor of the State, at which a committee was appointed to study and report on the grievances of the milk producers. In this respect the farmers of Wisconsin were much less successful than those of New York, who gained an immediate advance in prices through direct action. But eventually Wisconsin farmers must get substantial concessions too. If not, there will be further disturbances, maybe less good-natured, maybe fraught with more serious consequences than litter and trampled grass for the Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Association of Shawano.

THE GENERAL manufacturers' sales tax seems to have a curious effect on the minds of its proponents. Not one of them, for example, ever proposes anything but a flat tax on goods of all kinds, though it is obvious that on manufacturers whose margin of profit is high a flat sales tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent would impose very little burden, while on manufacturers whose margin of profit is narrow it might impose a very heavy burden. Surely a sales tax, if we must have one, ought at least to carry a graduated rate, depending on the relation of net profits to gross sales. Another curious effect of a belief in the sales tax is that it prevents those who hold the belief from suggesting very good alternatives. For example, Lewis W. Douglas, the director of the budget, tells us that a general sales tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent without exemptions would raise the necessary annual \$220,000,000 to finance the public-works program. To the suggestion that more might be raised from income taxes he has replied with proposals raising the present normal tax of 4 per cent on the first \$4,000 of income, and of 8 per cent above that amount, to 6 or 8 per cent on the first \$4,000 and 8 or 12 per cent on amounts above that. That higher income taxes ought to involve some increase in the so-called normal taxes we do not doubt; but why should the entire amount be raised by a flat increase in the normal rates and no increase whatever in the surtaxes?

DESPITE ITS PRECARIOUS position, the republican coalition governing Spain has at last succeeded in breaking the centuries-old grip of the Roman Catholic church on the educational system. The defeat of the church may perhaps be considered the most important single step taken to reform the country since the revolution of April, 1931. The law adopted by the Cortes, sitting in constituent assembly for the purpose of perfecting the republican constitution, not only nationalizes \$500,000,000 worth of church property but withdraws the right of some 80,000 monks and nuns to teach school. After January 1, 1934, all primary and secondary schools will be in the hands of the state. While this may be regarded as the most important measure yet adopted by the republican government, the republicans still have several major tasks before them. They have succeeded in purging the military forces and diplomatic corps of monarchist or reactionary elements, and they have made marked progress in cleaning out the judiciary. But they have not begun to touch the problem of economic control of the state. So long as this problem remains unsolved, the republic will continue to be harassed by the parties on the left. Only the other

day a syndicalist outbreak swept the country, leaving nine dead and many injured in its wake. And more important, so long as the reactionaries continue to dominate the financial system and hang on to their large estates, they will, given the slightest opportunity, be in a position to overthrow the republican government. Their economic power enables them to influence or control large sections of the population, as we saw in the municipal elections a few weeks ago. It is to be hoped not only that the Socialist-republican coalition will finally triumph, although the odds are heavily against it, but that it will manage to do so without having to resort to dictatorship and terror.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT results of the "Continental Congress" which met recently in Washington, 4,000 delegates strong, was to call public attention to the widespread discrimination against Negroes in the capital of the nation. When it became known that the Cairo Hotel had refused accommodations to Negroes, the hundred or so delegates to the congress who had made reservations there marched to the hotel accompanied by 2,000 delegates in a spontaneous parade several blocks long. They carried banners which stated that they were leaving the hotel because of its refusal to receive Negroes as guests. Norman Thomas informs us that such discrimination is common in Washington and exists even in government departments. He writes that the tourist camp owned by the government and operated under the general direction of the Quartermasters' Bureau of the War Department does not admit Negroes. "I later learned," Mr. Thomas continues, "that this discrimination extends even to the National Cemetery at Arlington—unless, perhaps, the unknown soldier was a Negro, as well he might have been." It is probable that these facts were not known to the Administration before the "Continental Congress" held them up to public view. They are known now. Protests against Hitlerism do not come with good grace from Americans who do not at the same time protest even more vigorously against racial discrimination in this country. And it is worth pointing out as well that this attitude toward Negroes is not confined to the South. It is commonly found also in those Northern cities whose citizens are most proud of their traditional sympathy for the Negro and most assiduous in criticizing the intolerant South.

THE NEWSPAPERS have recently had occasion to publish news stories about the relatively new fever treatment for tertiary syphilis. This publicity is of great value, since the early stages of even paresis can now often be effectively arrested. The important thing, as in the case of cancer, is public knowledge of the fact that something can be done if it is done quickly. And yet, because of a strange and wholly anachronistic prudery, most of the news items seem carefully designed to prevent the less-informed part of the public from learning what it is all about. Thus, recently, the *New York Times* printed a front-page story concerning an improved technique for the treatment by malaria, but deliberately refrained from indicating what the disease so treated is. It referred to paresis only as a "dread form of insanity" caused by "a blood disease." Apparently the word syphilis is not "fit to print," even though to print it would be to contribute to a campaign which might make it possible to eliminate that disease.

THE PLIGHT OF EDUCATION in the United States becomes aggravated as its control passes from the hands of educators into those of political spoilsmen. Witness the appointment of the new president of Hunter College. After its founding as the first evening school in New York City in 1866 by Thomas Hunter, the institution became the Normal and High School in 1869, and the Normal College in 1870, devoted wholly to the education of women. It grew steadily under the inspired guidance of its founder and is today the largest woman's college in the world and one of the largest institutions of higher education anywhere, with over 5,000 day pupils and a total enrollment of over 20,000. The foremost educators in the land should properly have been considered for its presidency. An adequate survey to seek a qualified man or woman was urged by civic groups and by the press. Instead, the Tammany-controlled Board of Education nominated Eugene A. Colligan. He is a graduate of Teachers College of Columbia University, and has done postgraduate work at Manhattan and Fordham colleges, from which latter institution he received a Ph.D. After teaching history and civics in a Brooklyn public school, he became administrative assistant there, then principal of the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, and in 1931 Associate Superintendent of Schools. More pertinent is that his brother is a Tammany district leader and that Dr. Colligan fulfils the non-educational requirements. It is no reflection on him as an individual to say that nothing in his career or in his hitherto revealed qualifications entitled him to what might well be the most important post in the education of women in the United States, nor to see in his appointment tragic evidence of the forces that manipulate our educational system in New York—and in other of our larger cities.

MUNITIONS MAKERS, for whom war means profits, have come in for increasing criticism within the past few years. This is as it should be. But the respectable citizens who own the stocks of munitions factories and derive profit from these stocks in proportion as peace on earth diminishes should not be spared. A few months ago the Union of Democratic Control in London issued a pamphlet, "The Secret International," on the activities of armament firms, which contained the information that Sir John Simon, Neville Chamberlain, and Sir Austen Chamberlain held shares in the Imperial Chemical Industries. The English *New Statesman and Nation* now reports that Sir John Simon, as a result of reading "The Secret International," has sold out his I. C. I. shares. He discovered, so the inference runs, that I. C. I. through its subsidiaries has been playing a large part in arming the Far East. It should be illuminating if some enterprising peace detective in this country could ferret out and print the names of those Americans who lift one hand in favor of peace and clip a munitions coupon with the other. There are a number of companies in the United States which, although known to the general public as engaged in making steel, automobiles, or some such product, have a thriving side line in munitions.

KILLED BY KINDNESS is the epitaph that must be written for the second bonus army, which disappeared like the snows of yesteryear under the warm smile of President Roosevelt and the even warmer one of Mrs. Roosevelt.

Of the almost 3,000 militant veterans who began arriving in Washington on May 10 to demand the bonus, 2,600 had joined the reforestation army by May 22 and 350 had gone home at government expense. During their visit to the capital the only recorded unpleasantness arose from dissension within their own ranks. At Fort Hunt, with an electric light in every tent and their pictures in every motion-picture newsreel, the main body of the veterans lived the life of Riley on President Roosevelt's invitation; and judging from the hospitality which flowed out in ever-increasing waves, a good many veterans must have felt that the only reason they were not invited to stay at the White House was because there were not enough spare bedrooms. They were served "food like we never knew was left in the world." They were given taxi service in trucks to and from the city nine miles away. The Navy Band was sent out to play for them. Medical service was supplied and they even got their teeth pulled free of charge. Finally they were visited by the President's wife and two of his secretaries and were allowed to send a deputation to the President himself. In the words of one leader of the veterans, "I am humiliated. The treatment here has been wonderful." We have read of only one veteran who kept his head through the overwhelming barrage of kindness. He refused the free transportation and the offer of a job. "We are whipped and we have to hand it to that smart fellow at the White House," he said, but he would rather be "whipped good than halfway." It was Mrs. Roosevelt's visit, no doubt, which turned the bonus army into a corps of woodchoppers. She inspected the camp informally and made a speech; and then she led them in singing "There's a long, long trail a-winding" because that was the song they said they all knew best. It was a most appropriate ditty.

"TO THE VICTORS belong the spoils" is an old-established American doctrine, and whenever one political party succeeds another in control in Washington we expect a lot of old chairs to be occupied by new breeches. That, indeed, is the only change which usually we do expect. But it appears that the present Administration may be going to redefine the word "spoils" to make it include not only offices but also nomenclature. The name of the thirty-first President of the United States has been erased from the Hoover Dam and the Roosevelt Administration has decreed that the structure which a satellite of the former President obligingly named after him shall be again what it was before, Boulder Dam. Is this a harbinger of a new spoils policy? There are Coolidge and Roosevelt dams too. Are they to be rechristened—possibly after good Democrats? And how about the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial? May we look to see these become the "Jim" Farley Monument and the Jouett Shouse Memorial? We were not riotously enthusiastic over the statesman of Palo Alto when he was in office, but we ask you, Mr. President, is this a nice way to treat the "forgotten man"? We recall the popular dictum that Mr. Hoover must have been a Great Engineer or otherwise he could not in so short a time have drained and ditched the country, and so we would not begrudge him commemoration in that lonely monolith in the Southwest. There is so little else of a constructive nature by which to remember the man who occupied the White House from March 4, 1929, to March 4, 1933.

Secretary Ickes Cleans House

WE should not allow the excitement and confusion attending the hurried efforts of the Roosevelt Administration to revolutionize American industry to divert our attention from other important developments in Washington. Above all, it will be worth our while to keep an eye on another sort of revolution taking place in the Department of the Interior, which is now in the safe and able hands of Secretary Harold Ickes. In a sense this revolution began with the appointment of Mr. Ickes to the office, for anyone acquainted with his record could have known that he would take no other course than the one he is following. But the full purport of the change was not made clear until he announced that he had created a division of investigations in the department, with Louis R. Glavis as director. His choice of Glavis was a happy one, not only because it signaled a return to the fundamental methods and aggressive honesty of the Bull Moose movement, but because it was in the nature of a personal vindication for Glavis, who was dismissed from a similar position a quarter of a century ago for having tried to block the Morgan-Guggenheim steal of government coal lands in the Territory of Alaska.

For years the Department of the Interior has been the happy hunting ground of the monopolists, especially those who had a hankering to corner some of our national resources and were not particular as to the means they used. For some strange reason this department has never received the close attention from the Washington correspondents which, let us say, the State and Commerce departments and the Treasury have had. For the most part the newspapermen have been satisfied to accept the occasional publicity statements handed out by the department's press agent; very infrequently they have used the department as a source of material for entertaining or mildly instructive Sunday feature stories.

As a consequence, the larger activities of this extremely important branch of the government have generally escaped public notice. In fairness to the newspapermen, however, it must be conceded that even the sharpest of them might have had difficulty in breaking through the formidable bureaucracy and endless red tape which for so many years protected the inner workings of the Interior Department from prying eyes. The bureaucratic machine itself was controlled at many key points by political appointees who were also, at least in effect, agents of the interests who used or sought to use the department for their private purposes. It was hardly an accident that some of the most outrageous scandals—the Teapot Dome scandal, for instance—should have taken place under the roof of this department.

An earlier scandal was that associated with Ballinger during the Taft Administration. Glavis was at that time in charge of the special agents of the Department of the Interior. It was the duty of these men to check up on land claims and similar transactions to see that the law was fully complied with. In Alaska some of the agents discovered that numerous private claims on government coal lands were being fraudulently entered, and there was evidence that this

was the result of a conspiracy in which the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate played an important role. On the strength of the reports from his agents Glavis refused to approve the claims, and without his signature the coal lands could not be transferred to the claimants. Secretary Ballinger and other high officials of the Interior Department ruled that he was in error, but Glavis stood his ground. In the meantime Congress had passed a law which ostensibly legalized the fraudulent claims. Glavis insisted, however, that a fraud had been perpetrated and that no act of Congress could possibly change that fact. Finally, his superiors demanded that he bring the case to trial at once. This was simply a trick to defeat him before he had had time to assemble all of the essential evidence, for Ballinger and his associates knew that the agents were still in Alaska and had not yet completed their investigation.

Glavis went to Gifford Pinchot, then Chief Forester, for advice, and Pinchot sent him to President Taft with a letter of introduction. The President received him sympathetically enough, but a few days later Glavis was dismissed on the ground that he was insubordinate in going to the White House over the heads of his superior officers. Glavis was vindicated a half year later when Ballinger resigned and Walter Fisher of Chicago took his place. Fisher promptly threw out the fraudulent coal-land claims. But this vindication did not restore Glavis to his position nor did it remove the stigma of his dismissal.

Thus it was essentially fitting that Secretary Ickes should have picked just this man to head the new division of investigations. Moreover, he has in Glavis a man of proved integrity and fearlessness. We could want no better insurance against repetition of the Teapot Dome or Ballinger scandal. Even before he was appointed director of investigations Glavis showed his worth. He was sent by Secretary Ickes to Muscle Shoals to inquire into reports that two private power companies had been misusing the government's property there with the result that some of the equipment had been damaged and the government had been defrauded of a considerable amount of revenue. As a result of this preliminary inquiry President Roosevelt has ordered a formal investigation.

Secretary Ickes has revealed in other ways that he intends to fight graft, corruption, and favoritism at every turn. In this he will be ably advised by his personal assistant, Harry Slattery, a Washington attorney who was instrumental in turning up many of the facts that led to the Teapot Dome investigation. Slattery has devoted many of the best years of his life to fighting corruption in high places. One of the first tasks before Secretary Ickes is to weed out the agents of the monopolists, land-grabbers, and other interests who are still on the department's pay roll. It was revealed in the course of the petroleum conference held several weeks ago that a number of the subordinate officials of the department place the interests of private corporations before the interests of the government. This weeding-out process is bound to be slow and tedious, but we may rest assured that under Secretary Ickes it will be thorough.

How Pacific Is Hitler? The Progress of Progress

THE ironic forecast in *The Nation* of two weeks ago by Professor Oscar Jászi of the impending attempt to reconstruct Hitler into a statesman of heroic size has received prompt confirmation. The supposedly pacific character of the Nazi Chancellor's Reichstag address on armaments has evoked wide editorial praise. Yet nothing could be less warranted than credence in the declared pacifist intentions of the leader whose thirteen-year campaign for power was a preachment of blood, iron, and hate, and who since coming to power has ruthlessly persecuted and destroyed the forces of peace and reason within his own country. This paradox was conspicuous throughout his address. He declares: "The idea of rendering useful service to other peoples by destroying economically a people of 65,000,000 is so absurd that nobody can dare today openly to expound it." But how about the corresponding absurdity of destroying economically a minority of several millions within the Reich? The dictator speaks about the need of "restoring the international sense of justice . . . obscured by the Treaty of Versailles" and "its branding of Germany as guilty of the World War." But what about the need of restoring the sense of justice in Germany, and the branding of an innocent minority as guilty of Germany's defeat in the World War?

Hitler protests against "the conception of victor and vanquished" as "the foundation of a new legal and social order" and the "relegation of a great nation to second rank." But what about the conception of victor and vanquished which he himself has established within Germany, and the relegation of a whole race to second rank as the foundation of the new Nazi order? He adds: "This wrong could not give the world peace." Neither can his wrong give peace. And what could be more of a burlesque than this: "The generation of this young Germany which in its life hitherto came to know only the distress, misery, and woe of its own people has suffered too tremendously under the madness of our time to intend to inflict the same upon others"? Yes? What about that inflicted in the last few weeks on all "others" in Germany? And the speech concludes with this crowning irony: "May the other nations understand Germany's firm determination to close at last a period of human errors in order to find the way to real conciliation, all upon a basis of equal rights."

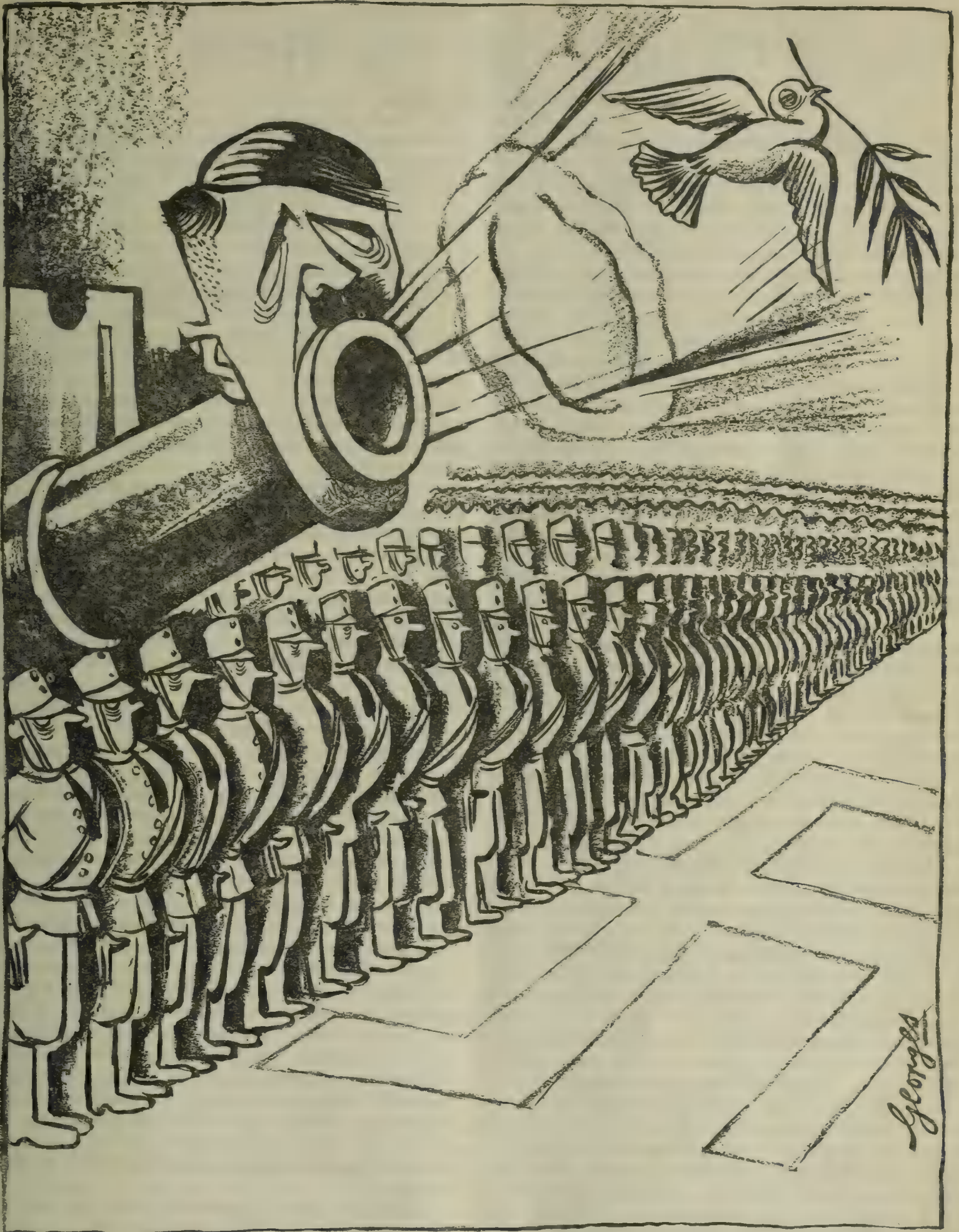
If the Nazi leaders are pulling in their horns a little, it is because, like all bullies, they are essentially cowards and are cringing beneath the indignation of the world and the economic consequences. They are feeling the effects of their isolation. Yet it is evident that the plans for world dominance of the Nazi system are a menace to the institutions of the free men of Europe and America. They surely constitute a direct challenge to every American basic principle—free thought, free speech, free press, equality of opportunity, and absence of discrimination because of race or creed. However beautiful a picture of Germany's pacifist intent the former house painter may now paint, the attitude of the civilized world must continue to be opposed to any rearmament of Germany as long as the Nazis rule and deny to minorities the elementary justice which they demand from the rest of the world.

CHICAGO, Ill. Everyone knows the story of the visiting Englishman who mistook that address for a declarative statement and remarked sympathetically, "I'm not surprised." He was, as a matter of fact, the same person who made the same remark when he saw "United States Tires" emblazoned in electric letters, and he was a cousin of that other visiting Englishman who murmured, "What a pity!" when he was told that the Woolworth Building was absolutely fireproof.

Now as patriots we have always resented these tales, but recently we have come to understand them a little better, for ever since we first read about the great exposition now ready to open in Chicago, the vertiginous implications of its title have made us dizzy. Time and time again we have said that we would make no more efforts to find our way through the maze. Time and time again we have turned aside as we muttered to ourselves, "That way madness lies." But it is really no use and we are at it again. Just what is it that Chicago has been, for a century, progressing toward, and just how near is she to arrival at wherever it is that she is supposed to be arriving? The new physicists, who have been so successful in making everything obscure, tell us that nothing can move except in so far as it is getting either closer to or farther away from something or other. From this we conclude that Progress also needs what they call a frame of reference, since, we take it, one can hardly progress merely toward Progress unless—and this seems very unlikely—one can move toward movement.

We are sure, of course, that the christeners of the new World's Fair were innocent of irony. They were almost certainly not secret agents of Moscow, plotting a subtle sabotage by scheming to raise in the public the unsettling question which has been disturbing us. Neither, we think, were they sufficiently versed in the history of ideas to realize that it is roughly a hundred years since it began to be assumed that Progress is one of the laws of nature and that "A Century of Progress" might possibly be taken to mean "a century during which the idea of progress was a ruling idea." On the contrary, we assume that they innocently took the word out of the air, just as the headline writers take it when they write, "Seventy-eighth Street Block Gives Way to Progress," instead of saying merely that one group of ugly buildings is being torn down to make way for another equally or more hideous.

In any event, the whole business became clear to us the other day when we were trying to explain it to a visiting foreigner. We reminded him how satisfyingly obscure the phrase "the survival of the fittest" had been until someone thought to ask, "Fittest for what?" and got the annihilating answer, "Why, fittest to survive, of course." The great law became at once perfectly self-evident, even if also perfectly meaningless, and the difficulties inherent in "A Century of Progress" can easily be removed in the same way. No one can deny that for a century Chicago has been progressing toward wherever she now is. Chicago has certainly achieved whatever it is that she has achieved, and she has certainly reached wherever it is that she has got to. It is all as plain as day and we are sane again.



Social Change and the Brain Trust

By LOUIS FISCHER

EVERYWHERE in the United States there is talk of economic nationalism. People say we are a rich country and could easily be self-sufficient. "All we have to import is coffee and rubber," one Montana rancher said to me. He was underestimating our need for foreign goods, but the thesis is undoubtedly correct in general that we can produce enough to feed, clothe, and house ourselves. Nevertheless, Secretary Hull told the American Chamber of Commerce a few weeks ago that "no nation can live and thrive by itself." The idea of economic isolation was based on "fallacious theories," he said. Mr. Hull was right, and the Montana rancher wrong. The United States has advanced beyond the stage where its sole concern is the satisfaction of popular consumption requirements. We are a creditor nation, which is simply another way of saying that we have an industrial machine that produces more than our wage- and salary-earners, with their present income and the capitalists' present profits, can consume. We must therefore export money and goods. Our prosperity and the future of American capitalism depend very much on the possibility of holding old and finding new and better-paying foreign markets.

The international struggle for markets has eclipsed the former battle for raw materials. It is not more natural wealth that we want so much as more customers to buy what we already have. Hence the new Administration's interest in the forthcoming World Economic Conference in London. Deliberate economic nationalism would be suicide. And yet, since no intelligent statesman is very sanguine about the results to be expected from London or from similar efforts, plans to accommodate the United States to a disastrous situation in which economic autarchy will be the only real alternative are already under way.

It is interesting that the "Brain Trust," which does the Administration's thinking with Mr. Roosevelt, is fully conscious of the dilemma. American big business needs foreign expansion if retrogression is not to set in. But the road to foreign expansion is blocked. The government's task, therefore, consists in trying to clear that road, and then, since this prospect is extremely limited, to weaken and cushion the shock of our system's backward movement. Nobody in Washington who deals concretely with budgetary or legislative programs looks for a return to economic normality in 1933 or 1934. Those with longer vision hope that the regretted continuance of the depression and the further spread of popular distress and despair will provide them with the support and mandate to reform the capitalist system by attempts at planning, control of industry, and, in the end perhaps, restricted state capitalism. It is scarcely accidental, therefore, that just at this juncture professors who are critical in varying degrees of the capitalist order exercise so much influence at the White House. Not accidental, and not alarming, for the clever business man should realize that those "radicals" will endeavor to do that which he, in his conservatism, cannot undertake. Of all Mr. Roosevelt's shrewd political acts, the creation of the Brain Trust is the

shrewdest. It shows he has a keen appreciation of new fundamental trends, and if he, Moley, Jimmy Warburg, Lew Douglas, Colonel Howe, Bullitt, and such consultants of these members of the still-unorganized "trust" as Tugwell, Felix Frankfurter, Mordecai Ezekiel, Feis, Taussig, Paul Douglas, Berle, and others can collectively keep clear of Wall Street strings, they will become a notable social phenomenon. Their job is to save American capitalism.

The Administration and its intellectual junta conceive their first duty to be a serious effort to make a success of the World Economic Conference. One able economist whose cooperation has been sought by United States Senators said to me: "If the conference fails, the whole capitalist structure will go smash." This may be somewhat exaggerated, but the importance of the aim of the London meeting cannot be exaggerated.

The trouble is, however, that every one of the nations going into the conference has the same aim. We want to enlarge our foreign markets. So does England. So does France. So does Japan. So does Italy, and so on. Indeed, as a strange preliminary to the conference, England stole a march on us—just when the delegates from Buenos Aires were sitting at the White House—and signed a treaty with the Argentine which will divert most of that country's trade to the United Kingdom. The "open door" in Manchuria has been slammed shut, lame assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, which means that that market is barred to us and safeguarded for Japan. Hitler has raised Germany's tariffs. France imposes a special surtax on exports from lands with debased currencies. The mad race for markets is on, and about the only thing the London deliberations can do is to prevent international competition in currency devaluation from making it madder still. Such a check, however, cannot create new purchasing power abroad. And that is what the world needs above all. Nations cannot buy from us unless they have the means. They would not have the means if all of them did the unlikely thing and reduced their tariffs simultaneously and equally. That would merely prolong the *status quo*, which is sad indeed. The only method of raising foreign buying capacity is to invest money in undeveloped countries, for the rich states do not want to buy and the poor cannot. We poured hundreds of millions into Germany after the adoption of the Dawes Plan in September, 1924, and by so doing we merely financed reparations and, in turn, Allied debt payments to us. Yet the resultant relative prosperity of Germany probably helped postpone the international economic crash for five years, and that is a great deal more significant than the loss of money which we lent to Germany.

Now, too, the world, especially America, is perhaps entering upon a phase in which we will invest our surplus capital in some foreign states so that they may buy from us. Even if such investments are never returned they can bring relief until the next depression. I hear the objection that the American investor is not prepared to risk his dollars in foreign bonds after the dismal experiences of the recent past.

This is a serious consideration and a big obstacle. Nevertheless, the rush to the stock market in the last few weeks shows that any rise in values will attract thousands whose fingers have once been burnt. And a sucker is "born every minute." Popular distrust, of course, is a factor contributing to economic nationalism, particularly since most citizens are today inclined to think that a banker's advice is bad advice. Still, there is a great deal of unemployed money and credit in this country, and if a sufficiently promising foreign outlet is discovered, those sums will flow in the direction of that outlet.

Does such a field exist beyond the seas? Mexico? That country could have another anti-feudal revolution with our assistance which might pave the way toward industrialization on American capital. Likewise some other Latin states. Canada? Safe politically except for British jealousy, and near enough to home to allay the investor's suspicions. Not much opening in Europe. Some time ago an important Bolshevik commissar came to the United States and was invited to dine with Henry Ford. They discussed cures for the depression. When one solution after the other had been dismissed as impracticable, Ford drew a lead pencil from his pocket and wrote on the table cloth: 160, 300, 400—860,000,000 people inhabiting the Soviet Union, India, and China. If these millions could be made effective consumers of American goods, the American people could enjoy at least one more wave of prosperity. On that the Bolshevik and the billionaire agreed.

Soviet Russia does present a rich possibility, but I am not sure that we can overcome political prejudices soon enough to reap early fruits. That is a special problem. India is more difficult. England stands in the way. Japan offers active competition. We have no experience in or knowledge of that market. China, finally, is the great unknown. Since Western preoccupation with domestic ills gives Japan carte blanche to go wherever she pleases in the Celestial Republic, it does not seem fantastic to suppose that Tokio will carve herself a new East Asiatic empire in China. If far-away England can rule a continent like India, the likelihood of Japanese conquest, outright or under some disguise, of most of Northern China, Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and territory farther down to the Yangtze is considerable. Would we then scrap our traditional policies and use Japan as an agent for the exploitation of China in order to afford employment to American surplus capital? All these and many more schemes will be examined before we sink back into the morass of economic nationalism. The World Economic Conference is only the first step in a universal search for new fields to invest in and to trade with. But none of these fields will yield to rapid exploitation. Their benefits cannot accrue soon enough to do us much good in the immediate future. The World Economic Conference has aroused many hopes, but it will be able to satisfy few if any of them.

The Brain Trust, consequently, is already exploring the alternative of economic nationalism. I believe that a Socialist state can achieve a high measure of economic autarchy. I believe, therefore, that Stalin was right in maintaining, against Trotzky, that after many tribulations socialism can be built in one country, even in so backward a country as Russia. In the Soviet Union profits do not exist; therefore surplus values do not exist; therefore "overproduc-

tion" is inconceivable; therefore foreign expansion can be dispensed with. The need for exporting American goods and money decreases in direct ratio to the diminution or redistribution of the "surplus values," that is, the difference between the values labor produces and the income labor receives from American business. A policy of American economic self-sufficiency, accordingly, will succeed only to the extent that the profits of capitalists are curtailed or diverted for the community's use. This is what the Brain Trust has been working on. How can industry be controlled so that it will surrender part of its income or earn a smaller income without losing its incentive? Will some industries have to be taken over by the state if this plan is to function smoothly? Can profits be redivided by means of a big public-works program for non-productive purposes? These are some of the questions now being debated in Washington.

Mr. Roosevelt ought to know that America's middle class will support any radical measure he could conceivably propose for the reorganization of industry and of business in general. A month west of the Mississippi has convinced me that the country sees the new deal as a promise to turn everything upside down. What was is no good, and any change would be a change for the better—this is the popular sentiment. I believe the economic situation of the country is worse and the economic thinking of the people more daring than most men in New York and Washington know or care to admit. Certain interests in the East may be determined to "get" the professors who have become our young "Elder Statesmen." But the millions say: "Step on it, boys. We're ready to take a chance." As long as industry needs the R. F. C. and as long as the White House can hold the threat of criminal investigation over the big bankers' heads, the Brain Trust has a unique opportunity of becoming the trusted servant of America's petty bourgeoisie.

I discern three major social-economic trends in the United States: (1) our working class is developing into a proletariat, that is, workingmen who are not at the same time capitalists; (2) our farmers are becoming peasants, that is, soil tillers who own little if any property; (3) our government is acquiring bigger and bigger stakes in private industry, that is, state capitalism. The Administration may be expected to endeavor to hamper the first two tendencies and foster the third. Its policy will consist in maintaining the middle-class characteristics of the working and farming populations, and, concurrently, in adopting an attitude of hostility toward big business. That attitude, however, may become an empty pose if, as is very likely, Washington countenances and even encourages mergers and amalgamations by means of which big business is able to grow bigger still and reap larger profits.

Yet outwardly, and in part actually, the government should tend to prefer the little capitalist to Wall Street. This is the necessary concomitant of economic nationalism. But during its initial stages many of Washington's policies will be contradictory, and some will cancel others. The character of American society permits of no single-track policy. Developments toward autarchy will move parallel with efforts for foreign expansion. Prolonged skirmishing undoubtedly impends between the upper bourgeoisie and our middle-class interests. The proletariat, too, is becoming slightly more vocal. America begins to be a fascinating social spectacle.

Inflation: How Much?

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE United States, for better or for worse, has officially embarked upon a policy of inflation. Any debate upon the general merits of inflation, therefore, seems at the moment futile. The two questions about which discussion must now revolve are, What kind of inflation? and how much? The first question I have attempted to answer in a previous article in these pages. A more or less uniform reduction, as the result of international agreement, in the gold content of the world's principal currency units, with a prompt return to gold convertibility at this new level, is the one form of inflation that would be controllable, that would fix price levels at the point where it was considered desirable to fix them, that would avert any mutually ruinous competition in currency depreciation between nations, and that would engender a general atmosphere of confidence and surety rather than one of uncertainty and misgiving.

But apart from the method of inflation, the question of the degree of inflation must receive more careful consideration than it has so far had. The aim of inflation is to raise the price level—not because one price level is inherently preferable to another, but because under present conditions inflation is the promptest and least painful and costly way of restoring equilibrium within the price-wage-debt structure. It is well to recognize at the very beginning that there is no price level that would be completely “just” to everybody. What we have to seek is one that would restore industrial activity to the maximum possible while at the same time insuring the greatest welfare of the greatest number.

If we turn first to the farmers, and think of them only in their role as farmers, it is obvious that they could stand a very great deal of inflation. Inflation, of course, would not of itself wipe out the present discrepancy between farm prices and the prices of manufactured products. But by itself it would do two things for the American farmer: (1) It would raise the prices of his products faster than those of things he buys, so that he would secure a certain transitional advantage (this has already been illustrated in part by the rise in the prices of farm products since our abandonment of the gold standard was announced); and (2) it would lower the relative burden of his mortgage and other indebtedness, first because higher prices for his products would enable him to meet interest payments, while those interest payments would call for a smaller percentage of his income, and second because inflation would raise the value of his farm itself and once more give him a substantial equity.

But while the farmer could stand a great deal of inflation, the industrial worker could stand only a quite limited amount. An uncontrolled inflation would raise the cost of living much more rapidly than it would raise wages. But this would not be true, under present circumstances, of a strictly limited inflation. From such an inflation labor stands to gain a great deal. About this subject there is considerable confusion of thought, and the confusion results chiefly from a failure to distinguish between wage rates and wage payments. If hourly wage rates were the sole question to be considered, then labor would stand to gain nothing even

from a limited inflation; quite the contrary. Whereas the cost of living since 1929 has fallen, according to the calculations of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, 22 per cent, wage rates, according to the figures of the National Industrial Conference Board, have fallen 21.2 per cent in the same period, and according to the estimate of Leo Wolman, the decline has been from 20 to 30 per cent. If there were workable relationships within the rest of the existing price structure, nothing would be gained for labor by inflation. But it is precisely because of the absence of such workable relationships that hourly wage rates at present have become almost meaningless from the standpoint of labor as a whole. What is significant is total wage payments, and through the appalling unemployment, and the part-time employment of most of those remaining at work, these have been reduced, according to the index of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, to barely *one-third* of their volume in 1926. The reason for this terrific shrinkage of wage payments is simply that the present wholesale price level does not enable industry to make a profit. The price of industry's product has fallen, and industry in general has not found it possible to secure a corresponding reduction in its costs. In 1932 approximately 60 per cent of the country's large corporations were operating at a loss. While such a condition lasts, even the present hourly wage level is not secure, and even the present appallingly low level of employment is threatened. What would benefit industrial labor most at present would be an advance in the wholesale price level just sufficient to make it possible for industry to operate in normal volume. As wholesale prices have fallen 40 per cent in the last few years while the cost of living has fallen only 20 per cent, we could easily have a general increase in wholesale prices of 30 per cent or more from the low points that would not raise the cost of living at all. As labor is only getting about 33 per cent in actual wage payments compared with what it was receiving in 1926, a limited inflation that would restore employment could increase total wage payments to labor 150 per cent.

What we should aim at, then, is not a return to the 1926 price level, even though such a return would be desired by the majority of farmers and other debtors who wish the relative burden of their debts reduced once more to that point, but a return to a price level about 10 to 15 per cent below the 1926 level. This means that if other agreements are arrived at in the World Economic Conference, particularly agreements involving the reduction of world tariff and trade barriers, it should not be necessary to devalue the dollar by more than 25 or 30 per cent. If this left the general price level somewhat below that of 1926, it would of course mean that the government, home-owners, farmers, and other debtors would still have to pay back in terms of commodities somewhat more than they had borrowed before 1929 in terms of commodities. But it is necessary to strike a compromise between the interests of various classes; and the interests of industrial labor, because it constitutes a larger section of the population than any other class, must receive chief consideration.

German Culture in Exile

By EMIL LENGYEL

CULTURE, as that term is generally understood among the civilized people of the world, is in process of annihilation in the Nazi Third Reich. The eminence in the natural and social sciences, in the arts, and in literature which Germany had reached during the nineteenth and early twentieth century is being superseded by the Nazi *Kultur*, a cult resting on widely propagated untruth imposed by blood and iron. It retains and exalts the worst aspects of Prussianism and Kaiserism, while rejecting as false and unworthy of the new Teutonism the great intellectual achievements of the Second Reich and of the Republic. The true torch-bearers of civilization in Germany are in exile, in prison, or without work, and are labeled "public enemies."

Adolf Hitler complained in one of his addresses: "We are suffering from overeducation." Captain Hermann Göring, Premier of Prussia, contributed a touch of Nazi mysticism to the problem: "The true German thinks with his blood." Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and of Enlightenment, wrote recently: "Art cannot be tolerated in the absolute sense in which liberal democracy understands it." Hans Hinkel, State Commissioner in the Prussian Kultusministerium, was more specific: "For the resurrection of our culture we have to thank the SA-men [storm-troopers]."

The theoretical foundation of the Nazis' effort for a new culture will be found in Ernst Kriek's recent book, "The National Socialist Education," which is rapidly becoming the Bible of Nazi teachers. "The age of pure reason and of unprejudiced, free science is over," writes Herr Kriek. The Third Reich glories in the suppression of individuality, and the ideal of the community must be the "völkischer Mensch," the "race man," bare of personal traits, subordinating his knowledge and will to the Fatherland. Since, however, this service of the nation in the abstract requires pure-blooded Brahmans, Professor Schultze-Naumburg, formerly an architect and now a blood expert, proclaims: "The word Nordic is not a geographic but an ethnic conception," and therefore a person's artistic taste depends not on his sensitiveness and aesthetic response but on his racial *Weltanschauung*—the product of his blood.

A recent list of the Committee to Aid the Victims of German Fascism in Paris contains the names of the university professors who up to the middle of April had been forced by the Nazis to resign. About 40 per cent of them are Jews, an unknown percentage have Jewish antecedents, and the rest are liberals and pacifists. Professor Albert Einstein, Public Enemy No. 1 in the Third Reich, was in Holland when last heard of. "Yes, we want him," wrote a Nazi paper, "but in our jails." Einstein is "wanted" by the police of Prussia for alleged spreading of atrocity stories abroad. Professor James Franck, of the University of Göttingen, winner of the Nobel Prize for physics, and holder of the Iron Cross for gallant service in the war, resigned voluntarily before he was forced to leave. A professor of Berlin University who is neither a Jew nor a liberal describes Professor Franck, a pioneer of atomic research, as the greatest experimental scholar of the age, an ornament of German culture.

Fritz Haber, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry, was made to resign, although his work in frustrating gas attacks during the World War by the use of masks and by chemical means were of the greatest importance for the Second Reich. His researches led at that time to the establishment of the Haber-Bosch method for the production of ammonia from atmospheric nitrogen, which prevented Germany's early breakdown in the war after nitrate imports from Chile had become impossible. The following are some of the renowned professors of political economy dismissed by the Nazis: M. J. Bonn of the Handelshochschule of Berlin, "one of the most human living economists," according to the *London Times*; Ernst Kahn of the University of Frankfurt, editor of the excellent *Wirtschaftskurve*; Emil Lederer of the University of Berlin, author of several standard works on theoretical national economy and editor of the *Archives of Social Sciences and Social Politics*; and Wilhelm Röpke of the University of Marburg, author, among other works, of "What Is Wrong with the World?" a highly patriotic attack on the reparations policy of the late Allies.

Among the dismissed professors of public and international law and of sociology the following are particularly outstanding: Ernst Kantorowicz of the University of Kiel, author of the standard work on Frederick II and one of the greatest authorities on the First Reich; Dr. Hans Kelsen of the universities of Berlin and Cologne; Karl Mannheim of the University of Frankfurt, a worker in war and peace problems; Karl E. Pribram of the same university, an authority on labor questions; Walter Schücking, member of the German delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference and justice at the Hague Court of Arbitration.

Some of the best-known medical professors and psychologists have resigned or have been forced to resign, including: Ferdinand Blumenthal, director of the Berlin University Cancer Research Institute and general secretary of the Central Committee to Combat Cancer; R. Höber of the University of Kiel, physiologist; Fritz Kauffmann of the University of Halle, an authority on criminal psychology; Robert Scheller of the University of Breslau, bacteriologist, who committed suicide after having been arrested and released by the Nazi Brown Shirts; William Stern of the University of Hamburg, an authority on child psychology; William Zondek, known among physicians all over the world for his studies on the female sex hormones and for his coauthorship of a pregnancy test.

Among the outstanding professors of philosophy and philology who have been deprived of their appointments, the following must be specially noted: Ernst Cassirer of the University of Hamburg; Edmund Husserl of the University of Kiel, founder of the phenomenological school of philosophy; Hermann Jacobsen of the University of Marburg, who committed suicide after his dismissal. Two department heads of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, Professors Herbert Freundlich and Michael Polányi, who Professor Einstein told the writer were among the most productive scholars in

their fields, were also obliged to resign. I have mentioned only the best-known members of German university staffs who have been driven out. Many other distinguished but less well-known men have been forced to resign their posts. In the middle of April the university professors known to have been dismissed by the Nazis numbered about 125, and a month later the number was estimated to be twice as large.

The Nazi student corporations are issuing certificates of confidence to the professors of whose political beliefs they approve and are boycotting the lectures of the others. On one day, April 25, according to the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, the Prussian Kultusminister gave "leave of absence" to more than thirty non-Aryan and Marxian university professors. Professor Eduard Spranger of the University of Berlin, a Nationalist and anti-republican, resigned his chair of philosophy in protest against the students' arrogance.

It is not yet possible to give a full list of the authors whom the Third Reich has forced into exile. Some of the leaders of German thought could not escape in time and are now in Nazi hands. Ludwig Renn, whose book "War" was greeted as a masterpiece, is under lock and key. So is Baron von Schönaich, formerly a major general in the imperial army, now a convert to pacifism. Erich Mühsam, the poet, sixty-five years of age, was last seen digging trenches in the citadel of Spandau. Carl von Ossietzky, one of the most outspoken radical editors, is in an internment camp. Martin Huber, the author of mystical stories inspired by Jewish legends, was arrested in the first days of the Brown Terror, but is now thought to be free and in safety. Prague newspapers have reported that the wife of Arnold Zweig is being kept as a hostage in a Nazi barracks until her husband returns. But the majority of the men and women who have given luster to contemporary German literature are in exile. Gerhart Hauptmann is not certain of his welcome home; he has read in the foreign press that the public square named after him in his native Obersalzbrunn has been renamed for Adolf Hitler. Thomas Mann prefers the fresh air of the Swiss Alps to the moldy-smelling internment camps of the Nazis, and has refused Berlin's invitation to return for the renewal of his passport. His friends are said to have applied in his behalf to the League of Nations for a Nansen Certificate, issued to men without a country.

"Woe to him if we catch him," was the headline of an article in the *Völkischer Beobachter* telling Lion Feuchtwanger, beloved everywhere except in his native country, what sort of reception he would have in Germany. The triumvirate of radical dramatists, Walter Hasenclever, Fritz von Unruh, and Ernst Toller, are abroad. But what were the crimes of Emil Ludwig, Erich Maria Remarque, Jacob Wassermann, and the two Zweigs—to pick at random a few famous names—that brought upon them the Nazi wrath? And why is Vicki Baum so hated in the Third Reich?

Some of the best-known German publicists are also in exile. The "Thunderer" of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Theodor Wolff, was last sighted in Switzerland, on his way to Florence. Alfred Kerr, whose vitriolic comments on the stage should have been a source of delight to the Nazis, is in exile. Rudolf Olden, formerly of Vienna and more recently of Berlin, one of the most brilliant publicists of the younger generation, has returned to his native Austria, ready to move on again if the Nazis wrest the power from Chancellor Dollfuss.

The theater and the concert room have not been overlooked by the terror detachments of the Brown House. The Nazi press recently congratulated Aryan Germany on getting rid of Max Reinhardt, with whom the Deutsches Theater has severed relations. Max Pallenberg, Kortner, and Bergner, to mention only a few of the many actors thrown out by the Nazis, are abroad, in search of a country where German culture is welcome. Professor Fritz Busch, music director of the Dresden State Opera—one of Europe's artistic centers—was dismissed by the state, and the Opera was turned over to an executive committee of youthful Nazis who vow to shame even Wotan with their Aryan zeal. General Music Director Bruno Walter cannot conduct orchestras in the Third Reich.

Women intellectuals are hardest hit by the hatred of culture of Hitler Germans, for in the Third Reich there is no place for intellect and, outside of the kitchen, no place for women. In this respect, too, the example of the first two Reichs has inspired the Nazis. In the First Reich of Frederick Barbarossa the woman was a chattel, supposedly devoid of feeling and intelligence. The official policy of the Second Reich toward women was defined by Wilhelm II: for them only three things were possible—"Kirche, Küche, Kinder." Beyond the kirk, kitchen, and cradle the women of the Third German Reich are not expected to contribute to the greatness of the country. Among the women intellectuals the cleansing process has been more thoroughgoing. The universities have been purged of female professors; Emmy Nöther of the University of Göttingen, Marianne Kunze and Gerda Simons of the University of Frankfurt are no longer teaching. The books of Hertha von Gebhardt, Rahel Sanzara, and Anna Seghers are on the index of orthodox Nazis. Käthe Kollwitz, painter and sculptor, was forced out of the Prussian Art Academy. The battle cry for women is, "Back to the Kitchen for Hitler and Fatherland!"

Who are the intellectual leaders of the *Kultur* of the Third Reich? "Only a few will be called to transmute this movement into artistic values," said the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment. Of these few none is more vocal than Hans Heinz Ewers, author of macabre novels and of two recent books in which Hitler is hailed as the Rider of the German Night. Another hysteric hailer of the Teutonic dawn is Max Barthel, formerly a labor poet of the extreme left, a founder of the Communist Youth International, and self-confessed prodigal son. Arnold Bronnen has turned his coat so quickly that the Nazis are inclined to forget for the present that he was born a Jew. He is the author of super-Wedekindish plays. Of these "The Parricide" is the best known—a play for which he had been denounced as a *Kultur-bolschevist* and a *Minusmensch*. Bruno Brehm, a promising young author whose recent fictionized history of the events leading up to the World War, "Apis und Este," was so pacifistic that its English translation received the title "They Call It Patriotism," keeps company with Rudolf G. von Binding, an admirer of the baroque d'Annunzio and of the simple Greeks, author of "Advice to a Lady-Love on Horsemanship." The rest of the authors approved by the Nazis belong in the class of the "unknown writer." Who has ever heard of the Herren Billinger, Blank, Bohlmann, Euringer, Gmehlin, Haken, Heinz, whose books have been ordered to take the places of the works of Heine, Lassalle, Marx, and Walther Rathenau.

The "cold pogrom" in the theaters has left the stage open to the hordes of secret dramatists among the Nazi youth who want to be rewarded for their patriotic zeal with a place among the immortals. The patriotic drama is the latest fad, and Albert Leo Schlageter, the young student-officer who was executed by the French in the Ruhr ten years ago, is the lion of the stage. Hans Johst, dictator of the Berlin State Theater, has hastened to sell his drama about Schlageter to the institution of which he is the little Hitler. Paul Beyer has written another Schlageter tragedy, "The Düsseldorf Passion," which even Nazi critics have to admit is as bad as its title. In Max Reinhardt's former workshop the Nazis are playing Professor Kurt Kluge's superpatriotic "Eternal Nation," the dramatization of German Austria's battle against the Serbs. Another stage hit, by order of the Minister of Propaganda, is Hans Kyser's "The Frontier Is Aflame"—a telling title.

The purifying process has wrought the most terrific havoc with the German press. An official Nazi publication says: "Next to the Bourse the press is Juda's most valuable tool for extending its power"; and Dr. Joseph Goebbels said: "It is my intention to play on the press as on a piano." The

independent press is gone. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, until the advent of the Nazis one of the world's leading journals, makes fitful attempts to remain independent, but the *Berliner Tageblatt* has been completely "coordinated," so that this so-called Jewish international-capitalist paper of liberal Germany has become a Nazi organ printing eulogies about "Our Hitler." The Nazis propose to enrol every journalist in a Fascist press union, admission to which may be obtained only by producing a certificate of racial purity, a membership card in the Nazi party, and convincing proof that the prospective journalist is sufficiently devoid of individual thought not to do anything that might displease his masters.

German culture has taken refuge abroad, chiefly in France. Committees have been formed in Paris to help the intellectual émigrés as well as the others. French authors are giving a helping hand to their German confreres, and the League of the Rights of Man is active on their behalf. Efforts are being made to place the dismissed professors in the leading universities of the world. The historian of the future may comment on the ironic spectacle of a so-called patriotic regime that stabs German culture in the back and forces its representatives to seek refuge across the Rhine.

The Supreme Court Blocks Utility Regulation

By WILL MASLOW AND E. MICHAEL WHITE

WHILE public-utility consumers all over the country rightly complain about excessive utility rates and seek improvement in the personnel of their public-service commissions, the real villains in the piece—nine black-robed old gentlemen in Washington (or a majority thereof)—escape attention and criticism. In the shadow of the Capitol, far removed from the whirr of turbines, the roar of waterfalls, or the ring of the utility bill-collector, the United States Supreme Court, "the watchdog of the Constitution," manufactures decisions which thwart the public desire and interest, cause the more enlightened regulatory commissions to throw up their hands in disgust, and permit the utilities to enjoy the benefits of anarchic monopoly. The latest decision of the Supreme Court on public-utility regulation, handed down May 8, 1933, in the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company case, and hailed as a great step forward, is only another reminder that the chief obstacle to effective regulation is the attitude of the Supreme Court on the all-important and little-understood question of "valuation."

In November, 1930, the California Railroad Commission ordered a cut in the gas rates of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company which was calculated to reduce the company's revenues by about 9 per cent. The company appealed to the federal courts, invoking the magic word "confiscation." Two and one-half years later the Supreme Court reviewed the case. The court upheld the new rate, since it allowed a return of 7.7 per cent on the commission's valuation based on the theory of "historical cost," and a return of 7 per cent on the valuation based on the "reproduction-cost theory." (These

theories and their importance will be discussed farther on.) The rate order of the California commission which the Supreme Court upheld was hardly a revolutionary or daring one. For example, it failed to deduct anything for depreciation (a minimum of \$7,650,000), which it might have done under the law. The Supreme Court used this difference to account for the mythical "going value."

Although the Supreme Court achieved a proper result in upholding this order, which it could hardly have reversed, the opinion itself, written by Chief Justice Hughes, only served further to muddle the already muddled utility law by perpetuating the confusion and uncertainty which now exist. The "liberal minority" of the Supreme Court, headed by Mr. Justice Brandeis, failed to dissent from this unsatisfactory decision. The dissent, however, was forthcoming from Justices Butler and Sutherland, who asserted that the company's property was being confiscated. Mr. Justice Butler could have concurred safely in the majority opinion in this case. But the learned Justice, in his early days a utility lawyer, found it necessary to dissent very vigorously from the majority opinion. He said: "As the commission's refusal to apply principles of valuation established by our decisions resulted in arbitrary undervaluations, the prescribed rates should on that ground be set aside."

The financial history of a utility company claiming confiscation is worthy of comment. In 1924 the Los Angeles company paid a dividend of 33.75 per cent, which included a stock dividend of 25 per cent. In 1925 the dividend on the capitalization thus inflated was 9 per cent; in 1926, 9.8 per cent. In 1927 another stock dividend was declared, this

time of 21.42 per cent, making a total dividend for the year of 35.17 per cent. In 1928, on this last increased capitalization, the company paid a dividend of 16 per cent; in 1929, 17 per cent; and in 1930, the year before the "confiscation," 21 per cent. In 1931, after the alleged confiscation (also in the second year of the depression), the company paid a dividend of 16.75 per cent on its common stock. Meanwhile, the company's surplus increased from \$381,212 in 1916 to \$4,176,663 in 1929, while its depreciation reserve increased from \$3,804,383 to \$16,804,105 in the same period.

All the common stock of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company is held by the Pacific Lighting Corporation, a holding company. This happy parent of so productive a child paid a 16 per cent dividend on its common stock in 1926 and 1927. In 1929 it split its common stock ten for one, and since that time has paid \$3 a share on each of the new shares, or 30 per cent on the original par value of \$100. (It should be recalled that electric utilities, according to their own propaganda, make no profit.) How could a corporation with such a dividend record even get into the Supreme Court with a plea of confiscation? The answer is that "confiscation" means "legal confiscation," and under its interpretation of the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment the Supreme Court may find that even profitable utilities are being "deprived" of their constitutional rights. Rates are fixed in the first instance by regulatory commissions established by State legislatures. The federal courts may, however, forbid such rates, on the theory that the utility has a constitutional right to a fair return on the fair value of its property, commonly referred to as the rate base. If the federal court believes that the rates fixed by the State commission are so low that the utility will be unable to earn what the court regards as a fair return on that rate base, it declares the rates confiscatory and enjoins their enforcement.

There are two conflicting theories as to the correct method for determining fair value: one is the theory of original cost; the other is the theory of reproduction cost. According to the first method, advocated by Mr. Justice Brandeis and spokesmen for the consumer, the fair value, or rate base, is fixed as that sum originally invested in the business. Advocates of this theory contend that if an investor receives adequate dividends on his actual investment (taking into consideration the nature of the public-utility industry) he ought to be satisfied. According to the second method, the fair value of a utility is fixed as the present cost of reproducing it. This theory as applied in a period of rising prices has meant millions of dollars added to the rate base and therefore to rates.

The cost-of-reproduction theory has few defenders besides utility lawyers and certain members of the Supreme Court. Its vices are many: it is based on illogical premises, it calls for frequent and expensive appraisals of utility property, and it loads the rate base with mythical items of value. What is the present value of a complicated and extensive utility business? Spokesmen for the utilities have urged that the present cost of reproducing its property be taken as the sole measure of its value. They might have argued with some justification that the cost of constructing a plant which would produce the present service should be taken as a measure of value. But the reproduction-cost theory involves a reproduction of the plant and not of the service. For example, if plants of the New York Edison Company were to

be torn down, its obsolete machinery producing direct current would surely not be replaced. But the New York Edison Company insists that in measuring the value of its property the present cost of reproducing its entire plant, with its inefficient locations, its small generating units, its dangerous overhead wires, its direct-current switchboards, must be determined and included in the rate base.

The cost-of-reproduction theory is not only illogical, but demands a technique of pure guesswork. How delusive the supposed exactness of this technique is can be seen from the conflicting estimates of the value of the property of the Los Angeles company. The commission determined the "fair value" of the company's property to be \$65,500,000. The utility company's engineers testified to a figure of \$95,000,000, an excess of 50 per cent!

But if the imagination of high-priced appraisal experts is given free rein in evaluating physical properties, their fancies are absolutely unfettered in evaluating so-called "intangible factors." The Consolidated Gas Company, for example, insisted some years ago that in estimating the cost of reproducing its gas mains extra items of cost would have to be added, since the improvement in highway construction made street openings more expensive! Another utility company insisted that in the process of calculating the value of its property, if it were to be reproduced *de novo*, the cost of training its engineers and of making its consumers gas conscious should be included in the rate base!

Another figment of the imagination for which the public pays is the item of "going value." What this item is, it is not for us to attempt to explain. Far be it from lawyers to rush in where judges fear to tread. According to Chief Justice Hughes, who wrote the opinion in the Los Angeles case, going value is "an element of value in an assembled and established plant doing business and earning money, over one not thus advanced." This sounds suspiciously like "good-will." Yet the court specifically stated that "going value" was not to be confused with "good-will," and good-will, as an item of value, was excluded by the Supreme Court a generation ago. The result is that today only a Supreme Court justice can distinguish between the good-will that was barred and the going value that is admitted.

In the Los Angeles case the Supreme Court found that the value of the property as valued by the commission on an original-cost basis was \$5,600,000 less than when calculated on a reproduction-cost basis. Since price levels at the time of construction were higher than those prevailing in 1930, as the court itself pointed out, there was no reason why the reproduction cost should have exceeded the original cost by \$5,600,000. Instead of pointing out this error of the commission, the Supreme Court called the excess "going value," thus swelling the rate base by about 8 per cent. When the reproduction-cost theory in a period of low prices favors the consumer for the first time in twenty years, a reactionary court may nullify the effect of falling prices by swelling the rate base with the mythical item of going value.

Another vice in the reproduction-cost theory is the necessity for periodic reappraisals—at the consumers' expense. Since reproduction costs depend upon the current cost of labor and materials, every major shift in price levels demands a new valuation. In the Los Angeles case the California commission fixed the "fair value" of the utility's property at \$65,000,000 on the basis of 1930 prices. After two and one-

half years of litigation this valuation was upheld by the Supreme Court by a six-to-two vote. Meanwhile, an unprecedented drop in prices has rendered the valuation hopelessly out of date. If the California Railroad Commission were vigilant—and equipped to do the work of reappraising—it would have to start another rate case, which would be passed upon by the Supreme Court in 1936.

Vicious ■ the theory of reproduction cost is, it is at least better than no theory at all, which is precisely the state of the law today as a result of the Los Angeles case. During the many years of high price levels a rule seemed to crystallize from the Supreme Court's learned if not lucid opinions that in determining the value of utility properties "dominant emphasis" had to be given to reproduction cost. While prices were rising, this theory worked well for the companies, resulting in larger rate bases, higher rates, and soaring dividends. Now that prices are dropping and the consumer is about to gain from an application of the reproduction-cost theory, we find the Supreme Court edging away from it in the Los Angeles case. Chief Justice Hughes tacitly repudiated the "dominant-emphasis" theory and stated that neither reproduction cost nor historical cost was to be used exclusively in computing value. He wrote: "The weight to be given to historical cost and to cost of reproduction new is to be determined in the light of the facts of the particular case."

This "light" throws a feeble glimmer in the tangled forests of public-utility law. "Facts" are of no help in determining how much weight must be given to each factor. What is necessary is rules, based not on arbitrary intuitions but on logic. In this situation such rules are impossible to formulate. If the Supreme Court had directed that fair value be fixed at some point between historical and reproduc-

tion cost, the lack of meaning of such an arbitrary direction would have been apparent. So the court hedged, as it has hedged ever since the first public-utility valuation case came before it in 1898. It refused to formulate ■ workable method of choosing between original cost and reproduction cost. The result is that public-utility commissioners, in addition to being lawyers, economists, and engineers, must also be psychics. They must guess which way the court will jump next, because it is impossible to know which theory to follow, or how much weight to give each factor of value.

Had the California commission not feared ■ arbitrary reversal, it might have reduced the rate base to as low a figure as \$45,000,000, by subtracting from its valuation figure the entire amount of the depreciation reserve. This would have resulted in an additional annual saving to consumers of at least \$1,500,000 and reduced the company's revenues by 18 per cent instead of 9 per cent. Despite this additional reduction the company would still have been able to pay a 9 per cent dividend on its common stock in 1931, the second year of the depression.

The solution of the problem is to deprive the federal courts of power to interfere with the rulings of public-utility commissioners. This would require legislation. If such legislation be declared unconstitutional, as it may well be, ■ constitutional amendment would then be necessary in order to make this change. In the many years that would have to elapse before such an amendment became law, State ownership ought to be sought. Under State ownership the troublesome question of valuation for rate-making purposes would never arise. The present system of regulation is defended today only by the public utilities.

(This is the fifth of ■ series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The sixth will appear in an early issue.)

Children on Strike

By PAUL COMLY FRENCH

Allentown, Pennsylvania, May 20

SHOCKING conditions in the sweatshops of Pennsylvania, where 200,000 men, women, and children work long hours for starvation wages, became front-page news through the efforts of the "baby strikers" of the Lehigh Valley. Aided by the presence of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot on their picket line, they won the first skirmish in their fight against intolerable conditions when some of the employers signed an agreement providing for shorter working hours, a minimum-wage scale, and an immediate 10 per cent increase in wages. Unfortunately the agreement does not affect all the mills in Allentown or those in Easton, Northampton, and Catasqua, where the children are still on the picket line.

Another victory against the sweatshop was won in Philadelphia when 5,000 garment workers, encouraged by the public support of the children's strike against the Morris Freezer plant in Allentown and the D. & D. shirt factory in Northampton, a nearby borough, went on strike. Within two days the operators signed an agreement raising wages 10 per cent, establishing a forty-four-hour week in place of the previous fifty-four-hour week, and allowing complete unionization of the shops.

Meanwhile Governor Pinchot's commission for the investigation of sweatshops will continue its hearings with ■ view to recommending to the next session of the General Assembly legislation which would abolish sweatshops and child labor in Pennsylvania. These hearings have so far produced tales of hideous working conditions, long hours, and miserable wages, comparable only to those which obtained in the earliest years of the Industrial Revolution. They have also revealed the forces of reaction against which the reformers must contend. Much credit for the limited victory in the children's strike must go to Mayor Fred E. Lewis of Allentown, who has vigorously protested for years against the evils and degradation of the sweatshops. But Charles Fox, burgess of the neighboring borough of Northampton, where the D. & D. plant is located, holds ■ different view. "If I had my way," he told the Governor's commission, "I'd give no food orders to unemployed persons who urged factory workers to strike." And his wife, who handles unemployment relief in Northampton, has even more amazing ideas. "I don't believe the strikers should be entitled to any unemployment relief," she testified before the commission, "because they don't have souls."

According to a quiet survey which Mrs. Pinchot has made in every section of Pennsylvania, sweatshops are not confined to the Lehigh Valley and Philadelphia. And many of the case histories she has collected tell a story of lost youth and saddened childhood. In Gottlieb's Sewing Factory at York the usual wage is \$3 or \$4 a week; girls in Bernstein's Factory at York reported a payment of \$2.90 for two weeks' work—an average of 3 cents an hour. At the York Suit Company button sewers receive from \$3 to \$4 a week for fifty hours; York tobacco workers said they received \$2.50 for a week's work totaling fifty hours, while workers in a second cigar factory in this rich Lancaster County agricultural section said their wages averaged \$1.60 for fifty-four hours. A silk mill in York charged girls \$10 for "teaching them how to become operators." Pressers in the Lehigh Valley Shirt Company in Allentown receive \$4 a week as against \$14 paid for the same work two years ago. At the Adkins Shirt Company in Allentown only three girls in the place were over fourteen; their pay averaged from \$1.30 to \$2 a week, while one girl, with seven years' experience, earned the munificent salary of \$7 a week. One boy in an Allentown shop earned 10 cents a week for a ten-week period; another Allentown shirt company paid 14 cents a dozen for a complicated operation, a high wage compared with the 8 cents paid for the same operation in another shop. The Caddy Shirt Company of Allentown moved out of town in the night owing four weeks' wages.

Hale A. Guss, borough manager of Northampton, told the Governor's commission that either Harry or Nathan Dashefsky—the two operate one of the worst sweatshops in the Lehigh Valley, the D. & D. Shirt Company—suggested having a gun "planted" on a union organizer. Another State official, a woman, said that one of the Dashefskys asked her why he couldn't have national guardsmen to protect his mill against the "baby strikers."

"Why?" she asked. "Aren't the police sufficient protection?" "Yes," he said, "but they won't fight."

One boy said he worked from 7 a. m. until 5 p. m. and then returned to the factory three nights each week to work from 7 p. m. until 3 a. m.; others told of being ordered to hide in the cellar and on fire escapes when State inspectors came to the mill; many of the girls testified they had been forced to accept the attentions of their employers or face instant dismissal. A titian-haired girl receiving 55 cents a week said the mill superintendent offered her a 100 per cent wage increase if she would accept his attentions at least three times weekly. Others, mere children, told of being taken to New York hotels for week-ends as playthings for the owners of the factories and for the purpose of enticing buyers to purchase shirts made in their mills. State officials, aided by the vigorous demands of Mrs. Pinchot, plan criminal action against these men for violation of the Mann Act.

Other testimony, offered by fourteen-year-old Martin Kroboth, a trimmer, explained how the Dashefsky brothers saved the two-cent check tax by assessing each employee. The boy said his last check, for six days' work, was 96 cents. But he did not get all of that. An additional 10 per cent was deducted as a wage cut together with the two cents for the check tax. Another Allentown employer developed an even better system. He deducted 33 cents a week from the pay envelopes of each child to repay a fine of \$100 assessed by the State for his failure to carry workmen's compensation in-

surance. Frank Selthofer, considered the "fastest" trimmer in the plant, received \$1.73 for two weeks' work.

According to figures of the Bureau of Industrial Relations, many of the children are attempting to support entire families on their meager earnings. "Hours of labor in many of the Pennsylvania sweatshops range from fifty to ninety a week," said Stephen Raushenbush, of the bureau, "and the wages start at 50 cents and go to \$10. This deplorable condition is responsible for \$1.98 silk dresses, 3-for-10-cent cigars, 39-cent silk hosiery, \$10 suits and top coats, and 25-cent shirts and neckties." More than half of the men's garment industry of the State operates on a sweatshop basis. The average in the cigar-making industry is about 70 per cent, while about 85 per cent of the production of men's shirts and pajamas is conducted on a sweatshop basis. "The State is powerless in many cases," Mr. Raushenbush said, "because no statutes prevent women from working for \$1 a week or men for any figure they'll accept."

Sweatshop conditions affect workers throughout the Commonwealth, from the anthracite coal miners of north-eastern Pennsylvania to the soft-coal miners of the southwest, and from the silk and hosiery mills of the east to the shops, factories, and mills of the west. The opening attack on these conditions by the "baby strikers" received immediate support from the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Pittsburgh Press*. The *Record* carried editorials and cartoons depicting the plight of the children, while the *Press*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper, devoted columns to its campaign to rid the State of the evils of the sweatshop. The editor of the *Press*, Edward T. Leech, spoke over the radio as part of the paper's fight. The minor victories in Philadelphia and Allentown are encouraging, but the war on the sweatshop has only begun.

Death of a Puritan

By ROBERT HERRICK

ON the seventh of this May an old man died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was perhaps the last of his kind. A small company of grave elderly folk gathered in the big imitation of the New England meeting-house that has replaced Appleton Chapel to honor this colleague, who more than anyone now living symbolized what Harvard College once was and no longer is, what New England and America once venerated and today jeer at—the Puritan. The entire life of this old man, whose years ran into the nineties, had been centered in Harvard College—as student, tutor, professor, overseer, and professor emeritus. The last third of his long life had been lived within the precincts of the Yard in an old wooden house that had formerly been the home of another Harvard worthy. During half a century his slight, drab person might have been seen any morning of the college year going across the college Yard to chapel. The Sunday before he died he attended morning service. After that day he never rose again from his bed, and thus completed the lifelong worship of his God.

Education—of himself and of others—was to George Herbert Palmer the one supremely worth-while human function. He magnified it, and its dignity was reflected in his every act. It was the highest form of human service and

thus approved of God. To be a university professor in Harvard College was the proudest and the noblest career to which man might aspire. To many generations of young men he was the living symbol of single-minded devotion to this ideal. Yet it was less to ideas and learning in itself than to the art of transmission of knowledge to others that he gave himself, and—what is the very essence of the great teacher—the evoking in others of whatever they might possess of intellectual and spiritual force. Withal he was humble; he could work with others, subordinate himself in order to gather around him in his department the ablest minds, men whose reputations as scholars and creative thinkers outshone his own. As he might have phrased it, he was content to merge his own fragmentary self in the greater glory of the whole—an almost forgotten virtue.

So many foolish and defamatory and ignorant things have been said latterly about the Puritan that it is necessary to reiterate those traits of the real Puritan that characterized George Herbert Palmer. Austere with himself in all material ways to the point of asceticism (which as an end in itself he despised), he rejoiced in many forms of art, literature, life. He gave of his modest earnings generously to others, especially to poor and ambitious youths, that they might thereby have more of the joy and beauty which he found in life and be of greater service to others. It is likely that nearly half of all he earned in his long life went in these unostentatious ways to enrich the lives of others.

He loved travel and from his boyhood made many long journeys to different parts of the world, not solely for professional advantage but for culture in the older sense of the word. He loved books and assembled a distinguished library of English literature, in which each acquisition meant judicious choice and pecuniary sacrifice. He loved pictures and sculpture and buildings and knew the treasures of European art as the tramping tourist can never know them, because in his leisurely fashion he lived among them. His personal attachments were strong and deep; anyone who has read his life of his wife must realize how romantically and passionately the Puritan could love. All these attributes of a varied and a rich life—and what better have our modern pagans to offer?—were harmonized within the orderly structure of religious beliefs. Living to him was a divine communion, and became a divine fulfilment.

His vacation periods were passed on the place that his ancestors had reclaimed from the New England wilderness. There he would sit long laborious days at his table in the bare outdoors room where he worked, meditating the felicitously exact phrases that after much toil and revision composed his books, occasionally raising his shortsighted eyes to gaze out over a green meadow to the fringe of pines beyond which rose the white steeple of the village meeting-house where his forefathers had worshiped, where he himself at times conducted the service. From work he might turn to reading aloud from some well-remembered classic—Homer, Sophocles, Milton, Browning, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, his own George Herbert. His taste in letters was catholic but aristocratic. Even when the blurred eyes no longer distinguished the printed symbols he would still hold a book and turn its pages, whose record echoed familiarly in his well-stored mind. All in all, there was a harmony, a serenity, a unity, in the life of this ancient Puritan that few in these days ever attain.

In the Driftway

IF the Drifter were in Dixie, as sometimes he has been at this season, he would be enjoying the sight of spacious plowed acres—great purple fields of rich loam stabbed with the green and pink of young cotton plants. For although the Drifter heard much last winter about overproduction of cotton, he is not sure that the hearing of the farmers of the South was as acute, and anyhow he knows them to be men of tradition who planted cotton this spring because they always had planted it and otherwise would not have known what to plant. After all, the South is the land of "co'n an' cotton," and if one can no longer grow those crops at a profit, what can one grow? So, although the Drifter never reads crop reports, he is serenely confident that all the way across the southern tier of the United States from Georgia to California there lie countless acres of cotton plants shooting up into the warm air.

* * * *

BUT although the South—much of it, at least—accepts change with considerable caution and some pain, it does accept it, and possibly is due soon to embrace the greatest evolution in its industrial life since, nearly 150 years ago, an inventive Massachusetts boy named Eli Whitney, while puttering around a farm in Georgia, devised a machine for separating cotton from its seeds. Eli Whitney's gin, which made enormous quantities of cotton available for manufacture at low cost, was one of the historic bases of the Industrial Age, but although in the interval since its introduction machines have been invented for harvesting almost all our other staple crops, it still is necessary to pick the great agricultural product of the South by hand. There have, of course, been many attempts to devise mechanical cotton pickers, but with little practical success. Recently, the Drifter hears from a correspondent, ■ machine has been invented by John D. Rust and his brother MacDonald Rust which when tried out in Louisiana last autumn seemed to many observers, including some technicians, to solve the problem. The new device makes use of a "wet spindle," somewhat as our grandmothers moistened the rotating spindle of the spinning wheel to cause the cotton to adhere to it in spinning thread. It is said that the new machine will reduce the cost of picking cotton, now \$10 to \$20 a bale, to \$1.70 or \$.85, doing the work of 40 to 100 human pickers according to the heaviness of the crop.

* * * *

THE human repercussion of this machine, if successful, is what most interests the Drifter. Inevitably it would end what is left—and there is a good deal—of the old plantation system historically associated with the South. The fact that much human labor is now necessary in picking cotton has meant a demand for many agricultural laborers—predominantly Negroes—at the harvest season, and if they are to be there then, they must somehow be supported through the rest of the year. Thus there has been a certain economic pressure against the introduction of machinery of any sort. As it is, the South presents odd contrasts in farming. In one section one sees a Negro man—or woman—precariously

guiding a single-share plow drawn by a patient mule, while in another a giant tractor will be hauling a string of multiple-disc plows relentlessly in its wake. If the mechanical cotton picker comes to the South, it will be in general use first in the section west of the Mississippi River. While the "Old South," lying to the eastward, has stuck tenaciously to tradition, the farmers of the great level acres of Texas and the irrigated cotton lands of Arizona and California's Imperial Valley have copied the agriculturists of the Middle West in the use of factory technique.

* * * * *

TO a country already desperate with the problem of unemployment the invention of a machine calculated to throw out of work several million more persons may seem to be a doubtful benefit. But maybe it isn't quite impossible to hope that a mechanical cotton picker, together with other factors, may lead men finally to use the machine for what from the first should have been its primary purpose—the creation of leisure for the masses through the drastic curtailment of human toil. So far the machine has availed hardly at all in that direction, having been concentrated in producing what we call a "higher standard of living." Part of this, of course, has been genuine progress, but a melancholy remainder has actually contributed to the stultification of intelligent human development by a bewildering, enmeshing plethora of jimcracks and gadgets.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Relieving Unemployment in Alameda County

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Babbitt has turned racketeer in this foggy county across the bay from San Francisco. Such a characterization may sound harsh, but when the unemployed are set to work strike-breaking at fifty cents a day net, it is no occasion for euphemisms. It must be noted, in fairness, that only the "indigent" unemployed are affected, and that they are not forced to work. Their allotment of fifteen cents' worth of groceries per day is merely discontinued if they refuse.

I am an "indigent," so I know whereof I speak. I have been strike-breaking, picking peas at fifty-four cents a hundred pounds, while armed deputies patrol the highways and loll in fence corners to the end that my head be not broken. An empty stomach argues most eloquently. Even the regular pea-pickers, inured to low wages, balked at this rate. Of course, it was really the long arm of the Communists, stirring up discontent, which put the idea of revolt into their heads. The newspapers make no bones about it. So when Judge Allen Norris, representative of the pea-growers, declared that 4,000 men could be given work, the Board of Supervisors of the county, pausing not an instant to examine the accuracy of his statement (lest he be offended, perhaps) withdrew "aid" from that number of "indigents." A practical plan for thwarting the red menace.

I am an active man, but not an adept at pea-picking. I can gross one dollar in a ten-hour day, which leaves me seventy-five cents after I buy gasoline to feed the greedy maw of my worn-out automobile. There are ominous streaks of white

fabric showing in the tread of the tires, but I shut my eyes to them. In a way I am fortunate. I have found a grower who could use an extra man. The young chap next door spent half a day and a precious half-dollar's worth of gasoline searching in vain. Furthermore, I live halfway out to the fields from the metropolis of Oakland. I am moved to wonder what net return accrues to the unfortunates who live in the city proper, as do the great majority of the "indigents." They must go twenty-five miles to the center of the pea fields—the round trip is fifty miles. With gasoline at seventeen cents per gallon the transportation cost must be fifty cents at the very minimum.

Of course, the down-and-out peasants who were once mechanics and clerks might net more than fifty cents a day if they stayed on the job and pitched their tents in the fields—if they had money to buy tents to shelter them against the dew and occasional showers. But the sheriff's deputies who guard the fields by day go home at night, and the chaparral is full of strikers, none of whom are in too good humor.

I have actually been searched for concealed weapons by fidgety sheriff's deputies, who, if their nervous actions are any gauge, will flee the pea fields in terror if the threat of the strikers materializes. I must admit, however, that the officers appear to have a measure of courage. Some forty of them, armed with clubs and pistols and with a reserve of tear-gas bombs, routed eighty "Communist" pea-strikers only the other day. Two pickers in our gang went home. Perhaps they had some money, or perhaps they had decided that robbing chain stores would be safer.

Yesterday we were crawling among the pea vines on a broad terrace overlooking the beautiful Valle Vista country and the bay. Higher up, in the shade of a eucalyptus grove, I could see a deputy with a rifle across his knees. He is placed there to keep the strikers from dashing in through the wild back-country canyons, and he is getting, I'm told, six dollars per day. I once earned that much, back in the dim past. I even got forty dollars a week and one week's vacation with pay! Why didn't I save some of it? I did. It's all in this house and this piece of land. I'm being foreclosed now. I'll be going down the road the last week in July.

Word has just come that two hundred "Communists" have fought a pitched battle with the deputies and State police. There is talk now of supplying the pickers with firearms. I need that seventy-five cents desperately, terribly, but—

Hayward, Cal., May 10

PEA-PICKER

Help Tom Mooney

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The present trial of Tom Mooney in San Francisco on an old indictment is a critical step in the struggle for his freedom. If the perjury of the original trial is exposed and an acquittal obtained—as is likely—the demand for his pardon can be put much more persuasively to the governor. If that fails, the trial record will furnish a new ground for resort to the federal courts. Mooney is entitled to the best possible showing in the present trial. For that he needs his witnesses, lawyers, and clerical help. But his Defense Committee is almost penniless. Mooney has appealed urgently to his friends to raise at once the less than \$1,000 needed to meet these expenses. His lawyers are volunteering their services.

Will readers of *The Nation* contribute, at once and generously, either directly to the Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, or through the American Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, which will transmit the funds to be used for the purposes indicated.

New York, May 19

ROGER BALDWIN

Mr. Lewisohn Is Right

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The hostile critics of Ludwig Lewisohn's article, Germany's Lowest Depths, seem precisely to miss the essential points he makes. These points are (1) the inner tragedy of the abandonment by German Jews of their cultural and religious heritage; (2) the practical and moral need for Jews everywhere to live as Jews.

Elmer Rice, whose comments are shot through with revealingly irrelevant strictures on Mr. Lewisohn's "comparatively recent conversion" and "the barbaric battle cry" of Judaism, states: "In so far as they [Jews] have succeeded in this process of adjustment, they have prospered; in so far as they have pursued the policy of self-segregation which Mr. Lewisohn advocates, they have laid themselves open to the hostility which the alien always incurs." Nazi Germany offers the most recent and complete disproof of this hypothesis. Passionately addicted to "adjustment," German Jews have merely intensified the suspicion and hostility of their enemies by their comparative indistinguishability. Indeed, it is the crypto-Jews and covert Jewish influence against which Nazi frenzy is chiefly directed.

Equally unsound is the logic of the question posed by Ephraim Cross and George L. Trager: "Just what would be the results of a return to the Jewish heritage?" "... what good would it do the Jews to further the cause of their enemies by admitting that they are everywhere an alien race?" Whatever good such admission might or might not do, it is at least clear that the denial of the racial bond has brought the German Jew neither outer security nor inner peace. And while I differ with Mr. Lewisohn's stressing of the religious character of the Jewish bond, his conclusion concerning the necessity for an open and avowed Jewishness—if only as a defense reaction or mechanism—seems inescapable. Citadels of refuge are as imperative to the spirit as to the body of a people.

But it is on a positive not a negative issue that Mr. Lewisohn's case ultimately rests. That issue is the right of groups—minorities and majorities alike—to self-realization and self-expression, and the duty of such groups mutually to safeguard this right. No issue is more fundamental to any civilization worthy the name. For it is increasingly clear that cultural and spiritual contributions are not made *in vacuo*, that as Maurice Samuel has written, "My people is my instrument for cooperating with mankind, my channel to humanity. It organizes my affections and hatreds and brings them to effective focus. . . . Love of humanity when not implemented by the love of a people, is usually gushy and diffused sentimentalism. Depend upon it that the man who works for the world as a whole, not through the most immediate, most natural, and most accessible passions, will forget the Eskimos one day, the Chinese the next."

Moreover, the manifest absurdity of Hitler's insistence on a "racially pure state" is merely the extreme and grotesque distortion of the thesis propounded by all Mr. Lewisohn's critics who hold with Mr. Rice that "the gradual breaking down of national, racial, and religious barriers is an essential part of any program for the establishment of an ordered and peaceful society."

However cloaked by millennial aspirations or shrouded in Communist doctrine, this thesis remains a plea for cultural uniformity and a spiritual stencil. As such it overlooks the human need for and right to *Eigenart*—as inherent in the group as in the individual. It wholly misses the basic insight of Mr. Lewisohn that the unity of mankind is not to be achieved at the cost of its national and racial units, whether these be Jewish or any other.

New York, May 14

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

Please Cancel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your misconception of contemporary affairs is astonishing. Through the Hitler party a new German nation, a young Germany, has been born. The enthusiasm is enormous. The dream is to get rid of the terrible Treaty of Versailles, which has done so much harm to the world and to our country. The treatment of the Hebrews is a side issue only. Now, there is a physical as well as a psychological law—that for every effect there is a commensurate cause. Apparently you have never tried to inquire into this sudden outburst of anti-Semitic feeling in Germany. I say sudden, because it did not exist prior to about fifteen years ago. And the cause is the conduct of the Hebrews during, but mainly after, the war. It was the Semite Erzberger who signed the Treaty of Versailles; in conjunction with the Socialists the Jews brought Germany to the brink of an abyss politically and, through the inflation ten years ago, financially.

I was rather fond of your publication for many years; but of late it has been on the downward path. It has stooped even so low as to resort to anonymity. The last three issues should have the cover title: *The Nation's Lowest Depth*. Please cancel my subscription.

St. Louis, May 10

C. BARCK

A Desperate Citizen

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am a married man with two children. I have worked steadily and saved some money so that I could give my children a proper education and teach them to be honest, upright citizens. A few years ago I purchased a home and was fairly happy. I have a number of life-insurance policies. I have money invested in a guaranteed-mortgage company and also for the past twenty-five years have paid into an organization for an old-age pension.

I lost my home because I lost my position and could not meet the mortgage payment. I tried to borrow on my insurance policies and could not secure any cash. I tried to sell my guaranteed mortgage and I am told I cannot receive any cash on it. I have a second mortgage on a piece of property and am not receiving anything on that. The organization which I have paid into for the last twenty-five years for a pension is in a very shaky position and I am afraid that that will fail shortly.

I have been unemployed now for several months. I have those insurance policies which I should be able to sell for about \$3,000; I have that guaranteed-mortgage bond on which I should be able to get about \$2,500; and I have money in those closed banks, money in a second mortgage, and money in that old-age organization. Why have the insurance companies a right to refuse to give me the surrender value on my insurance policies? Why can a mortgage company waive its rights on a guaranteed mortgage? Will you kindly let me know why insurance-company officials can receive large salaries and have steady positions while I cannot draw any of my money and have to see my family in want?

What am I to do to keep my family from suffering? Am I to become a vagrant and be sent to jail for being one? Am I going to be driven to steal or commit some other crime because I have been an honest, law-abiding, hard-working citizen? I am not signing this for the reason that I may be termed a radical and sent to jail.

New York, May 9

A DESPERATE CITIZEN

Finance

The Public Returns to Wall Street

BEHIND a new veil of sanctimonious reform Wall Street has been staging a jamboree that has brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of old-time traders. Laments for the lost glories of the Coolidge-Mellon bull markets have given way to a ballyhoo of applause for the new deal, accompanied by loud protestations of concern for the rights of investors and stockholders against the accounting practices and managerial abuses of large corporations. Within the inner circle, however, any private misgivings aroused by some of the principles of the Roosevelt Administration have been tempered by the gleeful discovery that the public has apparently forgotten its burned fingers of past years.

All the familiar signs of a bull market have returned. Once the prospects of inflation started prices rising and brought the public back into deserted customers' rooms, Wall Street demonstrated that its essential business of day-to-day manipulation of the prices of already issued securities at the expense of outside speculators can continue serenely, even though once profitable sidelines such as new security issues and security dealings by bank affiliates come under the cloud of governmental interference. Pool operations, which show the Wall Street system in its most typical form, are spreading like wild fire. The old game of rumor-mongering has been worked with a vengeance. And the public has demonstrated that its childlike faith in the words of wisdom circulating through the brokerage houses remains undimmed.

The ease with which the public succumbs to the carefully planned operations of pools is all the more pathetic since it requires no great perspicacity to detect these maneuvers. The recent price movements in Aviation Corporation of Delaware provide a good illustration. This company is now under the aegis of E. L. Cord, the frustrated little Napoleon of the automobile industry, who as president of the Auburn Automobile Company was closely identified by Wall Street with the notorious pools in that stock. Aviation Corporation also is reported to have gained the market sponsorship of Ben Smith, the erstwhile bear of great short-selling fame. Around the middle of April transactions in this stock suddenly jumped from 5,000 shares daily to an average of about 60,000 shares daily for a period of eight days, during which the market price was raised from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 10, an appreciation of 33 per cent. This phase had the familiar appearance of the period of pool accumulation. Then, to the accompaniment of widespread tips to buy aviation stocks, on April 26 a demonstration was staged. The volume of sales jumped to 100,000 shares and the price jumped $1\frac{1}{2}$ points to $11\frac{1}{2}$. This was a clear invitation to the public to come in and make money. For nine more days the public apparently did buy, judging from the daily volume of about 45,000 shares, but the bloom was off the rose—the market price of the stock ranged from about $10\frac{1}{2}$ to slightly over 12. Then interest dwindled and the daily transactions shrunk to a fraction of the former rate. What Wall Street calls a "jiggle" had been completed.

This is simply one illustration of the traditional Wall Street technique. There are any number of others that could be cited, all variations of the same trick. The pool in Electric Bond and Share, which has been one of the most precariously situated of the notoriously precarious public-utility holding companies, has been recently revived. In the abortive bull

market of last summer this pool carried Electric Bond and Share from 5 to 48, only to let the market price drop back eventually to 10. In the current rally, after the price of the stock had been marked up from 10 to 25, the public was enticed back in by a widespread barrage of propaganda about the so-called "liquidating" value of the stock, which in any form of true liquidation would be largely fictitious. There is also the pool in Continental Motors, a concern which has consistently lost money for the past three years. Aided by affiliations with some of the best tipsters in the Street, as well as with E. A. Pierce and Company, one of the largest brokerage houses, this pool quietly accumulated stock at from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 before the public was invited in. Since then the stock has never sold above $3\frac{1}{2}$.

The one other great source of profitable speculation in Wall Street has also been restored. This is that fine old custom of rugged individualism known as inside buying, whereby directors and officials of companies or their friends profit from advance information before it becomes public. A market rise bearing the familiar appearance of such buying occurred recently in the stock of the Libbey Owens Ford Glass Company, a concern manufacturing most of the so-called shatter-proof glass used in automobiles. Beginning at 10 on April 29, this stock advanced steadily, reaching $16\frac{1}{2}$ by May 7. Justification for this gain was revealed when Governor Lehman signed a bill requiring all new automobiles sold for use in New York State after January 1, 1935, to be equipped with shatter-proof glass. It is true that the stock continued to advance a few points after the news was out, but the early birds had a head start by a margin of $6\frac{1}{2}$ points. A source of possible embarrassment to the Governor in this performance is the fact that until April 13 his brother Robert was a director of Libbey Owens Ford, and that the firm of Lehman Brothers is still represented on the board.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to This Issue

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EMIL LENGYEL is the author of "Hitler" and "The Cauldron Boils," the latter of which deals with Eastern and Central European problems. He has long been an expert on mid-European affairs.

WILL MASLOW and E. MICHAEL WHITE, counsel for the City Affairs Committee, have represented the consumers in various utility cases.

PAUL COMLY FRENCH is a Philadelphia newspaperman. ROBERT HERRICK, author of "The Common Lot," "Together," and other novels, was graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1890 and came into close contact with Professor Palmer during his undergraduate days.

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Books, Architecture, Drama

How Can Man His Stature Know

By MARK VAN DOREN

How can man his stature know,
And so far grow?
How be incapable of less,
Or of excess?
How can man the image find
That shall be matter to his mind?

How can man be like the least
Clear herb or beast?
How be faithful, cold or warm,
To his own form?
How can man as plainly be
As the sure mole, nor ask to see?

How can man contrive to borrow
No more sorrow?
How return what he has taken?
Nor be shaken,
When he wears the world no longer,
By the simplicity of hunger?

One Scientist's Belief

The Causes of Evolution. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Science and Human Life. By J. B. S. Haldane. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

LIKE a good many other contemporary scientists, Professor J. B. S. Haldane writes some books with one hand and some with the other. In his case, however, neither is a left, and each of the two present volumes is first-rate in its own way. In the first he presents a semi-technical defense (concluding with some pretty stiff mathematics) of his thesis that Darwin was essentially right in regarding natural selection as the chief cause of evolution, even though the variations to be selected are, for the most part, furnished by gene modifications rather than, as Darwin supposed, by the piling up of inherited variations. In the second, he collects twenty-three miscellaneous essays embodying more or less speculative opinions concerning those questions upon which science has been able to throw some light without having furnished a conclusive answer.

Professor Haldane would be the last to deny that some of these opinions rest upon more solid foundations than others do. Yet even in the realm of opinion a certain importance is given to all his positions by the breadth as well as the thoroughness of his knowledge, by the fact that he is more likely than most to have considered all the available data before expressing his opinion. Perhaps, therefore, the most useful way to review the two books will be to systematize somewhat the various opinions expressed, in order to present the outline which he himself fails to give of his world view.

By way of preliminary it will be as well to state that, unlike Plank and Einstein, he is ready to accept the possibility that the behavior of the individual atom is ultimately indeterminate, but entirely unwilling to attribute to this possible fact the con-

sequences deduced by Eddington, who has suggested that it furnishes a basis for the belief that man is to be regarded primarily as an organism governed by a free will. Whatever the ultimate limits of mechanistic determinism may be, "the investigation of human behavior on scientific lines makes it clear that most of our actions, and in particular most of our moral choices, are rigidly determined." Perhaps it is also worth while to state in these preliminaries that he is radical in politics and distinctly sympathetic to Russia, though he is not a Communist, largely because he believes that the extent of the Communists' emphasis upon economics is unjustified.

Let us now begin at the beginning. Professor Haldane, unlike Jeans, is inclined to believe that the universe need not have been wound up once and for all at a definite moment, but that there is a finite possibility that the present order of the material universe could have organized itself out of chaos. Once that order was established in inanimate nature, life could have come into being, not as the result of a definite creation and not at one step, but through the development of chemical compounds which occupied a position midway between living and non-living matter, similar to that now occupied by the "bacteriophages" found associated with certain microbes. The fact that of two possible types of molecular organization only one is found in any living matter leads him to conclude that this evolution of life took place only once, and that all living things are descended from the one aboriginal organism. But once life is thus established, all subsequent developments become possible, he believes, as the result of potentialities inherent in matter, even though he rejects certain limitations which old-fashioned materialists would impose upon those potentialities.

It is probable that acquired characteristics are not inherited to any very large extent. On the other hand, experiments in artificial selection seem to result in the rather rapid establishment of "pure lines," which cannot be further modified by the selection from among ordinary variations. It is therefore unlikely that evolution took place as the result of the piling up of either acquired characteristics or ordinary variations. But since mutation may possibly involve not only the accumulation of numbers of genes having a similar action, but also the very slow modification of a single gene, it seems probable that all species originated as the result of natural selection operating upon the varieties produced by mutation.

Man, then, has become what he now is as the result of phenomena over which, so far, he has exercised little control. If, however, his future is to be a success, it is necessary that he begin to exercise the control which science makes possible. This does not mean that science must replace morality, and, indeed, it cannot do so for the simple reason that, though science can point out the consequences of lines of conduct, it cannot determine what is "right" and what is "wrong." Neither does it mean that the government of the world should be given over to the fanatics of hygiene or eugenics, whose conclusions are very often based upon ignorance. What it does mean is that man must learn to study scientifically the consequences of any line of action. In the past he has sometimes achieved the end he had in view even though his conduct was based upon a wholly erroneous theory—as when, for example, he successfully founded democracy upon the demonstrable and monstrous fallacy that all men are equal. But the fact that success can sometimes be achieved for reasons other than those which led to a course of action does not render error any less dangerous in general, and the only way to be sure we get what we want is to proceed upon correct principles.

Man is probably capable of evolving into a creature vastly superior to what he now is. Nevertheless, experiment does not confirm the simple dogmas of the eugenicists, and little can be

done in the way of controlled breeding of human beings until a great deal more is known about the science of genetics and about psychology. The complicated possibilities presented by the way in which genes are paired off when the sperm and the egg unite enable us to understand why eugenics is not so simple as some suppose, but we do not yet know enough actually to produce what we want to produce, and for some time to come we shall probably be in a position where we can do no more than eliminate certain grossly undesirable things like the transmission of hereditary syphilis and the breeding among themselves of certain definite types of imbeciles. Nevertheless, we are rapidly approaching the point where our progress or our collapse will be the result of the capacity of the men who govern our destinies. "If our civilization breaks down, it may be because modern industry and transport require organization on so vast a scale that human minds of sufficient reach for the purpose are not available."

I have, of course, been able to report only a few of Professor Haldane's key opinions, and even in the case of them I have been compelled to omit the supporting argument. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable thing about the two books is the fact that so much should turn out to have been systematically covered in a group of essays which get their unity not from any predetermined plan but merely from the fact that they happen to be the product of an extraordinary mind. There is, indeed, only one thing which I wish that Professor Haldane had discussed more fully. He obviously sees the danger inherent in the fact that our increasing knowledge is giving us power to affect the human race as a whole faster than it is giving us any ability to use that power wisely, or even with a sufficient knowledge of the results we are producing. What are the chances that we will ultimately escape destruction at our own hand? We know how to make dynamite. Do we know how to prevent it from going off?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Youthful English Middle Age

Under the Fifth Rib: A Belligerent Autobiography. By C. E. M. Joad. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

Is Christianity True? A Discussion between C. E. M. Joad and Arnold Lunn. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

MR. CYRIL JOAD, son of Oxford, begins his hard-hitting autobiography by telling us what he was like when, in 1910, he went up to Balliol with a classical scholarship. He presents himself as a typical product of what is called in England a public school—that is, a private and privileged school. He was entirely ignorant of the major events that have determined the course of Western civilization. Modern history was a blank. He had never heard of Galileo, Kant, or Goethe, of Darwin or Faraday, of Thomas Hardy or Bernard Shaw. Such ignorance was, I doubt not, characteristic of certain schools as recently as twenty years ago; it could hardly, I think, be found among senior boys in England today. His college is the one institution for which Mr. Joad admits affection, and he is right, for Balliol gave him his start, and an enviable start, in the intellectual life. His Oxford days were ending when Europe went over the abyss in 1914. He escaped the war, and has ever since been a downright pacifist. "War," says he, "is the one thing that can unite men; it is the one thing they all know to be wrong."

Now Mr. Joad (whose name, by the by, rhymes with road, not Troad) is in the most emphatic sense a child of his age, although belonging to a great school of thought which has fallen to the minority position. He is a convinced believer in Reason, and he rejoices in throwing himself against the cliques and popular crazes of the time. His dislikes are so hearty that at

any moment he will turn aside from his own adventures in order to rail against the things he hates, such as the tricks of musicians or the malignant influences that are bringing ruin to the simple joys of the English countryside. He is frank enough about himself; tells of his heady delight in talk and public speaking, of the cocksure youthful ways which caused him to be disliked, of his habit of purloining epigrams and drawing on his invention for his facts. With no little pungency he gives us his preferences in music and modern novels and food. He loves England, and vows that he leaves its shores on one account alone, "the unparagoned brutality of its diet." There is in this personal record less than one might have expected about the author's proper work, which is the popularizing of philosophy. As a lucid and challenging exponent of the main forms of modern thought Mr. Joad has made for himself a distinctive place in a world that is increasingly conscious of itself and its confusion. He is dogmatic about all subjects, and particularly about America, which as yet he does not know. He has, for instance, a notion that the skyscrapers of an American city tend to an unrelieved monotony. Hence he may look for surprises one day on the other side of the Atlantic.

At a time like the present a debate on the truth of Christianity was certain to be undertaken by a pair of writers either here or there. To Mr. Joad's rationalism Mr. Lunn opposes the Anglo-Catholic position, which, as T. S. Eliot is discovering, is the hardest of all positions to defend upon the ground of either history or philosophy. Mr. Joad is the more forceful champion. Mr. Lunn relies continually upon a feline trick of making personal or other small points. More than half the way has been traversed before the actual case is opened, two dozen letters and more having been devoted to almost anything but the truth of Christianity. The disputants have been talking about pain and evil, prayer, the Middle Ages, monasticism, persecution, and what not. Both in turn give evidence of having read up hurriedly. Joad corrects Lunn about "The Bhagavad-gita," and Lunn in reply shows himself, for a man born in India, to be in a shocking muddle. Both writers are careless in the extreme about proper names, and Mr. Joad has an odd way of distributing knighthoods. Why should he confer a "Sir" upon professors so well known to us all as Gilbert Murray and George Trevelyan? The book, I need not say, makes very lively reading, and it is right in the track of the modern citizen, young or old.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

German Big Business

Cartels, Concerns, and Trusts. By Robert Liefmann. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$6.

IN these troubled times, when the world is again aflame with passion and thought, Germany is taking stock of her economic system. According to reports in the press Hitler is waging war on department stores, cooperative societies, trade unions, chain stores, and public housing projects, and is proposing to return business, building, and real-estate manipulation to the petty bourgeois—those "natural mediators between capital and labor." And Spengler warns his countrymen that the prosperity of great capitalism, with high wages for skilled and organized labor, founded on imperialism and the exploitation of backward peoples, is now passing forever, bringing in the reaction social consequences of immense significance to the future of the West.

Amid these circumstances an English edition of Dr. Robert Liefmann's work on cartels, concerns, and trusts is peculiarly appropriate. While the volume treats the subject broadly and brings other countries into the picture, it devotes special attention to the experience of Germany with these forms of giant

capitalism. The volume is divided into six parts: the nature and origin of cartels, the effects of cartels on industry, the effects of cartels on the consumer, state regulation of cartels, concerns, and amalgamations, and trusts or monopolistic concerns. The term cartel is defined as a voluntary agreement between, or an association of, independent enterprises of a similar type to secure a monopoly of the market. The essential point emphasized is the monopolization or domination of the market.

In method of treatment, the volume is systematic rather than historical or speculative. Cartels are classified into regional or zone, price-fixing, and production organizations. Then an inquiry is made into the effects of cartels on firms within their range, on the expansion of the cartelized industries, on outside producers, on the workers, on rationalization and technical progress, on production, on price-cutting for export, on merchants, and on trade fluctuations. For American readers the chapter dealing with legal regulation of cartels in Germany will doubtless prove most interesting and relevant, especially the passages describing the provisions and operations of the Ordinance against the Misuse of Economic Power, published in 1923. If, as suggested, the Sherman anti-trust law should be modified and trade associations permitted under regulations enacted in the public interest, German experience would prove illuminating. Also pertinent to the American situation is the chapter on state encouragement and nationalization of cartels.

From cartels Dr. Liefmann passes to concerns and amalgamations. A concern he defines as "a merger of firms which remain juridically independent of one another into a single unit for purposes of productive technique, administration, trading, or (especially) finance." Here he gives examples and describes methods employed. In the trust he finds the two tendencies—toward monopolistic association and toward the formation of great industrial complexes—converging in a monopolistic fusion or merger. In some cases the distinctions are not clean-cut, but these conceptions serve for convenient grouping and do in fact correspond with fair accuracy to the characteristics covered.

Having analyzed cartels, concerns, and trusts, and described their organization and methods, Dr. Liefmann faces the future, somewhat gingerly, in the final chapter. Are we headed for a restoration of competition, private monopoly, state control, or socialization? Our author does not speak dogmatically, although his personal opinion is clear. He does not accept the Socialist contention that this gigantic organization of industry is only a step to socialization. He finds a great deal of capitalism—private enterprise, initiative, competition—within the frame of organization and, like most American economists, desires to "save" as much of capitalism as possible. He agrees with the Socialists in thinking that "the sphere of state economic action will certainly be extended still further," but believes that striving for gain on the part of employers and employees should not be eliminated. He holds that "the proletarians must be given a better chance of climbing, and must be given an interest in production by means of profit-sharing schemes." With reference to social leveling up, Dr. Liefmann would rely mainly on income and inheritance taxes. In a valuable analytical introduction Professor D. H. MacGregor, of Oxford University, goes a step beyond the author and contemplates the possibility of stabilizing industry and employment and integrating the interests of producer, employee, and consumer, placing certain industries, perhaps, on the basis of utilities affected with a public interest. If the reader wishes to do his own speculation as to coming things, this volume furnishes solid substance, which should be supplemented by Laidler's "Concentration in Industry" and that still more microscopic and challenging book—Berle and Means's "The Modern Corporation and Private Property." And the writings of Lenin for 1917, now available in English, ought to be added to this body of materials and thought.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Charlotte's Dream Empire

Legends of Angria. Compiled from the Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë by Fannie E. Ratchford, with the Collaboration of William Clyde DeVane. Yale University Press. \$3.50.

WHEN, in 1846, Charlotte Brontë began work on "Jane Eyre," her first published novel, she was, in some sort, already a practiced novelist. Apart from the previously written and posthumously published "The Professor," she had produced between the ages of fourteen and twenty-four over fifty works, many of them of fair size, whose pages number more than those of her published canon. Although the existence of these works has been known, they have been generally deprecated, and only two fragments have been printed. The publication by Miss Ratchford and Professor DeVane of a selection of four novels and one long narrative poem gives to students of Brontë and of the processes of genius their first chance to judge the value of the work.

It is doubtful if many will find this value to be intrinsic. The stories are marked by the aplomb, the fertility, and the strange inchoate power that so often characterize the juvenilia of genius. They are not quaintly inept; they merely fall short of realization and are dull. One cannot, however, miss the immediate connection of many scenes in these stories with the passionate and complex psychological conflicts of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," or of some of the lines with the satire of those volumes. But on the whole it is the conception of these stories and the history of their writing which make their interest.

When Charlotte was ten, her father—that misrepresented man—bought for Branwell a box of wooden soldiers which the children fell in love with, baptized with heroic names, and made the creatures of their fertile imaginations. Charlotte's was the Duke of Wellington, but his name, like that of the other wooden heroes, varied: they were Goody, Bady, Bravey, Sneaky, Rogue; also Captain Tree, Sergeant Bud, Major Arbor. Charlotte's own triumph in naming was a Mr. S'death. Of these heroes and villains the children became the presiding genii, and for them they built the magic city, Verdopolis, on the banks of the Niger, about which grew a mighty African empire. With this land of Angria all four children were concerned, until Emily and Anne left it for another race, the Gondals.

For Charlotte the kingdom of the Angrians became a living and present reality. Although Branwell supplied the history, engineering, and statistics, it was she who gave it life. It became more than a story to her, and it was for this land rather than for Haworth that she was homesick when she had to leave the work behind for her teaching.

Scott was the chief model of her first stories, but Byron soon replaced him. Byron dictated both the emotional tone of the stories and the character of the chief hero, Arthur Wellesley, son of the original "Duke of Wellington," called variously the Marquis of Douro and Duke of Zamorna. He, with his ruthlessness, sexuality, and arrogance, is obviously the prototype of Rochester; she adored his amorality and made fun of his arrogance.

When Charlotte ventured to send several of her stories to Southey and Wordsworth, they advised her against her dream empire and she promised to come closer to England. But, as the editors point out, her genius was forcing her unconsciously in this direction, and her later pieces begin to show a kind of worldly realism. However, the roots of the complex and wild passions of the Angrian dynasty were, fortunately, very deep; they remained, and from them springs half the greatness of Charlotte Brontë's mature work.

LIONEL TRILLING

Interpreting the Jews

History and Destiny of the Jews. By Josef Kastein. Translated from the German by Huntley Paterson. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

THE new work of Josef Kastein is not so much a history of the Jews as an eloquent, philosophic, and on the whole orthodox discourse on their history. The author has a gift for generalization, which means that even when his facts are weak, as they occasionally are, his power of persuasion is strong. He is always plausible, he is sometimes magnificent, but too seldom at critical points is he altogether accurate. Yet this defect is not fatal, for a work such as this may be brilliant and useful, although its details remain questionable. Kastein, one feels on every page, is writing not as a scholar patiently expounding his subject in the light of every available source of knowledge, but as a passionate German Jew almost conscious of the fate about to befall his people and striving to fortify them against the blow by an interpretation of their existence in terms of the past and future.

"The main object of this book," he writes, "is to reveal the *raison d'être* of the Jewish people." This gives at once not only the measure of the work, but a clue to Jewish history itself. No serious history of England or France would concern itself for long with the reason for the existence of the English or French people; the fact of their presence needs no continuous explanation. But time and again—after the Babylonian capture of Jerusalem, after its Roman destruction, after the exterminative persecutions in almost every land of the dispersion—the Jews by every rule of the game should have disappeared. Yet they survived, and often in increasing numbers. This survival, the earmark and probably the most astonishing achievement of the Jew, obviously stands in need of more than a descriptive statement.

Kastein's explanation is frankly religious. He judges the forces animating the Jews and their neighbors in the spirit of Jewish tradition. He clothes this spirit, however, in modern phrases, and, as closely as its nature permits, fits it to modern ideas. As a result, the reader who can accept his premises—the man who believes that history is "an ideated force liberated from the cosmos upon the living reality of communities," who believes furthermore that the "transgression" of the individual and of humanity is a "disturbance of the course of cosmic events"—will here discover Jewish history couched in an acceptable language, a reduction of Isaiah to the terms of current philosophic patter, which will give him at least the illusion that he has penetrated the riddle of the Jews and the comfort that he understands their destiny. The reader who cannot accept these premises, who is willing to leave the cosmos *aus dem Spiele*, who looks to economics, politics, theological myths, and other ordinary human inventions to explain the story of a people, will nevertheless be indebted to Kastein for giving him a sympathetic understanding of the Jewish past as the Jews have themselves seen it. And both readers should be grateful for the author's generalship in marshaling his material—there is no more dispersed and confusing subject in the world than the scenes and actors in the Jewish drama—for his frequent illuminating insight, and for his generous treatment of Jewish mysticism, a force usually slighted by historians.

The Jews, as Kastein interprets them, were fated by their moral and political gifts to conceive a perfect theocracy. By their own transgressions, however, they failed to realize their conception. But their destiny remained and still remains before them. "Judaism has no mission and has never sent out missionaries [!]. But it is a living paradigm of all the ultimate principles which the life of humanity requires." Hence, to be

a "chosen people" means to survive "as an example" to mankind, which sounds like a mission after all, and one to be heard preached from countless Jewish pulpits.

Guided by this interpretation, the author unfolds the course of Jewish events, with results that one can readily foresee: in the description of a major theme in Jewish thought, as the Jews themselves conceived it, the interpretation is sound enough; as the basis for an impartial judgment of the relations between Jews and Gentiles, for the understanding of the many forces that influenced Jewish destiny, it leads to nonsense. The ancient East which produced and molded the Jews is practically ignored. The Greeks and Romans are reduced to a caricature. No adequate weight is given to the fact that the Jews had a tenable theologic and economic place in the medieval world—a place which, as much as their own notions of destiny, accounted for their survival. And their present plight is completely distorted. In the East they are oppressed in common with other national minorities and for much the same reasons. In the West they are disintegrating for no "transgression," but because the theocratic basis of Judaism, in common with that of Christianity, is being wrecked by the forces of science and human reason.

Finally, no effort is made to criticize the theocratic ideal itself, the concept of a mission, or the pride of cultural achievement so long as it concerns the Jews. When the Greek state failed, it was because Greek ideals were wrong and the Greeks themselves were politically incompetent. When the Jewish state fell into the corrupt hands of the Hasmonean and Herodian dynasties, it was due to no inherent defect, but either to Jewish "transgression" or to Roman cunning. "Peoples, like individuals, feel the need of proving their superiority. And if their longing for recognition be thwarted . . . their reaction is overcompensation in the form of . . . rapturous chauvinistic self-appreciation." This sounds very much like an explanation of the Jewish mission; but, no, it is an analysis of anti-Semitism among the ancient Greeks and the modern Poles and Hungarians. The Jews of Germany now stand, alas, in need of history written in this strain; but elsewhere, we may hope, that day has passed.

Mr. Paterson is to be congratulated upon the carefulness and fluency of what must have been a most difficult translation.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Shorter Notices

We Need One Another. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Equinox Cooperative Press. \$2.

Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship. By Dorothy Brett. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

Two essays first published in *Scribner's* have been given a tasteful imprint in this private offering of the Equinox Press. The title essay remains perhaps Lawrence's purest bit of expository writing on his primary theme of the relationship of the sexes, and well deserves this edition. "Lawrence and Brett" will be read by everyone interested in day-by-day pictures of the fascinating, if alarming, Lawrence household—already passing into legend—and for some excellent descriptive writing of its own. The reader, however, will have to suffer exposure to a mawkishly worshipful attitude on the part of this number-three unit of a very distressing *ménage à trois*, which shows itself in the use of the adoring schoolgirl's "you" for designation of Lawrence throughout the whole book, and in an increasingly disingenuous spitefulness toward the number-two member of the trio. The almost pathological submissiveness toward her hero reaches its nadir, perhaps, in this passage: "We ride down and get the mail. . . . After supper, you read through yours. You blow your

nose in most of the letters you receive: so many of your letters you use as handkerchiefs! (Years later, I used especially soft paper to write to you on, so that you could blow your nose comfortably in them.)"

Psycho-Analysis Today. Edited by Sandor Lorand. Covici-Friede. \$4.25.

The reviewer remembers attending, as a medical student, a clinical lecture at an insane asylum, and asking his professor, who was a famous psychiatrist, what measures were taken to prevent the development of psychoses in children and young adults. The answer was so irrelevant as to leave no doubt that the conception of prevention had not even entered the mind of the psychiatrist, who was fully occupied with classifying his patients and giving them hopeless prognoses. The keynote of the present book is the possible prevention of mental illness through the use of psychoanalysis. However, psychoanalysis is presented not only as a weapon with which to combat insanity; it may also be a means of molding character and eventually modifying the social relations of mankind. Though one may not be ready to accept psychoanalysis as fully or as enthusiastically as do the authors of this book, its importance in modern thought must be realized. The book deals not only with the effects of psychoanalysis on the conception and treatment of mental diseases, but also with its relation to religion, law, art, and anthropology. The authors are nearly all Freudians and include such representative names as A. A. Brill, Ernest Jones, Sandor Ferenczi, and Franz Alexander. Their contributions will prove more valuable to laymen and physicians than more detailed volumes because they are written more simply and with more effort for clarity than the usual book on the subject. Perhaps a later edition will include a chapter entitled *The Scientific Basis of Psychoanalysis*, to demonstrate that psychoanalysis does not depend entirely on the authority of Freud for its validity.

The Waiting City: Paris, 1782-1788. By Louis-Sebastian Mercier. Translated from the French and Edited with Preface and Notes by Helen Simpson. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

Mercier was a well-known figure in Paris before, during, and after the revolution. Witty and aggressive, he quarreled with the royal authorities before the revolution, baited Robespierre during the revolution and escaped, and lived to see the waning of Napoleon's empire. His witty and wholly fascinating book, of which this edition, full though it is, is an abridgment, resembles such a book as "Only Yesterday" as a panorama of an epoch. Indeed, our own urban civilization of the twenties, with its psychopathies, its crazes, its stock booms and depressions, seems strikingly similar to that of Mercier's "waiting city."

Mexico Before Cortez. By J. Eric Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

Mr. Thompson does his task very well. He writes clearly and manages to make interesting the factual information that in another treatment might have been dull. He first gives an account of Mexican history before the Conquest; follows with a description of the cycle of life in Mexico from the ceremonies attending birth to the funeral rites; then takes up the arts, crafts, and industries, the social organization, war and trade (which, anticipating our time, was the advance guard of Aztec imperialism), religion, the calendar, the place of human sacrifice, the organization of the priesthood, literature, and architecture.

[In *The Nation* of May 10 the price of "Los Angeles: A History with Side-Shows," by Morrow Mayo, was incorrectly stated as \$2.50. The price is \$2.85.]

Drama Summary I

THERE is no particular reason why I should trouble my readers with painful details concerning the three or four ill-advised productions which have made night hideous during the past week. They indicate only that the more experienced managers have decided to call it a season, and that we might as well proceed to our concluding remarks upon a winter which will go down in theatrical history as one which tried the hearts of producers as they have not been tried in a generation. At the moment only twenty-seven of the sixty-odd theaters are open for business, and there was no time during the year when there were not almost as many dark playhouses as lighted ones. Many of them will probably never be needed again, and theatrical real estate will probably continue to be a very dubious investment until a considerable number are eliminated entirely.

If this were all that there was to say, then critics might well be almost as gloomy as the producers themselves; but the season was not by any means so bad from the standpoint of the spectator as it was from the standpoint of the show business as such. Perhaps no plays of outstanding importance were produced; perhaps, indeed, the new plays as a whole were less interesting than they have been for several years past; but there was no time during the course of the winter when one did not have one's choice of several productions well worth an evening's time. Certainly, more excruciatingly bad plays than usual reached at least a first night, but that did not mean that bad playwrights had suddenly multiplied in the atmosphere of the depression. It meant merely that playhouses were to be had cheap from owners or lessees who had no use for them, and that, accordingly, all sorts of deluded authors and their deluded friends invaded a field which, in happier years, would not have been open to them. Several inconceivably bad productions achieved a hitherto almost unheard-of distinction when they closed after a single performance, but one is not to conclude from that that they would have run very much longer in more prosperous times. They would, in all probability, never have opened at all.

Far more discouraging is the fact that various plays of considerable merit died either prompt or lingering deaths, while all the outstanding financial successes were achieved by pieces whose distinction it was to do very well indeed something not especially worth doing at all. On the one hand, the public gave but languid support to such things as "Success Story," and "Both Your Houses," while it gave no support to all to so fine a play as Somerset Maugham's "For Services Rendered." On the other hand, it flocked to Miss Crother's innocuous "When Ladies Meet," to the meretricious "Dinner at Eight" of Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman, and to Mr. Coward's elaborate much-ado, "Design for Living"—which, by the way, has just closed after a seventeen-week run on Broadway during the course of which enthusiastic spectators paid a total of about \$425,000 for the privilege of hearing Mr. Lunt, Miss Fontanne, and Mr. Coward discuss "an unpremeditated roll in the hay." Most of the other successes have been mild, for though "Biography," the finest play of the year, is now in its sixth month, it has not been what Broadway calls a "smash hit," and such other successes as "Goodbye Again," "One Sunday Afternoon," and "Forsaking All Others" have run along in a far from spectacular fashion.

It was not always thus. At the end of one previous season I congratulated everybody on the fact that no really good play

had failed to draw a considerable audience, even though, of course, popularity was never exactly proportionate to merit. This year, on the other hand, some of the best of the new plays have failed dismally, and one has seen happen again what seems always to happen to the theater when its business is bad. Failures became more frequent both among the worst and the best of the offerings, and it was competent mediocrity which always got the best chance. Prosperity is supposed to debase one's taste and hardship is supposed to elevate it, but the spiritual awakening supposed to follow the depression is so far no more evident in the theater than the spiritual awakening supposed to follow the war ever was. In fact, I doubt very seriously that the phenomenon we have just witnessed has anything to do with anyone's spiritual state. Whenever audiences shrink, it becomes more and more necessary to strike somewhere near the common denominator of a very large group, and the common denominator of every large group is found in some form or other of skilful mediocrity.

Next week I shall award prizes of nothing each for the outstanding plays and performances of the year.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Submarine Pictures

"MORGENROT," currently showing at the Little Carnegie with English subtitles, is the latest addition to the fairly large number of pictures in recent seasons which have concentrated their action within the extremely cramped area of the submarine. The new German film follows so closely after Metro-Goldwyn's "Hell Below" at the Astor that one is practically compelled to speculate as to just what there is about this particular instrument of modern warfare which makes it so appealing to the dramatic imagination. It has, of course, the fascination which all such instruments of warfare possess for the civilian audience; it is certainly one of the most terrifying of them; and "Morgenrot" is, among other things, a bitter indictment of a world in which such perversions of human ingenuity are employed by one race of men against another. But tanks, long-range guns, and poison gas are also very terrifying, and yet none of these has been used with quite the same dramatic effectiveness. It would seem to be not so much its deadly purpose as its construction and certain features of its operation which make the submarine a background for dramatic conflict unique to our time. Always in these pictures the climax comes when we are suddenly confronted with a group of men caught in a steel cylinder at the bottom of the sea. Around their bodies the water creeps ever higher, the food is almost gone, and their watches tick off the hours, minutes, seconds before the very air itself will be spent, leaving them entangled among the ruins of their cunning machinery. It is then that we experience an emotion that rises not so much out of conscious reflection as out of some more dimly intuitive recognition of the full meaning of their predicament. The image that occurs, of course, is the trap, which is perhaps the most dramatic of all images, since there is not a single human situation which cannot be visualized finally as a kind of trap, from which escape will or will not be effected. The special force of the image here is that for once it is not merely parallel, but real and concrete: the struggle with time and space is localized in this microcosm of man's invention caught within the macrocosm of nature. As a result, the emotion which we always feel before the fact of human isolation—that helpless lost feeling of being alone in a hostile universe, which has been the basis of so many religions

and so many masterpieces—is intensely objectified. An emotion which is normally diffused in our everyday living is crystallized by finding its appropriate concrete situation or pattern. The submarine on the ocean floor becomes ourselves or our world tapping out messages to a universe that does not always respond.

At any rate, if one accepts such an analysis, "Morgenrot" will be found to have a much deeper interest than it has as the argument for pacifism which the centering of its story also makes it. The emotional center is the provincial German mother who has lost two sons and just misses losing a third in the war undersea. As admirably played by Adele Sandrock, she has submitted to a kind of harsh Northern fatalism of mood and attitude which prevents either sentimentality or propagandist ardor. And this mood and attitude dominate most of the other characters in the picture, including the U-boat captain himself, who asks his men before giving them the life-preservers, "Why should we save ourselves?" As a matter of fact, the film goes very much deeper than the usual propaganda picture; and despite its exciting reproduction of undersea warfare it is not likely to be popular. But for its general distinction of acting, direction, and story "Morgenrot" must be counted among the half-dozen best films of the year.

Nothing in the screen version of Alfred Döblin's "Berlin—Alexanderplatz" explains the ban that has been placed on that novel by the Hitler regime. The picture is a slow-paced study of Berlin's underworld, a little reminiscent of our gangster films of a few seasons ago, and like them also in its theme of redemption through love. As the street hawker who has served a term in jail for killing his sweetheart, Heinrich George gives a vigorous performance which does much to redeem this unsuccessful attempt to translate an essentially subjective work of fiction to the screen.

The trouble with such "big" dramatic ideas as the one on which "The Warrior's Husband" (Radio City Music Hall) is founded is that once the trick is out one's interest is put to too severe a test. The big idea here was to build a hilarious satire on the sexes around the classical story of Theseus's war against the Amazons. The settings, costumes, and dialogue are all in the tradition of Korda's treatment of "Helen of Troy." Marjorie Rambeau, as the warlike Hippolyta, gets a certain amount of humor out of her role, but Ernest Truex's playing of the husband who stays at home and makes himself beautiful is pretty consistently embarrassing. "The Warrior's Husband" may be summed up as a bad joke carried out on a large scale.

WILLIAM TROY

Architecture

The Rockefeller Necropolis

IN New York City there are several graveyards that make life easier for the living, who receive a present of free space and sunshine from the dead. John Sloan, the painter, declares that the entire city seen from above resembles a vast cemetery. Be that as it may, the association between Rockefeller Center and some giant burial place has suggested itself to a great many people, so that a report in such terms represents less an individual discovery than the general opinion. The mood of the place is gray, unreal, and baleful.

Among these stones the R. C. A. building is the latest and largest. The photographs and renderings generally show it head-on, a high, narrow, shapeless crag, split straight down two sides. Broadside it is a high flat slab, regular except for the narrow front already mentioned, which is hewn with a few steep setbacks. These setbacks come around the sides in a still

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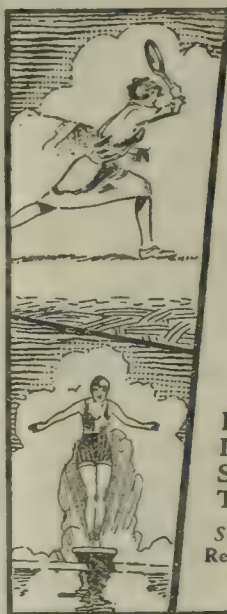
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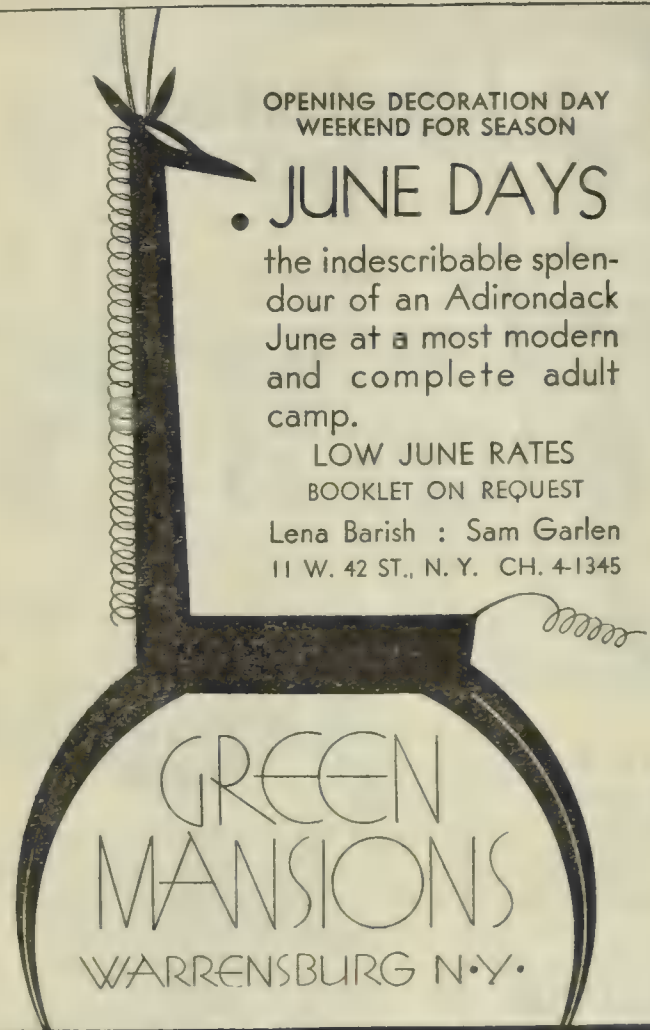
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shallower fashion, as if the stone had spalled in layers. This vast seventy-story surface is punctured by the inevitable penitentiary windows of our skyscrapers; gray limestone in the areas between them, gray cast aluminum underneath. With time this aluminum will turn a darker slate color, as has already occurred on the Empire State, and the effect will be more in the nature of vertical stripes. There was a Frenchman, Jules Guérin, who thrived as a renderer at about the time of the last Chicago Fair; his trick was to produce a wash that was apparently an absolute monotone, and yet through this shroud to suggest a ghost-like life. Rockefeller Center would be the appropriate subject for so skilful and anemic a brush.

The new structure is tall enough to produce a sense of awe, which the dulness and drabness shade into horror. Along the copings there is some relief in the shape of slight cast tracery, with a faintly clerical suggestion—the last dying remnant of the sort of sugar frosting that in lustier days was conferred by one of the present architects on the candy tower of the *Chicago Tribune*. Over the entrances is some silly symbolic carving, "styled," one might say, "in the modern manner," of a sort that in an up-to-date cemetery might be found on the tomb of a respectable yet progressive family. These small details remain insignificant, however, upon the great vacant mass of the anomalous structure, and serve mainly to render the boast of one of the architects, that the homely affair resembles the face of Lincoln, as silly as the carving is itself.

Inside, the R. C. A. building has the look, as a friend remarked, of "just waiting for the corpses," though for a short time there was one small spot of extremely colorful and lively activity. On the most prominent inside wall, directly opposite the entrance, Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, had lodged a huge and highly skilful poster calling down doom—in the name of science, industry, and the people—on all the forces that had created the wall on which he worked. That single spot of life has of course since then been covered up, and the mural too now slumbers shrouded in peace. It is expected that there will replace it some bright hunks, rags, and daubs of pigment by someone like the meretricious Brangwyn; but it is dubious whether such over-ripeness is going to lift the gloom.

Under the plaza in the middle of the block on which the R. C. A. building faces, there have already been excavated underground passages, to remind us of the time when the city and the realtors thought they could build endless double-, triple-, and quintuple-decker streets, subways, L's, and superhighways, without going bankrupt. These underground stores are being hopefully endowed with fronts. On the East Side subway, I believe at Hunt's Point, there already exist such underground stores in a state that might have provided a dire warning. Yet who knows? New Yorkers are gluttons for punishment.

What might a philosophic mind within the Rockefeller family have come to think of Rockefeller Center? These people have already impressed the city with their gallantry. When Mr. Rockefeller was admiring the tombs of Egypt, and contemplating a monument for his own city in the "Egyptian style," his intentions were civic and large. Yet not even he, one of the supreme rulers of America, having once bought land in the center of Manhattan, could escape the Game. Unlike the Egyptian, even his tomb has to pay. And if the Game goes wrong, to pay for the tomb that did not pay requires the resources of a Rockefeller. By similar paradoxes every major force at work defeats every other one—just as the architects, for example, canceled one another—as there arises the gigantic opus of congestion in the midst of inactivity, confusion, and emptiness. A sort of death by stalemate—a dying not by inches but by the collision and mutual counteraction of tons and miles and millions. All put together entirely according to the rules of business "economics," 1920-30.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1933

No. 3544

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	625
EDITORIALS:	
Morgan's Friends Must Go	628
Can Controlled Capitalism Save Us?	629
CARTOON: SAINT "JACK." By Carl Rose	631
THE HOUSE OF MORGAN. WITH COMMENT ON ITS RE-	
TAINERS IN AND OUT OF CONGRESS. By Paul Y. Anderson	632
CHAOS IN THE OIL INDUSTRY. By George Ward Stocking	634
REVOLT AGAINST HITLER. By John Gunther	636
AMERICAN EXPATRIATES. By Martha Gruening	638
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	640
CORRESPONDENCE	641
FINANCE: THE ART OF CONVERSION. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	643
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
Sonnet. By Mark Van Doren	644
Prelude. By Conrad Aiken	644
Law, Life, and Morals. By Henry Hazlitt	644
Chinese Looking-Glass. By Younghill Kang	645
Stranger than Fiction. By Ernest Boyd	646
A Hero for Stendhal. By Horace Gregory	646
The Happiest People. By Ruth Benedict	647
Siegfried's South America. By G. C. Convers	647
Shorter Notices	648
Drama: Summary II. By Joseph Wood Krutch	649
Films: A New Child Actor By William Troy	650
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	652

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE STATESMEN of the world continue to assure one another that the salvation of modern civilization depends upon achieving international agreement at Geneva and London, and then they proceed to pile up still higher the difficulties in the way of any such achievement. The United States has announced its willingness to cooperate, at least negatively, in maintaining peace and has asked for immediately lowered armaments as a token of Europe's good intentions, but the force of the Roosevelt-Davis statements has been imperiled by a last-minute amendment in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of the resolution empowering the President to declare an embargo on arms in concert with other nations in case of a breach of the peace. The amendment prescribes that executive power shall be limited to declaring an embargo against all parties to a dispute, thus maintaining intact the theory of American neutrality and leaving any abrogation of neutrality, such as is implied in an embargo affecting one nation alone, to the discretion of Congress. This change seriously weakens the position of the United States as a joint guarantor of peace. Without an act of Congress it will be impossible to join in enforcing a decision to withhold arms from a nation adjudged an aggressor, and the attitude of Congress toward other proposals

to take a hand in maintaining peace abroad, in fact the fate of this resolution itself, makes the hope of any effective co-operation by the United States a most precarious one. Will not France and England and the other nations take this amendment as a sign that our representatives at Geneva have been offering goods which they are probably unable to deliver?

THE BAD EFFECT of the change in the embargo resolution will, we fear, be reinforced by the disconcerting implications of Mr. Moley's radio speech on May 20 advising his countrymen not to expect too much of the London Economic Conference. Already repercussions of surprise and confusion have come back from Europe. How are foreigners, how indeed are Americans, to interpret the intentions of an Administration which offers high hopes and utters mighty warnings and then in the next breath casually remarks that the hopes are probably ill-founded and the consequences involved not so very important anyhow? If the Administration is divided against itself, if Mr. Moley and Mr. Hull are pulling in opposite directions, it would be well to eliminate the influence and silence the utterances of one or the other before the United States delegation sets sail for London. Our representatives cannot work for internationalism and talk nationalism at the same time.

ANOTHER NATION to throw sand in the gears of the creaky international machinery is Japan. A very definite check to progress at Geneva has resulted from Mr. Sato's announcement that Japan would demand naval equality with Great Britain and the United States in 1935, and that for this reason no reference to the Washington and London treaties should be included in the draft of the arms convention now under discussion. This demand might have been expected from previous Japanese statements, but in fact it was not expected at the present critical time. It implies more than it says, giving notice that Japan is determined henceforth to be accepted as one of the great imperial Powers. The government at Tokio is thus, in effect, demanding for the future a navy as powerful as that of England and the United States in order to maintain control over vast territory on the Asiatic mainland conquered in defiance of the opinion of the world and the judgment of the League of Nations. Whether or not this gesture produces a new stalemate at Geneva, it at least creates another focus of international suspicion. It may have the one salutary effect of impelling the United States to draw closer to the nations of Europe and to Russia. Isolation is a desirable quality only when it pays to be isolated.

THREE MONTHS having now elapsed since the League of Nations adopted the Lytton report, China has the "legal" right to declare war on Japan. But T. V. Soong, the Chinese Finance Minister, told New York reporters that he preferred to regard Japanese military operations in Manchuria and North China as mere "hostilities." The newspapermen noted that he carefully avoided the word "war." Asked why, he replied that he could not dis-

cuss the matter. Strange. Japan takes all of Manchuria and pushes south to Peiping and Tientsin. The Chinese, one would think, would mount to the housetops and shout that this is war—brazen, cruel, unjustifiable war. Yet they refrain. We think that the caution of the Nanking Government has deep and significant reasons. War might oblige Chiang Kai-shek to resist Japanese aggression, and he apparently has no intention of doing so. He did not oppose the Japanese at Shanghai in the spring of 1932, but obstructed the activities of the valiant Cantonese, his political rivals, who held Japan at bay while the world gasped and applauded. More recently, when the Japanese machine rolled on toward Peiping and Tientsin, all the troops to whom Nanking's word meant anything turned and fled.

THAT CHIANG KAI-SHEK does not care to stop Japan has been asserted for more than a year by his critics, including Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, whose article we printed in a recent issue. The Chinese have been known to bow to the inevitable long before it became inevitable, and scores of unemployed tuchuns gathered at Peiping and Tientsin to welcome the advancing Japanese and perhaps also to aid in establishing a new "Chinese state" of northern China, a sister of "independent" Manchukuo. We are witnessing the absorption and partition of China without as much as a protest from the so-called central government of China and with no more than pious resolutions from the Powers of the world. T. V. Soong declined to elaborate on Nanking's supineness. But others declare that Chiang Kai-shek has a pact with Tokio by the unwritten terms of which he connives at its occupation of Chinese territory while it assists him in suppressing the soviets south of the Yangtze. These soviets, incidentally, offered to drop their hostility to Chiang and co-operate with him in stemming the Japanese tide. He turned down that offer. The Chinese are the peers of the Japanese in cynicism, and since what happens today may not make much difference three hundred years from now, it is not unreasonable to expect that Chinese generals will prefer to let Japan go where it pleases as long as they retain nominal power and receive their subsidies.

IN SPITE of the extravagant interpretations placed upon it by Representative Steagall, and by excited speculators in Wall Street, there is no reason to suppose that the Administration intended anything by its so-called gold-repeal resolution beyond giving a de facto situation legal recognition and explicitness, and avoiding the additional irony of having to issue more government bonds promising payment in gold. Meanwhile it will help greatly if one or two things are clearly recognized. The new resolution constitutes an explicit repudiation of explicit government contracts. It is also, as the *New York Times* has pointed out, a repudiation of the President's own campaign promises. On November 4, 1932, speaking in Brooklyn, he remarked: "No responsible government would have sold to the country securities payable in gold if it knew that the promise—yes, the covenant—embodied in these securities was as dubious as the President of the United States claims it was." A cynic might remark that at least Mr. Roosevelt's word is as good as his bond. Mr. Roosevelt's explanation, in his recent radio address, that gold payments were abandoned because there was not enough gold in the country to pay them was thoroughly unconvinc-

ing, especially in view of the fact that in its latest weekly statement the Federal Reserve System is shown to hold more gold than at any time in the nineteen years of the system's history. The repudiation of the gold clause can be justified on only one ground—that retention of the old gold parity of the dollar would have meant the continuance of a volume of unemployment and human suffering that had become intolerable; that repudiation, in short, is the lesser of two evils. The Administration is relatively justified in repudiating the gold clause in bonds, in other words, not because payment actually cannot be made in gold terms, but because such repudiation is an integral part of a program for raising commodity prices to a level at which farmers can survive and manufacturers can operate and employ labor. Only prompt devaluation of the dollar as part of an international devaluation of currencies, therefore, can offset the serious consequences of the government's present move.

THE BROADER SOCIAL and legislative implications of the Morgan testimony are discussed elsewhere in this issue editorially and in the article by Paul Anderson. But regarding the failure of any of the Morgan partners to pay an income tax for either 1931 or 1932 certain facts must be kept in mind. It has not yet been shown that any of the partners in his personal tax made a false return. Until evidence is adduced to the contrary, therefore, it may be assumed that those returns are correct, and that in a technical bookkeeping sense the Morgan partners had no net incomes in those two years. They lost more on their security holdings in that period, in other words, than they made as partners of the great banking firm. In failing to pay any tax, therefore, they were not only keeping within the letter of the law; they were even, in a sense, conforming to the purpose of the law, which was to tax bookkeeping income. The man on the street, therefore, or the man who had to pay a tax on, say, a \$5,000 income, and who is properly outraged to learn that the great Morgan partners paid nothing, should remember that the Morgan partners were guilty only of the common practice of paying the smallest tax (even to the point of non-existence) that the law allows, and that the law itself is the villain in the piece.

CHANGES IN THE LAW are essential, but they ought not to be nearsighted. We may pass over the unconscious humorists who are now using the Morgan case as an argument, not for plugging up the leaks in the law, but for abolishing the income-tax law in favor of a sales tax. A more dangerous suggestion, because it is more likely to get a serious hearing, is that we ought to adopt the British system, which neither allows deductions for capital losses nor taxes capital gains. That would be peculiarly unfortunate, because in good years capital gains—i. e., stock and real-estate profits and other forms of unearned increment—constitute a very substantial part of the large American incomes. Moreover, some of the overnight tax reformers seem not to know that the law has been drastically changed already. The present revenue law taxes capital gains in any one year as the law did previously, but allows deduction for capital losses in that year only against capital gains, and not against other income. It also allows the deduction of a capital loss in any one year from a capital gain in the next year. While such a law seems close to a "heads I win, tails you lose" policy on the

part of the government, it is really more equitable to the taxpayer than it appears to be on the surface, for it is still possible for taxpayers, for example, to realize their losses for tax purposes in some stocks during the year while failing to realize their gains in others. It would seem advisable to extend the principle adopted for gains and losses in any one year to the capital gains and losses resulting from the sale of property held for two years or more.

THE REPEAL VOTE in New York was a foregone conclusion, but the extent of the majority—over eight to one—was a surprise. Eight States have voted to reinstate the Demon Rum—Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, New Jersey, New York, Nevada, and Delaware. There are signs that the “noble experiment” may be consigned to oblivion within a year of the Democrats’ taking office. All but six States will have voted on repeal before the end of the calendar year. The unexpectedly large consumption of legalized beer is lending added momentum to the movement to provide new and painless, not to say exhilarating, sources of tax revenue. The Woman’s Organization for National Prohibition Reform lists twelve States as “wet,” in addition to those which have ratified; six more with “good prospects of ratification”; eleven as “hopeful,” including Maine, famed as the “cradle of prohibition”; eight as doubtful; and three as “dry.” Assuming the correctness of this prognosis, the repeal forces can lose the three dry and the eight doubtful States, and still have a margin of one State to spare. The fight will of course grow warmer as the rival forces invade the arid belt. The doubtful and dry States are, with the exception of Idaho, Nebraska, Utah, and Kansas, all Southern, and their historic dryness has been largely due to the desire to “keep liquor from the Negro.” But it is extremely probable that Democratic leadership, which, is so definitely committed to repeal as an economic measure, will more than offset local prejudice and tradition.

MAGISTRATE BENJAMIN GREENSPAN of New York City has dismissed the case brought by the Society for the Suppression of Vice against the Viking Press for publishing Erskine Caldwell’s novel “God’s Little Acre.” What is even more important, he accompanied the dismissal with an expression of opinion which gives one more evidence of the fact that the courts are step by step coming to take a more and more liberal attitude toward the whole question of literary propriety. Mr. Sumner, head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, had protested that no consideration should be given to the defense of the book made by various literary critics, because, so he said, literary critics were to be regarded as “abnormal people.” To this Magistrate Greenspan replied: “The court is of the opinion that this group of people, collectively, has a better capacity to judge the value of a literary production than one who is more apt to search for obscene passages in a book than to regard the book as a whole.” Thus, in one decision he freed the defendant, established a valuable principle, and administered by implication a rebuke to the professional smut hunters who labor under the strange delusion that their pruriency is “normal.”

DOES INJUSTICE grow less because of nearness and long continuance? If not, it does seem sometimes to grow less intolerable—at least to others than the victims.

Thomas J. Mooney and Warren K. Billings have been in prison for almost seventeen years, during each one of which it has become more obvious that their conviction for placing bombs on the route of the now almost forgotten Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916 was obtained by a cooked-up prosecution based on false evidence. Perjury on the part of important witnesses was admitted not long after the trial, and years ago the judge who presided at it, together with nine of the ten surviving jurors, made a request for pardon. Recently a report of a committee of the Wickersham Commission—at first suppressed but finally made public last year—tore the trial to tatters even from a legalistic standpoint. And now Mooney has been acquitted in a second trial based on an indictment not brought into the original proceedings, but practically identical with the one on which he was convicted. The new trial was barren because the District Attorney, who had previously petitioned the Governor for a pardon, refused to prosecute, saying frankly: “The prosecution will not be able to produce evidence that will support a verdict of guilty.”

YET ACQUITTAL did not affect the first conviction, and Mooney is still in prison, with only a faint hope of release through an appeal to the United States Supreme Court or another application for pardon from a Governor who has already refused his plea once. The blame rests squarely on the shoulders of smug and callous Californians who, habituated and indifferent to the State’s injustice toward Mooney, have created a public sentiment as a consequence of which four of their Governors have found it expedient not to pardon Mooney. Many of these Californians, including leaders of organized labor, admit in private that the trial was a fraud and the conviction unjustified, but excuse their unwillingness to do anything about it with the cynical explanation that if Mooney and Billings were not guilty of the particular crime in question, they are objectionable persons whom it is better to keep behind the bars. But all the world does not feel about this injustice as do smug and callous Californians. To a wider public the prisoners of San Quentin have become a symbol. An increasing number of persons are coming to believe that the kind of legal legerdemain which permits and perpetuates such crying wrong should not and will not be allowed much longer to exist.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT recently warned the Soviet government that its alleged censorship of the Russian classics was too mild. Since, he said, all the literature of the past is saturated with the insane traditions of capitalism, it should for a time be withheld in its entirety from the “new humanity.” We do not know what he thinks of Herr Hitler, but he must at least approve his methods when he reads that 500 tons of confiscated books are about to be reduced to pulp and sold to the paper mills. Says Herr Goebbels: “In fifty years nobody in Germany will know what Marxism is”; and we feel that if he and Mr. Briffault got together they might reach a solution of the whole problem similar to that of the Pullman conductor who was told by one passenger that he would freeze if the window was opened and by another passenger that he would suffocate if it was closed. The conductor, it will be remembered, was advised by a neutral to open the window until the first had frozen, then to close it until the other had suffocated.

Morgan's Friends Must Go

ONLY three months ago Franklin D. Roosevelt was assuring us that the money changers had "fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization." And now we learn that some of the most intimate friends of these money changers occupy important positions in the Roosevelt Administration. Just what did you mean, Mr. President, when in your inaugural address you indicted the unscrupulous practices of these self-seekers? Were you sincere in your scathing attack upon the bankers, in your promise to restore the temple "to the ancient truths" by applying "social values more noble than mere monetary profit"? If so, the Morgan disclosures have given you an opportunity to translate your stirring words into even more stirring action. For William Woodin, Norman Davis, and the other "good friends" of Morgan and Company who somehow have found places in your Administration should go and at once. To use your own words, they "stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men."

The country was shocked by the news that neither J. P. Morgan himself nor any one of his partners had paid a cent of income tax for the years 1932 and 1931, and together had paid only \$48,000 in 1930. Then came the no less sensational revelation that Morgan and Company had been handing out munificent favors to "some of our close friends." Now does anyone really suppose that Morgan and Company did this purely out of charity? Is there anyone naive enough to believe that Morgan and Company is in business for the purpose of distributing largess among bankers, industrialists, insurance officials—and politicians? Some of the Morgan spokesmen seem to think so.

They have declared again and again before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that the firm really expected nothing in return for these gifts. George Whitney, one of the partners, was especially certain that the head of a big insurance company could not possibly have been influenced by the fact that he had been graciously permitted to buy 2,000 shares of Standard Brands stock at \$15 below the current market—an outright gift of \$30,000. It was just a coincidence that this man's company happened to have many millions of dollars of other people's money to invest in the sort of securities Morgan has for sale. And when Wallace B. Donham was put down for 1,000 shares of the same stock, it probably did not occur to anybody in the Morgan organization that Wallace B. Donham was dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, that training school in which business was to be exalted to a new high professional place. The gift to him amounted to \$15,000. How greatly his usefulness as a truth-seeker, as a teacher of youth, as an inculcator of principle, has been impaired! But *that* is a problem which confronts another newly elected president—James Bryant Conant, the scientist who now heads the institution of which Mr. Roosevelt is an alumnus.

How ridiculous to accept, as the majority of the press has accepted, with lackey-like abjectness, the declaration of Mr. Morgan and his partners—their "almost noble" words, to quote Cyrus H. K. Curtis's *New York Evening Post*.

Mr. Morgan's efforts are not confined to seeking privileges and favorable legislative exemptions from the government. He is seeking to extend his already wide financial dominion still farther over the country. That is no secret. For example, on the fourth day of the Senate hearings it was frankly revealed that one of the Morgan holding companies, the United Corporation, controls or otherwise dominates gas and electric-light companies serving 55,000,000 of the American people. Moreover, Morgan and Company has elected to remain a private partnership, although under that arrangement each partner is liable to the full extent of his personal fortune. Why? Clearly to escape the governmental regulation to which limited-liability or incorporated banking associations must submit. Such an ambitious and powerful firm obviously must have friends, plenty of them, in both public and private life. It needs friends to smooth the way for some of its financial operations. It needs friends in politics for no less important reasons. So it distributes its favors with lavish hands, for, as the *Philadelphia Record* so pointedly put it, "that's the way the house of Morgan subsidizes key men in private and public life without breaking the letter of the law." The beneficiaries, of course, know the rules of the game. It is only rarely that we find one so untutored as John J. Raskob, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee. When he was "kindly remembered" in the Alleghany stock distribution, he innocently expressed the sincere hope that "the future holds opportunities for me to reciprocate." Doubtless Mr. Raskob knows by now that such things are never mentioned between friends.

Who are some of the Morgan friends? The lists so far published show among others the following: Alfred P. Sloan (automobiles), Richard B. Mellon (aluminum, coal, coke, oil, shipping, banks, etc.), Owen D. Young (electric equipment, electric power), Charles A. Lindbergh (aviation), Walter S. Gifford (telephones), Myron C. Taylor (steel), Walter C. Teagle (oil), Sosthenes Behn (cable and radio telegraph), Marshall Field (merchandising, stock brokerage), Charles E. Mitchell (banking), O. P. Van Sweringen (railroads), F. L. Carlisle (electric power), P. A. S. Franklin (ocean shipping), F. H. Ecker (life insurance), and so on and on, covering virtually every known industrial, commercial, and financial field. Then there are the friends who have been more or less active in public affairs: Calvin Coolidge, John J. Pershing, John W. Davis (once Democratic nominee for President), William Gibbs McAdoo (member of the Senate committee which has been investigating Morgan and Company!), Newton D. Baker, Silas H. Strawn, J. R. Nutt, Charles Francis Adams (until recently Secretary of the Navy), Charles D. Hilles (Republican national committeeman in New York State), Henry Machold (formerly New York State Republican chairman), Seward Prosser, Robert E. Olds (formerly Under Secretary of State), and Arthur Woods (who was President Hoover's unemployment-relief expert for a time).

More important names are included—William H. Woodin, Norman H. Davis, Bernard Baruch, and John Marshall among them. Here are names that should concern

all of us and President Roosevelt before anyone else. Marshall is associated with a Washington law firm that has handled Morgan business. A member of that firm is Dean Acheson, the present Under Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Acheson's immediate superior in the government service is William H. Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury. Woodin is charged by law with the administration of the financial affairs of the government. Among his duties is that of "preparing plans for the improvement of the revenue." In this capacity he recommends to Congress changes in the income-tax laws. It lies largely in his power to say whether these laws shall be rewritten so as to compel the Morgans and other money changers to pay their full and just share of the income tax. Assisting him, and in his absence substituting for him, is the Under Secretary, Dean Acheson. Is it possible that President Roosevelt does not grasp the terrible significance of this situation?

Bernard Baruch is one of the more prominent figures in the Democratic Party. He is a heavy contributor to its war chest. Party leaders in Congress as well as the White House depend upon him for advice and guidance. More than that, General Hugh L. Johnson and George N. Peek, who are to be given virtual dictatorial powers in handling the farm and industrial problems, have been intimately associated with Baruch since the days of the War Industries Board. They are known as "Baruch men," and are proud of the fact. Have the implications of this situation escaped Mr. Roosevelt? Norman H. Davis is the chief spokesman of the Administration in Europe. On behalf of the President he has been taking up many pressing questions, not the

least of which have to do with war debts, international finance, and foreign trade, all matters of utmost interest to Morgan and Company. Really, Mr. Roosevelt, does this mean nothing at all to you? You have promised to restore the ancient truths. Among these ancient truths, if you will turn to the Book of Matthew, is this: "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." The Woodins, the Davises, and the rest, who have taken the bounty of the house of Morgan and have accepted positions of trust in the government, are beholden to two masters. Which will they elect to serve?

If you are the astute politician you are credited with being, Mr. President, you must sense the tremendous effect the Morgan disclosures have had on public opinion. But we hope to think of you, Mr. Roosevelt, and we feel sure that the great mass of the American people want to think of you, not merely as a shrewd politician, a clever appraiser of public opinion, but as a statesman who will clearly, unmistakably, reestablish a standard of honor to which Americans may repair, who will not let friendship or personal considerations cause any deviation from a course of stern rectitude. You must know that Secretary Woodin and the other friends of Morgan in the government no longer enjoy the confidence of the people. And you must know that Norman Davis's usefulness has been destroyed. You have given your word that the money changers would be driven out and kept out of the temple. We want to believe that you were wholly sincere in promising to restore the ancient truths.

Can Controlled Capitalism Save Us?

THE causes of the collapse of the economic structure in the United States were debated in the May 24 issue of *The Nation* by Louis Fischer and Henry Hazlitt. Mr. Fischer attributed the depression to the decline in the earnings of labor in relation to the value of goods produced. "How," he asked, "can the wage- and salary-earners of the country buy back what they produce? They cannot." Mr. Hazlitt, on the other hand, emphasized the complex nature of the causes of the chaos; but fundamentally he blamed the depression on "the inevitable collapse of the artificial war and post-war level of commodity prices."

The debaters stressed different factors but the final conclusions they arrived at were not as different as one might have expected. Both would increase labor's share of the value of the output of factories and farms; both desire a more equal distribution of wealth. Mr. Fischer would accomplish this end first through a capital levy and ultimately through socialism, which would eliminate profits altogether. Mr. Hazlitt looks askance at socialism, not so much because he dissents from the theory on which it rests as because he fears the effects of concentrated power in the hands of "economic illiterates." But by means of Socialist control or otherwise, he favors "an increasing ownership on the part of the workers . . . of the machinery they operate."

We consider this debate of great importance chiefly because of its bearing on immediately impending economic

changes. On the very day that the issue containing the articles in question appeared on the newsstands in New York City, the daily press published the text of an industrial-recovery bill designed to give the President the power to corral the wild horses of industry and drive them at a sober trot along the road back to prosperity. Certainly the immediate aims of the Administration, as expressed in this measure, are admirable. The ultimate results are more dubious and should be considered against the background of the underlying problems discussed by Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Fischer. For Mr. Roosevelt is attempting to preserve capitalism, to save it from itself by robbing it temporarily of several of its most fundamentally capitalistic prerogatives. In order to increase purchasing power, set the wheels of factories in motion, and get men back to work, he proposes forcibly to integrate and coordinate industry. If the measure is passed, he will have the power to tell industry what and how much it may produce, what it may charge for its products, how much it shall pay to labor, what hours labor shall work. Competition is no longer to be "free"; instead it is to be "fair." Industry has been invited to cooperate through its trade associations in this task of rigorous self-discipline; but it is a little like the systems of self-government in vogue in colleges; behind the invitation lurks the threat of force.

On the surface the Administration's proposal would seem to promise a part of what Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Fischer

agree is necessary for a satisfactory and secure social order. Labor at least will be assured a greater share of the proceeds of industry, and many of the obvious wastes of uncontrolled competition will be eliminated. Our industrial giants are now so shrunken, so unsure, so wobbly on their pins that they will gladly accept any diet and follow any regimen laid down for them by a reputable doctor. And organized labor, even if its leadership is as dull-witted as it has been and still is, will grab the chance of reestablishing wage and hour standards and processes of collective bargaining that have long ceased to exist except in theory. There will be balky individuals and groups, but these will doubtless be dealt with; Mr. Roosevelt has so far shown no tenderness toward dissenters. We believe that his recovery bill may well produce some of the immediate results the country demands.

If we look upon this proposal dubiously, it is because its ultimate effects seem far less desirable. The law, if passed, will remain in operation for just two years; it is merely a "war" measure. Within that time the victory over depression is supposed to be won. Then the controls set up to govern industry will be abandoned, the machinery of supervision abolished, and the economic system handed back to its proprietors—"the men" (to quote the classic words uttered thirty years ago by the coal and iron king, George F. Baer) "to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country."

But what reason have we for supposing that our industrialists will emerge from this period of hospitalization chastened and disciplined? It seems not only far more likely, but certain, that they will dash eagerly toward the fleshpots, throwing out the doctor and the diet too. The behavior of business leaders before the collapse, and even their behavior during these last few weeks of tentative recovery, has not been such as to warrant any belief that they will adopt voluntary self-denying ordinances. Like the Bourbons, they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The banking and power scandals are merely today's manifestations of the railroad and insurance scandals of earlier decades. Our history repeats itself with a tragic and dreary monotony, but each relapse is an aggravation of its predecessors. To prevent the further repetition of practices which led to our present chaos, and to bring order and stability into modern industry, require *continued* centralized control—and control that is not, like our power regulation, a delusion—over credit, prices, profits, wages, hours, production, distribution. Merely to prevent the downfall of capitalism and create temporary prosperity is not enough. But it is apparently all that the Administration hopes and intends to do.

In saying this we are not leveling any accusations at Mr. Roosevelt. He was not elected to the Presidency to usher in a collective society. He was chosen by a great middle- and lower-class electorate to lead the way back to pastures that look, through the murk of the last three and a half years, much richer and greener than they actually were.

And it is doubtful if such pastures will ever again be found. In his article in last week's issue, Mr. Fischer discussed the reasons for assuming that the end of the period of great capitalist-imperialist expansion has been reached. He believes that capitalism will be driven to take refuge in the domestic market and predicts an era of economic nationalism in the United States. Mr. Moley's radio address on May 20 provided effective corroboration for Mr. Fischer's view. But

economic nationalism brings in its train a collection of disturbing consequences—higher tariffs and continued international economic warfare, the probable default of foreign debtors, an increase of bad blood between nations, an even more intense struggle to control the sources of necessary raw materials. And at home such a policy, depending as it must upon centralized supervision of both wealth and labor in defense of the remaining means of capitalist subsistence, heads directly toward economic dictatorship.

It is for these reasons that we qualify our approval of Mr. Roosevelt's scheme of industrial control: either it goes out of existence and exposes the country to another cycle of expansion, speculation, and collapse; or, if it is continued or revived in order to rescue our industrial and financial machine from another and worse debacle, its strangle-hold on industry may well turn out to be a strangle-hold on the national life. Both of these results the people should struggle to prevent. The industrial-recovery bill is a promising first step. But it is no more than that, and public pressure should be used to insure that the government's new powers are continued and employed for the economic good of the masses of the people.

This struggle should be pressed on several fronts: First, labor should use all the power it has to keep hours short and constantly to increase its share in the values it helps to create; it should organize every unorganized line of work on an industrial basis and should refuse to yield or compromise the right to bargain collectively which is guaranteed in the proposed bill. Second, liberal, radical, and labor groups of all shades should combine to guard civil rights and see that necessary processes of standardization and regulation do not encroach upon fundamental liberties of speech and action. Third, an immediate demand should be made that profits in regulated industries be held to a low level, and absolutely eliminated in the banking and currency system, transportation by land and water and air, the fuel and energy supplies—power, oil, and coal—the telegraph and telephone systems, and the radio. These should be taken over as rapidly as possible by the federal government and run in the interest of the people as a whole.

Mr. Fischer has argued that only socialism can give to labor—using the term in the broadest sense—its fair share of the wealth produced by industry. We tend to agree that a collective society offers the best hope for this desirable end, although the process of achieving complete social ownership and the abolition of profit in the United States is so complex that obviously, given the tradition of the American people, it cannot be achieved in a day. Distinctive forms and theories of social control are certain to emerge out of the unique circumstances of our national development. We are therefore not inclined to accept unreservedly ready-made, doctrinaire formulas for achieving ultimate salvation. But since we wish to move toward collectivism as rapidly and as painlessly as possible, we shall examine emergency plans for resuscitating and patching the present moribund system with critical eye. It is far better that the country's steps toward an integrated, socialized industrial society should be deliberate and purposeful than taken grudgingly under pressure of panic or imminent collapse. A much fairer distribution of wealth, a far closer approach to equality of opportunity are attainable in the United States by evolutionary means, and *The Nation* believes that the present Administration's policies should be judged by the degree in which they approach that goal.



SAINT "JACK"

The House of Morgan

With Comment on Its Retainers in and out of Congress

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 27

SINCE the date is approaching when many of us must pay the June instalment on our 1932 income taxes, or go to jail, it may be interesting and timely to review the cases of two citizens who will pay no income tax this year, and paid none during the last two years. Case Number One is a coal miner, living in a squalid village in southern Illinois. In none of the last three years has his income equaled \$600. He is a widower with five children. They occupy a three-room frame shanty on a company "street" which is a mudhole after every rain. The mother is dead. Two months before the sixth child was due to arrive, she made the mistake of trying to do the family washing with water which she carried from the community hydrant, four blocks distant. She had a sixty-dollar funeral. The miner owes the company store more than \$200. He is hopeful that things will improve under Mr. Roosevelt, and that the black damp won't get him before the children are old enough to look out for themselves.

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CASE Number Two is J. Pierpont Morgan, head of the private banking firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, which at the beginning of the present year owned unimpaired assets worth \$53,194,000. Mr. Morgan has homes at 231 Madison Avenue, New York; Glen Cove, Long Island; 12 Grosvenor Square, London; Watford, England; and owns a shooting box in Scotland. He spends considerable time each year on his famous yacht, *Corsair*, which is reported to have cost \$4,000,000. I have never seen any figures on what it costs to keep her in commission. Mr. Morgan is a member of the following clubs: Union, Knickerbocker, Harvard, Metropolitan, New York Yacht, Racquet and Tennis, Century, and University (New York); Athenaeum, Garrick, and Whites (London); Somerset (Boston); and Metropolitan (Washington). Honorary degrees have been bestowed on him by Harvard, Oxford (England), Princeton, Cambridge (England), and New York University; and he possesses the following decorations: Legion of Honor (France), Order of Leopold II (Belgium), Order of the Crown (Italy), and First Order of the Sacred Treasure (Japan). He is a director in seven of the world's largest corporations, and is generally regarded as the most powerful banker in the world. Great industrialists, great bankers, distinguished jurists, and at least one President of the United States have been recipients of his favors. It is easily seen, therefore, that his situation in life is quite different from that of the coal miner. But in one respect both are in the same boat—neither paid any federal income tax in this country during the last three years—although it should be stated in justice to Mr. Morgan that he paid in England in all three. No doubt that is why he admires and imitates the English, even to the point of referring to the office manager of Morgan and Company as "my clerk."

DISCLOSURE before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that Morgan and his nineteen partners, including such celebrities as Thomas Lamont and E. T. Stotesbury, paid no federal income taxes in this country for 1931 and 1932, and that those who paid for 1930 contributed the paltry total of \$48,000, has excited tremendous surprise and no little indignation, to judge from the newspaper headlines and the private comments of one's fellow taxpayers. The revelation was no surprise to me. It confirmed precisely the opinion which I have had about Morgan and all his tribe ever since I have been old enough to read and reflect. For them to seize upon the "capital-losses" provision of the existing law for the purpose of withholding contributions to the support of the government under which they have prospered so greatly, was as natural as for a hog to snap up an ear of corn. Nor was there anything to amaze the judicious in the discovery that high government officials had repeatedly accepted Morgan's largess. The trick of putting such officials under obligation is one which the big bankers have practiced from time immemorial. Doesn't everyone realize by now that we entered the World War mainly because Morgan and Company had bet on the Allies, and were in danger of losing? Is there any mystery as to why the marines were dispatched against Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua when those countries defaulted, or threatened to default, on their debt payments to American banks?

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HOWEVER, I do resent, and that most bitterly, the cynical and uncalled-for imputation of Senator Carter Glass that every American citizen who makes out an income-tax return is dominated solely by an ambition to chisel the Treasury out of every cent possible. Let the honorable gentleman—who is so prone to judge the honor of others—speak for himself in the matter. This reporter could have taken stock losses in the last two years that would have cut his tax in half. It would have been legal, no doubt, but on the moral side it would have been a plain case of cheating the government. This reporter did not resort to it, and knows plenty of other reporters who did not. We have our faults. Some of us lose more than we can afford at golf, bridge, or poker; some indulge an extravagant passion for old furniture or rare editions; still others punish their livers unbearably with poor rye, bad Scotch, and worse gin; but it is manifestly unjust, if not libelous, to name us in the same breath with Morgan, Lamont, Stotesbury, Mitchell, and that gang. I am reminded, incidentally, of the severe lecture which Mr. Lamont read to the Senate Finance Committee eighteen months ago on the deficiencies of Congress. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with the manner in which the country was being governed. In the light of facts recently brought to light it would appear that he might have done better to leave criticism of the government to those of us who pay the costs.

IT is difficult to say which is the more scandalous—the practices of the Morgan crowd, as disclosed by the inquiry, or the efforts of Senators Glass, Bulkley, and other members of the committee to prevent their disclosure. One would suppose that Morgan was amply represented in the person of John W. Davis, but every conceivable device—some of them incredibly petty and mean—has been employed by certain members of the committee to hamstring Ferdinand Pecora's conduct of the investigation. But for his unflagging industry, patience, and pertinacity, and the wrathful insistence of Senator Jim Couzens, virtually none of the known scandals would have come to light. Just how much the obstructionists have succeeded in suppressing, we can only guess. As compensation for his herculean labors, Pecora is receiving from a grateful government the handsome salary of \$225 a month, and to obtain accountants for the necessary examinations he has been compelled to appeal to personal friends to work at approximately one-fourth of their regular rate of pay.

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IT has been shown that the Morgan firm had a certain selected list of "clients" to whom it sold stocks at figures substantially under the market price. In the case of the Alleghany Corporation, these fair-haired boys got the stock at 20, when the market was 35. Thus, if 1,000 shares were allotted to a certain individual, it simply amounted to making him a cash gift of \$15,000 if he elected to sell the stock next day. Such a gift to a government official by a firm constantly seeking government favors certainly was moral bribery, although I suppose a court would hold it legal, especially if the presiding judge had received a similar gift. Please note that the motion to make these lists public was carried in the committee by a vote of six to five. In view of the fact that Senator McAdoo's name was on one of the lists, and considering that he is a member of the committee, it would be instructive to know how he voted. The presence of the name of my old friend Mr. Justice Owen Roberts, of the United States Supreme Court, grieves me profoundly. To be sure, the amount of stock allotted to him was small, and the allotment was made long before he went on the bench, but it is disappointing to learn that he would accept such a favor from such an outfit. To find the names of Secretary Woodin, Owen D. Young, John J. Raskob, and the late Calvin Coolidge there is perfectly natural. It is equally natural to find the front pages of the Hearst papers smeared with the drool of Edwin C. Hill, celebrated sob sister of the radio, who modestly likens the thick-necked Morgan to Lorenzo the Magnificent, paints Pecora as a snarling "timber wolf," and declares that the examination of Morgan suggests the efforts of a high-school class to question Einstein about the solar system—although the actual news accounts convey the impression that the examination has been fairly successful. But don't judge the rest of us by Hill—he is very carefully looking out for himself.

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WHILE we admire Pecora's brilliant work, we should also remember that it was made possible primarily by President Roosevelt's request that the inquiry proceed. Nor let us forget that many of the most shocking facts thus made public were known to officials of the Coolidge and Hoover

Administrations. Is it any wonder that old Andy Mellon squalled like a panther at every suggestion that income-tax payments be made public? Is it any wonder that Ogden Mills became purple over such attempts to "pry into private affairs"? They knew where the cat was buried, and whose cat it was. My strictures on public men and affairs during the last six or seven years have occasionally been imputed to an unduly suspicious nature. Before the present Administration finishes digging up the dirt left by its predecessors, I surmise that the same critics will be denouncing me for not having told just how rotten the situation was. The answer is that the stuff was there, but it was very, very hard to lay hands on it. One always knows when a skunk is around, but it is not always possible to get a shot at it.

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NOW for a few random notes: The latest "bonus army" has staged its show and peacefully departed—the latter being largely due to the superb tact and skill of two Presidential secretaries, Louis Howe and Stephen Early, and to the reasonableness of an overwhelming majority of the marchers themselves. This should end such demonstrations. It is perfectly obvious that Congress will not vote to pay the bonus and that Roosevelt would veto the bill if it passed. The government cannot continue to provide here for a special class of the unemployed: relief must be on a national scale without regard for previous military service. . . . The harsh opinion heretofore expressed in this place toward the railroad bill is somewhat modified by the reflection that it is a temporary measure, and by the hope and belief that if Commissioner Eastman is made Coordinator, he will work out a plan of reorganization that will be worth while. Nevertheless, it is a spotty bill. Its main promise offers through Eastman, and it is slightly disturbing to note that his interpretation of its provisions conflicts at important points with those offered by the coauthors. . . . The public works-industrial control bill has now been expanded to colossal proportions in the House by the inclusion of a tax section calculated to bring in \$220,000,000 to defray the financing of the public-works section. Next to a general sales tax, the new levies would be as unfair and burdensome as any yet proposed. The bulk of the new revenue would be obtained by raising the present normal income taxes; that is, by adding to the burden of those who already bear most of it. The Morgan revelations have made it perfectly plain that what we really need is a capital levy, which would present the twin virtues of obtaining an ample revenue to finance all the government's undertakings and squeezing the fat cats who have studiously avoided their duty to the nation. Whether the Roosevelt Administration can harden itself to take such a step is doubtful, but I suspect that the new taxes will be revised in the Senate. You and I may not particularly mind the fact that we are paying more federal income taxes than J. Pierpont Morgan and all his nineteen partners combined, but it does seem reasonable that they should be required to pay something before we are required to pay more. This might cause Mr. Morgan to miss the grouse shooting for one season, or perhaps two, but even that cruel hardship might be endured if it helped to put 13,000,000 hungry men back to work. There is a principle involved, and Mr. Morgan is hell for principle—he was very emphatic about that before the Senate committee.

Chaos in the Oil Industry

By GEORGE WARD STOCKING

THE oil industry, under a self-imposed system of controlled production called proration, seemed until recently to be headed back toward prosperity. "The oil industry gives indication of being the first basic industry to emerge from the world depression." This was the optimistic message contained in the October report of the federal Oil Conservation Board, and for some time previous leaders of the industry had been giving public utterance to similar sentiments. What was the evidence? Mid-continent crude-oil prices at the end of the first half of 1932 were at more than twice the levels of a year previous; they were five times the lows of 1931. Consumption of crude oil during the first half of 1932 was more than 89 per cent of that for a similar period in 1929, when domestic consumption reached an all-time peak. It was more than 94 per cent of the 1931 figure. Gasoline consumption had shown an even better record; it set a new peak in 1931 despite the depression, and in the first six months of 1932 showed a decline of only 8 per cent compared with consumption during the same period of 1931. Of equal importance, the f. o. b. Gulf terminal price of sixty-five-octane gasoline advanced from slightly over three cents a gallon in the summer of 1931 to slightly less than six cents in the summer of 1932, an increase of approximately 75 per cent. What other major industry could boast a similar record?

Now, however, the oil industry has again been thrown into chaos. Proration orders of the Texas Railroad Commission have been held invalid, the Texas militia has been withdrawn from the East Texas field by order of the Supreme Court of the United States, "bootleg oil" has been produced in ever-increasing amounts, pipe-lines have been dynamited, and human lives threatened. The price of oil has responded promptly to these various influences; its upward trend has been sharply reversed; and leaders of the oil industry, formerly individualists of the most rugged sort, have been urging that the broader powers of federal and State governments be placed behind the industry's program of control.

Since Drake completed the first commercial petroleum well in this country in 1859 until the present time, oil production has been accompanied by waste on a spectacular scale. The waste has been widespread and notorious. It has rankled in the mind of the oil-field engineer and harassed the spirit of the conservationist. For many years, however, it did not disturb the equanimity of the business leaders of the industry, who were able to reap profits, frequently on a grand scale, because of the expanding demand for petroleum products. Despite the indifference of business men to the profligate manner in which our petroleum resources were being developed, a petroleum shortage during the war emergency accentuated the fears of the conservationists, gave rise to a general apprehension of petroleum shortage, quickened the activities of the State Department in protection of American oil interests abroad, and led eventually to the creation of the federal Oil Conservation Board. Immediately after its organization, the board began an investigation of the oil industry for the purpose of determining the extent of waste

and means of checking it. The industry's response to this move, through the Report of the Committee of Eleven of the American Petroleum Institute, was a denial of waste, assurance of the ability of the industry to provide adequate supplies of petroleum during all time, and insistence that the industry only needed to be left alone.

That was in 1925. Since then the wail of the conservationist has been drowned by a flood of oil. The fear of shortage has gone down before the fact of surplus. Long before the present depression leaders in the oil business, untroubled by the record of waste in their industry, became seriously disturbed by accumulating oil stocks and declining prices. As the situation became more acute, the vision of the oil men was clarified. They saw what in the glaring light of rising prices had been hidden from view—waste in the production of oil. The truth began to be apparent during 1927. Accumulating stocks for more than half a dozen years had so weakened the oil price structure that it could not withstand the shock of the Oklahoma Greater Seminole field's peak daily output of 527,400 barrels. Between the discovery of the Seminole field a year earlier and August, 1927, prices of mid-continent 36°-gravity crude dropped from \$2.29 per barrel to \$1.28. The throes of Seminole foreran the birth of a conservation idea. It was christened proration. The child has grown large. Today its influence dominates oil production.

Uncontrolled production, we have been told recently, means the rapid infiltration of underground water and the premature drowning of oil pools. It means the wasteful dissipation of gas pressure, essential for maximum recovery. It means, through lower prices, the permanent destruction of thousands of "marginal" wells whose daily production, though individually small, accounts in the aggregate for about half our daily output. The predestined mission of proration is the elimination of these wastes. Such is its cloak of righteousness. Stripped of its disguise, it presents a different picture.

To bring the Seminole field under control and to restrict output to "market demand," a plan was put into operation involving the allocation of a daily "allowable" output to the various producers of the field. While Seminole was thus being subjected to a "rational" control, a proration program similar in purpose and character was being established in the Winkler field of West Texas. These initial voluntary efforts of the oil industry proved futile, however, in the face of a property system which placed a premium upon waste and which legalized robbery in the exploitation of an oil field. Since voluntary control was threatened with shipwreck upon the rugged rocks of individualism, an appeal was made to existing State conservation agencies to put the authority of law behind the industry's "conservation" program.

With the assistance of the Oklahoma Corporation Commission and the Texas Railroad Commission machinery was eventually established whereby all the fields in these two States were subjected to a proration program under which a total allowable output for the State and for each of its pools was determined. This "allowable" was then allocated

among the various pools and wells of the State on an "equitable" basis as determined by the producers of the pools. By 1931 a somewhat similar system had been established in the States of Oklahoma, California, and Kansas, which together with Texas produced approximately 86 per cent of the total domestic output. By means of specially devised co-operation among producers and with the assistance of the State militia in Oklahoma and Texas, despite the violent though temporary disturbance occasioned by the East Texas and Oklahoma fields in the summer of 1931, production was temporarily brought into balance with demand.

When the oil men have known what they wanted, the conservation agencies have given it to them. But there has sometimes been a conflict of interests. Operators fortunately situated within a particular field, realizing that the major advantages of curtailed output would be at their expense, have opposed proration. Likewise, refineries dependent upon the production of particular wells for their daily crude supply have found their interests running contrary to those of the larger companies. In general, small, independent producers in flush fields, whose profit possibilities may depend upon rapid development of their holdings, have been reluctant to accept the proration program. Where these conditions have existed, the conservation agencies have acted as umpires in harmonizing conflicting claims. A compromise figure having been agreed upon, it was customarily declared to be the precise and only amount of oil which could be produced without waste, and an order was issued prohibiting production in excess of this amount and allocating the allowable among the producing wells. In the late summer of 1932 independent East Texas producers, alleging that curtailment had been largely at their expense for the benefit of producers in other sections of the State, agitated for an increase in East Texas allowable and a decrease in the allowable of certain other pools of the State, in order that the balance between output and market demand might not be disturbed. Experts of the commission testified on this occasion that a decrease in production of certain pools could be effected only at the expense of physical waste. A few weeks later, however, when the seasonal peak of gasoline demand had passed and reduction in total State output was necessary to avoid price declines, these pools participated as a matter of course in a State-wide decrease in daily allowable of more than 127,000 barrels.

With the passing of time opposition to proration almost completely disappeared, save in the East Texas and Oklahoma City fields. Through threats of price cuts and promises of price advances recalcitrants have been temporarily whipped into line. Advancing prices, temporary though they proved, brought additional revenue into sorely straitened State treasuries, poured greater profits into the coffers of oil companies, and increased confidence in the hearts of the business leaders. Proration had accordingly come to be regarded as an act of statesmanship. More important, in the case of Champlin Refining Company *vs.* Corporation Commission of Oklahoma, the Supreme Court of the United States in a unanimous decision in May of 1932 placed the stamp of legality upon the program as applied in Oklahoma. As the masquerade of monopoly which the industry has staged has received such generous public applause, proration has now put on less modest garments. Not only is it called a measure of conservation, but it is said to afford a mechanism of escape

from the economic depression which is so sorely troubling us.

Although the program has incidentally contributed to the elimination of waste in oil production, the chief wastes of the industry continue but little abated. In some instances, a controlled rate of production has doubtless resulted in a more efficient utilization of water pressure. On the other hand, in some instances, a controlled rate of production has no less certainly contributed toward a less efficient utilization of gas pressure. Because the property tract instead of the geological unit remains the basis of operation, and because individual profit rather than efficient production is still the object of oil operations, waste in this respect continues to bulk large. On October 31, 1930, the latest date for which data are available, 467,753,000 cubic feet of raw gas were being wasted directly, and an additional 595,562,000 cubic feet were being wasted after the gasoline content had been extracted, out of a total daily production of 2,045,828,000 cubic feet of gas incidental to oil production in Texas. For other States total figures are not available, but according to estimates of the Oklahoma Corporation Commission last year the Oklahoma City field alone was wasting about 203,000,000 cubic feet of residue gas daily. The annual fuel value of this gas, calculated from these combined figures, is equivalent to that of 18,868,000 tons of coal. Far more important is the fact that under a genuine conservation program, with a unified system of oil production, virtually all of this gas could be used for repressuring purposes, with a tremendous though indeterminable increase in oil recovery and a huge decline in the cost of producing oil. As daily output in the East Texas field was restricted from approximately 1,000,000 barrels of oil per day to approximately 310,000 barrels, the number of producing wells increased from 1,625 to 9,300, with an increase in developmental cost of more than \$100,000,000. The only thing that can be said with certainty about a "conservation" program of this sort is that it has increased tremendously the cost of producing oil in this field.

As conservationists, the leaders of the industry have indeed been tilting at windmills. Behind a camouflage of conservation they have endeavored to carry through a program of price-fixing. In the language of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Texas in a case involving the legality of the proration orders of the Texas Railroad Commission: "Under the thinly veiled pretense of going about to prevent physical waste, the commission has, in cooperation with persons interested in raising and maintaining prices of oil and its refined products, set on foot a plan which, seated in a desire to bring supply within the compass of demand, derives its impulse and spring from, and finds its scope and its extent in, the attempt to control the delicate adjustment of market supply and demand, in order to bring and keep oil prices up" (*sic*).

The increased purchasing power in the hands of the oil industry is secured at the expense of approximately twenty-five million users of automobiles in the United States. It represents a transfer of purchasing power from those who have little to those who have much. To the extent that it remains in the treasuries of the oil companies it may add chaos to confusion by contributing to the further expansion of an industry whose chief ailment is overexpansion. To the extent that it is paid out as dividends it will represent a concentration of purchasing power in the hands of a few at the expense of the many. It will thereby serve to aggravate a

depression one of whose major causes, at any rate, has been maldistribution of purchasing power through oversaving. As a guide from the valley of depression to the plateau of prosperity, proration is apt to prove a chimera and a nightmare.

Despite this fact we seem to have launched irretrievably upon a program of regulation for the oil industry. In truth, the abandonment of proration in the light of the potentialities of East Texas might bring demoralization if not ruin to the industry. This field is the most stupendous in the history of oil production. Because of its geographic extent and the widely disseminated character of the property holdings it is known as "the little man's paradise." With more than 9,000 wells in operation, it was estimated that two hours' open flow would yield 3,000,000 barrels of oil, approximately 50 per cent more than the daily consumption of the entire country. Later estimates indicate an even larger potential yield; but even if this rate were maintained, in less than one month East Texas alone could more than supply the annual American demand. Because of the large potential production of many wells and of the Texas marginal-well law, it has thus far proved impossible to frame proration orders which the courts will uphold. The withdrawal of the militia has further complicated the industry's attempt to restrict output. The threatened breakdown of proration in this field was re-

sponsible for the conference of the oil industry in Washington and its request for federal intervention. What the outcome will be is not yet clear. But despite the obvious shortcomings of the oil industry's program, what should be clear is that unrestricted competition in mining a migratory mineral whose ultimate recovery is dependent upon efficient utilization of gas and water pressure causes intolerable waste. Unrestricted competition, which carries with it the right to drill as many wells as the property-owner may deem expedient and to locate them wherever he wishes, not only greatly increases the cost of producing oil, but decreases ultimate recovery of a limited natural resource by perhaps 50 per cent. It leads inevitably to the confusion of surplus capacity and overproduction. In view of these facts, there seems to be no turning back. The way out lies straight ahead. What is needed is some sort of unified operation of oil fields, designed to eliminate needless duplication and to insure an efficient utilization of the pressure resources in oil recovery. Any program which achieves this end must obviously carry with it adequate assurance that the consumer will be protected from unreasonably high prices for petroleum products. In no other industry is the challenge to social control so striking, or the potentialities so rich. Here is a real opportunity for a new deal.

Revolt Against Hitler

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, May 12

THE net result of Hitler internationally has been to make Germany just about as popular as it was in the years from 1914 to 1918. Ten weeks of madness have, by knocking revisionism into a cocked hat, nullified the results of ten years of progress. Around the borders of Germany from Strasbourg to Danzig Hitlerism has produced anger, distrust, disgust, and fear. It is not merely the beating up of a few hundred or a few thousand Jews or Socialists or Communists that has achieved this remarkable metamorphosis, this conversion of a gradual growth of friendship toward Germany into enmity and alarm. It is something radically deeper. It is a latent fear of militant Germany, a fear of incorrigibly belligerent Prussianism, a fear, in short, of Germany going to war again. A positive religion of pre-war militarism and brutality is flashing through the Reich, plus a semi-mystical absorption of the nation into a fanatic unity of creed that recalls, in some respects, the growth of communism. Very apt is the French pun dubbing the Hitler regime "Boche-vist."

France is united as never since the war, because, as it was put brilliantly, the right hates Germany and the left hates Hitler. Great Britain is unloosing speeches by Lloyd George, Lord Grey, and other ministers that make one think one is reading Hansard in 1913. The Poles are terrified. Soviet Russia is on good terms with France for the first time in years, and for the first time in history has come to regard Poland as something more than an international nuisance—it sees Poland as a comfortable block of land between itself and Germany. The Dutch and Scandinavians are filled with disgust. Even Italy is not so warm in its brotherly fascist

greetings. Mussolini, it will be noticed, has not absolutely deluged Hitler with invitations to come to Rome. This is the brilliant record of the Nazis in foreign policy to date.

In Central Europe, the old heart of the storm, the old international pivot, Hitlerism has produced its most suggestive results so far. There is confusion amounting almost to chaos in the politics of the Danube basin since the advent of Hitler. But out of the mess some main trends are discernible. First, Hitlerism itself shows growth among all Teutons. The creed seems irresistible to those superhumans to whom Jews, professors, pacifists, Socialists, radicals, liberals, and democrats are subhuman. Czecho-Slovakia contains something over 3,000,000 Germans, and although the canny Czech government is suppressing Nazi ideas thoroughly, about one million out of the three are probably already Hitlerites. Germans in Hungary are Nazis when they are not Jews. Even the Swabians in Rumania and the semi-Germans in Bukovina feel the Swastika itch. Austria is, of course, quivering on the brink, but of Austria more anon.

Secondly, Hitlerism has served to impair democracy almost everywhere and to grease the elbows of the dictators. General Gömbös in Hungary, till lately something of a fascist himself, is blinking with amazement at the sedulous support given him by his erstwhile liberal enemies. The spectacle of Jews looking to Gömbös as a protector is rather comic, but such are the miracles that Nazism has brought to the world. Similarly in Yugoslavia King Alexander probably has Hitler to thank for staving off a revolution. No one has time or energy for the luckless Croats now, with oppression in Germany so infinitely more tragic an issue. Besides, the Croats seek to change the peace treaties and Hitlerism probably

means freezing most of the present frontiers indefinitely. Even in more or less democratic countries, like Austria, dictatorial forces are strengthened, because the common people prefer any local strong arm to the Nazis, and even Social Democrats, by and large, are nowadays supporting right governments, covertly if necessary, as their best defense against the *Hakenkreuz* danger.

Thirdly, Hitler, the Big Brother of the Oppressed, has become radically unpopular with some of the gentlemen, like Gömbös in Hungary, who were his former diplomatic camp-mates. The reason is that Hitler has completely discredited the doctrine of revisionism on which they fatten. Germany, by its bulk, was the leader of the revisionist countries. Until Hitler came, there seemed some chance of fairly imminent revision of the treaties. Now all that is over. No one not a maniac would give an inch of the Polar Cape to Germany. And Hungary and Bulgaria, minor Powers with revisionist programs, innocently suffer.

Fourthly—something more positive—Hitler may unwittingly and inadvertently produce amelioration of some of Central Europe's oldest quarrels. The other day in Prague I saw several fairly eminent gentlemen almost whooping for joy at the chance the Nazis have given them. Now for the first time since 1919, these gentlemen say, there is a certain parallelism between the interests of the Little Entente and those of Hungary—in fact, between those of the Little Entente, Hungary, Austria, and even Italy. All fear Hitler. All are bound by that efficacious cement, apprehension of a common putative enemy. This is the time par excellence, say these gentlemen, for the Danube countries to get together. Scrap the old revisionist versus status quo grouping of the Powers and form a new line-up. Let the Czechs and Hungarians shake hands and call it a new day. Later in Budapest I found that Hungary did not welcome this notion quite so warmly, and the Czech wish is certainly father to the thought; but it may bear careful watching.

Similarly the Little Entente feels that Hitlerism presents a perhaps never-to-be-repeated opportunity for an Italo-Yugoslav rapprochement. Yugoslavia, the weaker state, has always been ready to make terms—on good terms. The trouble so far has been a quid pro quo for Italy. Well, let the Yugoslavs agree formally to the present Italian semi-suzerainty over Albania. Let the Yugoslavs promise assistance if Germany, swallowing Austria, should also try to swallow the 600,000 Germans in the South Tyrol. I have reason to believe that very serious private negotiations may soon begin in this direction. Dr. Benes, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, might even be prevailed upon to go to Rome in behalf of the Little Entente for a general wampum festival.

But first the amazingly confusing situation in Austria must be got over. This is the first point of attack. The obvious next victim of Nazism (except possibly Danzig) is Austria, and if the Nazis capture Austria most of what is written in this paper is not worth a hoot. The situation will have enormously changed. Wilhelmstrasse will be at the gates of Budapest. Mitteleuropa will be an incipient reality. Goebbels and Göring will gaze directly into the plains of Lombardy. Thus the great importance to the civilized world at the moment of a man four feet eleven inches high named Dollfuss.

Can little Dollfuss do it? Can little Dollfuss, Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, keep the Nazis out? Of

course even the Nazis are not crazy enough to want, at the moment, a *de jure* Anschluss. This, which would force a diplomatic trial of strength like the one which turned out so disastrously for Germany following the customs-union debacle two years ago, is something for which they are not yet ready. What they want is simply a Nazi government *in* Austria. This would constitute a *de facto* Anschluss very difficult for the Powers to attack. Frauenfeld, the Nazi leader in Vienna, has publicly disclaimed desire for a formal union.

Of Hitlerite strength in Austria there is no doubt. The Hitlerites would sweep the country in an election, as the recent poll at Innsbruck showed. Starting from scratch three years ago Frauenfeld has built up a formidable organization. He says he is getting more membership applications than he can print blanks for. He has obliterated the historic Pan-German Party. He has five newspapers, one of which commands the largest circulation in Austria. He has a new Brown House which cost 400,000 schillings. The Styrian Heimwehr has joined him.

On the other hand, the very vigor of the Nazi onslaught has produced a certain rebound. The Viennese are civilized and sophisticated folk proud of their easygoing helplessness, and they do not like to be bluffed or bullied. The Social Democrats are more or less behind Dollfuss, because Dollfuss is after all preferable to Hitler. Dollfuss is in an interesting strategic position, and his popularity in the country seems to be growing. Being agile, he hopped to Rome to counteract Papen-Göring; being shrewd, he found a brilliant pretext for banning Brown Shirt uniforms in a story alleging Nazi plans for a Putsch on the Bavarian frontier. But can any single Austrian withstand the Hitler torrent?

There are about five things that Dollfuss must do to keep the Nazis out: (1) Avoid elections and keep the parliament hamstrung; (2) conciliate the Social Democrats so far as possible; (3) restrain his own auxiliaries, the Heimwehr, from going Nazi or provoking the Social Democrats (the Heimwehr lads are almost as much a liability as an asset to little Dollfuss and it is a pity he is entangled with them); (4) watch carefully for treason in his own Christian Social Party; (5) trust Mussolini.

On Italy, in fact, a great deal depends. Odd that the First Fascist should be Austria's best guaranty against the new fascist danger from the north; but Mussolini, dreading Anschluss, which would bring Prussians to the Brenner Pass and Trieste, has apparently told Papen-Göring to keep hands off in Austria, and Dollfuss came back from Rome with moral backing of the utmost value. There is always, on the other hand, possibility of a German-Italian deal. Frauenfeld talks wildly of "giving" Italy "Nice and Corsica." But luckily for Europe—it makes one rather dizzy to write this—there still exists the French army. Meanwhile, prospects of war aside, an Anschluss would seem inevitably bound to push Italy into the arms of France.

I have said that Hitlerism has killed peaceful revisionism. This is true so far as Germany is concerned. But it is also true that in some minor matters the smaller countries—Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, for instance—might, faced with a common Hitler danger, come to some reciprocal arrangement for local, limited revision. This is the clear meaning of the April 25 speech of Dr. Benes. He openly asks the creation of a new Central European entity to include Austria and Hungary, and names his terms. They are severe. But it is not impossible that Danubia may some day accept them.

American Expatriates

By MARTHA GRUENING

Look, we pay 60 lire a month for this house, 25 lire for the servant, and food is very cheap. You could live on 185 a month in plenty and be greeted as "Signoria" when you went out together. It is the same as "Guten Tag, Herrschaften." That would be luxury enough for K.

"The Letters of D. H. Lawrence."

A STORY about a Negro, which doubtless has its equivalent in Irish, Jewish, and Scandinavian dialects, relates that the principal character, tearing down a road with a wildcat in hot pursuit, replied to someone who asked where he was going: "Boss, I ain't going to. I'se coming from!" This story seems to be applicable to American expatriates as I knew them abroad in the years between 1923 and 1932. Most of them could have been divided into those who were going to Russia and those who were merely coming from prohibition, the high cost of living, red raids, the post-war boom, or the depression, or were taking advantage of the rate of exchange to escape from some personal problem or to seek a change of scene. Exchange was, in nearly every case, the magic key which enabled them to fulfil some long-cherished wish, such as the study of art or music abroad, a painless Paris divorce, or protracted psycho-analytical conversations in Vienna. My own observations were chiefly of this latter group—I was, in fact, one of them—with only occasional glimpses of those more purposefully bound for the Soviet Republics.

Expatriates, even in those years, were not a new phenomenon. What was new about them was their unprecedented number and, to some extent, their psychology. American colonies have existed for many decades in such centers as Paris, Rome, and Dresden, but the American expatriates who composed them were not so much Americans as cosmopolitans, members of powerful financial and social groups, dividing their time between the capitals and resorts of two continents. These groups still exist, revolving round the embassies of their respective cities, supporting American churches, clubs, and at least one American dentist, and supplying the major news items for the hard-pressed society editors of the *Paris Herald* and *Paris Chicago Tribune*. In almost every case, such a nucleus will have a small surrounding fringe of Americans who have gone native—usually through marriage—whose ambition is to be more French than the French or more English than the English. The chief occupation of the latter group is blushing for their cruder compatriots. And while they sometimes, more or less reluctantly, initiate a carefully chosen few into the mysteries of the older civilization, they are generally far more concerned with excluding the majority.

These older American expatriates lived charmingly abroad for comparatively little, because, even in the old days, the cost of living in most European countries where they were found was lower than in the United States. The newer American expatriates lived fabulously by grace of the exchange, which, especially before October, 1929, far outweighed any rise in the European cost of living. In those golden years—and to some extent today—the delightful Paris

flat or studio, the charming, many-windowed, balconied villa set in its garden in Pau or Mallorca or Sicily, cost less than a New York hall bedroom overlooking an airshaft. The excellent food and wines, the efficient, tireless, underpaid servants, and the accompanying "Signoria," "Herrschaften," or "Mon-sieur-dame" were procurable at correspondingly low prices. But while older American expatriates lived formerly very much as Europeans did, according to their comfortable or slender means, the new expatriates enjoyed not the European scale of living, but a very different thing—the scale of living in Europe made possible by the American job or the American income.

The American job is of course far scarcer than it was. The European job held by an American—except in Russia—is practically non-existent. In France, at least, the American job was once fairly frequent. American expatriates in European centers were newspaper correspondents and business executives. They were secretaries or stenographers in American banks and business houses at salaries that appeared fabulous to their European friends. They were teachers for varying periods in American schools, or workers in semi-philanthropic institutions like the American Library in Paris or the American Hospital. Sometimes Americans had jobs in the corresponding European establishments on salaries which their European fellow-workers considered more or less adequate, but which they stretched into a living wage only with considerable ingenuity. But not all expatriates had jobs. Many were free-lance writers. Many were artists and writers living on advances or on the more solid fruits of past work. Others, especially if they were students, lived on income or remittances from home, or on the leases or subleases of their American dwellings.

There was a pretty constant floating population, too, of traveling-scholarship holders and of Guggenheim and other foundation fellows whose endowments enabled them to settle in Paris or on the Riviera, in Spain or on the northern coast of Africa, and produce travel articles and books, novels of farm life in Wisconsin and Iowa, and biographies of Civil War heroes and Indian braves. There was also, at least in Montparnasse, a group of Americans that had no visible means of support and lived quite obviously by their wits, panhandling and sponging and acting on occasion as "guides" for sucker tourists, which meant actually as touts for con-ning hotels and shopkeepers. And there were also a certain number of creative workers who not merely lived on their incomes but put them to work in such courageous artistic and business ventures as Sylvia Beach's Paris bookstore, Shakespeare and Co. They made theatrical experiments, set up English-language presses, and published lively, sometimes short-lived, but also frequently resurrected magazines like the *Transatlantic Review*, *transition*, and *This Quarter*.

And families came too. Parents who wanted their children to learn languages painlessly—parents interested in the modern schools of Europe, who attended the stimulating conferences of the New Education Fellowship and then went out in search of *écoles nouvelles* and *freie Schulgemeinden*.

Decroly, Montessori, and Europeanized Dalton schools. Or they might be parents momentarily beset with doubts about the freedom of modern education, whose children were landed by that swing of the pendulum in the organized routine and discipline of a lycée, which, by its very contrast with all they had known, became a new and exciting adventure. Here they wore black aprons like their French schoolfellows, conjugated verbs or recited the *départements* of France by the clock at the exact moment when some other hundred thousand children throughout France were similarly engaged, collected little chocolate pictures (just as we did thirty-odd years ago), encountered a strange subject called *sofège*, and sometimes an amusing one known as "Engleesh," which a small American boy I knew said went like this: "I 'ave, you 'ave, 'ee 'azz."

Even parents who pricked up their ears at the slightest suggestion of anything "modern" in education sometimes also had a wistful and old-fashioned feeling for the comparative simplicity and stability of European child life, and sought an escape here for their children—escape from the excitements of school and social life at home. Just how far this was appreciated by the children is another story. It was an adult taste that thrilled immediately to the charming simplicity of Youth Movement costumes and amusements, to the substitution for automobiling of hiking, bicycling, and other forms of *Wanderung*, and to a youthful existence devoid of movies and radio. For the average American child all this meant considerable adjustment. But there were compensations. There was, for one thing, the easy and exciting change of scene possible on successive holidays; the easy accessibility, from almost any point in Europe, of mountains for winter sports and of sunny beaches; the possibility of summers spent among the bright-colored sails and fishing nets of Basque or Breton fishing villages, of walking trips in the Black Forest; of journeys in a *Faltboot* down the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Danube; of seeing both such modern marvels as the Deutsches Museum and such medieval miracles as Chartres and Carcassonne. The possibility, as Katherine Mansfield put it in one of her letters from Switzerland, of waking that morning with a feeling for Italy . . . and sitting that night in the opera house in Milan . . . "the wonderful feeling that one can lean out of heaven knows what window tonight, one can wander under heaven knows what flowery trees. The wine bottle is a new shape. A perfectly new moon shines outside."

It was this combination of change, or rather the possibility of change, with the stability of old and rooted civilizations that for many expatriates gave life abroad its particular savor. Short of being penniless or absolutely tied down, you had an almost unlimited choice of environment. When you felt epicurean or wanted to see good painting, you chose France. If you wanted good music and interesting theatrical innovations in those pre-Nazi days, it would be Germany. When the dark winter set in in Paris or London, it was only an overnight journey to Provence, and when you had had enough of being a lizard in the dry white sunshine of southern France or Italy and longed for soft, moist spring air and unforgettable green grass and flowers, you crossed the Channel. In all these places you found a kind of beauty, an individual, hand-made flavor, and an atmosphere of comparative leisure conducive to appreciating them which are not to be found, or found only in exceptional cases, in America.

I am aware that this statement is open to challenge, but

I stand by it. Like everyone else, I knew expatriates abroad given to "God's countrying," who never wearied of yearning for the New York skyline, steam heat, ice water, and the American climate. Some of us, however, prefer our cities horizontal and incredibly sprawling to vertical and incredibly congested, and find a sudden Fata Morgana glimpse of Montmartre, white and dreamlike, on the Paris horizon more thrilling than a crick in the neck beneath the Empire State Building. We became hardened to chicory instead of coffee for breakfast and to the meager amount of *chauffage central* that French innkeepers and concierges supply, and thought that in New York, at least, the benefits of a sunshine not to be glimpsed before noon in the canyons of the lower city were somewhat exaggerated. Who in his right mind would not prefer a lunch hour spent under the trees of a sidewalk cafe, with time enough over to poke about the bookstalls on the quays, to a three-decker sandwich gulped at a drugstore with the smell of disinfectants and hot-water bottles? Who would not rather go to and from work in a *bâteau mouche* than sweat and struggle for a strap in the New York subway? (I admit this was not possible for all Parisians, only for residents of certain districts and from March to November, but even the Paris métro and the London underground, for some reason, are less ferocious and oppressive than the subway.)

One's eyes and ears were constantly being ravished, not necessarily because European places were more beautiful to start with, though they frequently were, but because certain kinds of beauty were more cherished in Europe than here. One thinks of the rivers of Europe—the Seine and the Rhône, the Neckar below Heidelberg, and the Isar rolling its glacial green waters past the Museum Insel in Munich, even the Thames. The Hudson is really, I think, a nobler river than any of them, with greater possibilities of beauty, but in no European city that I know could it be disfigured by so much that is ugly, sordid, and chaotic as it is in New York. Lakes and rivers are used commercially abroad—witness the heavy barge traffic on the Seine—but they remain an intimate and lovely part of the lives of the cities situated on them. What one remembers when one thinks of the Seine is not belching factory chimneys and railroad sidings and billboards, but lovely, weathered gray stone parapets and bridges, trees, and Parisians fishing from the quays and from little rowboats moored in the shadows of the bridges. One likes to walk in the streets of these European cities, too. Is walking in any American city still a pleasure? For one thing these cities have a springtime, such as no modern geometric city all steel and concrete can have—a springtime of chestnut blossoms and lilacs and laburnums. They still combine to a large degree city and country features. They have flower markets, too, because to their inhabitants flowers are a necessity and not a luxury. You will see the thriftiest housewife in Paris or Brussels buying a few sous' worth of flowers along with the vegetables she puts in her string bag.

Another advantage, a part of the escape if you like, enjoyed by the expatriate is the sense of personal liberty. In part, of course, this is subjective and is based on his freedom from whatever he left behind him. In part it has a real basis, though real and amusing contradictions also exist. In France, certainly, he achieves a very large degree of freedom—an almost complete freedom in such matters as drinking, love-making, or witnessing the love-making of others. On the other hand, though the English like to spoof us about prohibi-

tion, the expatriate soon finds that England has prohibition about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

In both France and England, as elsewhere in Europe, when the political situation is not too ticklish, the expatriate enjoys the freedom of detachment. After all, he is an outsider and does not count. To be allowed not to count, to be an onlooker with no responsibility for anything that goes on about him and with the opportunity to observe and understand as fully as possible the people he lives among, is one of the distinctive advantages of the expatriate's position. It is perhaps not an advantage that can be enjoyed safely for too long a period, but certainly it is a help in extracting significance from one's European experiences.

And how rich the expatriate's and even the tourist's opportunities sometimes are in this direction. All that he needs is a little leisure and a slightly contemplative cast of mind. How utterly revealing of a national psychology it may be just to watch a French or an English or a German audience at a play or a concert; to sit up all night with seven other travelers of assorted nationalities in the hermetically sealed third-class compartment of a transcontinental train; to steep oneself in native newspapers—foreign news, death notices, matrimonial offers, and all; to mingle with the crowds at a *kermesse* or attend the *jour de prix* at a French school, the Derby in England, or a criminal assizes wherever one happens to be. Life becomes just one revelation after another. When you have witnessed the ingenuity with which a bourgeois French family manages not to extend hospitality to outsiders, except on rare and formal occasions, you find suddenly that you have discovered why France is full of excellent and economical and altogether delightful inns, while in hospitable England, where only tourists and people who are in trade and do not count ever have to put up at hotels, they are uniformly abominable, expensive, and depressing.

But the dollar is not as good as it was. Exchange is uncertain. "Signoria," "Herrschaften," and the rest are a thought less spontaneous. Even the editors of little magazines with a whole Milky Way of Edward O'Brien stars to their credit are coming home. But far more ominous signs are appearing that the days of escape to Europe are numbered. In England a mob boos the royal family—a symptom as grave as riot and bloodshed would be elsewhere. In Germany and Austria nationalism and incited race riots flare up, expressing themselves in violence and persecution. Last winter in Geneva, the calm, the stodgy, the almost comically reasonable "Cité de Refuge" and home of religious tolerance—still conscience-stricken, after three hundred years, over Calvin's burning of Servetus—a handful of frightened young soldiers opened fire on a crowd of peaceable Socialist demonstrators and turned the familiar Plaine de Plainpalais, the home of market booths and merry-go-rounds, into a shambles. Later the Swiss authorities, without the excuse of panic or inexperience, upheld the bloody deed and sought only to punish the protesting Socialists. Civil war and class uprisings are making life and property as unsafe in Europe as racketeering and criminality are making them so over here, perhaps on an even larger scale. Europe as a playground, as a quiet retreat for work or as a refuge from engulfing chaos, is becoming daily more impossible.

But if, when disaster has finally overtaken us, the new world order or the crumbling debris of the old order still leaves us any choice, some of us may still prefer to live among

what is left of scenes and folkways that were so congenial to us. By the banks of rivers where even in the metropolis fishermen in little boats are fishing for their suppers; where the spirit of play enters even into a strike, as when the telephone girls of Paris amused themselves for an hour by giving consistently wrong numbers (it probably was not so very difficult for them at that), and streets, as if by magic, were swept absolutely bare of taxis, appearing startlingly new and visible. In some little town or village built around a *grande place*, the home of *kermesses*, bordered by pollarded plane trees whose thick leaves offer adequate shelter alike from the blazing noonday sun or sudden shower, where speech heard is remembered and treasured by the ear like music. In a little city on an Alpine lake which erected a memorial fountain on the spot "where Rousseau first met Mme de Warens." In any one of a hundred remembered places where in spite of grim lives and struggle and hardship something of beauty and gaiety and individual flavor has lingered.

(This is the concluding article in a series on travel and life abroad. Previous articles were *Travel for a Song and Ships and Floating Hotels*, by Arthur Warner, which appeared in the issues of March 22 and April 5, and *How to Travel in Soviet Russia*, by Amy S. Jennings, in the issue of May 10. Between now and the end of June two more columns of travel information by John Rothschild will be published.)

In the Driftway

THE Drifter thinks that a good deal of the financial history of the United States in the last quarter of a century is to be extracted from his recollections of a certain savings bank. Years ago he opened an account there, his first in the Great City, and he has had a few dollars on deposit ever since. He chose the bank because it was near the office in which he was working and was recommended by a coworker. The bank was in a small basement reached from the street by a steep flight of stairs. When the Drifter visited it, he saw behind not-too-forbidding barriers a paying teller, a receiving teller, sometimes a bookkeeper, and occasionally a man whom the Drifter thought to be either the cashier or the president—he never knew which. The Drifter liked the little basement bank. He didn't have to wait in line or visit half a dozen windows in order to deposit or withdraw a dollar. Also the employees looked honest and competent and stayed on, getting a little more mature (the Drifter refrains from suggesting old) from year to year. Meanwhile the bank steadily paid its depositors a rate of 4 per cent.

* * * * *

THE time came when the Drifter opened another account in another savings bank. This other bank was on the street floor of a prominent thoroughfare, but it was modest in its appointments and it too paid 4 per cent. Later on it was obsessed with delusions of grandeur, put up a handsome marble building, and promptly cut its interest rate to 3½ per cent. The Drifter withdrew his account and put it in the unpretentious basement which still paid 4 per cent.

TIME jogged along, and the country followed the Joneses to new ways of life and business. But the basement bank maintained its position until a few years ago. Then it succumbed and moved to new quarters. The new quarters were not extravagant, but they were on the street level—twice as large and presumably much more costly. Later a day came when the Drifter read in the newspapers that his little savings bank had been merged with several others into a Large Institution. When next he visited it, two distinguished young men were pacing the lobby dressed in natty blue uniforms and Sam Brown belts equipped with revolvers. They seemed to have nothing to do but pace and look distinguished. A desk, too, had been installed in the lobby. There was a sign on the desk reading "Information and Service," behind which sat a young lady with a handsomely marcelled coiffure. The Drifter took a look around the premises and was glad to see that his old friends were still there, although almost lost among newcomers and a vast new array of filing cases, snappy-looking machines, and gadgets which pass under the general name of "office equipment." Yet the Drifter did not observe definite signs of increased business. In fact he was the only client in the bank at the moment of his visit. That is about all there is to record—unless it might be worth noting that the interest to depositors is now 3 instead of 4 per cent.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Storm Still Rages

[We have received a great many letters commenting upon the article by Ludwig Lewisohn in our issue of May 3 and also upon the correspondence about that article which appeared in *The Nation* of May 17. We must conclude the debate with the following excerpts from representative letters.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The charge made by Elmer Rice that Ludwig Lewisohn appeals to the "same narrow clannishness which Hitler personifies" approaches the domain of intellectual dishonesty. Is it fair and honest to state that the Zionists are raising "obsolete battle cries"? Is it fair to imply that the normal Jewish consciousness of historical responsibility is identical with Hitler or fascist chauvinism? Zionists have the courage to decide their Jewish fate in a positive manner, and are not satisfied with the mediocre, bourgeois attitude which defines the Jewish destiny, according to Mr. Rice, in the following manner: "They want security for themselves and for their families, economic opportunity, and peaceable and friendly intercourse with their neighbors." Do we deserve for these reasons to be called narrow nationalists? We Zionists, as true liberals and progressives, join with Mr. Rice "in a common effort to liberate all the people of the earth," not excluding our own Jewish nation.

Los Angeles

GABRIEL SEGALL

Mr. Rice loses the right to be a Jewish spokesman when he makes the statement that "the position of the Jew throughout the world today is better than it has ever been." This is not a true statement. At no time in all the history of the world has the Jew's position been as sad as it is today. We happen to be concerned with the status of a half-million Jews in Germany. But what about the 3,500,000 Jews in Poland? What about

the millions of Jews in Rumania, Latvia, Lithuania, and other countries where the Jew is not only economically declassed but is hounded like a dog politically and socially? And, finally, what about the quiet but definitely discriminating boycott which is hounding Jews in enlightened countries, not excluding our own land, where discrimination in employment was felt by Jewish people for years before the present economic crisis?

Detroit

PHILIP SLOMOVITZ

It was high time that the resentment of many cultured Jews against the reactionary sentimentality of Ludwig Lewisohn found a voice. Let us beware of confusing the Jewish religion with Jewish culture; we have, as intelligent persons, done with religious dogma, however attractively the superstition may be garbed. Let us beware of confusing Jewish culture with Jewish separatism and a return to the narcissistic conception of a Chosen People with a Mission. We are not seeking exemption from the hostile passion vented upon Jewry. We refuse, however, to be beaten back into the medievalism of our persecutors. That, indeed, would be their final victory.

Roxbury, Mass.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Those authors who protest against "Ludwig Lewisohn's call to the Jews to rally under the ancient banners of Israel and meet the German attack by intensifying their solidarity" apparently labor under the delusion that Lewisohn's suggestions mean the erection of a miniature Temple in each Jewish community and a return to the garments and language of ancient Jerusalem. They cannot understand that actually Lewisohn is urging the Jews to become familiar once more with their spiritual heritage, which to their detriment they have gradually been losing. Lewisohn whole-heartedly believes, and many with him, that this most ancient and understanding of all racial histories can be a source of immense strength to present-day Jews.

Brooklyn

HERMAN SLAVIN

What connection is there between Mr. Lewisohn's rebuke to the ultra-assimilationist German Jews and Mr. Rice's grouping together of such dissimilar persons as Einstein, Lord Reading, Max Steuer, a Bronx sweatshop worker, and other Jews? Suppose we take an equally heterogeneous group of American citizens, say Will Rogers, Clara Bow, Senator Borah, Heywood Broun, and Nicholas Murray Butler, and ask what they have in common besides American citizenship and the English language. Does the grouping together of these persons as members of a national and cultural entity mean a return to barbarism, racial isolation, superstition, or the like? As a matter of fact, while the persons selected by Mr. Rice have no common citizenship, language, or even religious praxis, they do have in common an interest in the past and future of the Jewish people (which no informed person confuses with race), and all of them have, so far as I know, a warm sympathy for the Zionist idea and program, which Mr. Rice and the other critics of Mr. Lewisohn seem to think so dangerous to the peace of Jew and Gentile alike.

New York

RALPH MARCUS

Resentment is a natural and, on occasion, laudable passion, but like all passions it blinds one to reality. Mr. Lewisohn, a conscious nationalist Jew, resents the attitude of other Jews who neither are nor wish to be like himself. Mr. Rice—with his Jewish and Gentile allies—resents the attitude of Mr. Lewisohn. As a result, neither of them is able to acknowledge all the facts of the case, and both of them are reduced to that very intolerance they most decry.

The fact is that many Jews find expression and happiness in becoming more or less or altogether Gentiles; and on the

other hand that devotion to Jewish culture, whether it be religious or national, with its tendency to separatism, often results—as the world wags—in the exclusion and persecution of the Jew. This Mr. Lewisohn refuses to admit. But the further fact is that many Jews likewise find their true field of contentment and expression in a more or less complete association with their historic past; and on the other hand that an adoption of Gentile culture, even when it is complete, often has resulted—as the world now wags in Germany and once wagged in France, Russia, Spain, and Alexandria—in the same exclusion and oppression of the Jew. This Mr. Rice will not see.

Anti-Semitism, it cannot be too often repeated, is not a Jewish but a Gentile problem. There is little the Jew can do to vanquish it. If he goes native, like Mr. Lewisohn, he runs the chance of getting knocked on his caftan by a Pole. If he turns Gentile, like Mr. Rice, he may get his fedora bashed by a *gummi-knüppel*. There will be no solution until the world acknowledges the right of a man to indulge in whatever culture he pleases and in whatever doses he prefers, precisely as it grants him the right to believe, half-believe, make-believe, or disbelieve in whatever religion comes to his hand. Isn't the world big enough to hold pure Jews, half-caste Jews, half-caste Gentiles, and pure Gentiles?

New York

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

A Different Appraisal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As one of the "uplifters" mentioned in Mr. Pearl's criticism of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" I wish to declare a totally different appraisal of the book. I read it with deep regret that the authors find so many materials and commodities deserving condemnation, as well as so many deficiencies in food and drug laws and so much laxity among public officials. I gave the book to the dietician of one of our State institutions, who returned it with the remark that she believed it would be as effective in its field as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was on the slavery issue.

Mr. Pearl, feeling that the authors do the manufacturers of good products an injustice, says that "it states only one side of the case." What of it; isn't that logical? The authors are not trying to pat honest men on the back for producing good foods; they are trying to expose the inadequacies of laws designed to protect consumers and the failure of officials to secure the welfare of the people. They prove their case by reference to specific instances in which chemical analyses have shown that poisoning and death were produced by toxic constituents of foods and drugs, and to letters and statements by department officials and scientific authorities.

The absence of statistics does not detract from the value of the book from the layman's standpoint. If chemical examination has disclosed the presence of lead and arsenic on fruit, we may well take warning. If a number of women have been killed by thallium acetate in depilatories, others may profitably use caution in the choice of depilatories—unless they prefer lovelessness to life. To be able to purchase materials judiciously, however, the consumer would have to be a chemist, physicist, and general technician and have a private laboratory in his home. This being impossible, a necessary function of government is rigidly to control production with respect to quality of materials. The need for such control is successfully pointed out in the book, and this in itself is justification for its publication.

The intelligent reader need not be distressed because the authors have chosen a title intended to catch the eye. Realizing the apathy of the masses on questions of government and social welfare, the reader can readily excuse, even compliment,

the authors for methods of presentation which command the people's interest in a subject of such importance. Mr. Pearl's failure to demonstrate actual cases of departure from truth or honesty in this book indicates the invalidity of his criticism.

"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" is a book every American should read.

Ray Brook, N. Y., May 20

KENNETH GORDON

Tax-free City

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Here is an instance of public ownership of utilities that may interest your readers in connection with the articles that have been appearing in *The Nation*.

The Chapman, Kansas, *Advertiser* for July 14, 1932, ran an advertisement of a house for sale which contained the following statement: "There has been no city tax to pay in the last two years. The city electric and water pay the running expenses of the city and leave a small surplus over the budget." In the issue of July 7 this item appears: "One of the acts of the city council at their meeting Tuesday that will be received by residents with satisfaction was cancelation of the water bills for the past quarter. Chapman citizens have the cheapest light rates in the State, and with an occasional water bill cancelation the water cost is reduced to a very low rate for towns of this State."

Monterey, Cal., May 11

WAYNE EDWARDS

An Antiquated Schedule

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A movement is under way to help unemployed nurses find work. An eight-hour schedule instead of the antiquated and inhuman twelve-hour routine seven days a week is being advocated for nurses doing private duty in private as well as State hospitals. Nurses have for years accepted the twelve-hour schedule as one of the basic requirements of their profession. But it is no longer necessary. Hospitals which have tried the eight-hour schedule have uniformly found it satisfactory in aiding employment and helping the nurses live a fuller life. Sensible reasons for the continuance of the twelve-hour schedule have not been advanced. The proposition is generally rooted in inertia to change. If the public were made aware of the oppressive conditions, we feel sure there would be every chance for the successful adoption of the eight-hour schedule in the hospitals throughout the country. A large number of hospitals in New York City have already adopted it.

New York, May 13

IDA SHERMAN

Unfair Criticism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Always convinced of the essential fair-mindedness of Norman Thomas, I was shocked to find his criticism of what Roosevelt has accomplished to be in reality a criticism of democracy as a system versus socialism as a system. Instead of scrutinizing the efforts and plans and solutions of a Democratic President working within the boundaries of an established set-up, which seemed, from the title of the article, to be his purpose, Mr. Thomas based his criticism on what he would do as a Socialist President with a Socialist set-up. That seems to me unfair.

Hammond, Ind., May 10

HEDWIG S. KUHN

Finance

The Art of Conversion

THOSE two wizards of financial legerdemain, John I. Mange and Howard C. Hopson of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, continue to demonstrate a touching fidelity to the investment practices of yesteryear. Their most recent attempt to add one more white rabbit to the many they have already pulled from the hat is embodied in their offer to the holders of Associated Gas and Electric debentures, by which they seek to relieve the company of the burden of \$260,000,000 in fixed-interest-bearing debt. In their generosity Messrs. Mange and Hopson have not restricted themselves to a single offer to the debenture holders, but have proposed three optional methods of reducing the lien on the earning power of the holding company. Under the first option a holder of a \$100 debenture would receive a \$50 debenture of the Associated Gas and Electric Corporation, a subsidiary of the parent company. The new security would carry fixed interest at the same rate as the old, thus involving a reduction of 50 per cent in both interest and principal for the holder. However, the holder would have the privilege of converting this security into a \$100 income debenture of the subsidiary, carrying from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 per cent less interest than the present debentures. As an income security rather than a fixed-interest-bearing security, the debenture of this second option would offer little legal recourse to the holder should the interest not be paid. The third option offers income debentures of the parent company of the same face value and interest as the present fixed-interest-bearing debentures.

Mange and Hopson have always found fixed charges distasteful, as illustrated by their frequent recourse to financing through securities nominally called debentures but actually convertible into stock at any time at the option of the management. Their plea to the debenture holders on this occasion reads like an unconscious confession of this prejudice. "The dangers of fixed-interest securities in times like these are becoming more and more apparent," they proclaim. They omitted to add that these dangers apply particularly to the stock equities of inflated holding companies like Associated Gas and Electric. In a forced reorganization the prior lien of the company's \$260,000,000 of debentures would not be likely to leave much for the \$123,000,000 capital stock and surplus. What would be left for the small issue of Class B stock, which holds sole voting power and through which Mange and Hopson control the whole top-heavy structure of their system, is even more questionable. In such event Messrs. Mange and Hopson might easily be left high and dry at the top of an empty pyramid. This is the danger which the two gentlemen must have in mind. To avoid it, they are asking the debenture holders to accept an offer which, if the revenues of the system continue to decline, would greatly impair the latter's position in a possible reorganization, and which, if revenues increase, would represent a greatly inferior security to the one they now hold.

Henry Ford, long the arch opponent of Wall Street, is once more treating with the enemy. After so many years of frantic breast-beating over the tribe of bankers in general and over Wall Street bankers in particular, Henry has ended by selling his Universal Credit Corporation, a financing organization handling the instalment sale of Ford cars, to the Commercial Investment Trust Corporation, a concern affiliated with many leading Wall Street banking houses. The price was \$30,000,000. The sage of Dearborn explained away his surrender to New York finance on the ground that instalment financing is a banking business which should be separate from the manufacture and

sale of motor cars. This alibi is patently naive since the banking character of instalment financing must have been as apparent in 1928, when Ford organized Universal Credit, as it is now. A more likely explanation is that Henry is sufficiently hard up for cash to make \$30,000,000 look extremely big to him, regardless of its source. He is generally reported to have had about \$50,000,000 in Detroit banks prior to the collapse there, while his operating losses since the end of 1930 have been heavy. In 1921, when Ford was pinched for ready money, he surmounted his difficulty by ruthlessly forcing his dealers to buy a large number of cars for cash, regardless of their ability to sell them within a reasonable period. This time such a procedure was impossible, since Ford's dealers are now bled white from years of sparse business. What gives added piquancy to the deal, when one recollects the fantastic vagaries of the Dearborn *Independent* several years ago, is that the transaction was negotiated by Kuhn, Loeb and Company.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

TRAVELERS AND READERS

Have You Read This Book On Russia?

One-Sixth of the World's Surface

By RUSSELL WRIGHT

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HAMMOND, INDIANA

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The National Student Federation of America sponsors the trip. It sails July 4th, spends a week in Leningrad and Moscow, two weeks in industrial and agricultural centers. Inclusive cost: \$376.

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Books and Drama

Sonnet

By MARK VAN DOREN

No throat had ever told me what I know,
And knowing now so well, pity a lover's
Silence; for the voice of love is low;
It cannot rise to what the heart discovers.
It cannot sing as high as love's own mind,
Which, truant among birds, flies daily back
With a wide restlessness, and looks behind
At everything the darkened house will lack.
Therefore I hold these words inside my heart,
Therefore I tie each thought that would ascend.
They languish, but it is the better part,
And there is sweeter music in the end—
Unheard by even you, on whom the sound
Gathers like dew upon the senseless ground.

Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

In the clear shaft of light the child so standing
alone, but his aloneness yet unknown,
all things accepting, all things at random heeding,
nearest pebble and farthest star commanding,
sorrow and joy his own
to do his bidding

In the clear shaft of light, whether the tree
were moved by the wind or still,
alone on the flowered hill
there with the birdsong and the time song
day song and wind song
all things himself to be

So that the leaves himself became
and the green hill made answer to his name
and all things knew him who himself knew all—
so that, the sun obscured by clouds, the light
absent, he too was absent with delight,
thus went, thus came—

He with the pebble in his lifted hand
whose footsteps might be traced
by flower or grass displaced—
now gone, now here, now far, now near,
now fallen in shadow beyond the rim of death
again brought homeward by lightly taken breath

O simple one, happy one, vague one, nimble one,
has time come over your hill
has time with long bells told you, told,
and do you stand there still,
among dead flowers, the sunlight gone,
your hill grown old?

In the clear shaft of light the man so standing
alone, but his aloneness known,
all things accepting, all things gladly heeding,
the heart beating, the hand bleeding,
the lost world now again his own
and marvelous with understanding.

Law, Life, and Morals

Ethical Systems and Legal Ideals. By Felix S. Cohen. New York: Falcon Press. \$3.75.

Law and the Social Order. By Morris R. Cohen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

TRUE philosophers are rare, but philosophical *families* are much rarer. One thinks of the elder and younger Mill, and, by a widening of the definition, of the three Jameses; but the list is deplorably brief. It is unusually pleasant, therefore, to witness the simultaneous appearance of these two important contributions, by father and son, to the philosophy of law.

The volume by the son, Felix S. Cohen, is a systematic essay devoted chiefly to the contention that the true purpose of law is to promote the good life, and that the value of the legal system as a whole, or of any specific statute, must be ultimately judged by its success in forwarding that aim. To the layman this thesis might seem almost too obvious for statement. Mr. Cohen remarks, indeed, that only two writers on law and politics (Aristotle and Bertrand Russell) have troubled distinctly to affirm it. Other philosophers, it is true, including Plato, Mill, Bentham, and many others, have accepted this basis of valuation, but none of them has apparently thought to formulate it explicitly. But like so many other propositions that, when stated, are as obvious as they are undeniable, it is constantly being overlooked or forgotten. Thus many legal writers hold, at least implicitly, that the field of law is independent of ethics and morality. According to M. Leon Duguit, for example, law has for its sole purpose social solidarity. Other writers have tended to base their legal criticisms on the hidden premise that the law is an isolated rational system to be judged primarily by the internal consistency of its assumptions. They usually regard their criterion as a logical one, but Mr. Cohen shows that this demand for the law's internal harmony and symmetry is primarily aesthetic. The criterion has a certain value, but it must always remain secondary to the judgment of law in terms of its social consequences. Another standard is that which values a law by its expressed content or its purpose instead of by its probable or demonstrable results. This is the fallacy most frequently committed by laymen. (The prohibition law is the outstanding present example of it, but it makes a constant reappearance, and it accounts for the popularity of such recent measures as the farm bill, the thirty-hour bill, and the proposed federal guaranty of bank deposits.) Still another standard, maintained by Hobbes, for example, values law for the peace and security it brings. But the reign of law and order, as Mr. Cohen points out, while desirable, is not an intrinsic good but an instrumentality for the achievement of the good life; and like every other tool it must be discarded or mended when it fails to accomplish its end. Order and security are so important that some ethical sacrifices may rightfully be made to secure them; but there is a limit to such sacrifices: "To sacrifice successively the elements of life that make peace good in order to achieve peace is like burning up the house in order to light it." A similar criticism must be made of the valuation of law in terms of its power to secure "liberty." Mere freedom from legal restraint, if law serves any valuable

end in society, is incompatible with the only sort of freedom that is worth preserving, the freedom to lead a good life; and therefore it cannot possibly serve as a final ideal for the valuation of law. It is not freedom in general, but freedom to do and enjoy good things that is valuable; and this ideal constitutes a statement rather than a solution of the fundamental legal-ethical problem. When he comes, finally, to the ideal of "justice" as the standard for measuring the law, Mr. Cohen finds this term even more ambiguous than "liberty," and concludes that it cannot serve as a final criterion for the evaluation of law unless it is defined as "the good which law is able to achieve."

But if we agree that the value of law is to be judged ultimately by its efficacy in promoting the good life, we merely move to the further question, What is the criterion of the good life? Mr. Cohen, undaunted, proceeds to devote more than a third of his book to answering this purely ethical question. After an argument too intricate to follow here, he concludes that the standard of the good life has been most adequately formulated by the theory of hedonism. Legal institutions and laws are to be judged by their effects on human happiness. Mr. Cohen, in brief, emerges as a frank disciple of Bentham, to whose works, he remarks, "we largely owe every important legal reform of the nineteenth century"; and he suggests boldly that even the ridicule of the "hedonic calculus" might be considerably undermined by "a willingness to examine the actual development of that calculus at Bentham's hands and the actual uses to which it is put in his legal criticism."

In his balance, in the acuteness of his logic, and in his passion for precise and unequivocal statement, Mr. Cohen is the spiritual as well as the physical son of his father. Unfortunately, his style is much below the level of his thought. His book is heavy-going; and the difficulties it presents to the reader cannot be wholly attributed to the subtlety or necessary abstractness of the reasoning.

Professor Morris Cohen's book is not, like his son's, a systematic treatise, but a collection of essays, reviews, and addresses that have appeared over a period of twenty years. They range in scope from quasi-popular articles on the political and legal muddle-headedness of Herbert Hoover and Elihu Root, and critical evaluations of the work of individual political and legal writers—among them Justice Holmes, Roscoe Pound, and Harold Laski—to broader discussions of the relationship of law to logic, scientific method, and philosophy. The essays overlap to some extent, and Professor Cohen would probably be the first to acknowledge that they sometimes give a too one-sided impression. For it is one of his outstanding merits as a thinker that he neither mistakes a half-truth for the whole truth nor for a lie, but recognizes it for what it is, and looks for the opposing and supplementary half-truth. This principle of polarity he applies as fruitfully throughout the present volume as he did throughout his "Reason and Nature." As good an illustration as any may be found in his essay on Property and Sovereignty. He begins by showing that as a legal term "property" denotes not material things but certain rights; that the essence of private property is always the right to exclude others, and that the large property holder is, in effect, a wielder of power over the lives of his fellow-citizens. As such legal powers cannot be pursued absolutely without detriment to human life, Professor Cohen cannot regard private property as sacrosanct, or hold that the general government must in no way interfere with or retrench its domain. On the other hand, limited property rights may provide a desirable social security and stability, take care of individual needs of privacy, and stimulate economic productivity. "The issue before thoughtful people is therefore not the maintenance or abolition of private property, but the determination of the precise lines along which private enterprise must be given free scope and where it must be restricted in the interests of the common good."

HENRY HAZLITT

Chinese Looking-Glass

The House of Exile. By Nora Waln. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

"THE HOUSE OF EXILE" is an unusual human document, sincerely written, with a mass of details and incidents. In it one does not see the Chinese as a strange people with an incomprehensible psychology; one feels and thinks sympathetically with them, because Nora Waln does so herself. Selecting the more significant of her experiences, she has written out of her years in China truthfully and charmingly.

A Pennsylvania Quakeress, whose family for generations had had a trade relationship with a Chinese clan called Lin, she grew up with an intense interest in things Chinese. While she was in college she chanced to meet two of the Lin family who were traveling in the West. "They were two exquisitely neat slim figures, with faces of smooth ivory. Both were dressed in high-collared, heel-length gowns of dark silk, with sleeveless jackets of brocade. . . . Their detailed perfection of dress and their self-possession, amid the staring crowd, made me timid." The words she caught from the train window, "you must come to me," were engraved on her mind. For five years she cherished the intent to go—studying in the meantime the Chinese dictionary. Eventually, in 1920, she went to live with the Lins, as "a daughter by affection," in the House of Exile—so-called because thirty-five generations back it had branched off from the Lins in Canton. A guest under such circumstances in the heart of China is rare indeed.

"From the moment of my arrival in China, it was as though, like Alice, I had stepped through a looking-glass into another world. The world I left behind became a dim, fantastic dream. Only this into which I entered seemed real." It is a strange coincidence that this reviewer, having left the world she describes and come to the Western world, feels that he has said these words. He wonders what it is in that old world to capture her imagination and attention, so that she toils ardently to memorize the classics that he has put aside in order to have more time for Shakespeare and Goethe. Because she went not to teach but to learn, she came to understand the literature and mind of the Chinese in her period of twelve years among them far better than many others do in a lifetime. There is no prejudice or favoritism shown in this book, nor is there any sentimentality. The accounts of Chinese political movements are accurate. All her pages show a deep sincerity, a vividness like that of Chinese landscape painting, and the sensitiveness of a poetic spirit. The following paragraph, describing the home of a well-to-do Chinese family, is a typical example of her style:

Hua-li was busy in court and garden coaxing the peonies with pruning knife, liquid fertilizers, and sprinkling basin. Mai-da and I thought that the showing of flowers and buds was perfect. In varieties of every size, from the round of a summer fan to the rim of a humming bird's nest, they gave a dignity and fragrance to the House of Exile. They rose, on glazed tile terraces facing the south side of the lapis-lazuli pond, in a luxuriant hill of color shading through dark plum, wine red, sunset rose, sunrise pink, apple bloom, and cloud white. Beyond the wistaria arbor pale yellow peonies unfurled their beauty against feathery bamboo saplings. In the library court the plant called "Maiden Asleep in the Moonlight," brought by a bride from the city of Loyang one hundred years ago, proudly lifted purple buds beyond counting on sturdy stalks.

The illustrations by C. Leroy Baldrige admirably match the style and tone of the book.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Stranger than Fiction

The Facts of Fiction. By Norman Collins. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

THIS collection of essays is stranger than fiction in so far as the truth of its actual defects and qualities contrasts with the enthusiastic encomiums from English reviewers with which the jacket is adorned. "Immense liveliness and humor," says Miss Clemence Dane; "the Lytton Strachey of literary criticism," says the *Morning Post*; "exciting, provocative," says Mr. Priestley; "a good book, a fresh book, witty and unconventional," says Miss V. Sackville-West. And these are but a few quotations from many, all by leading reviewers or from leading journals. The author is the assistant literary editor of the *London News Chronicle*, and is apparently regarded with unfeigned delight by his eminent colleagues.

On reading the book, however, one is reluctantly driven to the conclusion that a certain flippancy of treatment in literary criticism is so unusual in England that a departure like this from the conventional manner produces little shudders of delight, as when someone ventures a mildly risqué joke at tea with the vicar. Mr. Collins writes readably of the outstanding novelists from Richardson to Joyce, and throws in a hasty chapter on the American novelists, to prove his lack of insularity. Of course, these are not in any sense "the facts of fiction," since they are the brief, impressionistic comments of a skilful journalist on such novels as he chanced to select for his faint heresies and kindly witticisms. In this country, I suspect, the faintness of the former and the mildness of the latter would rather dampen enthusiasm for the manuscript, which is neither serious enough, on the one hand, nor provocative enough, on the other. The very obvious antithesis—for the sake of antithesis—of the title, wholly irrelevant to the book, is a good measure of the whole.

Mr. Collins, for example, does not worship D. H. Lawrence. He seems to think "The Brook Kerith" George Moore's only relatively important work, and fills out his chapter with the thrice-told tale of Moore's conversion. He notes that Arnold Bennett was the eternal provincial, but grants that "The Old Wives' Tale" somehow transcends the man Bennett. H. G. Wells would be more highly esteemed as a story-teller if he had not tried so hard to be a deep thinker. James Joyce is "not only a courageous prophet but an outrageous punster." Richardson was the "first psychological novelist," and to understand "Clarissa" one must accept "the difficult but essential doctrine of the Immaculate Seduction." "Anyone who cannot enjoy Fielding will probably have a thin enough time in the rest of English fiction." Etc., etc.

When he finally reaches the American novelists, one has long abandoned hope of information, insight, or stimulation. "It would be easier to write of the progress of American fiction if so many of the novelists . . . were not so resolutely progressing backwards." In other words, Mr. Collins thinks that the North is now discovering the aristocratic traditions of the South. Whereupon Mr. Faulkner appears as one of those, together with Upton Sinclair, who have become hopelessly enslaved to the glamor of the old South. Theodore Dreiser, it appears, writes badly, and his view of the world is not rosy-colored, but, somehow, there is strength and power in his work. For Branch Cabell Mr. Collins expresses his most complete contempt. One short passage from "Jurgen" is quoted to show that such writing "is a grief to any who have learnt to distinguish between film-subtitle English and English between Malory and Maurice Hewlett." Miss Willa Cather is "astonishingly successful within her limits," and Thornton Wilder is "astonishingly limited within his success." Sherwood Anderson's novels are "unattrac-

tively designed to resemble the halting utterances of a halfwit child." Etc., etc.

These brief quotations are not, I think, unfair to Mr. Collins. They illustrate his manner and his point of view. If they constitute him the Lytton Strachey of literary criticism, then it is certainly true, as he admits of the level of American as compared with English fiction, that in America the general level is higher. We should measure our critical Stracheys with a more accurate rod, and reserve for our Collinses more charitable comparisons.

ERNEST BOYD

A Hero for Stendhal

Memoirs of the Comte de Tilly. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

AT Brussels in the year 1816 an obscure courtier of the *ancien régime* in France placed a pistol to his head and blew out his brains. Since those celestial youthful days at court he had gone halfway around the world, had blackmailed a rich Philadelphian by marrying his daughter, had returned to the Continent and gambled away what was left of his mysterious American income. The Fall of the Bastille had invalidated his excuse for living. It was difficult to earn a livelihood among the newly rich middle classes, and perhaps a trifle more degrading to make a cuckold out of a tradesman than to perform the same office for lords and princes.

Twelve years later Stendhal came upon the courtier's memoirs and was delighted with his discovery. Tilly was a Stendhal hero in the flesh: restless, handsome, favored by fortune and then ruined by an inability to plan his own career. He was a rogue and yet was forced to play his role according to an outworn, sentimental code of honor. He could not perpetrate the major villainies; and though he could use women to gratify his vanity, his power failed to bring him large rewards. He might be ushered in the front door and as suddenly out the back. After a quarrel or a break in the relationship, he might be easily forgiven, yet confidence would not be restored; the tongue was too glib, the eyes too roving.

Why, then, is Havelock Ellis excited over the publication of this forgotten manuscript? First of all, because Tilly was a good specimen of a dying class, the parasite who fed well upon other and larger parasites and whose memoirs struck the dead level, the norm, of all eighteenth-century autobiography. Secondly, because the man displayed an artful effrontery in self-presentation; less successful, less spectacular than Casanova, his boldness has a charm quite its own, and though he was obviously weak in character, he was often ingenious in getting out of scrapes. Lastly, and perhaps most important, the memoirs suggest a psychological analysis of his own career; and though it seems to be unconscious, his manner of telling a story bears some resemblance to a technique that Stendhal perfected to its logical conclusion. Lacking the consciousness of the very form that he employed, Tilly is often dull and the pattern of his structure is sometimes obscure, yet he is never mediocre.

Curiously enough Tilly's "portraits" of women are less convincing than his characterizations of men. One has the feeling that he met his many ladies in the dark; even their all-important bodies and faces tend to blur out into a single, composite, shadowy reflection in the mirrors of his memory. In his Duc d'Orleans, one recognizes at once the genial but inwardly flabby nobleman who could not save himself from the doom of the onrushing revolution. The detailed sketch of Touceville is excellent, and one suspects that Tilly has written an idealization of his own life in this short career of murder and playing for high stakes which ended in the arms of a young and newly married wife on a small estate in Brittany.

Tilly's escape from the revolution was a fruitless gesture that merely delayed the moment of his death. Were those who walked so calmly to the guillotine less bent on self-destruction than he who died by his own hand? Their bravery was of a sort that met death a little more than halfway. Starvation, the dishonor of working for a livelihood were realities of a new world in which they found themselves, a world more terrible than any doubt of another Versailles in hell or heaven.

HORACE GREGORY

The Happiest People

Arctic Village. By Robert Marshall. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

"ARCTIC VILLAGE" is dedicated by the author to the villagers he writes about, "who have made for themselves the happiest civilization of which I have knowledge." Robert Marshall spent one chance summer there, and returned to spend a year proving to himself that he was right, and that a human community could be as happy as this one seemed to be. He has set forth the proof in a factual recital that includes budgets, law enforcement, and community quarrels, as well as conversations and life histories that give an enviable intimacy with this jumping-off place of the world.

Wiseman, Alaska, within the wilderness of the Koyukuk, is one of the few surviving outposts of the old American frontier. Not only are the spirit and economic life of Wiseman those of the old frontier communities; the old sour-doughs who still make up the bulk of the population are the very pioneers who broke the trail into the upper Koyukuk during the gold rush of '98. More fortunate than most, they have not yet been overtaken in their mountains by capitalistic industrialism, and the overwhelming majority testify in the strongest terms to their satisfaction with their existence.

Life in the Koyukuk is of course no South Sea paradise. It is dangerous, it is uncomfortable, it makes harsh demands upon man's ingenuity and courage. Above all, for the great majority it has precluded marriage and children. Only about a quarter of the white men have wives either white or Eskimo, and most of the men without families regard this as a loss. Neither are these frontiersmen unaware of other curtailments in their lives. Most of them recognize that there is a highly desirable life "Outside" if one has plenty of money. But gold mining in the Koyukuk pays one's way and that is about all; if they went Outside they would still have to earn their living. They are satisfied with their condition because they have been able to get a livelihood without loss of independence—as they say, "There's nobody in God's world to boss your life except yourself"—and because they are interested. "Up here in the Koyukuk there's almost nothing you ever do that doesn't interest you."

They regard themselves as interested, and they regard themselves as free. What else, according to their philosophy, makes men happy? Certainly the situations that have fomented the greatest bitterness Outside—inequality of wealth and the race problem—have been handled in the Koyukuk without misery to those involved. The seventy-seven whites, as the author calls all those who are not natives, include Greek, Scandinavian, Herzegovinians, and even one Negro. The fifty natives are chiefly Eskimo, and include Indians, and Eskimo half-breeds with Indians, whites, and Japanese. There is no discrimination on racial grounds. The whites and natives depend on each other for constant acts of generosity and kindness; they share the same shacks and the same social dances; and they intermarry without loss of prestige on either side. The problem of the inequality of wealth is similarly unproductive of difficulties. It

is striking that even in the Koyukuk five persons could buy up all the other ninety-seven adult males. But the concentration of wealth has not the consequences it has Outside. The man without a cent has just as good a chance to make money next summer as the man with \$50,000. The possession of wealth confers the possibility of a trip Outside, but it gives no social prestige and no control at all over the thoughts and actions of the poor. Nor does the lack of wealth involve insecurity. A man can always pay his way as long as he has the use of his limbs, and Alaska has old-age pensions, or a home if they prefer it, for the incapacitated sour-doughs.

It is a sad commentary upon our civilization that an alert, happy, interested community should be the exception for which it is necessary to seek along the remote northern tributaries of the Yukon. Yet there is the most striking contrast between this community and those which most of us know most intimately. Certainly the cities and towns of the United States of which somewhat similiar descriptions have been published are farther removed spiritually from this Alaskan village than the Arctic Circle is from our temperate latitudes. The anxiety neurosis which the Lynds circumstantially described as paralyzing the life of "Middletown," and the group frustration which Blumensohn recorded of a Western mining town in "Small Town Stuff," are spared these self-reliant Koyukukers. They have made for themselves another world. No one who reads these three accounts can fail to be struck afresh by the force of the old saying, "Man does not live by bread alone," and to realize that important spiritual goods are beyond the reach of most people in our civilization. Yet without these goods life is scarcely worth the living.

RUTH BENEDICT

Siegfried's South America

Impressions of South America. By André Siegfried. Translated by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

SIEGFRIED'S colorful and apt descriptions combine with Ione Robinson's charming drawings to make this collection of letters one of the most interesting books on South America. The travel sketches are those of a sympathetic and sensitive observer; the critical economic and political material is open to attack and not always consistent, but undeniably stimulating and original.

The central motif of Siegfried's political observations is, perhaps, that there is no public opinion in South America. Subsequent material does not bring out this point. The political regime, he believes, is essentially presidential, with a tendency toward strong personalities and dictatorships. The control of national and local appointments enjoyed by the executives gives solid root to the system. In any case, the assemblies, although elected, are often nominated by the president, and some "are as spineless as the one that offered the crown to Napoleon." As presidential impeachment is not provided for in these constitutions, the tendency is toward military revolution to unseat the tyrant and give the victors the spoils.

The effect of foreign investments upon a country's political regime Siegfried does not discuss in this connection, although in another section he points to the unsoundness of a national economy based on a naive belief in the continual rise of prosperity, and to the precarious nature of the South Americans' wealth—their balance of trade in raw materials.

Any democracy that exists in South America is a superficial one of mere electoral machinery. Siegfried makes racial and cultural homogeneity a prerequisite of democracy. But in South America he finds a large Indian, black, or half-breed population ruled by a small aristocracy of old Spanish families. In Brazil,

Argentina, and Uruguay there is the additional Italian and German immigrant group. Here he finds society in layers, from the savage Indians to the cultured citizens of large cities. "Consequently," he says, "we have fundamental differences of civilization," within which democracy is not possible. There is a suspicion that Siegfried's sympathies lie strongly in the direction of the French form of aristocratic democracy. Thus the democracy coming into Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay in the nineteenth century seems to please him. "The tendency," he says, "is toward a French type of radicalism, but without the poison of social revolution." At times he seems not a little disturbed by the possibility of a strong middle class coming to power in some South American countries, although this group's existence is even denied in other sections and is never defined. Whether Siegfried's "middle class" is formed of the native laboring masses or the petty bourgeoisie is not clear.

The social and cultural future of this southern continent may lie in the lap of the gods, but Siegfried is certain they will not be Anglo-Saxon gods. He knows that the spirit of these countries will remain Catholic and Latin, that the moral tone of the Iberian peninsula will survive the Anglo-Saxon influence. "The more the country is re-Indianized," he says, "the further it is carried away from the Nordic idea of action and responsibility." The great interest South American university students have manifested in American ideas, he holds, is motivated chiefly by a desire for money and success. Certainly the folks at home (the French Foreign Office?) have nothing to fear; the American conquest of South America can do nothing against the Latin trinity—language, church, and home. The Anglo-Saxons may play the role of conquerors, but after all, "their civilization, curiously enough, sheds a light inferior to their power."

G. C. CONVERS

Shorter Notices

Storm Beach. By Virginia Hersch. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

The history of the Carvalhos was a "long stern saga" until they came to America. Sephardic Jews from the Mediterranean, uprooted from the West Indies by the insurrection of the slaves, they found in the Charleston of the early nineteenth century an ease which freed them from their struggles with a society which bore them ill-will and induced tenuous emotional trials with each other. Sarah, the matriarch, kept many of them under the emotional hothouse she brought with her. Judith, her daughter, might have married a Gentile she loved, but she did not. She might have married her cousin Jacob, but she did not love him. Instead, she formed a little private school and wrote poetry which a part of Charleston liked. The other Carvalhos worked and married and traveled between the North and New Orleans, with their emotional home always the matriarchal hothouse in Charleston. "Storm Beach" has many of the features—historic, scenic, and human—which might lend excitement to a novel, but these elements merely simmer here and never gather to a boil. Only by forcing himself can the reader feel about Mrs. Hersch's characters as she herself feels. Are Jews really these incessantly tremulous creatures of emotion?

The Fleeting, and Other Poems. By Walter De La Mare. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is Mr. De La Mare's first volume of poetry in six years. The poems included range over an even longer period, but many are new. In these last poems, the mood, so unique in all this poet's verse, has taken on a darker shading. Walter De La Mare has always given in his poetry hints of a supernatural world

which is really the world of our subconscious minds. Just over the border line of the rational mind lies this world of dreams, in which the vision is the reality, in which the dead live, in which a voice from nowhere may speak. In his verses for children, this world, seen only with the inner eye, may be pictured as a kind of fairyland, but for the adult it has other meanings and symbols. It is the world of moments so intense and so untranslatable that they may be communicated only in the vague imagery which suggests rather than defines. Whence the poet's constant use of such words as strange, ominous, dim, drift, fleet, vision, somber, secret, dark, brood, miracle, mist, marvelous—words which ring bells and awaken echoes in the mind. His poetic images, appearing in a kind of dimmed and scattered splendor, create a nostalgia for that other world concerning which we have only such brief intuitions as may come to us through waking or sleeping dreams. Such images never have intellectual content; they take shape from not-quite-defined emotions, and therefore reproduce those emotions and their connotations. The new and latest poems in the volume are concerned most particularly with overtones of feelings about death. In the poet's mind death is not oblivion, but merely another kind of living. But the veil over this world of death is heavy and darkly autumnal in coloring. It cannot be lifted without renunciation of life. If Blake represents the pure visionary and Shelley the pure dreamer, Walter De La Mare represents a combination of the two: the visionary without religious mysticism, the dreamer without any dogma, revolutionary or fixed. His angel points neither to God nor to a Utopia; his angel is involuntary memory beating against the bars of the rational mind.

Thrust at the Sky. By MacKnight Black. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

In his first book MacKnight Black attempted to make the subject of "Machinery" emotionally significant in poetry. His method was to describe machines in terms of trees or flowers, to give them the emotional value of a more familiar set of images. In his second, and posthumous, book, "Thrust at the Sky," this poet attempts to tell a story of the city in imagery characteristic of the modern age. His long narrative poem is concerned with a young architect whose passion is to build skyscrapers. This man falls in love with a city girl, but he must, in the end, renounce his love if he would attain his desire. The poem is unfinished; the young poet died without completing it. But the editor who knew him states that his plan was to have the architect sacrifice love of woman for a greater love. Here, in other words, is a new and modern theme, a new setting, and a deliberately chosen language to present the emotion; Mr. Black describes his background and his people in terms of electric currents, biological laws, architecture, planes, angles, blocks. Love is given as the law of Bunsen and Roscoe. His books have been, in other words, studies in poetic method. Given a little more time he might have found the way in which he could best present his passion for the mechanical civilization in which we live. He did not, as have Hart Crane, Archibald MacLeish, E. E. Cummings, and others, take the imagery and the new language of a scientific age for granted and use them subjectively. He wished to approach his subject objectively, to present it descriptively, and this, with so new a subject and so new a language, was difficult. He had only begun his work at the time of his death.

Vigo. By Bruno Roselli. The Stratford Company. \$2.

Professor Bruno Roselli has written an impassioned presentation of the life of Francis Vigo, whom he rightly describes as "a forgotten builder of the American Republic." There is no doubt whatever that Vigo did play a very important part in the ousting of the French and English from the Middle West, and that he was of inestimable service to George Rogers Clark,

whose bloodless "victory of Vincennes" appears to have been entirely due to Vigo's courage in visiting Vincennes as a trader and reporting to Clark that the time was ripe for him to strike. The difficulty with treating the life of Vigo is that there are so few unquestioned facts known about him; much has to be assumed and to be deduced. Professor Roselli has been most industrious in searching the records in all directions. He has been especially interested in bringing out the fact that Vigo was not a Spaniard, as has been so often maintained, but an Italian. Indeed, as an Italian, Professor Roselli writes with the special object of improving Italian-American relations by presenting the record and the real achievements of this Italian pioneer of the American frontier. As a historical document the book would, of course, be more valuable if it were less obviously a tract, written to prove a thesis. None the less, the work has been worth doing, for there is no doubt, as George Rogers Clark himself wrote to Vigo, that much gratitude was "due from your adopted country," and that he was a "veteran to whose skill America and Kentucky owe so much." Clark even spoke of this Italian aid of his as "the savior of this once-distressed Country."

Drama Summary II

FOR some reason or other the plays this season have tended to be either distinctly more or distinctly less "serious" than usual. With his "We, the People" Elmer Rice made an ambitious but unsuccessful effort to dramatize the winter of his economic discontent; with "American Dream" George O'Neil made a similarly ambitious and similarly unsuccessful effort to castigate in more poetic terms the same sins; and with "Little Ol' Boy" Albert Bein preached somewhat more successfully than either of these two against the specific evils of our reform-school system. But aside from these distinctly didactic dramas, the outstanding plays of the year were cast in the form of comedy. Indeed, John Howard Lawson's "Success Story"—itself not wholly innocent of political tendency—is the only memorable drama which took mere human nature with much solemnity, and on the basis of these facts one might risk a very tentative generalization.

Earnest souls, it would appear, have hardly dared to look at man himself. To take him seriously they have been compelled to take him in the mass and to concern themselves more with what he might be than with what he is. On the other hand, those who have interested themselves primarily in the individual as he is, and with life as audiences are most likely to know it from direct experience, have tended to find wit more appropriate as a comment than eloquence or poetry. Sometimes the wit has been savage, as in "For Services Rendered" and "The Three-Penny Opera"; sometimes it has been wisely tolerant, as in "Biography"; and sometimes it has been bubbling, as in "The Late Christopher Bean." But the point is that in those plays which, to me at least, seemed the best of the year, the guiding spirit was the spirit of comedy, the sense that man hardly deserves to be taken with too much seriousness and that the only way either to love or to pardon him is to look down from the heights of a detached and critical intelligence. I have long maintained that this ought, logically, to be an age of comedy, that the comic spirit is the logical product of our famous disillusion. I am inclined now to suspect that the next few years will see either the triumph of that logic or the triumph of some utopian illusion based upon the Russian rather than upon the American Dream.

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As for concrete phenomena of the season, I should tabulate them thus:

The most satisfying plays: Behrman's wise and witty study of three types of character, "Biography"; Sidney Howard's understanding comedy of art and the New England soul, "The Late Christopher Bean."

The outstanding failures which ought to have been outstanding successes: Arthur Hopkins's original and elevated drama, "Conquest"; Dawn Powell's bitter satire on contemporary business and contemporary pleasure, "Big Night"; Kurt Weil's new setting for an old English farce, "The Three-Penny Opera"; Somerset Maugham's devastating comment on those who did their bit, "For Services Rendered."

The outstanding successes which got more than they deserved: Noel Coward's amusing but meretricious "Design for Living"; Rachel Crother's self-satisfied "When Ladies Meet"; Kaufman and Ferber's all-too-showy "Dinner at Eight."

The best performances of the year: Walter Connolly and Pauline Lord in "The Late Christopher Bean"; Ina Claire in "Biography"; Osgood Perkins and Leslie Adams in "Goodbye Again"; J. Edward Bromberg in "Big Night."

The most promising newcomer to emerge: Jane Wyatt in a whole series of unsuccessful productions.

The plays which ought never have been produced at all: Space forbids.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

A New Child Actor

BASED on Jules Renard's celebrated novel of forty years ago, "The Red-Head" ("Poil de Carotte"), the new French picture with English subtitles at the Europa, is a study in childhood's sufferings, frustrations, and despairs. The story, which is laid in a small provincial town, relates the efforts of the boy Poil de Carotte to protect himself in what is probably the most dreadful household ever represented on the screen. Dominated over by the stern, repressed, and undoubtedly sadistic mother, the Lepic ménage is one of those family hells whose various members no longer speak to each other; the father hardly admits the existence of his wife and three children; and of the children only the youngest, Poil de Carotte, retains any human characteristics. Arriving home from boarding-school, the boy is immediately subjected to every sort of persecution at the hands of his mother and elder brother and sister. At first the father is too preoccupied with his own miseries to take any notice, but toward the close he is made aware of the situation. While he is being feted after his election as mayor of the town, news comes to him that his son is at home preparing to commit suicide. Needless to say, the boy is discovered just in time, with the noose still around his neck, and the picture ends with the promise of a mutually protective relationship between father and son. From such a summary it is evident how many elements the film has in common both with such American attempts to handle the same theme as "Skippy" and "Huckleberry Finn" and with the more recent "Mädchen in Uniform." This French picture, however, is sharply distinguished from the first by having in Robert Lynen incomparably the finest child actor the screen has yet seen. Although it is the first time he has faced the camera, his acting has range, subtlety, and in certain places a mature emotional power. His lonely, neglected, over-sensitive little boy is no angel—a certain slyness, which has grown out of suffering and abuse, cuts through the charm and pathos and makes him seem more real. But despite the equally strong use of attempted suicide in the climax the picture is not another

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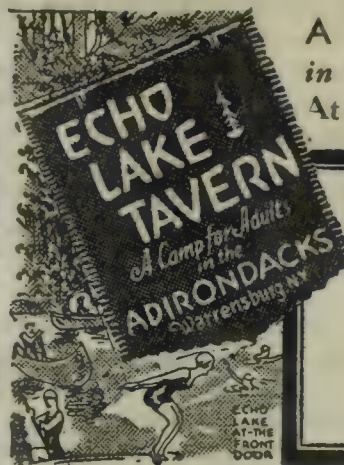
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Other resorts on page iii

"Mädchen in Uniform." The reason, perhaps, is that the emotional problems of childhood, however beautifully rendered, are never so dramatically significant or compelling as those of adolescence. Between the world of the child and the world of the adult there is too wide a breach; and the result is usually a mood of pathos rather than the sharp impact of tragedy. From such a mood of sentimental pathos "Red-Head" does not escape, although the acting of Robert Lynen and the other principals does much to make us forget it. And it should be added that the exquisite photography of Henri Duvivier, who has been influenced by directors as widely different as Eisenstein and René Clair, is also among the things that make "Red-Head" well worth seeing.

It is rumored that the antics of the swaggering, wisecracking, face-pushing Mr. James Cagney, although presumably stemming from the lower reaches of Tenth Avenue, are rapidly being adopted by the youth in our colleges. If this is true Mr. Cagney must be considered the most influential of our younger screen stars, and his latest exhibition, "Picture-Snatcher" (Strand), should be seen and carefully studied by anyone interested in current trends in manners and morals. Certainly Mr. Cagney brings all his accustomed aplomb to this very hard-boiled romance of an ex-gangster who attempts to make good by "stealing" pictures for a cheap New York tabloid. The most exciting episode occurs when he talks his way into the death-chamber at Sing Sing and secures a picture of an electrocution by means of a camera attached to his ankle. But all of the picture is exciting, and the only handicap to its more perfect enjoyment is the prospect in the near future of a whole generation of young men created in the Cagney image.

"Forgotten Men" (Rialto) has been playing for some time with great success; but so far no one has made the observation that this collection of actual photographs made by the various governments during the war is really less effective, either as a picture of modern warfare or as an anti-war tract, than certain reconstructions of the war made in Hollywood studios. Despite the shots of refugees fleeing French and Belgian villages, over-the-top attacks, bodies being hurled into the air, the effect of the whole is to give a considerably less horrible impression than such a picture as "All Quiet on the Western Front." What it illustrates, although in a negative manner, is once again the triumph of art over nature.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

GEORGE WARD STOCKING, professor of economics at the University of Texas, has recently returned from Mexico, where he made a study of the question of social control of the oil industry.

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

MARTHA GRUENING has lived many years in Europe.

CONRAD AIKEN was awarded the Pulitzer poetry prize in 1930 for his "Selected Poems."

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean, is a member of the department of English of New York University. He has written the story of his life in "The Grass Roof."

ERNEST BOYD is an editor of the *American Spectator*.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of "No Retreat."

RUTH BENEDICT is a member of the department of anthropology of Columbia University.

G. C. CONVERS, a native of Colombia, is connected with the department of history and education of New York University.

PLAYS



FILMS

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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	653
EDITORIALS:	
Let the Banking Inquiry Go On!	656
Saving the World by Ballyhoo	657
German Realities	658
CARTOON: COMICAL, ISN'T IT? By Art Young	659
INSURANCE SUPERVISION: A MYTH. By Benedict A. Leeburger	660
THE THIRD ACT OF THE MOONEY DRAMA. By Miriam Allen deFord	661
"WHERE IS THE DYNAMITE?" AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN CUBA UNDER MACHADO. By Lorenzo Alvarez	664
THE REAL TARIFF ISSUE. By Frank Whitson Fetter	665
THE SOCIAL WORKER AND THE DEPRESSION. By June Purcell Guild	667
THE NAZI TERROR IN THE UNIVERSITY. By Kenneth McLeith	669
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	670
FINANCE: THE MORGAN TESTIMONY. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	670
SUMMER BOOK SECTION:	
Our Times. By Joseph Wood Krutch	672
Four Newer Novelists. By William Troy	672
"Advance to Rebel." By Horace Gregory	673
Housing in a Social Vacuum. By Catherine Bauer	675
Individualism in Russia. By Louis Fischer	676
Mr. Murray's Aristophanes. By Paul Shorey	676
A Medieval Poem. By William Ellery Leonard	677
Shorter Notices	678
Films: One More Farewell. By William Troy	678
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	680

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE TIDE OF OPPOSITION to President Roosevelt's economic liberalism seems to be rising and eating away the substance of his plans for an organized industrial-financial system. The Senate Finance Committee barely put down a revolt against the national-recovery bill in which a motion to cut out the whole section providing for industrial control was defeated by only two votes. The licensing provision—the teeth of the bill—was taken out and then, upon insistence from the White House, restored in modified form. The oil-control amendment, sponsored by Secretary Ickes, was also first eliminated and then rewritten and put back. Meanwhile, many employers have emerged from their temporary mood of acquiescence into one of bristling opposition. Whether the upward trend of prices has already freed them from a sense of impending doom, or whether sober second thought has created the fear that government intervention is after all the worst of the possible evils, it is hard to say. But protests are pouring into Washington from individual industrialists and manufacturers' associations, particularly against the provisions of the new bill granting workers the right to maintain unions and bargain collectively. The Na-

tional Association of Manufacturers has brought up its big guns and is fighting the labor clauses with all its power. The United States Chamber of Commerce has urged a compromise on the labor clauses, although it opposes the provision prohibiting interference by employers with labor-union activities in their plants. What the Chamber of Commerce wants, of course, is an end to the present restrictions imposed by the anti-trust laws. It will even tolerate a little government supervision of wages and hours in order to gain the obvious benefits of combination and price-fixing. The attacks on the recovery bill, from inside and outside of Congress, constitute an absolute revolt against President Roosevelt's leadership far more significant and fundamental than the veterans' attack on the economy bill. If the President allows his recovery program to be emasculated, his hope of building a planned capitalist system will be extinguished. Economic liberalism will have been shown to be a political illusion—impossible to realize even in the present favorable circumstances.

A FEW OF THE SCANDALS touching the Federal Farm Board have at last been officially exposed. Controller-General McCarl, in response to a Senate resolution adopted more than a year ago, has filed with the Senate a report showing that the Farmers National Grain Corporation, which had been created by the Farm Board, misused funds allotted to it. It bought property without authority, reloaned to farmers at the prevailing commercial rates money it had obtained from the Farm Board at extremely low interest, and pocketed hundreds of thousands of dollars in "profits" arising from deals between it and the Stabilization Corporation, another Farm Board creature, although no grain changed hands in the course of these transactions. There is enough evidence in the McCarl report to bring criminal indictments against the persons responsible. The Farmers National Grain Corporation is not guilty alone, however; the Farm Board must bear its proper share of the responsibility for these scandals. The manner in which this agency turned the cooperative movement over to a gang of professional promoters, and placed at the disposal of these promoters the \$500,000,000 revolving fund Congress had appropriated for farm relief, was discussed at length in two articles that appeared in *The Nation* of December 2 and 9, 1931. The McCarl investigation brought to light only a few of the more obvious scandals. The Senate should insist on a more vigorous investigation that would go into every aspect of the Farm Board scandal.

THE EFFORTS of New York light and power consumers to get lower rates furnish one more illustration of how existing utility "regulation" merely perpetuates the companies' extortion. When the New York Public Service Commission—hitherto none too responsive to public needs—proposes, in response to the rising tide of public indignation, temporary emergency cuts in rates, it encounters, needless to say, the violent opposition of the local utility monopolists. The commission knows that the usual valuation procedure

will merely evoke the inevitable Fabian tactics, with appeals to the courts and years of delay before any action on existing rate schedules is taken. Moreover, the high cost of all this valuation and litigation will be charged to the consumer, for the power-controlled legislature at Albany, at its last session, defeated a measure to charge the expense of rate-fixing to the companies. Although during the rise in prices incident to the World War, State commissions unhesitatingly granted power companies higher rates as emergency measures, the present proposal to lower rates in the interest of the consumer is denounced by Floyd L. Carlisle, head of the Niagara-Hudson, Consolidated Gas, and other Morgan companies. His objections coincide with these revelations: (1) that two of his companies, the New York Edison and the Brooklyn Edison, respectively, paid Matthew S. Sloan, their retiring president, bonuses of \$70,000 and \$60,000 in the depression year 1932; (2) that his New York companies last year had net earnings of 7.48 per cent for the Brooklyn Edison, 8.48 for the United Electric Light and Gas, 9.81 per cent for the Staten Island, 11.67 per cent for the Queensboro Gas and Electric, and 18.79 per cent for the Bronx Gas and Electric—these percentages, let it be well noted, being based on the always inflated fiction of "fair value"; (3) that Morgan and Company received incidental to their founding of the United Corporation, their great power superholding company, one million option warrants at \$1 apiece, entitling the holder to buy a share of common stock of the United at \$27.50. The Morgans used their warrants when market prices ranged between \$55 and \$60 and totaled a profit of about \$60,000,000! Daily it becomes clearer that in public ownership of the utilities lies the public's only hope of ending this legalized high-binding.

THE NEW SECURITIES LAW, which was passed by Congress just before the preferred lists of J. P. Morgan and Company were exposed to the public gaze, requires the issuer of any new security to file with the Federal Trade Commission "the price at which it is proposed that the security shall be offered to the public or the method by which such price is computed and any variation therefrom at which any portion of such security is proposed to be offered to any persons or classes of persons, other than the underwriters, naming them or specifying the class." It is as pleasing as it is unusual to note that these new restrictive regulations actually anticipated the public disclosure of abuses existing under the present laws. While the securities bill was being piloted through Congress, considerable complaint came from the financial district that the proposed measure was unworkable and did not take into account certain practical aspects. Events compel the conclusion that the framers of the new law were unusually informed on the practical aspects, and were consciously intent on making unworkable the distribution of securities through secret preferred lists—that polite form of patronage so expertly practiced by the best houses on the Street.

VERMONT IS ONE of the least industrialized States in the East, which we like to think of as a lovely region of green valleys and verdant mountains where life is pleasant and peaceful. But recently, in Barre, there has been a shocking intrusion of violence prompted by Governor Wilson which the local post of the American Legion has described

as "the worst demonstration of military inefficiency, incompetence, intimidation, cowardice, terrorism, and brutality that we as former soldiers have ever seen." A strike of quarry workers in Barre was begun some time ago, and although accompanied by no special disturbances and in spite of the fact that the local police head had declared himself able to handle the situation, Governor Wilson ordered State militia to the scene. The Governor, it should be noted, has not denied having financial interests in one of the quarries, which bears the interesting name of the Rock of Ages Corporation. Although picketing is not illegal in Vermont, the militia has restricted the number of pickets to two at a point, and recently made an attack upon an unoffending and good-natured crowd in the public streets, a description of which we take from the American Legion:

At about 4.30 p. m. an officer of the National Guard came into Main Street opposite the entrance to Granite Street, and facing in a general northerly direction ordered the crowd to disperse; he at once turned toward the southeast and repeated the order to disperse; immediately thereafter and without giving the crowd any time or opportunity to disperse, the officer blew his whistle and a group of about seventy-five soldiers . . . charged the crowd with fixed bayonets, cutting, wounding, and tearing the clothing of men, women, and children indiscriminately. . . . About fifteen people were peacefully standing on the steps of the United States Post Office building. A group of about a dozen guardsmen under the command of an officer suddenly . . . formed a flying wedge, and charged across the street and up the steps of the Post Office driving the people standing there, at the point of their bayonets, through the door. . . . The soldiers then continued north on both sides of Main Street through the heart of the business district, driving men, women, and children who were going about their affairs in a peaceful and orderly manner along the street or into stores at the point of the bayonet.

AFTER DESCRIBING the actions of the militia the Barre post of the American Legion declared: "The military officers responsible for the acts of the National Guard in our city should be court-martialed and dismissed in disgrace; and the civil officers responsible should be impeached." The strong position taken by the American Legion against the actions of the militia is noteworthy. The post was so much moved by the happening that when the *Barre Daily Times* refused to print the Legion's resolution as news, the organization paid to have it inserted as advertising. Of course the resolution was news of the highest value, but the attitude of the local newspaper toward it is typical of journalism in many small communities, and explains why the national news associations, which depend for much of their material on the local press, failed to tell the country of the surprising and unwarranted attack upon peaceable civilians in Barre. Fortunately the American Civil Liberties Union sent the Reverend Charles C. Webber of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary to the scene to make an inquiry. He has concluded that Governor Wilson acted illegally when he ordered the militia to Barre, that the militia acted illegally when it dispersed citizens without reading the riot act, that the Attorney General has acted illegally in restricting the number of pickets at any one entrance to a plant to two persons, and that the sheriff of Washington County has acted illegally in dispersing strikers who have peacefully assembled

on private property. To us responsibility seems to rest primarily upon Governor Wilson. Unless he can put an entirely different face on his performance from that which appears at present, his conduct would seem to end his usefulness as a public employee.

CONFIDENCE in the educational system of New York is not increased by the spectacle of the president of its City College belaboring students with an umbrella like an irate old beldame charging a group of plaguing boys, nor by the action of the Board of Education in calling policemen to protect it from its own teachers. The City College is busy meting out discipline because a crowd of pacifist students blocked the path of the president—and of course the inevitable “distinguished visitors”—on the way to review a drill by the Reserve Officers’ Training Corps. Certainly some of the City College students were guilty of rowdiness, but the cure for that scarcely lies in chastisement with a presidential umbrella. The Board of Education was equally unhappy in its strategy. Its fairness in dismissing a teacher had been questioned by a large number of his fellows. He had been dismissed allegedly for incompetence and falsifying his attendance record. As to the truth of the charges we have no knowledge, but the fact that the victim is chairman of the Teachers’ Committee to Protect Salaries raises at least some unfortunate suspicions. Many teachers asked for a public trial for the victim—a reasonable request—and when this was refused by the board, began a demonstration. Here again the limits of decorum may have been passed, but surely it was stupid for the board to call policemen with clubs to cope with an outburst of indignant emotion, and still less wise to suspend two of the protesting teachers. To grant the public trial asked for would do more to restore morale among teachers and students than stubbornness and punishment. Policemen’s clubs and presidential umbrellas are no longer believed to have much educative value.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of a truce terminating hostilities between the Japanese and Chinese in North China would ordinarily be most welcome news. We do, of course, sincerely hope that it means the end of Japanese aggression on the Asiatic mainland. Yet, in view of the events of the last two years, we must be forgiven if we express a doubt. There have been any number of armistices in this “war,” all of which have ended with the Japanese plunging ahead, looking for new lands to conquer. South Manchuria, North Manchuria, Jehol, the Lwan River area, and now a large part of North China proper have fallen to their sword. Can we be sure that the aggression of this nation, which has shown no respect for solemn treaty obligations, let alone military armistices, will end with the status quo? The truce itself suggests that it will not, for under the terms of the agreement the Japanese occupy strategic railroad centers and other bases from which they could quickly press forward to the South and West. The Japanese have already succeeded in carving out a huge colonial empire for themselves. They are now beyond question one of the “great” Powers. That the Japanese are bent upon colonial exploitation and are not, as they have so often said, engaged solely in reestablishing law and order in China should be obvious. While they still pay lip service to the principle of the Open Door, it will be noted that they have taken over

control of the railways, the banks, and generally the whole economic life of the lands they have conquered. Under such circumstances the Open Door can have no real meaning.

AN ANGLO-JAPANESE commercial war has been going on for the last twelve months or so. The offensive was taken by Japan when it began flooding world markets, but especially such British markets as India, Egypt, and West Africa, with cheap textiles, shoes, novelties, and other goods. There can be no doubt that the Japanese are under great pressure to build up their foreign trade so that they may buy abroad the food that they cannot raise at home for their surplus population. The British are now fighting back. The Indo-Japanese trade agreement has already been abrogated; the London government has withdrawn the West African colonies from the scope of the Anglo-Japanese trade treaty, and the British are seriously considering denunciation of the whole of the latter agreement. They accuse the Japanese of “dumping,” and assert that Japan has cheapened its export goods by depreciating the yen and by paying coolie wages to its workers. Samuel Courtauld, head of the British rayon trust, declared that British wages would have to be cut to one-eighth or one-tenth of what they are at present if Great Britain would compete successfully with Japan. A. G. Gardiner, the journalist, predicts that “the strain” which Japan “is putting on her sweated millions will produce an internal convulsion.” Spokesmen for all three parties in the House of Commons have demanded that the government take drastic action to meet the Japanese challenge. This commercial war will unquestionably have an adverse effect on Anglo-Japanese political relations and is certain to add to the difficulties of the London economic conference. For this is war, real war. In the words of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, a British-edited publication, “it is not quite the same thing nowadays to lose a market as it used to be. Up to the end of the last century there were always untapped markets to develop. Now almost the only way of getting a new market is to take it from somebody else.”

RETURNING FROM A TOUR of the beaches over which he rules, the Mayor of Atlantic City has just issued a decree which may be boiled down to this: The ladies (God bless them!) can wear as little as they please; but any man who exhibits a hairy torso in public will soon find out that Atlantic City has jails and that it knows how to use them. Obviously the good mayor means well. He comes out whole-heartedly for the “modern” view that the problem is rather one of aesthetics than of morals, and he grows eloquent in defense of “dimpled knees” and “beautiful backs.” We are afraid, however, that he falls into two errors—one hygienic and the other sentimental. In the first place, the ugly male back craves the beneficent influence of ultra-violet rays quite as much as the beautiful female one can. In the second place, the assumption that the female form is always divine does more credit to the goodness of the mayor’s heart than to the sharpness of his eyesight. Logic would inevitably carry him to the position of the good King Pausaule in Pierre Louys’s romance, who allowed—indeed required—the members of both sexes to exhibit such portions, and such portions only, of their anatomy as had been certified as admirable by judges. For some even the costume of Eve seemed excessive; for others the veil of the Moslem was not too much.

Let the Banking Inquiry Go On!

POWERFUL forces are seeking to hamstring Mr. Pecora's invaluable work as investigator for the Senate Finance Committee. The situation strikingly parallels that nine years ago when similar pressure was applied to halt the Teapot Dome investigations of Senators Walsh and Wheeler. Then as now newspapers like the *New York Herald Tribune* were inveighing against the "demagoguery" which characterized the inquiry. Then as now the cry was raised against the folly of Congressional investigation, in opposition to the principle so sagely enunciated by Woodrow Wilson that "the informing function of Congress should be preferred even to its legislative function." Then as now an effort was made to curtail the inquiry by withholding funds. Mr. Pecora has to date been greatly handicapped by an insufficient appropriation—the government's retrenchment program serves as a pretext. But obviously the \$100,000 needed would result in saving the country many millions; indeed, the uncovering of income-tax avoidance by the wealthy already promises to work financial benefits. We should like to remind Senator Carter Glass, whose marked obstructiveness has done much to hinder the progress of the inquiry, of his ringing utterances on the floor of the Senate six years ago when similar interests were seeking to block Senator Walsh's investigation of the utilities. Then the Senator from Virginia asserted that there was

much of the same kind of talk when Teapot Dome was investigated, and again when the Department of Justice was under grave suspicion. Then ■ now one would have supposed that the investigators were the real culprits and the persons supposed to be investigated the innocent victims of partisan malice. . . . Had the Senate then regarded protests of the precise nature of those to which we have listened today, the naval oil reserves would be in the possession of the knaves who purchased them from the scoundrels who sold them; and recreant public officials now in disgrace would be still in high favor exercising the important trust which they shamelessly betrayed.

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Pecora has merely scratched the surface. Far more important revelations lie ahead. Hence the efforts to discredit him, to block his line of inquiry by the skilled maneuvering of John W. Davis, or by starving the inquiry to death. President Roosevelt has already indicated his wise desire to have the investigation proceed. But he must be careful that his purpose be not subtly nullified by interested parties to the proceedings. Let the investigation go on!

What is the real significance of the revelations thus far? Is it that the nineteen partners evaded paying income taxes for 1931 and 1932? Hardly, although the news came as a shock and surprise to virtually all Americans. But careful scrutiny of the sections of the income-tax law dealing with capital gains and losses would have disclosed the possibility of legal evasion. Is it significant that such legislation existed? Significant but not surprising, for obviously high finance has pulled the strings of government for the last twelve years. "The main business of the United States is business," declared President Coolidge—and surely both his predecessor,

Harding, and his successor, Hoover, deemed it the function of government to do nothing to hinder profits. Were not profits and prosperity in their view synonymous? Is it surprising that the Morgans made a profit out of the "bankers' pool" formed after the October, 1929, stock-market crash, designed, according to the press at that time, "patriotically" to save the country from disaster? Of course not. Why should anyone be naive enough to believe that they were in business for altruistic or philanthropic purposes, or that the multitude's distress did not provide them a normal financial opportunity?

Indeed, the revelations to date are invaluable not because they have uncovered any violations of the existing financial code, but because the superb legality of it all rivets the public gaze all the more firmly on the character of the system itself. In his prepared statement Mr. Morgan pointed out as among the "uses and services of private bankers" that "the steady supply of capital for industry is an essential of our system." Let us examine this service as revealed by the testimony.

Consider the Alleghany Corporation. It is a holding company designed to "hold" railroad securities, chiefly common stocks, acquired by the Van Sweringen brothers. With the assistance of J. P. Morgan and Company, the Alleghany Corporation was "floated"—by selling to the public \$35,000,000 worth of Alleghany 5 per cent "collateral trust convertible bonds," \$25,000,000 worth of preferred stock, and 3,500,000 shares of common stock. The bonds and the stocks were sold to the public. J. P. Morgan and Company, apart from its underwriting fees, took the no-par common stock at \$20 a share; the Van Sweringens paid considerably less. The offering to the preferred list at the alleged cost price of \$20 was of course part of the selling plan, the "as issued" market price being fixed some fifteen points higher. The stock was "run up" by the other usual devices, and Morgan and Company were able to unload at a profit of millions. Just how the millions of dollars which the public paid in any way helped or advanced rail transportation remains to be shown. The roads had long been built and were functioning. No increase in their efficiency, no addition to their equipment, no expansion in their service was secured by this jugglery.

Take Standard Brands—colloquially and correctly referred to as a "banker's stock." Here were a variety of staples which, through the research and ingenuity of others—agriculturists, dieticians, chemists, and so on—to say nothing of the advertising art, had acquired a national reputation. Most of them are household words: a familiar brand of yeast, a widely advertised coffee, a long-used baking powder. Morgan acquired control of these various basic commodities and put them into the new company, loaded with debt in the form of securities which were then sold to the public. Were these food products improved by the procedure? Were more people enabled to consume them? Was the standard of living raised? Certainly not.

Take the United Corporation. This is a great superholding company, which holds other holding companies, which in turn hold operating companies engaged in manufacturing and distributing electric current. The United was incor-

porated in January, 1929, after J. P. Morgan and Company's acquisition of 350,957 shares of common stock of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 62,360 shares of second preferred stock of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 124,740 option warrants of the Mohawk Hudson Power Corporation; 130,556 shares of United Gas Improvement Company common; 59,500 shares of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey common; and much more of the same. What is the social value of these preferred and common stocks, of these option warrants, and of their transfer to the new Morgan-controlled corporation? Was the distribution of these indispensable adjuncts of modern life—light and power—improved by this financial legerdemain? Was electricity brought to more homes and farms? Was its price lowered? On the contrary.

In all these financial transactions the newly created debt is a charge—and a continuing charge—against the public. For these wholly useless bankers' "services," for this parasitic incrustation of burdens on established and going concerns,

the consumer and the investor pay. But the consumer is the chief victim. The investor, an integral part of the present profit system, has willy-nilly become a gambler—with the dice loaded against him. He may make a profit; he is as likely to suffer a heavy loss. But he takes those risks and is presumed to know about them. The consumer, however, cannot escape being victimized. That, in short, is the significance of the revelations to date. Morgan and Company, and their fellow private investment bankers, may declare and believe that even in these transactions they render important services. Actually, their services are not only useless, but definitely anti-social and obstructive. They prevent rather than promote the fuller use of the necessities of life. Like the barons of old, who levied an impost on all who passed by, for the privilege of passing, the bank barons levy a toll on every movement of modern life and continue thereby to enjoy their intrenched hilltop positions. An earlier society disposed of the feudal barons. How long shall we tolerate the contemporary form of financial feudalism?

Saving the World by Ballyhoo

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S peace and disarmament appeal to the rulers of all nations and Hitler's "pacifist" speech having been recorded with the trumpet blares due them, the newspapers begin to print longer dispatches on the debates at the Geneva Disarmament Conference, and the country settles down to watch the spectacle of a world about to welcome the millennium. There remain a few disturbing details, however. Before the President's appeal our Navy Department had announced certain cuts in construction expenditures. Subsequently Secretary Swanson rescinded the cuts, and his assistant, H. L. Roosevelt, made a big-navy speech at the Naval War College. Not to be outdone, Japan serves notice, also after the White House appeal, that in 1935 she will insist on an improvement of her short end of the 5-5-3 naval ratio. In like spirit France declares that this is not the time to disarm, and Germany requests the right to build a 25,000-ton battleship to match the French Dunkirque.

Similar disparities between word and deed continue to multiply. The President's call for peace urged an international non-aggression pact whereby nations would "agree that they would send no armed force of whatsoever nature across their frontiers." But when Japan, clearly the aggressor under this definition and condemned as such by the League, sends Mr. Ishii to the White House, the official communique states that the Chief Executive and the Japanese delegate were in "close agreement."

These White House press releases, viewed in retrospect, give the impression of a frivolous approach to complicated and grave issues. Ramsay MacDonald's visit to Mr. Roosevelt, it will be remembered, proceeded in the glowing atmosphere of a veritable love feast, and "Anglo-Saxon unity" was never so loudly heralded. Yet Washington is now in bitter disagreement with London on most of the crucial questions raised by the disarmament conclave and by the World Economic Conference. Indeed, the initiated expect Anglo-American animosities to be the rock on which the London

conference will crash. America wants a short, effective meeting. The British want a long-drawn-out affair which will ultimately be transferred to Geneva, "to die," as one man put it, "in the broad lap of the League." The British objected to the Roosevelt tariff truce and agreed to it in emasculated form only after they had signed their treaty with Argentina and entered into other discriminatory bilateral conventions. Captain Eden, the British delegate at Geneva, has stubbornly fought Mr. Roosevelt's, Norman H. Davis's, and the Soviets' definition of an aggressor, even though the President's policy, in the opinion of keen students, offers England what she has desired ever since the war—American renunciation of the principle of the freedom of the seas. Prime Minister MacDonald utters sweet words in Washington, but Neville Chamberlain and the Tories do as they please.

The President and his advisers spent many precious days interviewing MacDonald, Herriot of France, Bennett of Canada, Schacht of Germany, and other celebrities, in order, supposedly, to help the London conference on the way to success. That conference was ballyhooed until it appeared to be the Administration's major stepping-stone toward international economic rehabilitation. But then Raymond Moley broadcast a warning that we were not to expect much from the London gathering.

As a final illustration of the conflict between pronouncements and acts we must speak of the Four-Power Pact. Mussolini proposed it. Ramsay MacDonald, the Tories' flying messenger boy, sped to Rome to make it first-page news. Europe would guarantee the peace. England, Italy, and Germany wanted to amend the Treaty of Versailles in order to pacify the Continent. France objected vehemently. Then there was much maneuvering behind the international scenes. Suddenly Premier Daladier supported the measure. But ex-Premier Herriot, France's trusted spokesman in Washington, continued to attack it. He was outvoted in French inner counsels. The French accepted the Four-Power Pact. A second bit of political hocus-pocus followed. Poland and the

Little Entente were alarmed by the pact. Revision of treaties could only be at their expense. They fumed and threatened. And, again quite suddenly, their opposition collapsed. "Little Entente Approves Pact," read a headline. What had happened? France had informed the Little Entente that "the first version of the text of the proposed pact has been definitely abandoned." Territorial revision had been made impossible by French reservations. "From the very beginning," said a dispatch from London, "Premier Ramsay MacDonald has been alone in his advocacy of the Four-Power Pact here, and few tears will be shed over the innocuousness of the final document." The pact, as broached, was not innocuous. Therefore France and her vassals resisted it. Then it was robbed of all meaning. The resisters signed. Yet this scrap of paper will certainly be hailed as a step toward peace.

Governments apparently find it necessary these days to create illusions in the minds of their citizens that something is being done in the interest of disarmament and peace. This suggests a universal mass desire for peace. But it should be the task of real pacifists to sift the wheat from the chaff, to disclose the discrepancies between ballyhooing propaganda and realities, and to continue the struggle for disarmament and peace in fact.

German Realities

GERMANY'S economic position is anything but promising, its foreign trade far from reassuring. Imports fell from 362,000,000 marks in March to 321,000,000 marks in April; exports dropped from 426,000,000 to 382,000,000. The country maintained its favorable export balance by 61,000,000 marks in April as against 64,000,000 in March, but these figures indicate no resuscitation of German economy. Decreased imports mean a decrease in raw materials for industrial purposes, fewer orders, and less work. Germany will be unable to meet its interest obligations on private debts. The shrinkage of its export trade and the steadily decreasing trade balance go hand in hand with a menacing depreciation of its reserves in gold and foreign exchange. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, was forced to admit during his visit in Washington a few weeks ago that the position of Germany in the international money market was extremely precarious. He assured the world of Germany's readiness, in principle, to continue interest payments on private debts, but conceded that this willingness was strongly circumscribed by the existing rate of exchange. During its bank crisis less than two years ago Germany was forced to appeal through President Hoover for a moratorium on its private debts. Today it is pleading for a moratorium on the interest due on these obligations.

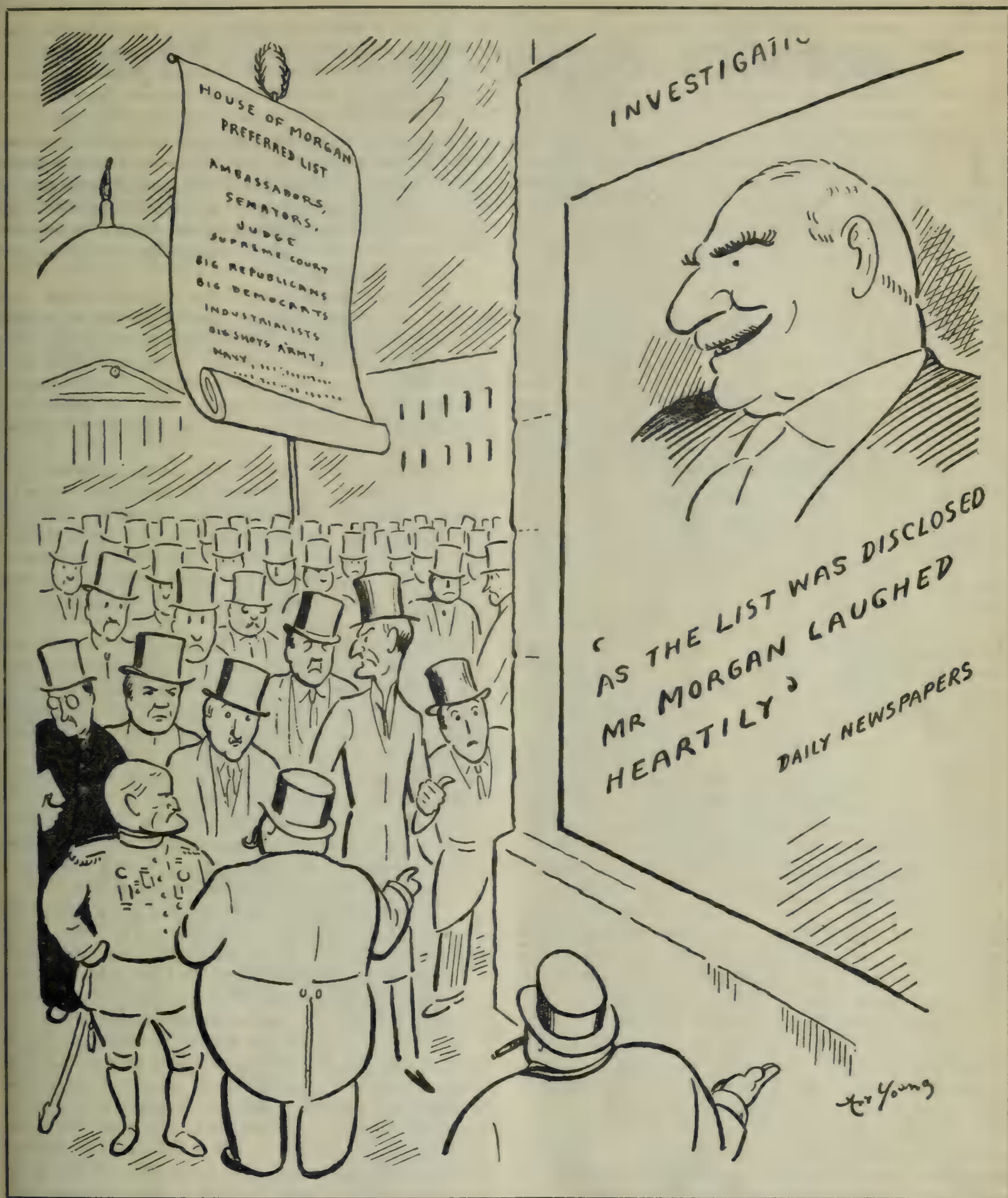
The catastrophic fall of Germany's foreign trade is of comparatively recent date. During the first years of the international crisis German exports suffered less than those of the other great industrial nations. The downward course did not set in until July, 1932. In 1931 Germany still had a favorable trade balance of more than 2,700,000,000 marks, in 1932 of 1,000,000,000 marks. Its export surplus sufficed to pay interest amounting to somewhat more than 900,000,000 marks on private loans from foreign countries. In January, 1933, its export surplus had fallen to 23,000,000 marks

as compared to 109,000,000 in January of the previous year. In February it was 27,000,000 against 150,000,000 the year before. In March it increased to 64,000,000, but it had been 153,000,000 in March, 1932. In April it was 61,000,000 compared to 141,000,000 in the previous year. If the figures for the first quarter may be taken as a criterion, this year's export surplus will not be sufficient to pay half the interest due on foreign debts. Altogether, German exports have fallen off 53 per cent—in spite of wage reductions of from 40 to 50 per cent—largely because of restrictions placed on German imports by former customers to protect their own industries.

Under Stresemann a Foreign Minister, the Reich based recovery on a program of intense rationalism, hoping by a greatly increased output and a reduction of wages to meet its foreign obligations. In vain economists and trade unionists called attention to the unsoundness of a course that would destroy the buying power of the masses within the nation. The collapse of the internal market followed, and since then every effort toward recovery has dragged the nation's industries and financial institutions deeper into the morass. Under Hitler matters have gone from bad to worse. In an effort to help the agricultural population he levied high tariffs on farm stuffs, thereby raising prices on staple food products to a degree that aroused general dissatisfaction. Since May 20 the price of butter has gone up from one mark to one and one-half marks a pound; meat has gone up 15 per cent and vegetables 10 per cent. The government tried to place the responsibility for these increases on the retail dealers. In Munich alone 220 stores were closed by the police in the week of May 15-22, and placards were placed in their windows announcing that the business had been "Closed for charging usurious prices. Proprietor under arrest." The storekeepers were taken to concentration camps. The high-tariff policy of the Nazi regime was immediately met by reciprocity tariffs by half a dozen other nations. Freight tonnage experienced a sharp decline. It may be taken for granted also that the tourist trade to a Hitlerized Germany, notwithstanding the efforts of the Goebbels propaganda ministry, will be materially reduced.

But for Hjalmar Schacht's last-minute arrangement of a creditors' conference at the end of May, which brought temporary relief to Germany in its financial extremity, the German mark would once more have fallen into the abyss of uncontrolled inflation. According to its own official report, the Reichsbank's reserves in gold and international exchange amounted to 56 per cent of its banknote obligations in 1927; in 1930 these reserves had increased to 64 per cent. In the years that followed this balance dwindled rapidly—to 42 per cent in 1931, 26 per cent in 1932, 28 per cent at the end of last January, 24 per cent in March, 16 per cent on April 15, and 8.3 per cent at the end of May. Included in the 529,000,000 marks in gold and foreign exchange in the Reichsbank vaults on April 15 were foreign credits amounting to 189,000,000 marks, so that the actual coverage of Germany's banknote currency at that time was not quite 10 per cent instead of the 16 per cent officially reported.

This is the real state of Germany's national finances. It proves the futility of the Chancellor's visionary projects for social and economic reconstruction on a gigantic scale. It shows also why Herr Hitler so assiduously emphasizes his peaceful intentions.



Comical, Isn't It?

Insurance Supervision: A Myth

By BENEDICT A. LEERBURGER

THE art of making things appear to be what they are not reached a high point on December 9, 1931. It was on this day that the various State superintendents of insurance in convention assembled in New York City adopted a resolution of far-reaching importance. By its terms it allowed insurance companies to value the securities held by them in their portfolios at what later became known as "convention values." This particular piece of legerdemain had its origin in the belief that the value of a stock or bond was not truly reflected by what it was then selling for in the open market. The insurance companies convinced their supervisors that prosperity must be around the corner, and that in a declining market the value of their securities could be better determined (as the resolution, with great pretense of sincerity, set forth) by taking "the average price of stocks and bonds as reflected by the exchanges for a range of five quarterly periods ending September 30, 1931." The Convention Book of Security Values prepared by the Audit Bureau of the New York State Department of Insurance "was sent to each insurance company, society, or association transacting business in the United States owning sufficient stocks and bonds to justify it."*

In other words, an insurance company, in preparing its annual statement for submission to its policy-holders or as a basis for soliciting new business, was permitted to inflate its balance sheet by affixing a value to its securities higher than the price at which those securities could be purchased on the exchanges of the country on the date of its statement. The companies convinced the superintendents that no harm could result from this radical departure from sane bookkeeping methods and that they would incur serious losses if their true condition were known. New business was already hard to get; it would be scared away if their balance sheets showed the great depreciation which their securities had sustained. If market values were thereafter to rise, and if their current liabilities could be met out of current cash receipts, the deception could harm no one. Actually, however, the markets of the world continued to decline, and new business declined almost 30 per cent despite the new accounting methods. To meet current obligations the companies were obliged to sell securities at the market price and not for the "convention value." Whenever such a sale took place, therefore, the loss reflected at the time of sale was of course greater than it would have been had the true value been set up in the first instance under the date of inventory.

The situation was further aggravated by an increasing demand for cash loans and surrender values, and, in the case of fire-insurance companies, by the cancelation of policies and the demand for the unearned premium. This situation necessitated further selling. To prevent the complete destruction of the illusion caused by the inflation of assets, the Superintendent of Insurance prohibited the companies from making loans to their policy-holders and from paying to them their cash-surrender values. As this acute condition occurred

during the time when the banks were closed, the reason assigned for such action was that it had been done in order to prevent hoarding. Even though this resulted in the impairment of the contractual rights of the policy-holders by an agency of the State government, what little justification there was for it was sought in the fact that it was so-called "emergency legislation."

Although the convention values might have been good enough for the policy-holders, such a method of keeping accounts did not appeal to those agencies which value the portfolios of insurance companies in recommending their stocks and bonds to banks and investors. They refused to sanction the practice shortly after it was first adopted and revalued the insurance companies' portfolios when recommending their stocks.

It is only fair to state that the companies indorsed on their statements the legend that these were prepared in accordance with the convention values as set by the State Superintendent of Insurance. But the fault lay in the fact that to the layman this meant little. He continued to believe, as it was intended he should, that this step must somehow be for his benefit since it bore the stamp of approval of the State government's agency.

The effect of this strange bookkeeping method is now apparent and the illusion has been completely dissipated. On April 28 last Mr. Justice Frankenthaler, sitting at special term of the New York Supreme Court, had before him the application of the State Superintendent of Insurance of New York to liquidate the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company. In his written opinion on the application he had this illuminating bit of information to impart: "The investments of the insurer are carried on its balance sheet at the convention values of approximately sixty-one million dollars. However, the market value of such investments aggregated only twenty-one million dollars on March 24."

This is an example of an exaggerated and inflated value of almost three times the true value. The little corner grocer would find himself in jail if, for the purpose of obtaining credit, he falsely overstated the value of his assets to a very much smaller degree. The Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company was the largest underwriter of fire risks in this country, if not in the world. Permitted by law to invest in common stocks, its operations during the Coolidge era were exceedingly profitable. A comprehensive view of its affairs may never be allowed us but an inkling of what happened can be inferred from the known facts. Its largest single investment was in the stock of the Lawyers Title and Guaranty Company. It has in its portfolio 45,006 shares of the stock of this company, with a stated value of \$12,342,490.† The entire block can be bought on the open market—at this date and after the rising market—for less than a half-million dollars. What was there about this stock that so charmed the officers of the Globe and Rutgers Fire Insurance Company? The Lawyers Title and Guaranty

*Seventy-third Annual Report of the Superintendent of Insurance of New York, Preliminary Text, page 21.

† Statement furnished as of January 1, 1932, to the State Superintendent of Insurance. No later statement has as yet been published by the Superintendent.

Company has guaranteed over \$200,000,000 of mortgages. Its guaranties were more than twenty times its capital. It had even suspended payments of the principle sums guaranteed by it, and the general debility of real estate in New York City was well known. However, Louis E. Bright was the president of the mortgage company, and he was also on the board of directors of the fire-insurance company. Did this dual membership prove harmful to either company? Was there a conflict of interests? Could the directors of the fire-insurance company sell the stock of the mortgage company without hurting the latter company and their brother director? Did their fellow-director advise or prevail upon them

not to sell? Had he advised them to buy in the first place? These questions will probably never be answered, but the mere asking suggests a fault of business management which is sorely in need of correction.

Perhaps some day enough people may discover that State supervision of insurance companies is no supervision at all. And they may decide that it would be socially more advisable to have the State itself engage in writing insurance, even though it assumes the companies' contracts to pay insurance presidents fabulous yearly retainers. Until then those policy-holders who are not starving will remain happy in their ignorance. It's fun to be fooled. It's less fun to know.

The Third Act of the Mooney Drama

By MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

ON September 18, 1926, Matthew Brady, district attorney of San Francisco, wrote to the Governor of California, Friend W. Richardson: "If these matters that have developed during the trials could be called to the attention of a court that had jurisdiction to grant a new trial, undoubtedly a new trial would be granted. Furthermore, if a new trial were granted, there would be no possibility of convicting Mooney or Billings."

On May 24, 1933, the court and the new trial having been secured, William Murphy of the district attorney's staff, acting for and under the orders of Matthew Brady, refused to adduce any of the previous testimony for rebuttal, denied Mooney's plea that he be allowed to exonerate himself before the eyes of the world, and against all argument and persuasion insisted on moving for a directed verdict of not guilty. With perhaps unconscious cynicism he said: "You wanted a new trial, and now you have had it. As soon as the jury is sworn the defendant is in jeopardy. If you brought in witnesses from now to doomsday you could gain nothing more than an acquittal." The real point of the situation—that what Mooney wanted and was entitled to was a full vindication, an airing of the whole malodorous mess of the 1916 frame-up against him, not a mere empty verdict which might mean any one of a hundred things—Murphy, and through him Brady, ignored. Judge Louis H. Ward denied Mooney's appeal that the Judge order Brady into court to give publicly his reasons for his attitude, and said that he had no power to grant Mooney's alternative plea that he appoint a special prosecutor. He stated that if the district attorney's attitude had been a different one, he would have been prepared to admit a limited amount of rebuttal testimony, but now he had no choice under the law. Without leaving the box, the jury selected a foreman who signed the formal verdict. Legally, Thomas J. Mooney now stands acquitted of the murder of Arthur Nelson in the Preparedness Day explosion of July 22, 1916. But, legally, he still stands convicted of the murder of Hetta Knapp in the same explosion, and is serving life imprisonment for the crime.

Back of that climactic moment in Judge Ward's court lies the inextricable tangle of motives, influences, meanings, and passions that make up the Mooney and Billings case. The first act of the play consisted of the explosion itself, the frame-up by Fickert and his gang, the 1916 and 1917 trials

of Billings and Mooney, and the resulting sentences. The second act covered the gradual exposure of the frame-up, the progressive impeachment of all prosecution witnesses, the long, weary fight, constantly frustrated but never suppressed, to bring about the release of two innocent men. The successful effort to retry Mooney on another of the 1916 indictments constituted the third act. What the fourth and final act will be remains for the future to reveal.

According to California law—the same sort of iniquitous law that in Massachusetts sent Sacco and Vanzetti to their martyrdom—the discovery of new evidence following conviction is not ground for a new trial; retrial can be ordered only for a flaw in the legal conduct or record of the case. A misplaced comma will secure a man a new trial, but not a lying witness. The Dempster bill, introduced into this year's legislature for the specific purpose of remedying this situation and giving Mooney a retrial on the Knapp indictment, was passed by the assembly but killed by the reactionary Judiciary Committee of the senate. Therefore, even had District Attorney Brady been willing to waive the strict letter of the law and give Mooney a chance for open exoneration, that exoneration could not have freed him from San Quentin, any more than does the formal verdict of acquittal. What it would have done, however, would have been to make clear to the whole world the grotesque falsity of the built-up case against him—a powerful argument for gubernatorial clemency and a mighty talking-point before the United States Supreme Court. Even as it is, Frank P. Walsh and John Finerty expect to use the outcome of this second trial in a plea to the Supreme Court on the basis of the Scottsboro verdict. But if Brady had really meant his long assertion of belief in Mooney's innocence and his desire to obtain Mooney's freedom, he would have given him more than this empty gesture. One is driven to the conclusion that Brady knows Mooney to be guiltless and wants him vindicated, but not at the expense of the slightest abandonment of petty legalism or the least assault on the dignity of the district attorney's office.

The second Mooney trial took place at a time when an unprecedented number of exciting and important events engaged the attention of the American people. The full Morgan revelations broke on the concluding day of the Mooney retrial; Federal Judge Louderback was acquitted of impeach-

ment charges that same day; Roosevelt had just electrified the world and the nation by his open ending of American isolation. But nowhere in America or the world was there a more dramatic scene than in Judge Ward's shabby courtroom in the old Hall of Justice in San Francisco. Standing with its back to the Italian quarter and Telegraph Hill, its face to Chinatown, adjoining the City Prison where Mooney was kept a prisoner during the trial, the Hall of Justice is the only official building in San Francisco which survived the 1906 earthquake and fire. Across the street from it is Portsmouth Square, with its famous statue "to remember Robert Louis Stevenson." A month ago, when the case was first called on April 26, that square was crowded with demonstrators chanting "Free Tom Mooney," until mounted police cleared them away to neighboring corners. On May 23 there were more police, and no demonstrators; everybody for a square block around the Hall of Justice was kept moving unless he could prove his right to be there. The demonstration in April was Judge Ward's ostensible reason for postponing the trial until May 22. On May 23 he let the cat out of the bag when he said, "I gave you a month's postponement in the hope that you would decide not to proceed."

When the postponement took place, John O'Gara, formerly of the district attorney's staff and a close associate of the 1916 prosecutors, had already threatened to appeal to the State Supreme Court to have the trial stopped. Undoubtedly Judge Ward hoped that O'Gara would be successful in this; in fact, he pleaded with him to get it over with quickly. Instead, O'Gara waited, probably deliberately, until May 19; then, "as a taxpayer and a member of the bar," he asked the Supreme Court to declare the case *res adjudicata*, on the grounds that since Mooney had been convicted of one Preparedness Day murder he stood convicted of all; that the taxpayers of San Francisco County should not be put to the expense of a trial; and, rather humorously, that Mooney must not be placed in double jeopardy. The Supreme Court could not meet until May 22, the day for which the trial was called, and the Judge therefore ordered another day's postponement. Experience has shown how few friends Mooney or Billings has on the California Supreme Court; nevertheless, after a day's deliberation it unanimously refused O'Gara's petition, but solely because he had no right or qualification to present it. This left the field clear, and the case was called for trial on May 23. Five days previously Mooney had been whisked from San Quentin in a private yacht lent for the occasion, to avoid crowds at the ferry, and lodged in the City Prison, where he first awaited trial in 1916. The stage was set and the curtain rose.

To a spectator closely familiar with the Mooney case from its beginning, it seemed as if in that crowded little courtroom (it holds only 130 persons outside the press section) there were two sets of actors—the new figures of the present trial and the ghosts of 1916. There was the judge—cold, dry, a bit protective of his dignity as short men are apt to be, making an effort to be fair but utterly unable to hide his antagonism to Mooney, his extreme dislike of Mooney's attorney, Leo Gallagher, and his distaste for the entire proceeding. There was Murphy—young, florid, heavy set, not liking his job overmuch. There was Gallagher, who was a professor of law in Los Angeles until his communistic activities led to his dismissal—gray-haired, small, and spectacled, but so highly charged with indignation that he fairly crackled.

They were the new men. And there were the ghosts—Fickert, Oxman, McDonald, Estelle Smith, the Edeau women, Cowley, and the rest. Among those who had played a part in 1916 was Charles Goff, sitting at Murphy's elbow, practically, in spite of his police uniform, an aid to the prosecution—he has declared openly that Mooney was convicted by perjured evidence and should be freed, and yet has proved himself one of Mooney's most implacable enemies. There were old Mother Mooney and brother John and sister Anna and Rena Mooney, a tragic, harrowed figure, a tear-wasted caricature of the blooming young woman of 1916. There was Frank Walsh, the noble warrior, growing old and heavy, but still a great gentleman and a formidable attorney. And there was Tom Mooney, the most famous prisoner in the world.

Time, that has dealt so many cruel blows to Tom Mooney, has in other ways been very kind to him. I have had occasion to write of him many times in the past, and I have an apology to offer him. I have called him obstinate, cantankerous, surly, self-centered; and he has been all these things. But he is none of them today. Tom Mooney is not only, after sixteen years in San Quentin, a sturdy, youthful, healthy, clear-skinned, and bright-eyed man; he has learned self-control, he has mellowed, he has dignity and poise and patience. Even in the distinguished presence of Frank Walsh he stood out; he was easily the biggest personality in that courtroom.

There was a touch of farce, with the request for an instructed verdict threatening from the beginning, in the protracted and elaborate choosing of a jury. The first day the panel of the department was exhausted. Only one juror was finally accepted from among the first twelve called to the box. In the end there were six men and six women; an interesting jury, nearly all unemployed white-collar workers, and I think much under the usual age. Four of them were certainly under thirty, and only two much above it. There was a reason for this—men and women under thirty were children in 1916; they had been little affected by the Preparedness Day catastrophe or by the wave of anger and vengeance which followed it. Talesman after talesman was excused because of a fixed opinion. There was one woman whose father had been injured in the explosion; there was a policeman's son; there was a friend of Rena Mooney's sister. It would have been almost impossible to find in San Francisco a person of voting age, resident in the city long enough to serve on a jury, and of normal intelligence, who knew nothing of the Mooney case and had never expressed or felt a belief concerning it. Some of the talesmen called to the box had such strong opinions and feelings concerning the case that it was easily possible to discern whether they were for or against Mooney—and the majority were for him.

With the jury selected and sworn, after a brief recess the climactic moment arrived. Gallagher requested the production of the exhibits; his request was peremptorily denied. He read a list of out-of-town witnesses and asked for subpoenas for them; Ward replied sarcastically, "The county is broke. Motion denied." Then Mooney rose to his feet and in a quiet, clear voice stated that he wished to act as his own attorney, with the advice of counsel. Grudgingly Ward agreed, adding the gratuitous remark that "ninety-nine times out of a hundred a man makes a fool of himself by acting in his own behalf."

It was Murphy's move. He lumbered to his feet and with rather a shamefaced air presented his chief's justification of his attitude. "The evidence in this case is insufficient. There is no evidence on behalf of the people. The defendant is entitled to rest behind a plea of not guilty and the presumption of innocence. The people are in no position after seventeen years to produce evidence to overcome that presumption of innocence. There is nothing for the defendant to rebut. If the defendant is allowed to introduce evidence he will be merely shadow-boxing with himself. The State asks for an instructed verdict of not guilty, and rests."

Mooney was standing in an instant; his calm had not yet left him. He asked that the motion be denied, that Brady be called into court to give his reasons, so that the record would show just what they were. It was not true that the former evidence was no longer available; only Oxman was dead, all the other 1917 witnesses could be produced in court if the county would subpoena them. "My object," he said, "is to prove to the jury that I am not guilty on this charge, and hence on the other charge. If this is not allowed, this trial will be a farce. Before you pass on this motion, the jury has a right to hear the district attorney."

Gallagher jumped up, to be squashed instantly, reminded that he was now acting only in an advisory capacity. "May I not speak even as a friend of the court?" he begged. "You are no friend of the court, Mr. Gallagher," retorted Ward grimly. He refused to call Brady; to do so would be an offense to the able and worthy Mr. Murphy. Mooney read aloud Brady's 1926 letter to Governor Richardson, quoted at the beginning of this article. The plea was again denied. Mooney quoted Judge Ward to Judge Ward, his own statement that there should be a new trial and a reading by stipulation of the old evidence. Then Mooney asked that Ward appoint a special prosecutor—anyone, no matter who, who conscientiously believed him guilty—so that he might have a real hearing and present and rebut all the old testimony. Ward was adamant.

"I believe," he said coldly, "that the world-wide interest in this case would have made it advisable to hold a trial had the prosecution conscientiously believed the defendant guilty; but this is not the case now. I postponed this trial a month hoping you would withdraw the motion for a trial, but you have not done so. The opinion in the East which thinks Mooney innocent demanded that California do something about it. That opinion should have been satisfied by the scathing decision of the State Supreme Court on Billings. If this jury took the same view of the case, Mooney would be reconvicted. I have attempted to settle this case one way or the other; I failed because the Attorney-General would not appoint a special prosecutor. It seems to me that you have either shown very poor judgment or have had very poor advice. It looks as if the defendant really did not want a trial."

The unjustified slur and the amazing non-sequitur following it were too much for Walsh. He demanded and finally received a right to protest what he felt was an insulting reference to his conduct of the case. In a moving speech, his voice shaking with emotion, he reviewed his connection with the Mooney case since the death of Bourke Cockran. He told how he had served without pay, how he had given his time and services and money in a thankless, burdensome task, treating Mooney exactly as if he were his richest client, solely

because he was convinced of his innocence. "He hoped to have an opportunity to exonerate himself," Walsh pleaded. "He has said to me that he would rather die in a felon's cell than be considered capable of committing so foul a crime."

Ward cut Walsh short, and then Mooney for the last time hurled himself against the brick wall of the district attorney's stand. For a few minutes he ceased to be an attorney pleading for himself as client, and became a man, begging for justice from another man.

"You say the evidence is insufficient to convict me," he cried. "Four governors, the prison pardon board, and the Supreme Court have held that same evidence sufficient to hold me in San Quentin. If it is sufficient for that, it is sufficient to place before a jury." He turned directly to Murphy and begged him as a matter of decency to withdraw his motion for an instructed verdict. There was a second when Murphy seemed to hesitate. If it had been Matthew Brady himself in that chair, it is possible that he would have reconsidered. But Ward had refused to call Brady into court. Never meeting Mooney's eye, Murphy got himself through his distasteful job.

"The State honestly thinks the evidence unavailable. We tried to be removed from the case and the Attorney-General denied our plea. We had to come here to protect the rights of the people. The defendant has insisted on a trial, and he has had it. The case has come to the point where the only relief that can be granted is by the Governor. All the witnesses connecting Mooney with the explosion are impeached. We cannot prove a case against him and cannot pass on the defendant's moral guilt; that is up to the Governor. We have been as decent as we could be, but we will not violate our honor."

Judge Ward granted the motion for an instructed verdict of not guilty. The foreman signed the verdict. The jury was discharged. Without even a farewell to his family Mooney was handcuffed to a deputy—each day of the trial he was brought into court shackled, and released only when he reached his seat—and taken directly back to San Quentin. The second trial of Thomas J. Mooney for the Preparedness Day murders was over. There was nobody in California with both the power and the desire to waive a few legal technicalities and give this man the day in court for which he has waited for seventeen years.

Brady would not "make himself ridiculous" by prosecuting a case for which there was no valid evidence. Attorney-General Webb would not do anything so irregular as to appoint a special prosecutor. Judge Ward would not overassert his jurisdiction by one slightest ruling. Governor Rolph, asked what he would do if, armed with this legal acquittal, Mooney once more asked for a pardon, replied that he would refer the matter again to his advisers, principally Matt I. Sullivan. (It was Sullivan, his bitterest foe, whom Mooney wanted as special prosecutor.) Everyone directly connected with the case knows and declares Tom Mooney is innocent—and *therefore* he must remain a prisoner!

Except for the possibility, after a long wait, of electing a Governor of California who will end the disgrace and shame of this case, the only hope of wiping this blot from the State's shield, and of giving Tom Mooney the freedom to which by every right of decency and justice he is entitled, lies in the pending appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

"Where Is the Dynamite?"

An Incident of Life in Cuba under Machado

By LORENZO ALVAREZ

Miami, May 25

I NEVER thought that in my modest life there would occur any events which could interest others, and I did not dream that my humble person might be subjected to martyrdom and physical and moral torture in one of the acts of the great tragedy of blood and disgrace which is now being performed in Cuba, my unhappy country.

I was born in the country and in the country I have always lived. Recently I was working on an estate the owner of which was accused of opposing the tyranny of Machado. This gentleman had gone abroad and I remained in charge. One night there came violently into my house two individuals of very evil aspect who, once they were convinced that I was alone, identified themselves as members of the secret service of the government and told me they had orders to take me as a prisoner to the capital. Without further explanation they pushed me into an automobile which was waiting outside with two other policemen and took me directly to the Castle of Atarés. This castle is a very ancient fortress which now serves as headquarters for a gang of uniformed malefactors, members of the presidential guard, a corps under the command of an army officer called Crespo who has specialized in committing the most horrible assassinations and in applying the most refined tortures to persons accused by the government, in order to make them tell what the authorities think they know. Captain Crespo received me with a smile which I shall never forget. His expression could be compared only to that of a hungry cat at the sight of a plate of fish. He asked me my name and whether it was true that I was in charge of the estate and he requested also other information which I was unable to give him. Two soldiers had already taken off my clothes on the pretext of searching me. After a short pause the captain gave a signal and four more men entered. They led me to a chair in the center of a small court, seated me, and tied my hands and feet securely.

"Where is the dynamite?" asked the captain.

"I don't know what dynamite you are talking about," I answered.

At a signal the four men drew their pistols and pointed them at me. The captain repeated his question and I repeated that I had not the least information regarding any dynamite. The muzzles of the four revolvers leveled at my head did not frighten me very much because I believed that they were only trying to terrify me, but I was sure that something more was going to happen because my captors seemed to be convinced that I possessed the secret of a great conspiracy. Keeping their guns aimed at me, the men came closer and bound me more securely to the chair. The cords were so tightly drawn that I felt the stoppage of the circulation of the blood in my arms and legs.

"Where is the dynamite?" asked the captain with a menacing accent. Making a great effort because the pain hardly permitted me to utter a word, I answered again that I did not know.

"Tighter," he shouted. Then began a new torment. While several men put wooden wedges between the cords which bound me to the chair, two others put a small cord around my head and using a steel rod as a lever, little by little wound it up. I felt as if they were burning my forehead and as if my brain would burst. Everything went black and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke I found myself in one of the subterranean cells of the castle. I had never seen a dirtier hole. It was a closed space with a dirty earth floor and damp, pestilential walls. The grating which served as a door was covered with boards and the only light came charitably in feeble rays through the cracks. I had no notion of the hour or of the time which had passed. I could not move my legs or arms. My disordered thoughts were interrupted when a sergeant and two soldiers entered. They did not speak to me. Upon a wooden box they put a pot of coffee and a piece of bread. Their visit made me realize just where I was and why. It was then that I noticed stains of blood on the canvas which covered the miserable bed where they had laid me. Others before me had been brought to this same cell bleeding from their torture.

About two hours later the door opened again, and the sinister Captain Crespo entered, accompanied by the same individuals who had brought me the coffee. Using phrases intended to be amiable, he advised me that I ought to tell where the dynamite was. He told me that I ought to show no consideration for my friends since it was they who had denounced me and were responsible for my situation. He imagined that because I was a simple country man, I would fall into the trap which he laid for me. He continued speaking in this manner for more than ten minutes. I chose not to answer a single word. It was then that he changed his tone and in a violent manner ordered the application of the "campaign stocks" until dinner time. I had heard of the campaign stocks but I did not know that such a torture had ever been applied to any man in my physical condition. This punishment is applied in several forms. In my case several rifles were passed under the bend of my knees after I had been forced to kneel; then my head was bent down until I kissed the ground, and with a cord, the two ends of which were tied to my wrists, my tormentors forced me down until my elbows and my knees were together in such a way that the rifles, at first two in number, formed an axle. The cord was passed over my shoulders and the salient ends of the rifles, and then pulled tight. The question they asked was invariably the same: "Where is the dynamite?"

I am not quite sure how many insults I used in answering the question, but I do know that my tormentors became angry. The cords were loosened a little and two more guns were put between my legs and my arms and the pulling began anew. Before totally losing consciousness, I heard my bones creak with a dry and penetrating sound.

I have since learned that I stayed fifteen days in the

Castle of Atarés; at that time, as I have said, I had no notion of the time and could not distinguish between day and night except when someone opened the door of the cell. This did not happen more than once every twenty-four hours to admit a soldier who brought me a pot of coffee with milk, the only nourishment I tried in all the time that I remained in that inferno. On one occasion this soldier told me that a doctor had examined me on the day after my last torture and that I had no broken bones, but that for a long time I should not be able to move easily since all my joints were seriously injured. He told me also that he was sure they would not torment me any more and that they would not kill me. I asked him why he supposed all that, and he replied that those who were left in very bad condition after the torture were killed in order that they might not, as some others had done, go away later and tell all that had been done to them. He told me also that there was an impression that I was innocent of the charges made against me, and that as soon as I was in condition to walk I would be put at liberty. This was the only time that I was able to talk alone with the soldier since he almost always came with others.

During my imprisonment I was disturbed more by the unspeakable humiliation which weighed upon me after I realized what sort of cell I was in than by my physical pain. The drinking water—the only water, since they gave me none with which to wash my hands—was brought in an old tin can, and from this can the cockroaches and the rats drank, too. The only sanitary arrangement was a brass jar which was never emptied in those fifteen days, which seemed like centuries. Then one good day a sergeant, a corporal, and two soldiers came to my cell. They took me to a modest bathroom where they allowed me to take a bath, shave, and put on my clothes. My return to civilized life seemed like

a dream, and I repeated many times the old Spanish saying, "Nobody knows what he has until he loses it." When I had finished my toilet I could walk much better without assistance. I was given a cup of black coffee and felt more comforted. Then the men talked with me for the first time.

"Citizen," said the sergeant, "I don't know how you came here or why you were put where you were. I had orders to clean out the pits. I found you in this place and I am putting you outside the military zone in order that you may go where it may suit you better. Near the door of the castle is an automobile for hire. Take it, and the chauffeur, whom you may trust, will drive you wherever you like." I did as he told me. Nobody undertook to draw up any record or write any papers. Under the Machado regime a person is less than a stray animal.

I stayed several days in Havana in the house of some relatives who asked me not to say anything of what had happened in order not to compromise myself. Only a few persons in my confidence came to see me and I learned that I had been lucky. Other prisoners, before being killed, had suffered incredible things—hot irons in their eyes, needles inserted in the spinal cord, nails torn out with hooks, and jaw-bones dislocated after the slow extraction of all the teeth.

At the first opportunity I embarked for the United States, and here I am asking the same question that was asked of me by the captain of the castle: "Where is the dynamite?" I should like to have a great deal of dynamite and the opportunity to use it in blowing up that mountain that is crushing all human rights in my country.

*[We are able to vouch for the authenticity of the foregoing personal account of one victim of the Machado dictatorship. The name for obvious reasons is fictitious.—*EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Real Tariff Issue

By FRANK WHITSON FETTER

SINCE the Civil War more words have been wasted over the tariff than over any other issue in American politics. Whether bimetallism, imperialism, the League of Nations, prosperity, or prohibition is heralded as the "paramount issue," somehow or other the tariff edges into a prominent place on the political stage before the show is over. Yet it is doubtful whether any other public question in this country is discussed with so little reference to the real economic problem involved. Republican discussion of the tariff is far less intelligent than that given by Alexander Hamilton nearly a century and a half ago; most of what the Democrats have to say does not compare, in its clarity and understanding of fundamental principles, with the attacks made on protection by Southern statesmen of pre-Civil War days.

Alexander Hamilton, frequently spoken of as the father of the American protective system, urged a tariff as a means of subsidizing American industry. Our economic life at the close of the Revolution was almost exclusively agricultural. Because of the greater returns which could be obtained in farming, few found it profitable to go into manufacturing. In Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures of 1791 he discussed the various ways in which manufacturing might be

fostered by the national government. Outstanding among his suggested methods of subsidizing industry was the payment of direct bounties and the erection of tariff barriers against imported goods. It is interesting that Hamilton believed that a bounty had some advantages over a tariff. He recognized, however, that bounty and tariff alike gave an artificial stimulus to the domestic producer—a stimulus to be paid for by the rest of the community. In the case of the tariff, the extra return to the manufacturer came in the form of a higher price paid by the consumer; in the case of the bounty, it came in the form of direct payments made by the government out of funds raised by taxation. In a passage seldom quoted today by those on whom the mantle of Hamilton has fallen, he said:

There is a degree of prejudice against bounties . . . from a supposition that they serve to enrich particular classes at the expense of the community. . . . As to [this] . . . objection, it equally lies against other modes of encouragement, which are admitted to be eligible. As often a duty upon a foreign article makes an addition to its price, it causes an extra expense to the community for the benefit of the domestic producer.

Economists, regardless of their views on the wisdom of tariffs, have rarely questioned the practical identity of tariffs and bounties, as pointed out by Hamilton. Yet today millions of sincere American citizens indorse high protective tariffs and at the same time are shocked at the idea of the government paying bounties out of funds taken from the public by taxation. This paradox of American political thought has its roots deep in our history.

Hamilton's support of tariffs and bounties was part of his general policy of using the power of government to strengthen the manufacturing and moneyed classes of the community. Whatever one may think of Hamilton's philosophy, it must be said that he faced the issue squarely; he recognized that the tariff was a bounty, that it would raise prices, that it would help the manufacturing class, and it was for these reasons that he favored it. The tariff, as thus presented, involved a clean-cut issue of national economic policy. Hamilton's appeal was directed to a class rather than to a section of the country. He wanted everywhere to strengthen the propertied class and associate its interests with those of the national government. Prominent Southerners, like Calhoun, were at first supporters of the protectionist movement. But geographical conditions in the South, together with the institution of slavery, were not favorable for the development of manufacturing. The South quickly lost its enthusiasm for a policy that in practice yielded it no advantage but raised the prices of many things that it bought.

Soon the Southern orators in Congress were denouncing the tariff on the very ground that it was a bounty. Until the Civil War, and for many years thereafter, the Democratic attack on the tariff was built on this premise. We read in the Democratic platform of 1840 that "justice and sound policy forbid the federal government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country." This statement appeared in the next four platforms, up to 1856. The platform of 1876 denounced a tariff which "has impoverished many industries to subsidize a few"; the platform of 1904 assailed protection as "a robbery of the many to enrich the few"; the platform of 1912 attacked the tariff as "a system of taxation which makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

But while the disciples of Jefferson were preaching the Hamiltonian doctrine that the tariff was a bounty, and were denouncing it for that reason, the heirs of Hamilton had rejected this particular article of faith of their patron. With the rise of Jacksonian Democracy and the "common man," it was no longer possible to advocate class legislation in the frank and open way that Hamilton had advocated it. With the development of the philosophy that government should not interfere with private business, support of the tariff on the ground that it was identical with a bounty ceased to be considered good politics.

The Hamiltonian concept of the tariff as a means of subsidizing particular lines of economic life accordingly was abandoned. In its place arose a new concept of the tariff as a means of benefiting every American. As the new school of protectionists presented the issue to the public, the question was not whether it was sound policy to give bounties to particular American producers, but whether one favored a high standard of living or a low standard of living, whether one was a friend of the American workingman or of the British

manufacturer. Those who were opposed to tariffs were artfully pictured by the protectionists as enemies of America. This was undoubtedly clever political strategy, but it did not foster an intelligent discussion of the real problem of the tariff. For political purposes the arguments in favor of the protective tariff were shifted from an economic to an emotional basis.

This extensive network of government subsidies was thus rationalized by its supporters into a policy that not only was consistent with the American system of free competition and no governmental interference with private business, but was an integral part of it. To any objective observer Mr. Hoover's blind faith in tariffs and his impassioned defense of rugged individualism have been as incongruous as would have been his appointment of "Coin" Harvey as his Secretary of the Treasury, or his insistence on the selection of William Z. Foster as his running mate on the Republican ticket. Americans, however, are too close to the whole business to appreciate the irony when great tariff beneficiaries denounce the government for tampering with the "laws of competition" at the same time that they lobby for bigger and better tariffs. But the visitor from Mars would rub his eyes in amazement at the proceeding.

In the years after the Civil War there was some weakening of the traditional Democratic stand on the tariff. The Republicans did their best to play up the idea that the Democrats with their free-trade "heresies" were trying to rock the boat of national stability. As protection became more firmly established, criticisms of it savored of assaults on the existing economic order. The Democrats accordingly tempered their attacks somewhat: they came to lay more stress on the wickedness of Republican tariffs and less on the underlying economic principles. Furthermore, a small minority in the Democratic Party came to be interested in the tariff. In the 1880's a Democratic group in the House led by Randall of Pennsylvania—known to their indignant fellow-Democrats as "Randall and his forty thieves"—blocked attempts to reduce the tariff. In Cleveland's second Administration the "sugar Senators" so emasculated the Wilson tariff that the President in disgust allowed it to become a law without his signature. However, up to and including the Administration of Woodrow Wilson the Democrats as a party held to the view that the protective tariff was wrong because the government should not use its power to subsidize favored groups in the community.

Since the World War there has been a strong shift in Democratic tariff sentiment. More and more the Democrats have come to accept the premises of Republican tariff faith. They have joined the Republicans in repudiating the Hamiltonian doctrine that the tariff is a bounty. They, like the Republicans, have come to regard the tariff much as they regard fire or police protection—a necessary policy to protect all Americans against the common enemy of foreign goods. They have come to take the position, not that they are opposed to the principle of protection, but that they are opposed to the "iniquities" perpetrated by the Republicans in its name.

It was under the Smith-Raskob leadership of 1928 that this new Democratic policy reached its fullest flower. In an effort to show that he was "safe" for business, Mr. Smith pictured himself as a protectionist every bit as good as Mr. Hoover. The tariff, according to the Smith-Raskob gospel, was a beneficent American policy that was in the clutches of

the wicked Republicans. No longer was the tariff the dragon, and the American people the fair maid to be rescued by the Democratic Saint George; the tariff was the fair maid to be rescued from the Republican dragon.

A few of the abler minds in the Democratic Party, under the leadership of Cordell Hull, realize that the tariff is a bounty, and on that premise have made some telling criticisms of recent American policy. But in general, since the World War, and particularly since 1928, the tariff has been discussed by Republicans and Democrats alike with very little consideration of real issues. The discussion of the tariff in the recent Presidential campaign produced much heat, but threw surprisingly little light on the great question of economic policy involved. The fact that the tariff is a bounty, and that on this basis the merits or evils of protective duties should be determined, was practically ignored by both the major candidates.

By one of those strange turns of politics, just at the time when many Democrats had agreed with the Republicans that the tariff was not a bounty, support for the neglected Hamiltonian concept came from an unexpected quarter. One hardly thinks of Senators Brookhart, La Follette, Borah, and Norris as the doctrinal heirs of Hamilton, yet it was these men and their fellow-spokesmen for Western agriculture who recently revived the Hamiltonian approach to the tariff. They have taken Hamilton's premise that the tariff is a bounty as the basis of their demand for the export debenture. Few persons appreciated the unintended humor and irony when, in the

course of the debates on the Hawley-Smoot bill, Senator Brookhart cited in favor of the export debenture Hamilton and his doctrines, and scandalized Republican stalwarts piously protested that bounties were wrong in principle. "If the national government gives a bounty to the Eastern manufacturer in the form of the tariff, why should it not give a bounty to the Western farmer in the form of the export debenture?" So runs the argument of these neo-Hamiltonians from the corn belt. Their logic cannot be challenged, although those who feel that our tariff legislation has resulted in great abuses can hardly regard an extension of these abuses as a solution in the national interest.

There is no compelling reason why we should not have bounties and subsidies. They have played a prominent part in the programs of many governments. The important question in every case is whether the resulting public benefit is worth the price that is paid. We subsidize the youth of America by tax-supported schools, we subsidize our periodicals and newspapers by low postal rates, we subsidize aviation and our merchant marine. Perhaps it is advisable to subsidize our growers of fruits and vegetables, of sugar cane and sugar beets, and our manufacturers of straw hats, silks, and woolen textiles. But if we are to continue to subsidize them we should realize what we are doing, and legislate in the light of full knowledge of the facts. Until, like Alexander Hamilton and the old-time Democrats, we recognize that the tariff is a form of bounty or subsidy, our discussions of the tariff will continue to be futile.

The Social Worker and the Depression

By JUNE PURCELL GUILD

THE United States leads the world in the number and activities of its gangsters, racketeers, and social workers. It has the highest murder rate and owns the most motor cars. It outranks, in natural resources, wealth, and productivity, any other country, not even excepting huge, rapidly developing Russia. Not to be edged out of its firsts, the United States has more unemployed workers than any other nation and easily leads in expenditures for private benevolence and social work. For the present year, the fourth since the great crash, \$97,945,148 was raised by 320 community chests throughout the country. It must be admitted, however, that the death bell may already be tolling; very few chest drives for 1933 reached their goals, those mysterious and imaginary lines between defeat and victory in the social-work attack—always coming, never here—on poverty, crime, and disease.

And what are the tens of thousands of American social workers thinking in these days of depression? What are they actually accomplishing? To what extent do they comprehend the basic causes of the increased need for their activities? Are they ready to tell the truth about social conditions as they, and perhaps only they, know them to be? As one who has called herself professional social worker for years on end, I must answer regretfully that most social workers are much too busy to think about the social implications of their task. They are failing utterly to hold back the flood tide of social chaos. Many of them, of course, realize that economic

maladjustment lies at the root of the need for most social work, but comparatively few social workers regard it as their concern. Of those who see the futility of much present-day social work and privately admit the paucity of its tangible results, not many are saying, above a whisper, that social work effects no social reforms.

Although men are now to be found more and more often in the better-paid jobs, the typical social worker is a devoted, hard-working, college-trained woman who has dedicated her life to the service of those afflicted in mind, body, or estate. Busy almost constantly day and night, the social worker is valiantly trying to ease the suffering and the despair of a few of the many caught in the utter breakdown of an industrial system. Through trained and sympathetic friendship social workers are unquestionably bringing to hundreds of thousands the courage to live on. And in the annals of the righteous these social workers will have their reward. But millions of persons in need of trained service stand small chance of getting it today, and relief budgets, private and public, are inadequate to meet the demands. The truth is, the depression has swamped social work. Whether it will ever again justify its proud claims of prevention, rehabilitation, and adjustment remains at this writing in doubt. But has social work materially altered its form or its terminology? Not noticeably.

At this moment what are social workers saying concerning economic and political theory or the need for funda-

mental social changes to eliminate the cycles and seasons of unemployment? With infrequent exception, exactly nothing at all. On the whole, social workers know little and care less about economic or political theory and practice. Their lack of understanding can only be described as abysmal, tragic. Ignorance in very young social workers, of whom there are many, may be forgiven. It is hard, however, to defend the silence—sometimes the deception—of the old-timers. They all know well enough that social work is not meeting the needs of our calamitous social situation. Obviously, social workers alone cannot launch a planned society; but it is ever more difficult to explain why they seldom raise their voices in analyzing and protesting the misery they see every day of their lives. Why do they not frankly confess that all the social-work technique in the world cannot prevent most of the human suffering with which they are concerned?

Wholesale unemployment breeds mass misery, want, discouragement, dissatisfaction, disorder. Whatever we may think of the wisdom or the efficacy of hunger marches, should we not remind ourselves that those who believe their need is desperate have a right to petition the government for a redress of grievances? If anyone doubts it, let him read Article I of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States. Yet some so-called social workers have said: "Do not treat a hunger marcher as an ordinary hungry transient. Let him starve; he may be a Communist."

In a certain city a clothing company regularly pays weekly wages ranging from a dollar or two to five or six dollars. Not long ago I saw a week's pay envelope of \$2.73. The wage-earner was a woman who had been on duty there every day full time, waiting for piece work, although not working all the time. Some employees in the factory make less, others a very little more. I know a social worker who once saw a week's pay envelope from the same company containing 84 cents. The social workers of that certain city growl among themselves about starvation wages but they gratefully accept the clothing manufacturer's contribution to local charity funds and supplement regularly the wages he pays. Publicly, social workers who know the facts say nothing; publicly, they do nothing. In every city such conditions are duplicated over and over again. And every social worker in the land knows it.

In a nearby city the employees of another clothing company were recently on strike for higher wages. The strikers did not turn to social workers for aid and comfort. When asked why not, the naive answer given, without a trace of rancor, was: "We did not think social workers would be interested in us." May social workers be forgiven; they were not interested.

In the community-chest campaigns this year the outstanding arguments used to entice unwilling contributors to give more were, first, that private charity must do its utmost before tax funds are provided; and, secondly, that unless private charity carries on, the activities of radicals—those who go to the root of things—and agitators will increase. Not once but many, many times such arguments as these were used by social workers. There was an element of truth in the arguments; the whole truth would have been more constructive, less misleading. Surely social workers realize that private charity even in prosperous days fails to provide adequately for the needs of the underpaid and the irregularly employed. At a time like this the problems arising from un-

employment literally engulf private social work, and, indeed, also those political subdivisions attempting to face them squarely. As for agitators, prosperity breeds few agitators. They are only to be feared when social conditions become so uncommonly disagreeable that even the substandard mind knows they could be improved.

Social workers in many cities of the country know that entire families are now expected to exist on relief orders of \$2 a week. Social workers among themselves deplore the circumstances, but should a newspaper ask for specific evidence of human suffering they would refuse to give the names and addresses of actual families known to them. Information on cases is confidential. It would be "unethical" to tell a newspaper that the Lee family is slowly starving to death, although the newspaper obviously needs to have facts on which to base demands for better relief standards. If this sounds fantastic, I can only say it happened recently, shall we say in Queensborough? Social workers will not give specific details on the distress and destitution of a few, not even to save many. Most social workers, I may add, fail to use even disguised case stories for social propaganda. The poor themselves, when they are not so persistently protected from publicity by their social workers, are taking a somewhat more practical view of their situation. Nowadays, when relief is inadequate and they are hungry, they turn to stealing, begging, and standing on the public streets in bread lines. In fact, in one city where the professional social workers are too "ethical" to disclose the distress of those receiving charitable relief, the unemployed are participating in demonstrations, petitioning the city administration for more food, and in turn are being arrested by His Honor, the mayor of the city, on charges of vagrancy and disorderly conduct. The so-called ethical conduct of social workers seems to be approaching the stage already reached by that of another and older professional group which, though admitting the inability of millions to buy necessary medical service, insists that the United States must not join other civilized countries in adopting a plan of socialized medicine.

Whatever the future may bring of equitable economic opportunity, the professional social worker need not fear the loss of either job or prestige in happier days. Many human beings will continue to need assistance in making their adjustments to environment, whatever that environment may be. But to encourage the public to believe it is now possible—or even desirable—for social workers to bring any considerable number of people into a harmonious relationship with a social environment which fails to supply even the minimum essentials to millions, is unfair, unsound, unsocial. Social work is really functioning as a stop-gap in the present social crisis. It is fortunate perhaps that it is performing that function none too successfully. But unquestionably social workers are helping to postpone the inevitable reorganization of economic and political institutions.

As a social worker profoundly interested in the problems of afflicted humanity and at the same time in the professional integrity of my group, I believe the time has come for social workers to meet existing issues with a comprehensive program of social reform. Aiding individuals one by one is essential. Organizing community-welfare plans is also well and good. Clearly, however, something more far-reaching is also needed. For those who would call themselves social workers, there is no escaping the social challenge of the times.

The Nazi Terror in the University

By KENNETH McLEITH

Vienna, May 20

ACTS of Nazi terrorism are not confined to Germany. Nine American students were injured in an attack on Jewish students in the Anatomical Institute of the University of Vienna on Tuesday morning, May 9. Seventeen victims of this attack were so severely beaten that they had to be sent to hospitals afterwards. Because of the autonomy of the University of Vienna the police are forbidden to enter, no matter how serious the disturbance inside may be. Nazi students take advantage of this to make periodic attacks upon Jewish students within the university itself. They run no risk of arrest, and since they are always superior in numbers to their prey, they meet with no retaliatory treatment. For the most part, recognizing the futility of resistance, their victims make little effort at self-defense.

Tuesday's outbreak was peculiarly vicious because then for the first time women were also beaten. The attack centered upon students of Professor J. Tandler, director of the First Anatomical Institute. Dr. Tandler is active in Jewish circles and his classes are attended by many Jewish students. On this particular day, however, which marked the opening of the course for the summer semester, Dr. Tandler was ill and his place was filled by Dozent Schmeidler, who is not a Jew. As is customary in European universities, the opening lecture of a course is always well attended; on this morning approximately three hundred students were present. An eyewitness account of the riot presents the scene vividly:

We had just left the auditorium of the institute and were filing out through the aula toward the main door. There we noticed that an unusually large number of the Nazis were assembled, many of whom did not appear to be medical students. A narrow passageway had been left clear to the door. As this filled with the departing students, a signal was given and the battle began.

With cries of "Jude verrecke" and "Heil Hitler" the Nazis closed in on us from both sides. Instantly all was screaming confusion. Some of the Nazis had clubs; others used only their fists and heavy, hobnailed shoes. Some of us tried to defend ourselves. The others, most of whom were women, fled, terror-stricken, for any sanctuary they could find. The Nazis and their sympathizers outnumbered us nearly two to one.

At one side of the hall was the entrance to the study room. A number of us took refuge there and tried to throw up a barricade of furniture across the doorway, but the Nazis stormed this feeble barrier and broke into the room. Furniture, books, pieces of scientific equipment, anything movable, were used either for offense or defense. At one side of the room were windows opening on to the street, about ten feet above a concrete sidewalk. Women screamed hysterically for help, and as the invaders forced their way into the room, several in their panic jumped to the pavement below.

Presently the police came, but they did nothing. It is true, the officers were not permitted to enter the building, but neither did they make any effort to help the beleaguered students to escape. On the contrary, they responded to the frantic pleas of students who had already escaped to do

something to help those who remained inside by beating the supplicants over the head with their night sticks. One man who was particularly insistent was struck by a policeman, and as he turned to run was pursued by four others. They cornered him against the side of a moving street car and struck him over the head until he collapsed in the street.

Meanwhile, inside the institute the fighting continued unabated. The university has its own force of guards, but they proved inadequate to the emergency. Help could not be summoned promptly because the telephone wires had been cut. The Nazis worked with methodical fury. They fought with the complete abandon of those who know that whatever they do they will be quite immune from the consequences. Essentially, they were as anonymous as though they wore the robes and hoods of the knights of the Ku Klux Klan. They were privileged to glut themselves with the infliction of pain, secure in the knowledge that none of their victims would dare later to attempt to identify them to the authorities.

Ultimately, a passing fire wagon was stopped, ladders were placed against the windows, and the students remaining in the study hall escaped by that means. Surfeited by their orgy, the Nazis were beginning to disperse. Nevertheless, the majority of the students in the study hall preferred to leave through the windows rather than to run the gauntlet of Nazis who remained in the hall outside. Improvised bandages were made for the less badly injured and ambulances called for the others. Those who remained searched disconsolately through the litter of torn books and paper, broken glass, ripped articles of clothing, and splintered furniture in an attempt to salvage a few personal belongings. Another Nazi *Krawall* had passed into history.

The effect of such an experience upon the student who has been a victim, or even a spectator, is tremendously unnerving. It is not unlike having lived through a train wreck or a great fire. A definite psychic shock is produced. The victims were outnumbered and outweighed. Moreover, they realized the uselessness of retaliation, even of reporting the names of the assailants, some of whom they must have recognized. To do such a thing would lead only to certain persecution. Many Jewish students believe that a protest on their part might even lead to a prejudicial attitude toward them on examination, by anti-Semitic professors. So powerful is the influence of the terrorists in the university that even the nine Americans who reported their experiences to the American Minister asked that their names be kept secret for fear of later reprisals.

Even for the student who like the writer is not Jewish and is not personally molested, the consequences of such riots are far-reaching. Such occurrences interfere tremendously with the university schedule. After every such riot the Anatomical Institute, and sometimes the university as well, is closed for from several days to a week. Already during this academic year, which is a little more than half completed, the Anatomical Institute has been closed twenty-four days. For the serious student who wants to work, these enforced holidays often constitute a distinct handicap. Many are forced to be self-supporting and these periods of at least

partial inactivity are sometimes ■ heavy additional burden.

In America students find outlet for their energy and lust for physical combat in various violent sports, notably football. Here all interest is concentrated on politics. In place of loyalty to school and class one finds devotion to a political faction. There is a perpetual spirit of tension and unrest. But what seems most important is that there appears to be no concerted effort on the part of the university authorities to curb these student brawls. The university clings frantically to its autonomy. These riots are not a new thing. They are almost an institution. They interrupt the university schedule, they promote unrest among the student body, occasionally they give rise to exhibitions of brutality that are not surpassed in darkest Georgia, Alabama, or Mississippi, yet they are permitted to continue. The university authorities are not answerable for the general political situation, but the responsibility for such spectacles as that which took place in the Anatomical Institute can be placed at the door of no one but the rector and senate of the University of Vienna.

In the Driftway

SINCE 1930 anybody in this country with a job has been regarded with almost the same awe and reverence as was bestowed upon royalty in the Middle Ages or Hollywood stars until the depression reached moviedom. If one can't have a job—and probably one can't—it is possible to get just as much of a thrill by reading about one as used to be obtainable by reading about kings and princesses. So the Drifter recommends as his solution of what to do with the unemployed that they be organized in reading circles and supplied with a recently published book on jobs.* This book lists and describes 3,500 different jobs from able seaman and abstract clerk to zodiac-therapist and zoologist. It tells how much the job pays, what qualifications it demands, how to prepare for it—everything, in fact, but the inconsequential detail of how to get it.

■ * * * ■

IT is wonderful how inclusive the book is. There are a few omissions, it is true. There is nothing, for instance, about the profession of hog-caller, about which the Drifter has always been curious, nor about the Drifter's own occupation of drifting, about which he has lately become uneasy. The Drifter is glad that the book has omitted drifting, for competition there would be fatal. The entrance of so much as one other person to the profession probably would cost the Drifter his job. But though the editor of the book omits hog-calling, he includes such comparatively rare jobs as carillonneur, executioner, baby farmer, and chick culturist, which last occupation, it is explained, consists of maintaining a "lying-in ward for expectant eggs." The occupation of tea-taster is overcrowded, but there is an opportunity for rattlesnake dairymen, of which one reads: "Enterprising California youths rear deadly reptiles; twice a month they milk them of poison, sell it to laboratories where it is injected into

horses, makes 'rattlesnake serum,' saving many victims of snake bite." The editor adds, "Others might try this." So far as the Drifter is concerned, others may.

* * * * *

THE job of drum major is included by the conscientious editor and also that of drum-carrier. Of the last occupation it is said: "Thrill of boy's lifetime when he is engaged to support drum in parade. Receives acclaim, perhaps a dollar." Under the general head of "Real Estate" the Drifter notes without surprise that a managing agent "seldom enters buildings he manages." The Drifter had surmised as much from his experience as a tenant. He is not surprised either to see the occupation of rent-collector described as "job for burly man with hard heart." There is consolation in the note in regard to the job of landscape artist: "Good landscapes are rare; but bad landscapes are readily bought." It is enlightening to read in connection with the profession of dog-catcher that in Oklahoma City the incumbent of that office is said to receive more in fees than does the mayor in salary. The Drifter notes with approval that there is a profession known as paunch and tripe trimmer, but unfortunately it is attached to the meat trade. It ought to be practiced in Hollywood and in the editorial offices of women's magazines.

THE DRIFTER

Finance

The Morgan Testimony

J. P. MORGAN has given ■ perfect illustration of how the tentacles of his House on the Corner lovingly embrace the important banking assets of America. When he submitted the significant list of bank officials who are or have been in the debt of J. P. Morgan and Company, he revealed the true lesson of financial control through the beneficent confidential relationships of the private bank. Mr. Morgan himself neatly phrased the ethical background of confidential loans to bank officials. "We do make these loans," he admitted in Washington, "and we make them because we believe the people should have the money, that we should loan money if these gentlemen want it. They are friends of ours, and we know that they are good, sound, straight fellows."

Among these "good, sound, straight fellows" were Artemus L. Gates and Mortimer N. Buckner, heads of the New York Trust Company; Harvey D. Gibson, president of the Manufacturers Trust Company; William C. Potter, president of the Guaranty Trust Company; Charles E. Mitchell, late head of the National City Bank; and Seward Prosser and A. A. Tilney, chairmen of the Bankers Trust Company. The combined deposits of these institutions in which friends and debtors of J. P. Morgan exercised a dominant voice are now \$3,000,000,000, or 45 per cent of the total deposit liabilities of all Clearing House banks in New York City.

What more convincing demonstration could be demanded of the futility of ■ system of banking regulation, designed to protect the small depositor, which leaves unhampered the real seat of power over large and small depositors alike? If Morgan held a direct stock interest in these same banks, free exercise of the same power would be much more difficult, since both public and government would probably have full knowledge of his stock control. But private loans to directing officials are effectively shrouded from the public eye by all of the confidential

* "The Book of Opportunities." By Rutherford Platt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.

relationship between lender and borrower which Mr. Morgan has advanced as one of the principal functions of the private bank. Imagine the likelihood of the Guaranty Trust Company adopting a policy opposed to the interests of Morgan when the same gentleman controls the purse-strings, through private loans, of the bank's president, one of its vice-presidents, and eight of its directors.

Mr. Morgan has been careful to point out that under the New York State law, written in the supposed interests of the small depositor, his private bank cannot pay interest on deposits of less than \$7,500, and escapes the supervision of the State Banking Department only by refraining from advertising as a bank and from soliciting deposits. He failed to add, however, that this law was drafted in the office of John W. Davis, his firm's counsel, thereby making sure that its provisions would not hamper the operations of the house of Morgan. Obviously, this arrangement affords Morgan indirect control, through his alliances with incorporated banks, of the funds of small depositors without the bother and governmental restrictions which would be involved in accepting these deposits themselves. There are two methods clearly available for a prompt curb on this power. One is to establish a system of licensing for all banks, including private institutions. The State Banking Board already has the power to effect such a step under the authority of the emergency banking legislation passed at Albany in March. The other is to establish control and publicity over loans made to bank officials, a measure which would promptly dissipate the secrecy so sacred and so convenient to J. P. Morgan and Company in these arrangements.

Mr. Morgan's testimony in Washington revealing Mortimer N. Buckner as one of his boys and as still on his loan sheet places Buckner with one foot on either side of the firing-line in the widely advertised Morgan-Rockefeller feud. Buckner had the sanction of the Rockefeller-Chase Bank interests, as well as of Morgan, to represent New York City banks on the State Banking Board. His presidency of the Clearing House Association carries similar tacit recognition of Rockefeller approval. Buckner should be thrown back on the laps of the New York banking barons to determine whether the Rockefeller quarrel is anything more than a pious ballyhoo. If he should then continue to receive Rockefeller approbation, the public would have clear indications of the real depth of Rockefeller discontent with Morgan dominance of the financial system.

Whatever may now be the reaction of the House on the Corner to the repercussions from its "preferred" stock lists, the fact remains, as the Morgan partners have hastened to point out, that it was their money. But when William H. Woodin accepted profit opportunities from J. P. Morgan and Company in Alleghany Corporation, in Standard Brands, and in United Corporation, implications of a more serious character were involved. With all his much-vaunted "friendship" with various of the Morgan partners, the realistic basis of that friendship arose from the fact that as head of American Car and Foundry he was in a position to keep an average daily balance of more than \$1,000,000 of his company's funds on deposit at Morgan's. In this case it was not so much Woodin's own money which gave him a direct call on inside buying favors as it was his stockholders' money. Common stockholders of American Car and Foundry, who have not seen a dividend since 1931, might reasonably ask what their share was of the profits made possible through their investments.

The question of where stockholders' interests begin and end is even more directly raised by the deal in which the Guaranty Company purchased 500,000 shares of Alleghany Corporation common stock from Morgan's at \$20 a share and

promptly resold it, privately, at less than the prevailing market price. In this instance the stockholders' money was the direct medium of purchase. On February 5, 1929, an advertisement, inserted in New York papers only as a matter of record, disclosed that the 500,000 shares had been fully sold by a banking group headed by the Guaranty Company. The price was reported elsewhere as \$24 a share. On February 1, 1929, Alleghany common, in its first day of trading on the New York Stock Exchange, was quoted between 32½ and 37. Why were the Guaranty stockholders deprived of the additional profits indicated by the public valuation of Alleghany?

PETER HELMOOP NOYES



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Summer Book Section

Our Times

Men of Good Will. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN ■ short preface the author of this substantial volume warns his readers against drawing any premature conclusions based upon it alone. It is only the beginning of a very ambitious piece of fiction planned upon original lines, and from this opening section we may well gather an erroneous impression. His ultimate aim, he says, is to present the life of the twentieth century in a novel, but since it is no longer possible to imagine the whole life of even one city as gravitating about a single man, the work will have no hero and neither will it be merely the history of a family. Indeed, certain of the incidents will lead nowhere and certain of the personages will disappear entirely. Yet there will be, he hopes, ■ unity which the reader will perceive at last.

In the days when he was known chiefly as a poet, Romains was counted among those who belonged to the "unanimist" school—a group of poets including Duhamel and Vildrac which professed to discover humanity by rediscovering the self. Presumably he is still under the influence of some of the ideas generated then, and the title of the new novel seems to suggest that its theme is to be the persistence of that general "good-will" to which a few cling even during the most violent crises in human affairs. But whatever the effect of the complete work may be, the general impression produced by the first section is very different from what one might expect from this preliminary description. It is true that in certain inter-chapters Romains uses—though very sparingly—the newsreel technique made familiar by Dos Passos. It is true, also, that two or three of the very minor personages have political or social interests. But the only two stories which fully emerge concern two eccentric characters whose relation to the "social forces" of their time is far from clear.

Indeed, the interest of the volume is sustained almost entirely by these two stories which never touch. One is concerned with the adventures of a bookbinder named Quinette who, out of pure curiosity, allows himself to become entangled in the affairs of a murderer whom he undertakes to assist. The other deals with the shabby career of ■ vain and foolish sign-painter's apprentice with a taste for gay life. The volume comes to an end when the latter has at last lost his virginity to an experienced woman who has picked him up in ■ bus, and when Quinette, in order to protect himself, has been led to murder the bungling murderer whom he had promised to aid. But what relation these rather highly colored stories bear to the whole is in no way indicated.

Moreover, the general tone of the book is not less unexpected than the nature of its principal intrigues. The style is objective, but its objectivity is rather that of the ironist than that of the earnest social historian. The omniscient and impersonal spectator who tells the story tells it with lofty detachment and with an almost morbidly aloof analysis of the subjective life of the characters. Thus the manner suggests less that of the Marxists than that of "decadent" French fiction, and, in particular, one is repeatedly reminded of André Gide. Indeed, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the latter has made his influence felt in more ways than one. The somewhat fantastic adventures of Quinette, the emphasis upon whim and upon all but unmotivated acts, strongly suggest "The Counterfeiters" or "The Cellars of the Vatican," and so, too, does the mingling of morbidly acute observation with almost fantastically artificial intrigue. If this is, indeed, to constitute a complete picture

of the twentieth century it will achieve its effect in a highly novel fashion. Undoubtedly the fragment is interesting so far. Perhaps, in view of the author's warning, it is best to wait for the next instalment before trying even to imagine how he proposes to solve the problem which he has set for himself.

Certainly no one before him has solved it in thoroughly satisfactory fashion, or found any means of writing a novel about society anything like so adequate as some which have been written about individuals. To say this is not, of course, to say that there is not something obviously unsatisfactory about the social novel from Zola on, or that all such novels are not open to the obvious objection that they really deal with special cases while pretending to present a broader basis for generalization than they actually do. It is, however, to say that the tendency of the novel to deal with individual character is more than merely a convention of the novel, that it is a convention of the human mind, the result of a way of thinking about things which centuries of habit have ingrained, and which could only be supplanted if the human mind were reeducated at the same time that the novel was reformed. Perhaps, indeed, if that reeducation were ever so completely accomplished that an interest in mankind had come wholly to displace any interest in Tom, Dick, and Harry as such, then it might be found that the need for fiction had disappeared entirely. In any event, however, Romains does not seem to be heading us in that direction. So far, at least, the interest in his novel is sustained by the personal adventures of his two principal characters, and the historico-sociological background seems quite irrelevant to the intrigue which—perhaps for purposes of his own—he appears to have deliberately made as eccentric rather than as typical as possible.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Four Newer Novelists

Miss Lonelyhearts. By Nathanael West. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Sing Before Breakfast. By Vincent McHugh. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Not to Eat, Not for Love. By George Weller. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

Thunder Without Rain. By Clifton Cuthbert. William Godwin. \$2.50.

PERHAPS the only characteristic that these four dissimilar novels have in common, apart from their being all by American writers either very young or just newly arrived on the scene, is the quite negative one of being without that proletarian self-consciousness which has become the keynote of recent American fiction. It is true that the people in Mr. Cuthbert's novel live in a Boston tenement and that most of those in Mr. West's can be found any rush hour in the Bronx or Brooklyn subway. But there is nowhere in these novels any effort to relate the vicissitudes of the characters to any particular economic system. There is no evidence that for these writers the hardships of the body have yet replaced in interest or importance the more traditional and possibly more complicated hardships of the soul. In their works, therefore, still "issues from the hand of God, the simple soul." Newspapermen, artists, college boys, fishermen, seminarians, their characters are less affected by the universal rumblings of the class struggle than by the more private shocks of the flesh and the spirit. The spirit has gone suddenly very flat and dry, to be sure, and the flesh is in some instances twisted out of all recognition. But the conflicts are psychological, not social or economic, and on these conflicts of the individual with himself and with others the interest

is sharply focused. If Mr. McHugh introduces the economic crisis into his strident little idyl of modern love on an island, it is only because he wishes to make the situation between his lovers as desperate as possible. Poverty has no more significance than it had in "Vie de Bohème"; the pathos is served up perhaps a little more hard-boiled. And when Mr. Weller's enlightened undergraduates turn against what they believe to be the snobbery, emptiness, and insufficiency of Harvard standards it is not so much a criticism of this great capitalistic institution they are expressing as a pretty standardized mood of adolescent disillusionment.

The hero of "Miss Lonelyhearts" is a young man who earns his living devising replies to "Desperate," "Broken-hearted," "Sick-of-it-all," and others of the lovelorn who write to him for advice. But it must not be gathered that Mr. West's book is the sort of rollicking, whimsical Arabian Nights' Adventure into the modern Bagdad that Christopher Morley, let us say, might write. There is no color in the bazaars of this Bagdad, the creatures who inhabit it have the shaggy contours of a James Thurber drawing. The hero himself suffers from what he calls a "Christ-complex"; he keeps primed for his task on a heavy mixture of Dostoevski and gin. When in a half-hearted gesture of compassion he attempts to help one of the frustrated people who have appealed to him he is rewarded with death. It is all very sad, bitter, and hopeless. If it were not for Mr. West's prose, which leans too much to the baroque, and for a certain ambiguity of genre ("the actual and the fanciful" are here too often confounded), "Miss Lonelyhearts" would be a better book. As it stands, however, it is one of the most readable and one of the most exceptional books of the season.

Somewhere around the middle of "Sing Before Breakfast" one of the characters bursts out, "Let's go Hemingway." It is perhaps not until this moment that one realizes how faithfully the whole thing has been following the Hemingway pattern: the hard-boiled camaraderie between the sexes, the cuckoo dialogue, the sentimental adulation of the hard guy and the equally sentimental execration of the bitch. The only difficulty with such *con brio* renditions of personal relations is that they make a more than ordinary demand on an author's ability to believe in his own creations. Just such a conviction of belief Mr. McHugh does not always manage to suggest: his characters, one might say, are subordinated to his style, and his style is so prolix and rhetorical that before the end they are all pretty completely dissolved in it. The main impression one retains from "Sing Before Breakfast" is of having assisted at a long-drawn-out family quarrel between people who have never been quite sure either what they believed or what they felt.

It is true that Mr. Weller's novel about Cambridge can be distinguished from most college novels of recent years by a rather remarkable sobriety of style and language. This admirable quality, however, must not be confused with maturity, which is what the publishers imply when they advertise the book as the only *adult* college novel. "Not to Eat, Not for Love," despite a great deal of competence in the writing, is a youthful work, one that could only have been written by an American undergraduate. What it illustrates better than anything else, as a matter of fact, is the extraordinary immaturity of our American undergraduate—at least as far as his emotions and his understanding of them are concerned. Intellectually, Mr. Weller's earnest young athletes and academic "grinds," moving in and out of Harvard Yard, are probably the match of their contemporaries in other countries. But compared with the young people in any one of a half-dozen recent French novels about student life or with those in J. Keith Winters's Oxford novel, "Other Man's Saucer," they seem far from adult. Perhaps the chief interest of Mr. Weller's novel will be found in its detailed account of the round of pseudo-adult extra-curricular activities (the Harvard *Crimson* competitions, for instance, play a large

part) which in our "better" colleges serve as a substitute for normal emotional development. Mr. Weller seems most immature, for example, in writing of sex, and in the minds of his young men sex occupies a much less important place than one might expect. What all of them are seeking for is not too clearly defined, but it is probably something like truth, and not finding it in their professors or tutors they yield to a mood of vague disillusionment with both knowledge and experience as a whole. The disillusionment is undoubtedly real, but its elements are too commonplace. In consequence, much of Mr. Weller's novel suffers from the dullness which is always the result of a writer's seeing people and events with a narrower perspective than his reader.

Incest is the theme of "Thunder Without Rain"; and because this is such a difficult theme and because Mr. Cuthbert so narrowly misses giving it an adequate contemporary treatment, his book seems the most disappointing of the four. It is the story of Mary Quinn and her brother Michael and of their struggle to overcome a passion which has grown out of their childhood habit of looking to each other for protection in a hostile home environment. In his opening chapters Mr. Cuthbert traces the process by which Mary's feeling for her brother—intensified by her father's death and her mother's drunken persecution of her—moves toward its absolute physical expression. The girl accepts the relationship like some doom from which she cannot escape; but for the boy it is further complicated by strong religious manias and aspirations. It may be said to Mr. Cuthbert's credit that he consistently avoids all psychoanalytical jargon and formulas, preferring to create rather than explain the obscure emotions through which his characters pass. (In this respect the book may be contrasted with Edward Sackville-West's brilliant and neglected "The Ruin.") In all of the first half of the book, which constitutes the presentation of the theme, there is not a false note in the dialogue, the action, the rendition of subjective states. It is not until Mr. Cuthbert undertakes the development that he goes astray—and then he goes very far astray indeed. Before it is over Mary becomes not only a prostitute but a murderess, and she herself is killed by her brother on the altar steps of the church in which he is a priest. If Mr. Cuthbert had been content to work more deeply into his original situation and had not attempted to trace out its later consequences, he would probably not have been tempted to all this bad melodrama at the end. It is regrettable that Mr. Cuthbert's sense of construction should be so deficient, because in other respects, in concentration on theme and intensity of treatment, his work reveals a richer talent than that of any of the other novelists in this group.

WILLIAM TROY

"Advance to Rebel"

The Ecliptic. By Joseph Gordon Macleod. London: Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.

The Orators. By W. H. Auden. London: Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

The Magnetic Mountain. By C. Day Lewis. London: Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

Poems. By Stephen Spender. London: Faber and Faber. 5s.

THERE has been a long hiatus in English poetry, and during this time (I refer to the past fifteen years) the leadership was transferred to two Americans, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot. This break in the line of a continuous tradition constituted an actual revolution. An entire vocabulary of poetic diction inherited from the nineteenth century was thrown into the wastebaskets of the British Museum, and from the ashes of seventeenth-century metaphysics a neo-classicism rose. In the meantime the younger Englishmen stood by and witnessed

the event. They were, so it seems to us now, waiting for daylight, and the first evidences of a new spirit appear in the work of four young men: Joseph Gordon Macleod, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and C. Day Lewis.

I place Macleod's name first advisedly because he represents the last hang-over from the Pound-Eliot influence. His ambitious poem, "The Ecliptic," is in some respects a considerable advance away from Pound's incompletable life work, the "XXX Cantos," and though it follows in the wake of the more pre-tentious work, its explicit exterior design is a step toward a new synthesis in poetry. As the title indicates, the symbols used in the poem are derived from the signs of the zodiac. As Macleod writes in his introduction:

Each sign thus contributes to a single consciousness. Although I hope it will have significance for my time, this is not intended to be either a typical or a unique, but merely a single consciousness: nor to be a complete survey of a life, but merely a path through it. . . . Pisces, then, shows this life against a background of Time as the previous signs against Space.

To take the place of Ezra Pound's somewhat vague conviction that all ages are contemporaneous, he has revealed a specific time sense, and this he uses for a deliberately ironic purpose. A brief quotation from *Libra*, or the Scales, exhibits his method and the excellent quality of his rhetoric:

Publius Aemilius Hadrianus Graeculus
Is in the evenings to be seen in a first-class carriage
In the mornings deals with branch-office correspondence in
all parts of the world.

His policy slogan is Pax Romana
Employed to revive Greek Culture . . .

Were the Greeks better men than we?
He believes in the Roman Empire, bareheaded
In the rights of property he believes, according to Ratio.

• • • • •

Bull bellows, lion plunges back to jungle:
Twin dies, virgin offers herself
Sideways creeps crab,
But scales are firm.

In other words, London Bridge has fallen down for all except those fortunate men in power who ride, top gear, in a Rolls Royce over it, and the river is choked with bodies of the ravished and the dead. It must be admitted that there are times when Macleod's tightly knotted erudition creates a stultifying atmosphere, but the poem never loses a strong current of interest; taken as an entire performance it must also be regarded as a medium that clarifies the problems inherent in Pound's technique.

Superficially there is but a short step from "The Ecliptic" to W. H. Auden's "The Orators." Both poems are big with reference to a dying world. Both carry a surface of obscurity which at first glance and to an American reader seems impenetrable. At this point, however, the analogy ends; and it is well for the American to remember that Auden's poem bears the subtitle, "An English Study." Auden's obscurities arise from the fact that he is addressing his remarks to an island English audience of the ruling classes. The speech (a good three-quarters of the book is written in a closely knit prose) is intimate, elliptical, direct. His shafts of irony are driven home with a vigorous thrust to his immediate neighbors. Perhaps the best clue to the purpose of "The Orators" is contained in one of Auden's recent poems published in *New Verse*, a new poetry magazine issued bimonthly and edited by Geoffrey Grigson. This Song of Auden's, written to the tune of Frankie and Johnnie, runs something as follows:

I have a handsome profile
I've been to a great public school
I've a little money invested
Then why do I feel such a fool
As if I owned a world that had had its day?

• • • • •

Remember you're no old soldier
Remember that you are afraid
Remember you'd be no use at all
Behind the barricade
You belong to your world that has had its day.

This is the very world that Auden recreates into a synthesis of death in "The Orators." His protagonist, who appears in the second division of the poem *Journal of an Airman*, represents all that England was and is and, if England is to survive as a world Power, will never be again. His diary is a prophecy of self-destruction. Nothing short of complete rebirth into a new social order will save him from senile madness, which takes the form of deifying the past and worshiping scientific invention exploited by capitalism. Anyone who has heard Ramsay MacDonald in a talking newsreel will realize at once how quickly and effectively Auden has exposed the stigmata of social decay in British ministerial eloquence. With an awareness comparable to Shelley's *Mask of Anarchy* Auden writes his prayer of England's upper classes:

For the virgin afraid of thunder; for the wife obeyed
by her husband; for the spinster in love with Africa,
O Bear with the Ragged Staff, hear us.

For all parasites and carrion feeders, for the double
rose and for domesticated animals,
O Green Man, hear us.

And that it may please thee to calm this people,
George, we beseech thee to hear us.

After reading "The Orators" it becomes obvious that Auden's particular gift lies in the organization of poetic material for immediate use. There can be no question of his ability to master firmly woven prose that has all the impact usually associated with poetry alone; in his formal verse, however, he is not always so fortunate: his choice of specific words and his music lack originality; as often as not there is an actual disunion between the image he projects and the verse he employs as its medium. He is usually content to lean heavily upon the effects of strong alliteration, a mannerism that once gave Swinburne spontaneous recognition, but that today has rendered him very nearly unreadable.

This flaw is faintly echoed in Day Lewis's poetry, but is quickly remedied by a more flexible talent for writing lyric verse. Day Lewis has quite as much to say as Auden, but his long poem raises a radically different problem. The structural disunion in "The Magnetic Mountain" may be traced back, I think, to a personal problem confronting the poet. He is in revolt against the established order, and his solution is, clearly enough, some form of communism. His dilemma in this poem is the statement of two apparently irreconcilable beliefs, one based upon the divine right of the individual and the other upon the conviction that individual rights are no longer valid. His attempts to make both statements clear and to eliminate their differences is a courageous venture. Though it is not successful in the present poem, I feel reasonably certain that he will accomplish his objective within the next five years. Like Auden, Day Lewis is prolific, and learns much in the writing of each new poem. The last section of "The Magnetic Mountain" is a song of victory for the regeneration of England, in which a new type of humanity emerges, strong, clean, alert:

This is your day: so turn, my comrades, turn
Like infants' eyes like sunflowers to the light.

After leaving Day Lewis we come to Stephen Spender, who with his first book of poems shows promise of being the best lyric poet of his generation in England. All four of the poets I have treated here have distinctly separate personalities and methods of procedure. It would be difficult to measure one in terms of the other, and impossible to substitute Spender, let us say, for Auden or Day Lewis; Spender seems to be at the very opposite end of the spectrum from Macleod. Of the four his work is least pretentious, yet within the range of a small selection of lyrics he has established for himself an individual music and a fully matured choice of poetic diction. Since he is in a position to reap the benefits of a verbal revolution that lies behind him, it is entirely possible that he has a tangible advantage over his immediate predecessors. At any rate his talents are obvious, and one is made aware of his ease of movement, freshness, and clarity. He is still a trifle overfond of generalizing his emotions and of dodging the concrete image. These are habits that have afflicted all minor romantic poetry, but such flaws are rare in his work; his statement of affirmation carries everything before it. Take these few lines from Poem XXIII:

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns
Endless and singing. . . .

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are feted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center.
Born of the sun they traveled a short while toward the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

With Auden and Day Lewis, Spender is well convinced of humanity's power of regeneration, and he has personalized his conviction:

Oh comrades, step beautifully from the solid wall
advance to rebuild and sleep with friend on hill
advance to rebel and remember what you have
no ghost ever had, immured in his hall.

From all appearances it would seem that this younger generation of English poets is already solving the problem of carrying over contemporaneous subject matter into poetry, that it is looking straight into the face of mass revolt, and by implication has aligned itself with the forces of the extreme left. In this country the time is ripe to learn much from the experience of these poets, to estimate their value as conscious artists, and to recognize in their published work (I refer directly to "The Orators") a few examples of the most penetrating social criticism written in our time.

HORACE GREGORY

Housing in a Social Vacuum

The Evolving House: A History of the Home. By Albert Farwell Bemis and John Burchard, 2d. Massachusetts Institute of Technology: The Technology Press. \$4.

THIS, the first volume to be published in a series of three on the evolving house, essays to deal with the history of the dwelling-house up to the present. Later volumes will present "an analysis of current housing conditions and trends" and "an engineering rationalization of house construction and a suggested solution."

It is a curious book—full of small separate facts, often highly entertaining, and of large commonplace generalizations. For the first: the Egyptians had a very modern ventilating gadget; the Babylonians invented the mortgage; the Romans had central heating; in Merrie England men and women sat

alternately at table and each pair ate from the same plate and drank from the same cup; you could buy a pretty good house in the early day of the colonies for less than \$100; the White House had no bathtub until 1852; and John Quincy Adams was once trapped by a persistent female reporter while taking his bath in the Potomac. But as a whole, for all its dedication "to the Betterment of the Home—the Cradle of the Body, the Mind, and the Spirit," in spite of the really impressive amount of research, and though the dearth of literature in this field should bring a hearty welcome to even a moderately good piece of work, this is a trivial and disappointing book.

Mr. Bemis states his point of view very carefully in the Foreword. He has approached his task, he says, "with the distinct preconceived idea that the chief factor of the modern housing problem is physical structure." He admits that "the factors involved are by no means wholly structural or industrial," and that "social custom, living standards, public welfare, property, finance, aesthetics, and still other factors must be balanced." But he firmly believes that the "balance . . . cannot be established until the housing structure, which is the basis of the whole problem, has been rationalized." Which is something like setting out to "rationalize" the manufacture of buggy tires without finding out anything about the sizes of wheels, the condition of the roads, or the general outlook for the construction and use of buggies. But the weakness of this first volume is to be found in over-emphasis on the individual dwelling unit rather than in over-attention to physical structure or "rationalization."

The early chapters are on primitive housing. Although they contain a good deal of interesting if somewhat unassorted information, and although the authors were here more or less forced to consider communities as a whole, primitive housing has somehow very little to do with the *evolving house*. The variations depend almost entirely on climate, materials at hand, and the occupations of the people, and result rarely in anything more than the rudest sort of shelter. Nor do the Egyptian, Aegean, and Roman palaces have much more than a historic interest, in connection with our other knowledge of the civilizations concerned. The evolution of our own homes does not really begin much before the Middle Ages.

A hundred pages or more are devoted to the history of English homes from 1066 to 1900, but in spite of interlarding with all sorts of information about food, dress, manners, and such, the medieval house without the market-place, the manor without the cottages, the Renaissance town house without the square and the façaded avenue, the nineteenth-century slum without the spreading city and the factory, make surprisingly dull and inconsequential reading.

The sections on American homes from colonial times to the present suffer in much the same manner. There is considerable lore about bathtubs, but no mention of the enormous change in housing and municipal economics caused by the growing dependence of the house on water, sewage and utility lines, paved streets, and other exterior services. There are plans of triple-deckers and railroad flats, with little or nothing concerning their spacing or lay-out or the systematic land speculation and jerry-building which gave them birth. There is a fabulously glowing and gadgeted description of a day in the home of an "average" suburbanite.

An intermediate section concerns itself with contemporary dwellings in Asia and Europe, and there is a final chapter on Modernistic Homes. The European community-housing movement is dismissed in a few scattered and inaccurate sentences, and the whole significance of modern European architecture is distorted by the illustration of almost nothing but large separate villas. There is an extensive but somewhat uneven bibliography.

One would not presume so boldly and perhaps querulously to suggest that the authors wrote the wrong book if the weak-

nesses implicit in the point of view of Messrs. Bemis and Burchard were not such typical and persistent weaknesses in the whole American approach to the housing problem; they are found all along the line from former President Hoover to the most ardent advocates of factory-made houses. There is no modern country other than the United States of America and no historic civilization where, except for the country houses of the very rich, the individual dwelling has ever been seriously considered to be a self-sufficient unit of design, construction, commerce, or habitation. And so far the United States has certainly made a dismal and resounding failure of being an exception to this rule.

CATHERINE BAUER

Individualism in Russia

Red Virtue: Human Relationships in the New Russia. By Ella Winter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

I MUST admit that I approached this book with considerable prejudice. I did not like the unfortunate title, and I did not think that Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, the author, had the necessary equipment for treating the subject of the new Soviet society and how the individual fits into it. I am glad to confess partial error. This volume is a valuable contribution to the layman's knowledge of the U. S. S. R. Now, perhaps, there will be fewer foolish questions at lectures on Russia.

The book indicates that the author raced around from place to place in Russia, visited many institutions, interviewed many spokesmen and average citizens through an interpreter, made notes on some Russian source material, and then hastily combined it all into a manuscript. The whole is therefore a veritable gold mine of facts and ideas loosely presented to the public without the benefit of mature thinking or of sufficient coordination. In a sense, however, this is perhaps not so regrettable, for the staccato impression left by the book rather reflects the still uncongealed character of Soviet social trends. Social life in Russia does not itself hew to a single clear line. Aaron Soltz, for instance, believes with other old-guard puritanical Bolsheviks that sexual intercourse should be only with a view to reproduction, while Alexandra Kollontai, Soviet ambassador to Stockholm, would have man, and woman, flit like the bee from flower to flower sipping pleasure as long as it lasts. And between these two extremes there are a dozen means, none of which the Communists have fixed on as the correct mode of life. After no more than thirteen years of peaceful development, all phases of Soviet social and cultural activities are still in flux. Thus Mrs. Steffens writes an entire chapter on children's books. But before she had finished her book, a mounting protest from Russia's boys and girls against a diet too heavily burdened with the political and mechanical had compelled the reintroduction of some fairy tales. The authoress, accordingly, adds a correcting footnote, and the chapter becomes a history of what was.

However, general Bolshevik tendencies in regard to sex, education, housing, city building, women's status, mental hygiene, care of prisoners, reclaiming of prostitutes, the family, birth control, love, art, literature, and related questions are easily discernible through all the contradictions and backwardness of life. And these tendencies are intelligently handled by Mrs. Steffens. But her last chapter, which should have supplied the integration of these many ideas, is not very good, and she really does not answer the self-posed query, "To what end?" Yet she supplies the facts on which a serious reader can base his own reply. I should guess that Soviet morality aims to create a finer and richer individual, and in this connection a long quotation from V. V. Ossinsky—Mrs. Steffens's numerous quotations are extremely interesting—is most illuminating:

We frequently meet with strange ideas about home life under socialism, such as these: "All individual home life (not only family life) will disappear under socialism." "There will be no more separate apartments; it will not be necessary to have separate rooms nor places where one can be alone." "The whole life of a person, physical and mental, can be lived within the collective." "It isn't necessary to have personal individual belongings, not only no 'my room' but even no 'my table' or 'my bed,' not to speak of no 'my bicycle' or automobile." It isn't clear whether there may be a "my" toothbrush, soap, towel, underwear, frock, or whether all these must lose their individualities and be turned into impersonal belongings. . . .

Is such an attitude correct? No, not at all. It's a very bad and harmful misconception, an evil caricature of communism; the sort of harmful interpretation which, if taken seriously, will frighten people away from the fight for communism. To explain communism as a mechanical equalization and depersonalization is a petty-bourgeois or bourgeois interpretation.

Home life under developed socialism will not be barracks life. Material means to satisfy demands will exist, just as many-sided personalities and individualities will exist. Communist life is not to be a modern barracks with common bedrooms and even beds. Communist life will be organized so that man can at any time be alone, to rest, to think, to concentrate. Communism does not mean the abolition of individuality. Individualism we want to liquidate, not individuality.

LOUIS FISCHER

Mr. Murray's Aristophanes

Aristophanes. By Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

A BOOK on Aristophanes by the editor, translator, and eloquent apologist of Euripides cannot fail to interest. But Aristophanes is a "riot," in both the literal and the American sense of the word, and Professor Murray, we may safely presume, is not a riotous nature, but is temperamentally inclined to Plutarch's preference for Menander, as indeed might be confirmed from the chapter on Menander appended to this volume. He himself tells us that he came only late to a warmer appreciation of Aristophanes. Some years ago, when we were both lecturing in a special summer course at Columbia University, he dropped in to a lecture of mine that developed the Aristophanic view of Euripides, and asked me with a grin at the close if I did not feel the cold gray eye of the policeman upon me as I recited my heresies. But as old Maximus of Tyre urged that it was possible to love Homer and Plato too, so Professor Murray has found a way to reconcile the old love with the new—caprice. There were two chief obstacles in the way, and it is interesting to observe how he evades them. There is first the obscenity. Croiset's book gives one line to that, and a brief paragraph to its conjectural prehistoric origin. Professor Murray gives some sixteen pages. It is a *damnosa hereditas*, so to speak, a survival from the origins of the drama and primitive phallic worship. That plea, it will be remembered, did not mollify Browning's Balaustion, and it only embittered Mr. Chesterton's scorn for Mr. Shaw's (it surely is Shaw's) comment on the steeple. I should prefer myself to say that it is simply human, all too human, and that Aristophanes's turbulent wit, like the River Ganges, purifies its content as it rolls on over shining shallows and under sunny skies.

Aristophanes's devastating criticism of Euripides Professor Murray meets by refusing to take it seriously. It was all Aristophanes's fun. He was not a consistent conservative thinker seriously combating the influence on the younger generation of contemporary Ibsens and Shaws and Joyces. He belonged to

the younger generation himself. His preoccupation with Euripides is really a form of compliment. He was himself half Euripidized, so to speak, as the contemporary "port-manteau" *euripidaristophanizein* hints. Aristophanes's parodies are not so very funny after all—even if they have made American audiences laugh from Boston to Berkeley. *Lecythion apòlesen* now, what is there funny about that? You can fit the tag even more easily into the prologues of Aeschylus and Sophocles than into those of Euripides. Here I would join issue if this were the time and place.

It is a pity that Professor Murray published his book too soon to take account of the most recent German theory which explains Aristophanes's imperfect sympathy for Euripides as a "cultural lag" due to the fact that comedy did not receive official recognition till the year 487, a full generation after the constitution of tragedy.

But the chief redeeming quality of Aristophanes in Professor Murray's eyes is his availability for pacifist propaganda. He actually thinks the "Lysistrata," which New York and Chicago audiences relished without benefit of either propaganda or prehistoric ritual, "a great play"—"It is not merely a tolerable but an inspiring work of art." In what sense Aristophanes was a pacifist and in what sense he belonged to the peace-at-any-price party—the theme of Croiset's "Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens" (translated by Mr. James Loeb)—Professor Murray does not too curiously inquire.

But I shall give a wrong impression if I dwell on points of difference, though I am tempted to add that he really ought not to have said that the Ecclesiastusae "ends in a communal Gamos [cf. *The Nation*, Vol. 100, p. 172-73] of the sort proposed by Plato in the fifth book of the 'Republic.'" For though he of course knows better, he may mislead others when he is following Mr. Cornford.

Professor Murray offers a considerable number of modern parallels. They are mainly suggestions of propaganda for ideas that I do not accept but cannot debate here. I should personally prefer to illustrate Aristophanes by bold, frank, and even sometimes far-fetched modern equivalents of his jokes, if that were the only way to get the effect of the "riot."

Finally may I not take for granted and assume that the readers of Professor Murray at this date know that they will find his summaries of Aristophanes's plays lucid and interesting, and the specimen translations such as only a poet could produce, and that any interpretation of a Greek author by Professor Murray richly repays reading and study?

PAUL SHOREY

A Medieval Poem

The Pearl. Bowdoin Edition. Edited by Stanley P. Chase and Members of His Chaucer Course. Boston: Bruce Humphries. \$1.50.

The Pearl. Rendered into Modern Verse with an Introductory Essay by Stanley P. Chase. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

TWO companion volumes, in neat print and binding, by a scholar and a gentleman, with an alert literary conscience, loving sympathy for his author, and understanding of his author's far-away fourteenth century; and a fine artistry both as editor and translator. Two little books for quiet lovers of the poetry of religious experience, which is a perennial psychologic fact whatever one's critical analysis of it as metaphysics or theology. Two little books of private grief, love, and joy, strangely out of tune with our strident and desperate times where the cry for bread is at last louder even than the clink of coins, and where art, even of the inner life, expresses

a kind of mysticism of ugliness or despair. "The Pearl," for shining loveliness and gracious poignancy the greatest medieval English long poem, and one of the three or four greatest religious long poems in all English literature, should in these volumes now become a possession of modern ladies and gentlemen who are neither technical scholars nor entirely occupied with committee meetings and their depleted stocks and bonds. The first does away with "obsolete letters" and the "brackets, italics, asterisks, and daggers" of the critical editions (Gollancz and Osgood), "useful but cluttered gadgets," and gives us a text not too alien to lay readers of Chaucer. Though, even with Professor Chase's subtle repunctuation, compact glossary, and critical variants, it remains a considerably more difficult poem than any in Chaucer; for no editorial devices can eliminate the strange vocabulary of this Great Unknown of somewhere in the northland between Chester and York, with his mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Old Norse, and Old French and his (or his scribe's) habits of spelling, so different from Chaucer's or even from those of Chaucer's notorious scrivener, the careless Adam.

The more reason, then, for Professor Chase's following up his edition with a translation into our modern idiom which is far more the same poem than any previous modernization. He keeps its intricate stanzaic and rhyme patterns (delicate artistry like that of contemporary illuminators and jewel-smiths), and keeps them, too, in easy harmony with cadences and homely or gorgeous phrasings that, like the original, grow organically out of imaginatively transmuted experience, and not out of pleasure in caprice of ideas or in verbal jugglery. And this translation of "The Pearl" is more than the substitution here and there of a modern word, a method that will do for some simpler things in Chaucer like the Prioress's Tale. It is mainly a rephrasing and a rerhyming throughout: and it scores remarkably high, with the inevitable loss here and there of a homely, but archaic image, and with a less inevitable only five or six rather prosy lines against the author's inerrant distinction.

But the few blemishes concern Professor Chase's work as scholar rather than artist. The obsolete letter, for instance, that makes trouble for the first volume is that which in the MS looks like the digit 3, representing several sounds, as the s, y, gh of Chaucer's spelling, or a mere spelling-survival of an already lost sound. The editor and his assistants have in a few cases made the wrong substitutions (for example: in stanza 27 "bogh" should be respelled bos, northern form of behooves; in 39 "byghe" should be respelled byye, rhyming as it does with "cortaysye"). In this same stanza 39 the word "naule" is for sure Old Norse (finger)nail and not Anglo-Saxon navel, and the phrase "Mayster of miste" means simply "master of might" (the s is an Anglo-Norman scribe's symbol for the still pronounced gh, with which the Old French s-sound before t had become almost identical before it evaporated into nothing from its here intermediate state as a voiceless spirant). In stanza 44 "wyl day" does not mean "the longed-for day," but "until day," "wyl" (= while) being northern dialect for the conjunction. The editor, in his intimate familiarity with the extensive and minute scholarship on "The Pearl," has curiously overlooked the definitive edition of lines 361-612 in Sisam's "Fourteenth Century Verse and Prose," which would have helped in some of the foregoing matters. And I cannot recall that Thomas à Kempis was ever a north-country English mystic—who said of himself (in the chronicle of his monastery, Mount St. Agnes) "Ego . . . scholaris Daventriensis, ex diocesi Coloniensi natus."

Did the "Pearl" mean the author's own little child lost to him on earth, now a bride of Christ in heaven, or his own soul in its projected state of perfect purity? Professor Chase holds to the latter interpretation, as first worked out by Sister M. Madeleva with expert knowledge of typical modes of religious thought and expression in those times and with her own intuitions in religious experience. But I too have my intuitions

(as a human being and poet), and there is nothing in my knowledge of those old days for me in conflict with my intuitions: the "Pearl" is a dead child of earth, over whom I too can sorrow and rejoice.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Shorter Notices

Nurse Adriane. By Norah C. James. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

Miss James's chronicle of the daily lives of the nurses in a large London hospital—a chronicle thinly veneered with a love story—trades for its appeal on the universal curiosity of people concerning the intimate lives and feelings of any unformed group of human beings. Drama, in this sort of material, consists in showing the clash between instinctive, undisciplined impulse, and the acquired, uniformed habits of thought; or in presenting a familiar human emotion in new and startling trappings. But Miss James never achieves this particular dramatic impact. Her nurses, even when off duty, seem to be on dress parade, acting up to a layman's romantic conception of them; and their attitude toward suffering and death is too antiseptically English to be quite human. The final impression is that a great deal of excellent material and competent writing has missed its opportunity.

South Moon Under. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

Exploiting a phase of Southern life hitherto uncultivated, Miss Rawlings contributes yet another study of the American folk to that regional literature which is represented by Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Erskine Caldwell. More objective in her observation than Miss Roberts, and less melodramatic than Caldwell, she recounts in vivid and unaffected detail the primitive struggle for survival in the Florida scrub. Lant, the young protagonist of the struggle, who wins a precarious existence through heroic exploits as trapper, lumberman, and moonshiner, seems at times to transcend the individual, and to assume the proportions of the invincible hero of legend. The only adversary whom Lant fears is the revenue agent, but in a close encounter with this last enemy he is again victorious. Unless Miss Rawlings has romanticized her material, the whites of the Florida scrub are a dignified and stoical race, which, isolated and almost forgotten in an industrial country, is still enacting a primitive drama of survival.

Narratives of the Trans-Mississippi Frontier. Edited by Carl L. Cannon. Princeton University Press. *The Past and Present of the Pike's Peak Gold Regions.* By Henry Villard. \$2.50. *Scenery of the Plains, Mountains, and Mines.* By Franklin Langworthy. \$3.50. *The Emigrant's Guide to Oregon and California.* By Lansford W. Hastings. \$3. *The Emigrant's Guide to California.* By Joseph E. Ware. \$2. *Scout and Ranger: Being the Personal Adventures of James Pike of the Texas Rangers in 1859-60.* \$2.50. *Route Across the Rocky Mountains.* By Overton Johnson and William H. Winter. \$3. *A Journal of the Santa Fé Expedition under Colonel Doniphan.* By Jacob S. Robinson. \$2.

A great many documents relating to the history of Far Western settlement have been reprinted during the past ten years, but few of them have appeared under such excellent editorial auspices as those of Mr. Cannon, who for each of the seven volumes here listed has secured the services of a special editor and who has maintained throughout the series a uniform method of introduction and annotation. Each volume reproduces the text of a memoir, a guidebook, or an emigrant's vademecum which in the course of time, whatever its original

popularity, has become so rare as to be unavailable to all but a few fortunately situated historians. The texts, therefore, have an importance which justifies the labor and expense of editing them, and which, in conjunction with this expense, explains the high prices which are charged for most of the items in the series. Only two of the books, those by Henry Villard and Franklin Langworthy, have more than an antiquarian interest, and of these two only that of Henry Villard possesses literary distinction. It is a vigorous and readable account of conditions in the Colorado gold fields of 1859, written by a journalist of great promise who in the preceding year had reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates and who in the year following was to report the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln for President.

Sunset Song. By Lewis Grassie Gibbon. The Century Company. \$2.

The whole question of the use of dialect in literature is reopened by Mr. Gibbon's highly interesting, though unsuccessful, experiment. This story of the life of the peasant crofter, narrated wholly in Scotch dialect, and with the air of a fireside tale, reads like a "'twas brillig" poem by Lewis Carroll, or like the "Anna Livia Plurabelle" pages of James Joyce. The language gives the impression of being at times comic, at times oversophisticated, and loses, somehow, all emotional content. The fault is either with the reader, whose sense of language has been sophisticated to a point where he can no longer enjoy dialect as something naively picturesque, or with Mr. Gibbon, who has not collaborated with the dialect, but simply set it down too literally. One inclines to the latter conclusion, with the plays of Synge in mind. If the accusation may be made that the dialogue in Synge is not an accurate transcript of the Irish peasant speech, the fact nevertheless remains that it conveys a mood and a psychology, and is molded into an impression of that speech through the imaginative collaboration of Synge.

Films

One More Farewell

WHATEVER one may think of the series of gangster films of the last five or six years—and objections to them may be arranged under such diverse headings as moral, sociological, and aesthetic—one must admit that the best of them, like "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar," have been characterized by a movement and vitality which are at once both contemporary and distinctively American. Some would even go so far as to say that in authenticity of material and appeal these films surpass any others that have come out of Hollywood. Certainly they must be counted among the most original contributions that America has made to the subject matter of the cinema; and judged on their extraordinary popularity both here and abroad they must be considered among the most influential as well. It is with a certain feeling of regret, therefore, the regret that one always feels after assisting at the end of a tradition, that one goes away from Edward G. Robinson's newest picture, "Little Giant" (Strand). For this picture may turn out to be the last of the gangster films—a "farewell" to what has been at least one of the liveliest traditions of the talking screen.

It opens with a view of Mr. Robinson, looking very much as he did in "Little Caesar," listening to a radio speech which announces the approaching end of prohibition and with it the disappearance of the class to which "Bugs" Ahearn and his

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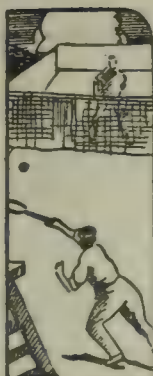
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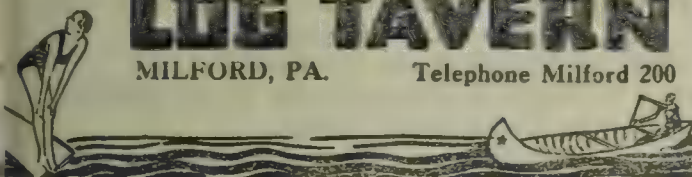
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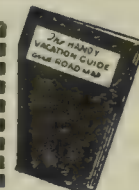
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friends belong. It is prophesied that before very long they will all be as obsolete as the Mohicans. With that cocksure abruptness which Mr. Robinson always gives to his diminutive heroes, "Bugs" Ahearn decides to leave the racket and turn to the cultivation of what he calls the upper classes. For this he has already prepared himself by a thorough immersion in Greek philosophy, modern art, and the contents of *Vanity Fair*. The scene in which he explains to his fellow-mugs that he is simply "crawling with culture" is one of the most amusing in an extremely amusing and well-written script. Among the deflated millionaires of Palo Alto, of course, Mr. Ahearn is exploited in a more shameless fashion than he himself had ever exploited the cowering bartenders of Chicago.

In its hilarious juxtaposition of certain elements in American life the picture is frequently reminiscent of Joel Sayre's "Racketty-Rax"—the scene on the polo-grounds, for example, in which the Chicago gunmen playfully beat each other over the head with their mallets. But throughout "Little Giant" there is an underlying bitterness of social comment which will make it of interest to people for whom its raucous humors are not enough. There is, first of all, the obvious implication of its story that the people of our moneyed class are just as corrupt and dangerous to have relations with as the members of the class that earns its living by torture and bloodshed. No Marxist, endeavoring to identify the motives of the bourgeois and the criminal, could offer a worse indictment of our present system. But this is commonplace in comparison with the matter-of-fact cynicism with which conventional standards of conduct and speech are ignored in the picture. Mr. Robinson's vicious little thug is presented with the greatest sympathy and good humor throughout, without the slightest insinuation of moral judgment. One of the big "comic" scenes is a close-up of an old man being tortured with a lighted cigar-end. At least one wisecrack and one epithet appearing in the dialogue have escaped the ears of

the censors. All these things, which reflect the increasing barbarism of the current American cinema, make "Little Giant" significant as well as amusing.

WILLIAM TROY

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1933

No. 3546

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	681
EDITORIALS:	
"The Poor Can Starve"	684
Rail Reorganizations	684
Rivera's Ideas on Art	685
Black Fog in London	686
CARTOON. SECRETARY OF STATE HULL. By Eva Herrmann	687
GLORIFYING THE HOUSE OF MORGAN	688
THE POWER TRUST PICKS ITS OWN JUDGE. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	690
COUNTING THE HOMELESS. By James Rorty	692
THE GREAT STAMPEDE. By Paul Y. Anderson	693
THE NEW KULTUR. By Ludwig Lewisohn	695
WHAT DOES THE YOUNGER GENERATION THINK? By Joseph Wood Krutch	697
TO GO OR NOT TO GO. By John Rothschild	698
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	698
CORRESPONDENCE	699
FINANCE: THE LAST DAYS OF CYRUS THE GREAT. By Peter Helmoop Noyes	700
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	701
BOOKS:	
The Cluny Museum. By James Neugass	702
Rooseveltian Liberalism. By Paul H. Douglas	702
Propaganda versus Pity. By Granville Hicks	703
Very Great and Near Great. By S. K. Ratcliffe	703
The Dispassionate Shepherds. By Dorothy Van Doren	704
Rediscovering Central Asia. By Isidor Schneider	704
Science and the Crisis. By Sidney Hook	705
Low Looks at Russia. By Louis Fischer	706
Shorter Notices	706
Films: "Cocktail Hour." By William Troy	707

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

CONGRESS was still in session as this issue of *The Nation* went to press, adjournment having been delayed because of a last-minute attempt in the Senate to upset further the proposed economies in payments to war veterans. President Roosevelt's original program, it will be remembered, called for a restriction of some of the more flagrant abuses in connection with payments to veterans, and contemplated a saving of \$465,000,000 a year. The plan met with general approval in the country except in the small but politically powerful groups with a selfish interest in feeding at the public trough. These interests were sufficiently strong to start a revolt in Congress and produce the Connally amendment, which would have restricted any cut in compensation to 25 per cent and reduced the total saving by \$170,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt compromised to the extent of accepting a plan which sacrificed \$100,000,000 of the proposed economies, but at the last minute a group in the Senate tried to gain further concessions. This, with commendable courage, the President refused to consider, threatening to veto such legislation and appeal to the country over the radio. The outlook was that

he would have his way. The action in the Senate delayed the passage of other important legislation, but did not promise to prevent or alter its final enactment.

THE APPOINTMENT by President Roosevelt of ex-Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was a notably excellent selection which should not be overlooked in the hurly-burly of the last days of the extra session of Congress. Mr. Blaine is an outstanding member of the Progressive Republicans, who has a distinguished record both as Governor of and as Senator from his State. It had been expected that he would be re-elected as Senator last autumn, but he lost the party nomination by a fluke, and thus the way was laid for a Democrat to win at the polls. Although Mr. Blaine will be missed by the Progressives of the Senate, he should be exceedingly useful in the place where Mr. Roosevelt has put him. Another good selection is that of Joseph B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission to be federal Coordinator of Transportation under the new railway act. Mr. Eastman has been dubbed the "great dissenter" of the railway board, but his reputation is better established as one of its most progressive, intelligent, and constructive members. It would have been difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to pick a man better fitted by experience and vision for the difficult job of trying to pull the railroads out of their present morass. No less excellent is the appointment of John H. Fahey to the federal Home Loan Bank Board. Mr. Fahey, publisher of the *Worcester Post* and a former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is an able, enlightened, and public-spirited business man.

NAZIS PRESUMABLY do not read—they prefer to burn—books. So the Hitler government, which doubtless already has accepted the appointment of William E. Dodd, professor of history at the University of Chicago, United States Ambassador, has a surprise in store for itself. Some of Professor Dodd's qualifications are a background of study in Germany, a Ph.D. from the University of Leipzig, and fluency in the German tongue sufficient to have permitted his writing his doctoral thesis—on Jefferson—in German. As an American historian specializing in the history of our South, Dr. Dodd might be expected to have a record bare of comments pertinent to the present Teutonic atavism. But his "Wilson and His Work," published in 1920 and revised last year, makes plain where he stood and may be expected to stand. "The Prussian ideal had been government by force and war since the time of Frederick the Great," wrote Dr. Dodd, referring to the purposes of imperial Germany in 1914. Its "long and terrific assault upon the rest of mankind" threatened to set up "the worst tyranny . . . since the days of Napoleon I." Yet Professor Dodd recognized the ruthless severity of the peace terms, and in 1920 wrote that "the treaty and the League were . . . put out . . . in so far as the German people were concerned, in the spirit of an age that men hoped had passed." And although indorsing unreservedly the Wilsonian doctrine that the entry of the

United States into the war was a crusade against militarism and tyranny in behalf of democracy, Dr. Dodd could also write of our conduct of affairs at home: "It is certain that the Constitution was violated in many of the various laws on the subject of free speech; and the spirit of the older American ideals was ignored from start to finish." As a disciple and biographer of Thomas Jefferson—preeminently the apostle of freedom of thought and conscience—Dr. Dodd appears to us an admirable Ambassador of the United States to Nazi Germany.

THE HITLER GOVERNMENT'S DEMAND for a transfer moratorium will not have easy sailing. Reports from London indicate strong opposition on the part of Great Britain and the United States and a general distrust of the reliability of the figures presented by Dr. Schacht, president of the Reichsbank. If Dr. Schacht intended to use the moratorium as a trading point at the London conference, he may find that he has been sadly mistaken—his announcement of virtual bankruptcy may have exactly the opposite effect. According to reliable information Dr. Schacht privately expects to carry on either through a new inflation or, if circumstances make it seem more advisable, through outright repudiation. It is clear that the principal of the debt owed by Germany in the United States and elsewhere will probably never be paid. The situation has been aggravated by the fact that less than one-half of the foreign exchange which German exporters are to turn in has been forthcoming. The law of self-preservation is stronger than the most drastic decrees. Meanwhile, the transfer moratorium has stirred New York banks into action. Several of them are taking steps to cancel their outstanding lines of credit in Germany to save themselves further losses. The Reichsbank announces that it will pay interest for foreign loans in foreign countries in "blocked marks"—marks which cannot be exported from Germany. That they cannot be used to acquire property but only in commodity or tourist trade has increased the irritation felt in this country against these high-handed proceedings, since \$1,750,000,000 of these debts are held by Americans.

THE SPANISH CABINET CRISIS must be interpreted as one more move in the ancient struggle to establish a lay state in the face of church opposition. Whatever interest Spain has in modern political doctrine, whatever pressure was exerted by extremist movements on the right or the left, vanished for the moment before the blast of a Papal encyclical. It was the old threat of excommunication that scared President Zamora into withdrawing his confidence from Premier Azaña and forcing the downfall of his government. Zamora had jumped once before under the church lash. When he and his Cabinet took control of the country in April, 1931, and proclaimed the republic, they took a solemn oath that even though their differences of opinion reached the point of personal combat they would not resign until their work was done and the constitution finished. That fall the articles separating church from state, making education a lay matter, dissolving the Jesuits—those same articles that are concerned in the Law of Religious Congregations which drew forth the Pope's blast—were brought before the Cortes. Zamora could not stand the pressure of the priests and resigned, though in his going he broke his oath and imperiled the very existence of the young republic.

When Zamora was made President it was hoped that that honorary, if relatively powerless, position would align him and his followers with the democratic program of the republicans. This is the first time he has been tested since, and again he has moved in accord with his intense Catholicism. The power of the church, however, failed him when it came to resolving the crisis. His Roman Catholic friends would not cooperate with the Socialists whom he asked to form a Cabinet, and the unhappy man was forced to call back Azaña, who in conservative Catholic circles is considered as the Anti-Christ himself.

AMERICANS WHO THINK they see in the attitude of the republic a persecution analogous to that waged by Hitler against German Jews would do well to reexamine the facts. Jews constitute 1 per cent of the German population. Roman Catholics constitute practically the only religious body in Spain. This is a repetition of what happened in France in the nineteenth century, except that France had a nucleus of Protestantism which has never existed in Spain. This is Italy shutting the Pope up in the Vatican and refusing to let him meddle in state affairs. This is Mexico, much milder, because it lacks the solid Mexican stratum of Indians who worshiped idols long before they prayed to saints. It is, in other words, Spanish Catholics trying to construct a lay state in Catholic Spain. It is warfare between Catholics whose minds are still cast in the medieval mold and Catholics who have watched the ways of the church in more modern countries and found them preferable. The commonest phrase one hears in Spanish discussion of the church-state struggle is: "I am myself a Catholic, but—" What the conservatives want is what they had before the fall of the monarchy. What the moderns want is religious freedom and separation of church and state such as exists in the United States. They want to cut away the props and the dead wood, and they believe that both state and church would flourish separately, whereas together they are strangling each other. It becomes increasingly evident that these conflicting desires are more important to most Spaniards than are the differences in political theory which have been emphasized in other countries.

IVAR KREUGER knew that "front" was the most potent magnet in the financial process. Mainly by the use of that magnet did his International Match Corporation sell to the public in this country non-voting stock and debentures aggregating more than \$150,000,000. F. W. Allen, Donald Durant, Henry O. Havemeyer, Francis L. Higginson, A. H. Larkin, John McHugh, S. F. Pryor, and Percy A. Rockefeller were invited to join the board of directors, and they were advertised in circulars as the controlling figures, whose domination of the board constituted a guaranty of safety and prudent management. We know what happened. The corporation was looted of virtually every dollar. The action brought by the Irving Trust Company as trustee in bankruptcy of the International Match Corporation against the American directors of the company alleged no affirmative misconduct on their part. It merely summarized what is now common knowledge—that they were nominally a majority of the board and that they were dumb, blind, and inert while Kreuger pumped the corporate treasury dry and used its tremendous resources as an instrument of personal profit. The noteworthy decision of Judge Black in this case, holding

that charges of neglect, acquiescence, and abdication of responsibility would, if proved, render these directors accountable for the losses suffered by the corporation through the outright thievery of Ivar Kreuger, means that no person can permit the use of his name without incurring the responsibility that flows from that use. Directors as fiduciaries cannot escape their duty to stockholders. They must not only not do wrong; they must be alert to prevent wrong by others. This decision is not new law; but it is an important restatement of a legal rule often ignored by lawyers as well as laymen. It should help to put a period to the indefensible practice of American financiers of crowding their boards of directors with stuffed shirts.

BUSINESS IS STILL BUSINESS in the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Elsewhere it may be chastened, even groggy, in consequence of recent punishment, but in the Keystone State it still presses on valiantly in the ancient spirit of "the public be damned." At least so we gather from a bulletin in which the recent session of the legislature is reviewed by the State Chamber of Commerce, leading to a comment by the latter that it "feels particularly gleeful" in having "emerged with a 100 per cent record of success." One member of the legislature is singled out for especial thanks in enabling the Chamber of Commerce to shape the destinies of the State.

Had it not been for the air-tight committees appointed by Speaker Talbot in the beginning of the session, much detrimental, not to say dangerous, legislation would have emerged and been subjected to a vote.

The difficulties of the situation, although considerable, were met with appropriate strategy:

Owing to the number of Democrats and accidental candidates elected to the legislature this year, we were confronted with a great mass of bills which, if enacted, would have proved very detrimental to the taxpayers, and this, of course, means the business man. Therefore, our biggest job was to keep this class of bills safely tied up in committee.

Among the "crazy and dangerous proposals" which it was possible to block was one naively described as a measure "requiring a method of proper measurements in bituminous coal mining." Other impending disasters from which the State was saved were the ratification of the proposed amendment to the federal Constitution giving Congress the right to regulate child labor, an income tax for State and county purposes, and an effort to reduce the rate of interest on small loans. Blessed be the State of William Penn, where business has not yet heard that it lies a-moldering in the grave.

COLLEGE PRESIDENCIES, unlike greatness (which alas, they seldom in these days connote), are never prenatally foreordained and rarely achieved, but as a rule are thrust upon their incumbents. They have come, in our business-controlled institutions of higher learning, to constitute the residuum of choice after persons of strength and positive achievement have eliminated themselves by the enmities which they have incurred. President Lowell's thesis that great men are not elected to the Presidency of the United States applies, for the same general reasons, to the presidencies of our universities. It is, however, not demanding too much of the educational institutions whose purpose is to "lead out" the next

generation to ask that they cease to hunt for their presidents among business executives. The execution performed in their own chosen fields by these pillars of our acquisitive society is object lesson enough. The choice of a teacher-president may be deemed presumptive evidence of a purpose to maintain the university, in Huxley's memorable phrase, a fortress in the higher life of the nation. Thus Princeton has done well in selecting as its new head Harold Willis Dodds, professor of politics for six years, with academic training an economist and political scientist as well as practical experience with public affairs. No preparation, in our present national and world crisis, could be more appropriate than this. But such a background, while promising, is not a guaranty of adequacy, especially if one bears in mind the standards of "soundness" which trustees are apt to seek. Moreover, a university presidency has more than once stultified a man previously a scholar. Professor Dodds is an expert in municipal government, has served as secretary of the National Municipal League, has edited the *National Municipal Review* for over a decade. So far, very good. Would he share the view so pithily expressed by Professor Charles J. Bullock that "behind the boodle alderman one finds the eminent banker and respectable financier"? Dr. Dodds has served as electoral adviser to the government of Nicaragua and supervised its United States-directed election in 1928. Does his contact with that pathetic backwater of misgovernment and absentee ownership convince him of the inherent wisdom of the imperialist doctrine? These questions may be asked while the new president receives the hopeful felicitations of a society that has a right henceforth to look to him for leadership.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS belonged to that rapidly dwindling category of Americans who, like the fictionized heroes of Otis and Alger, rose "from newsboy to magazine king." His career strikingly parallels that of another son of Maine, Frank A. Munsey, who likewise came from the country to the big city without funds and "made good." Both Curtis and Munsey achieved great wealth through the publication of a new type of magazine—Munsey with the ten-cent fiction monthly, Curtis with the broader appeal of a national weekly selling at five cents and designed to interest every member of the home. Both Munsey and Curtis were failures as newspaper impresarios. But success has been measured in America in the last generation Curtis was uniquely successful. In 1924 he was one of the four Americans whose income was reputed to be over \$5,000,000. The *Saturday Evening Post* and his other magazines, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*, paid enormous dividends; they were, in fact, less vehicles for literature than for the new advertising which arose like a rocket in the spending orgy following the World War. But any lasting contribution made by Curtis with the great power at his disposal is difficult to discern. He made generous donations to numerous charities, to countless individuals, to music and to educational institutions—particularly in his native State. But he revealed the purpose of those educational endowments when he declared publicly four years ago, after the defeat of the Insull power-export measure which he had indorsed, that he was giving to Maine academies so that the children would learn how to vote right; he would continue to give because the people of Maine had just shown, in defeating power export, that they needed more education!

"The Poor Can Starve"

"GOD bless the rich; the poor can starve." This cynical philosophy seems to be gaining ground as the fourth year of the depression draws toward a close. In spite of rosy accounts in the press of improved economic conditions, the only definite change observable is some increase in prices, which without augmentation of employment only aggravates existing distress. Even though a few more persons may be at work than last winter, the number is not enough to make an appreciable dent in the 15,000,000 of unemployed. Meanwhile hunger and homelessness seem actually to be on the increase, owing to exhausted personal savings, depleted treasuries of relief organizations, and the general failure of governmental agencies to rise to the occasion. Probably there is hardly an American who would allow another man to starve on his doorstep if there was a loaf of bread in the house, but we are reaching a point where we are willing to let thousands die of starvation provided only they crawl off out of our sight to do it. Callouses grow on compassion in time, and the lamentable failure of federal, State, and municipal governments to cope with—or even to apprehend—the situation has naturally led individuals to feel that their own puny efforts must be in vain.

From the beginning of the depression *The Nation* has maintained that relief must be undertaken on a large and comprehensive scale by governmental agencies—especially by the federal government—and that private organizations could not and should not be expected to cope with it. The last part of this contention, at least, is now dramatically acknowledged to be true by the most important private relief organization in the country. The Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of New York City, which since 1930 has acted as a centralized agency for collecting private gifts for the needy, has decided to disband. It says:

For some time the problem has been such that sufficient funds could not be raised from private contributions to meet the full need. Quite properly the public funds of the nation, State, and city are being marshaled for unemployment relief.

The first sentence of this statement is now-obvious truth. The second is demonstrable absurdity. On the very day after the announcement of the organization appeared in the newspapers, there was a "hunger march" on the New York City Hall to protest to the fatuous fat man who occupies the mayor's chair against the inadequacy of public relief. The mayor was visited by a delegation ranging from Communists to a group of social workers marshaled by the Federation of Churches to demand that the city spend \$15,000,000 a month in relief instead of the \$5,000,000 expended for May. It was pointed out that destitute families no longer received money for rent until they were actually evicted and their household effects on the sidewalk. At a recent count the city had 230,000 families on its relief rolls and applications for 38,000 more. Allowing \$25 a month for food and \$20 for rent, in accordance with practice, it would take \$12,000,000 monthly to care for the families actually on the city's rolls or with applications pending. There is no pretense of home relief for single men and women. They must resort to flop houses or street beggary.

That a livelihood through begging is growing more precarious is apparent from various signs, among others a decision by the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company to forbid solicitation of alms in its cars or stations. Whatever may be the practical wisdom of this step, the announcement is couched in surprising language, opening with a quotation from City Magistrate Mark Rudich: "It is a mistaken kindness to give money to street beggars." What would this "just judge," who enjoys an appointment for ten years at an annual salary of \$12,000, have us give the man who is less fortunate than he—a revolver?

Nor is the situation in New York City unique. Private philanthropy is everywhere breaking down and governmental assistance has never been adequately attempted. States and municipalities are too bankrupt now to do much by themselves, and the Roosevelt Congress has ended its work without coming to grips with the problem. Whereas a large bond issue was clearly needed, there is an inadequate sum available for direct aid to States, and the contemplated generous employment of men on public works has so far resulted only in the organization of a militarized body of boy scouts, which has already produced the predictable "war scandal."

In the announcement of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Rapid Transit Company, already referred to, it is said that applicants for alms "are becoming increasingly abusive." Is it any wonder? It has become commonplace philosophy among the destitute of New York that the only way to get attention for one's need from the city is to "start something." For nearly four years victims of a profits civilization have been waiting in vain for its accredited government to justify the right of the system to survive. With nothing adequate yet attempted, is it surprising that these victims are coming to feel that their only hope lies in plaguing or frightening the privileged into action?

Rail Reorganizations

THE Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway Company, with a bonded indebtedness in excess of \$300,000,000 and a capital stock of over \$125,000,000, is the third major rail system to seek reorganization under the new bankruptcy act. The Missouri Pacific was the first and the St. Louis-San Francisco the second. It is significant that all three railroads were reorganized in the years 1916 and 1917 and that these comparatively recent reorganizations were the first to break under the strain of the depression—not a high tribute to the supposed genius of their bankers as reorganizers.

The Rock Island filed its insolvency petition before Judge Wilkerson, who presided over the St. Paul reorganization in 1925. Max Lowenthal, in his recently published book, "The Investor Pays," subjects the St. Paul reorganization to rigid scrutiny and shows how the bankers and their counsel set the stage to their own choosing and their own profit. Judge Wilkerson, however, had recently stated that he did not believe that anyone connected with an insolvent company should be named as receiver or even suggest to the court the name of a receiver. So it is with concern that one notes that for the time being Judge Wilkerson has not appointed independent trustees for the Rock Island, but has left

the properties in charge of the management. The only excuse that can be given for such action is the lamentable failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission to announce its panel of trustees for the Sixth Circuit.

In commenting upon the Missouri Pacific case in its issue of April 12, *The Nation* protested against the failure of Judge Faris to appoint independent trustees and the remissness of the Interstate Commerce Commission in not demanding their appointment. *The Nation* pointed out, what anyone familiar with the history of the Alleghany-controlled Missouri Pacific during the last five years should know, that any fair reorganization of the road would involve a thorough review of the relations of Missouri Pacific and Alleghany. Much as *The Nation* is opposed to extravagant receivership fees, it is not so naive as to be hoodwinked by the idea that independent trustees may be dispensed with, and that the bankers and their men should review their own acts and reorganize their own wreckage.

Events have strikingly vindicated the correctness of *The Nation's* position. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation as a creditor of Missouri Pacific to an amount in excess of \$23,000,000 has demanded the appointment of independent trustees. It has questioned the prudence of certain deals involving millions between Alleghany and Missouri Pacific in regard to terminal properties at Kansas City and St. Joseph, and suggests that Missouri Pacific, by its Alleghany-dominated board, has contracted to pay an excessive price for these properties.

It is high time that in all these railroad reorganization proceedings the courts should appoint without further delay independent trustees of ability and integrity to review the management of these insolvent properties and to work out proper reorganization plans, such as are clearly contemplated under the new bankruptcy law, without the interference of self-constituted, banker-controlled, protective committees.

Rivera's Ideas on Art

LIKE many another good artist, Diego Rivera is a bad critic. Nothing that he has said since the unfortunate affair of Rockefeller Center strengthens the strong case of the murals themselves, and now he contributes to the June issue of the *Modern Monthly* a trivial little outburst unworthy of the seven reproductions of the Rockefeller and Detroit murals which the article was written to accompany.

One perceives, it is true, that Mr. Rivera has a genuine if elementary point to make. It is, apparently, that the spirit rather than the subject matter of a painting determines whether or not it is to be considered as "revolutionary art," and, accordingly, he speaks with justifiable scorn of certain academic Russian painters who thought that they had become "proletarian artists" when they did pictures of Lenin instead of the Czar, or scenes from the Revolution in place of scenes from the Crimean War. But instead of actually making this point, Mr. Rivera allows himself to be carried away by a naive enthusiasm, and fancies that he has proved, not that art is more than subject matter or statement, but that "the workers and the peasants are always right."

It is a pity that he will probably never read the Leslie Stephen lecture for 1933 which A. E. Housman delivered at

Cambridge and which has just been published here.* Quite possibly Mr. Rivera is more important as a painter than Mr. Housman is as a poet; certainly no two attitudes could be farther apart than the revolutionary enthusiasm of the one and the urbane, rather dilettante aloofness of the other. But the very fact that Mr. Housman is calm enough to think gives value to his thoughts, and if the two could really understand one another, they would probably find that they agreed upon the cardinal point—which is, as Mr. Housman states it, that what he calls poetry and what Mr. Rivera might call the soul of a painting resides "not in the thing said but in a way of saying it." Quite possibly, also, they would find themselves agreeing that the essential thing about this "way of saying" is that it communicates a feeling rather than a meaning; that instead of transmitting a thought, it transfuses an emotion.

Upon one point, to be sure, they would doubtless forever disagree. Mr. Housman would maintain that great art may communicate any one of a number of diverse and even contradictory feelings. Mr. Rivera would probably insist that art cannot be great unless the feeling be somehow connected with that love of humanity in the mass which is the soul of his own particular art. But if they were to agree as far as they could, that agreement might clarify a great deal which the proponents of proletarian art have muddled and which, sometimes at least, they know that they have muddled.

From his own experience Mr. Rivera has learned how difficult it is for even so ardently proletarian an artist as himself to remain orthodox in the eyes of the metaphysicians of his own party. He and they might learn why it must always be so, and why both would be well advised to accept as sufficient an agreement which extends no farther than the core of feeling common to both. If it is the essence of metaphysics to be precise about intellectual meanings, it is the essence of Mr. Rivera's kind of art to be actually concerned with nothing except emotions; and he agrees as precisely as he has any need to agree with each and every one of the five and twenty warring sects concerning the only thing which matters to him as an artist or to them as the recipients of an aesthetic experience—namely, their emotional reaction to the spectacle afforded by the struggling mass of humanity.

The great traditional art of the Christian past has no doctrinal unity. Doubtless some of the Byzantine painters were Homoiousian and some Homoousian. Doubtless some of those who labored in the Low Countries believed in free will and some did not. Nobody cares and nobody could tell by looking at the pictures which painters would have regarded which others as heretics for whom burning would be too good. But all were united by a common emotion; all felt in a certain way about the emotional meaning to humanity of a certain pitifully grotesque story of a child born in a manger and destined to take upon himself the sins of the world. Art was concerned with the transfusion from artist to spectator of that emotion, and popular art is always concerned with some such thing. Mr. Rivera will be wise if he attempts nothing else; the proletarians of every complexion will be wise if they do not seek to learn those of his intellectual convictions which could serve only to alienate many of them from a man whose work as an artist can give joy and strength to them all.

* "The Name and the Nature of Poetry." By A. E. Housman. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

Black Fog in London

THE World Economic Conference, around which so many high hopes were centered for so many months, has now met in an atmosphere of basic pessimism which the speeches of the delegates cannot conceal. The reasons for this despair are not mysterious. They emerge if we ask ourselves the most primary questions. What are the chief results that a genuinely successful economic conference could achieve? They are three: the settlement of the war-debt problem, the reduction of tariff barriers and other trade restrictions, and a return to definitely stabilized currencies. At present the prospects of achieving any one of these results are far from bright.

Last December it seemed possible that Congress at last had learned its lesson regarding the war debts. By refusing to review the question it had contributed its share to maintaining the reparations, which finally brought on a financial collapse in Germany, a collapse which in turn drove Great Britain off the gold basis. Europe, coming to its senses on the question, agreed at Lausanne to reduce the reparations to a nominal figure if the United States, in turn, would reduce the war debts to a nominal figure. We refused, preferring for the sake of a payment of \$270,000,000 a year to prolong and intensify a depression in which, by the best estimates, we were losing in our national income at the rate of \$40,000,000,000 a year, or nearly one hundred and fifty times as much.

In December part of the dollars for which we had made such appallingly disproportionate sacrifices failed to appear anyway, when France defaulted in its payment; and the British hinted very strongly that the December payment was the last full payment we might expect from them. Under such circumstances, it might be thought that our government would finally see the desirability of compromising with our debtors. But Mr. Roosevelt did not have the courage to propose this to Congress any more than Mr. Hoover had. We have preferred self-righteously to drive our debtors to default, apparently for the mere satisfaction, on the part of some of us, of calling them welchers (there is surely nothing else to be gained); though even this moral satisfaction will probably be a little pale in view of our own action in repudiating the gold clause in the government bonds. The debts will not be considered at the economic conference. But it is worth pointing out that if we had the will to follow an intelligent policy on the debts we could simply negotiate with our debtors individually and would not need a general conference.

The same remark, however, can be made regarding tariffs. Because the need for tariff reduction is general, it is the prevailing belief that the best way to reduce customs duties is through international conference, and this conference, indeed, was called largely in that hope. But the difficulties of finding a possible basis for bargaining and exchange in such matters may prove insuperable. The most frequent proposal is for a general reduction by a flat percentage. This would mean that the worst offenders in the tariff war would be the greatest beneficiaries—if that is the word for it. Any bargaining, article for article and rate for rate, on the other hand, would be endlessly tedious and complicated. But a

much greater obstacle to success is the basic assumption of nearly every delegation at the conference. This assumption is the thoroughly false one that tariff walls are advantageous to the countries that put them up and injurious only to foreigners, and that the lowering of tariffs represents "concessions" or "sacrifices" made by each nation merely for the good of the rest.

Certainly there is no reassurance in the pre-conference statements of any of the assembled delegations. Secretary Hull, the least nationalistic among the leading members of the American delegation, does not even aim at a general tariff reduction of more than 10 per cent. Such a reduction, even if achieved, would be farcically inadequate. The violent fall of commodity prices since the passage of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act in itself caused an average rise in all specific duties, when reduced to ad valorem terms, of more than 40 per cent. A 10 per cent reduction in tariff rates, therefore, would still leave our tariff wall higher than it was even after the indefensible Smoot-Hawley tariff was enacted. Raymond Moley, writing in the *New York Herald Tribune* of June 11 as a quasi-official spokesman for the Administration, does not hold out the hope that even a 10 per cent reduction can be achieved. He repeats his theory that the economic ills of the various nations "are predominantly internal, not external"—in other words, that the depression in every great country today is the result of a miraculous series of coincidental mistakes of internal policy, while the collapse of international trade is unimportant! He bids us, as a consolation for the probability that nothing will be done, think of the "pleasant acquaintance" that the different international delegates will make personally with each other. The truth is, of course, that a drastic reduction of our tariff wall would be an enormous gain to us whether any other nation followed or not; but apparently no delegation takes this view in relation to its own country.

The prospects for currency stabilization are only slightly less dubious. Both the United States and Great Britain appear to be too anxious to jockey for position in relation to each other, instead of in relation to a fixed gold content. The result of the negotiations so far has been for both countries to ignore the relationship of their own currencies and those of other countries to gold. There is no possible way in which a fixed relationship between two drifting paper currencies can be maintained except by the use of enormous "stabilization funds," with each nation becoming a speculator not only in its own currency but in the other's, and with each nation tied to the other's undisclosed and undetermined ultimate monetary policy. There is only one practicable way in which currencies can be stabilized internationally, and that is by a return to the gold basis. If we should reduce the gold content of the dollar by 25 per cent from the present parity, and if the British should devalue the pound by about 40 per cent, both countries announcing that gold payments at the new rates would be resumed at a definite date a year or so in the future, the new pound would have a value of about \$4; and both countries could resume business confidently at a new fixed currency level.



By Eva Herrmann

Secretary of State Hull

Head of the American Delegation to the World Economic Conference

Glorifying the House of Morgan

AMONG the corporations in which the house of Morgan holds directorships, as disclosed by the Senate investigating committee, was one whose presence on the list caused some surprise in the newspaper world. This was the Crowell Publishing Company. We should perhaps explain that this corporation owns and publishes *Collier's Weekly*, with a circulation of 2,500,000, going to the man in the street; the *American Magazine*, going to some 2,500,000 ambitious youths hungering for success; the *Woman's Home Companion*, going into more than 2,000,000 American homes; and the *Country Home*, going into more than 1,000,000 farm homes. Taken together, these magazines reach a very sizable section of the reading public of the United States. And now it appears that Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, is a director of the publishing company.

One is privileged to draw any inferences from this one wishes. Apparently the Crowell Publishing Company does not need Mr. Lamont's financial aid. It is backed by a man far richer than Mr. Lamont. It is entirely possible that Mr. Lamont and the Morgan firm do not control these magazines. But Mr. Lamont is on the directorate, and it is not too much to assume that the managements of these magazines are aware of Mr. Lamont's presence among their rulers. It is quite probable that Mr. Lamont seldom if ever interferes directly in the editorial direction of the journals. But after all, editors and writers and managers have a way of applying the rule of eternal fitness to the things which go into their pages, and even though they may not be consciously aware of it, a little sprite in some corner of their skulls sits in eternal vigilance over the copy. Mr. Lamont perhaps understands this. He has been a notable patron of letters. He has had some ownership in journals before this. He once owned the *New York Evening Post*. He is at present the favored deficit-payer of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The elder Morgan himself was known to smile upon more than one publication in his time. He installed that eminent publicist and president-maker, the late George Harvey, as editor of *Harper's Weekly* and later of the *North American Review*. Other great men of that day were equally generous to American letters. Mr. Archbold paid out generous sums to the merry jester, *Judge*, and even the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott, when editor of the *Outlook*, got liberal aid from James Stillman, president of the National City Bank.

The tale of banker patronage of magazines and newspapers is a long one and worth the telling. The current Morgan inquest reveals some pleasant friendships on the part of that firm for the press. One of the most interesting is that for Franz Schneider, Jr., financial editor of the *Evening Post* when Mr. Lamont owned it and later financial editor of the *Sun*. The financial editor of a newspaper writes continuous comment on the course of the financial markets, and exercises, we may assume, considerable influence on his journal's policy. Is it not a little odd to find Mr. Lamont passing out three separate participations—in United Corporation, Standard Brands, and Alleghany Corporation—to the man who at the time was financial editor of the *Sun*?

To go back to the Crowell Publishing Company—no

one, we assert, can question the right of Mr. Lamont to be interested in that enterprise, or the right of the publishing company to have the Morgan partner associated with its direction. But neither can the company object to being judged by this circumstance. Nor can it object to the fact being advertised. There is Mr. Lamont on the directorate. There, in fact, are these twenty Morgan partners on innumerable directorates, commercial, financial, charitable, literary, scientific, academic. We are quite safe in assuming that this circumstance produces in these institutions as a whole an immense reserve of benevolence for the Morgans and their ways, which may have had much to do with the growth of the respectability in which that firm has been clothed of late, in spite of the fact that it is no whit different from the enterprise governed by the elder Morgan.

For instance, one has but to turn to recent numbers of *Collier's* to find a six-part serial called "The Life of Henry P. Davison." Its author is the eminent biographer, Thomas W. Lamont. Who is Mr. Davison that he should be thus honored in *Collier's*? He was one of the Morgan partners before his death eleven years ago. He was, as a subject for biography, so diminutive a figure that the serial unconsciously slips into a glorification of the elder Morgan. And we think that any editor not led into rationalizing a policy which his environment and associations had generated would shake his head a little and mumble that this year—the year of the new deal, when a deeply stirred nation looks with righteous indignation at the bankers and promoters who have mulcted it so savagely—was a strange one to select for holding up to the youth of America for admiration the figure of one of the most ruthless, most scornful money-grabbers of all time.

The story of the elder Morgan as told by Mr. Lamont sinks to the level of silliness. Lamont probably believes it, just as an old soldier finally believes the balderdash about his battles with which he entertains his grandchildren. The public—even the least foolish part of it—swallowed Alleghany and United stocks with so much relish that Lamont had some ground for believing they would swallow this dish. Lamont proclaims Morgan a man "of such strong sense of community responsibility" that it fairly staggers his imagination. The simple truth is that scarcely a gold hunter of his day cared so little about the public as the great plunderer himself. He looked upon the common people with scorn and contempt. He began his financial career in America just as the herd was being marched off to fight the Civil War. The man with the overpowering passion for the community, like most of his wealthy friends, stayed miles away from the battlefield. This, of course, was an act of profound prudence, for why should a Morgan fight when there were so many fools for that kind of work? If he had merely kept away from battle, it would have been well enough. But he distinguished himself by two examples of high community spirit. When Fort Sumter was fired on, gold began to leave the country. The nation's reserves became sadly depleted. Its credit was impaired. The price of gold soared. Merchants in foreign trade were in a panic. They hoped Sumter would surrender and the crisis pass and the price of gold come down. Morgan

did not think it would. The man who later said "Don't sell America short" then took a flier on the short side of America. He borrowed \$2,000,000 in gold coin and shipped it to London. This was really a blow behind the lines. Then he went to the "gold room" to watch the effect. There was a scramble for gold to pay commitments abroad, and the patriot Morgan, with \$2,000,000 in eagles in London, sold at his own price. His next contribution to the war was to sell to the army 6,000 condemned rifles, which he bought for \$3.50 each and sold for \$22—all of which had to be junked.

His greatest adventures in "community responsibility" came when he "saved" the nation in three great panics. One of these was the gold depression of the nineties. In 1894 the government put out two bond issues of \$50,000,000 each to get gold. The gold flowed in one door of the Treasury and out the other. The bankers who sold the gold had only to present national gold notes to get back the gold they had sold. In January, 1895, New York City banks had \$62,000,000 in gold. A little later they had \$129,000,000. They had recaptured the gold they had sold to the government and were ready to sell it again. Morgan arranged a bond issue with President Cleveland. Cleveland sold to Morgan's syndicate \$62,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds at 104. The syndicate sold them at more than 118 and closed them out in twenty-two minutes. It made nearly \$10,000,000 on this patriotic rescue. A little later the gold was all drained away again and Mr. Morgan was preparing for another rescue party to the tune of \$200,000,000 when a public outcry against this kind of salvation stopped the raid.

The picture of Morgan as the "savior" of the nation in 1907 is tearfully drawn in Director Lamont's articles in *Collier's*. It is an amazing story which leaves out almost all the important facts. A reader could get from it no other notion than that Morgan was drawn in to save the country from a situation which was its own fault. But in 1907 Morgan was not so much the savior of the nation as the chief architect of its troubles. That panic, Lamont soberly informs us, was the result of the Russo-Japanese War and the San Francisco earthquake. Alexander Dana Noyes, the able financial editor of the *New York Times*, is a better authority. In his "Forty Years of American Finance" he says it was the result of the wild speculation of the day. Morgan had for years been battering down lesser men, bowling over smaller rivals, in his brutal drives for money and power. There were plenty of others like him, but he had shown the way and led the pack. By 1907 the rotten structure was ready to crumble. A trio of men—Morse, Heinze, and Thomas—had promoted industries and banks on the most reckless scale. Heinze controlled United Copper, which the Standard gang wanted. Morse controlled Consolidated Steamship, which Morgan was after. In the fall of 1907 the Standard gang started to hammer United Copper. Morgan began to hammer Consolidated Steamship. Heinze and Morse both went down under these blows. This trio had also a string of banks in New York, one of which was the Knickerbocker Trust Company. Its funds were poured out to help the promoters. With the crash of the trio a run started on the Knickerbocker. Morgan refused to budge to help it. It failed. The failure was the signal for runs everywhere. The runs soon spread to some of the banks in which the bigger interests were concerned; Morgan's interests were seriously imperiled. It was then he came to the rescue—but upon his own terms.

Lamont boasts that Morgan was "prodigal of the firm's resources . . . cared not a whit what losses he and his partners might suffer, if only the situation could be saved." And another Morgan biographer tells how the "bold, brave barons of gold sank mutual differences and laid their riches and power in the hands of one man." Of course this is just so much bunk. They laid in that man's hands not their riches but other people's. Morgan decided that the trust-company situation would require \$25,000,000 and the Moore and Schley situation another \$25,000,000. The first sum was obtained from the presidents of various trust companies, who laid other people's money at Mr. Morgan's feet, and from the Treasury of the United States. The second sum was obtained from the United States Steel Corporation. Moore and Schley, a stock-brokerage house, were ready to go to the wall. It was loaded with Tennessee Coal and Iron stock held for gamblers. Morgan's Steel Corporation wanted the Tennessee Company. This was their chance. But they were afraid of Theodore Roosevelt. Emissaries went to him and told him the Steel Corporation was willing to buy the Tennessee Company, but was afraid of the anti-trust laws. They would buy it, not for themselves, but to save a powerful "concern" in New York. They did not tell Roosevelt that the concern was a brokerage house. He thought it was a trust company. They literally lied to him. He consented. When it was all over and the country was "saved," Morgan had what he wanted.

Lamont's report of Morgan's conversation when two little trust companies were about to fail could be set to music. One of his partners was asked by the senior John Pierpont what the character of the depositors was, and answered: "Mostly East Siders, working people, small tradesmen, dressmakers, persons whose little all is on deposit." Whereupon Morgan replied: "Some way must be found to help those poor people. We mustn't let them lose all they have in the world." Mr. Lamont repeats this on someone else's authority. It is probably pure fiction. A playwright who put either half of this dialogue into the mouth of any banker would be laughed off the stage. Certainly the man who wrecked the New Haven Railroad, who ripped apart for his own ends a road whose bonds were held by the little savers all over New England, never uttered such a piece of sentimental drivel. Morgan lived in a world of grasp and greed, of grab and gather, in which there was no place for worry about the simple dolts that wriggled below.

He was one of the greatest enemies our society ever had, and most of the devious and damaging corporate stratagems which have brought us into our present hole were developed and perfected and varnished with respectability by him. He was no rescuer. He lived on wrecks. He thrived on depressions. He built nothing. He pounced upon what other men built. Alfred Henry Lewis aptly compared him and his kind to a certain duck which is averse to diving but swims about the calm surface waiting for other ducks to dive down and bring up a succulent root, whereupon the first duck attacks the diver and robs him of his fruit. To hold such a man up to the admiration of the present generation, at this time, is an insult to the intelligence of the American reader. It shows the need of greater vigilance than ever, of keener scrutiny of the forces that directly and indirectly shape public opinion through the press, the magazines, and the other means by which ideas are instilled.

The Power Trust Picks Its Own Judge

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

BOLD as the power trust has always been, it would be difficult to find anywhere in its record an example of audacity and complete disregard for legal ethics to compare with that which has just been turned up in Miami, Florida. In this case it has picked its own judge to hear the facts in a suit brought by a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company against the municipal government of Miami. When I say "its own judge," I mean just that. The man picked to sit as "special master" to determine the facts in this suit has never sat upon the bench nor has he ever been admitted to the bar. He is not a politician or anything of that sort. *He is a consulting engineer for one of the big utility firms.*

On February 14 of this year the city commission of Miami adopted a resolution directing that the rates and charges of the Florida Power and Light Company be reduced. This company, which has the electricity monopoly in the city, is owned outright by the American Power and Light Company, incorporated in New York State, which in turn is a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company. Some weeks later the Florida company brought suit in the federal district court against the city commission and its individual members, asking that they be enjoined from putting the new rate order into effect. John F. McLane, of 120 Broadway, New York City, appears as counsel of record for the company. The city's motion to dismiss the suit on various grounds was denied by Federal Judge Halsted L. Ritter, who thereupon "ordered and decreed that Cary T. Hutchinson be and hereby is appointed the special master in this cause to hear the testimony, cause the same to be transcribed and filed in this court, *together with the findings of fact thereon on or before the first day of August, 1933.*" (Italics mine.)

Before we inquire into Hutchinson's antecedents and connections, let us look at the nature of his duties under this appointment. The dispute between the power company and the city involves conflicting interpretations of the rate-base structure, that is to say, the true value of that part of the company's property necessary to the production and distribution of electricity in Miami, this being the base upon which is determined the rates the company may charge in order to earn an equitable return on its investment. The company, for example, wants to include in the rate-base structure the sum of \$108,859.47, which is given as the estimated value of the Miami Railway substation. But the city contends that "the Miami Railway substation is not a part of the facilities necessary and incident to the manufacture, delivery, and distribution of electricity within the area of the city of Miami, and that said Miami Railway substation is a part and parcel of the Miami Beach Railway Company, a subsidiary of plaintiff corporation, and not in any manner an item inclusive within the rate-base structure for the making of rates to the citizens of Miami." There are many other questionable items, the total amounting to \$11,480,729.94. If all these items were allowed, the estimated value of the company's property would be approximately doubled

as compared with the value the city commission has placed on it, and therefore the rates would have to be approximately doubled.

This controversy is the heart and the substance of the power company's suit. It is not a question of law, but can only be settled by determining the facts. And Judge Ritter has named Cary T. Hutchinson to pass upon these disputed facts. It is left to Hutchinson to decide whether the railway substation or any of the other questionable items shall be included in evaluating the company's property. More than that, under the court order he is permitted to hire his own appraisal experts. "The special master," the order reads, "shall employ such assistance as he may deem necessary." Counsel for the city contend that this will permit him to receive "information and assistance outside the record," and "to employ a force of his own and make his own findings irrespective of the evidence submitted by the parties to the action, without giving to the city of Miami the right to cross-examine witnesses and assistants that may appear before the special master without knowledge on the part of the city of Miami."

What, then, is the record of the man who has in effect been given blanket authority to set new rates for the Florida Power and Light Company? Since 1922 Cary T. Hutchinson has been employed as a consulting engineer by Sanderson and Porter, a public-utility firm with offices at 52 William Street, New York City. From 1922 to 1930 Sanderson and Porter, through the Federal Light and Traction Company, a corporation which they owned and controlled, were the owners or managers of at least twenty-five electric, gas, water, and street-railway companies located in different parts of the United States. In March, 1930, control of these properties passed to the Cities Service Company. However, Sanderson and Porter still manage the companies through the Federal Light and Traction Company. The three firms are closely bound together by interlocking directorates. The Cities Service Company is owned by Henry L. Doherty, who has a home in Miami and is an intimate personal friend of Judge Halsted L. Ritter.

According to the Federal Trade Commission's report to Congress, Sanderson and Porter several years ago made a valuation report for the Florida Power Corporation, an Insull company operating in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, which was later used as the basis for a \$3,000,000 write-up in the value of the Florida Power properties. The same report shows that the Florida Power and Light Company, the plaintiff in the Miami suit, buys its electricity for distribution in Lake City and Live Oak from the Florida Power Corporation.

The firm of Sanderson and Porter was also employed by a power company operating in Piqua, Ohio, for the purpose of discrediting a report made for that municipality by the Burns and McDonnell Engineering Company of Kansas City, Missouri. The same engineering company prepared the report for the city of Miami which the city commission used as the basis for lowering the electric rates, and upon which

Cary T. Hutchinson, an employee of Sanderson and Porter, is now to pass judgment!

But that is not all. Hutchinson has a record of his own worth considering. Charles A. Russell, of Washington, D. C., chief counsel for the city of Miami in this suit, has filed an affidavit with the court—which the court promptly set aside as being of no value—showing that Hutchinson had been connected with the Conowingo development on the Susquehanna River in Maryland. According to the affidavit, the promoters of the Conowingo development “undertook to float bonds and securities of more than \$11,000,000 in excess of the cost of the development, and by virtue of the interference of the Federal Power Commission of Washington, D. C., the said promoters were prevented from issuing such fictitious bonds and securities, as the records of the Federal Power Commission disclose.”

The said Cary T. Hutchinson [the affidavit continues] had a part in a report prepared by the Brookings Institution, a privately endowed institution of Washington, D. C., which prepared and circulated a book described as “The St. Lawrence Navigation and Power Projects.” . . . The purport and effect of said book was to discredit the development of electric power on said river as economically unsound . . . the argument supporting that conclusion is irritatingly biased and misleading. The report sustains and upholds every contention made by power companies relating to this development and in no instance does it support an honest finding in the interest of the public. It is based upon assumption after assumption drawn from thin air and from such assumptions a conclusion is reached that has not one iota of fact to support it. It is pure power-company propaganda.

An affidavit from Morris Llewellyn Cooke, the nationally known utility engineer, was submitted to the court. It asserts that late in 1917 or early in 1918—

. . . Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, sent for the undersigned . . . and advised me that he, Newton D. Baker, was engaged on behalf of the government in reaching an understanding with the Duquesne Company as to power developments in the Pittsburgh district, and further that he was having difficulty in arriving at what seemed to him like fair terms because of the much more advantageous terms then being offered to the Philadelphia Electric Company for the power developments in the Philadelphia District by the United States Shipping Board or its subsidiary, the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The undersigned was at this time executive assistant to Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board. On making inquiry I discovered that the executive officer of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Admiral Bowles, was about to sign a contract by which the government would advance the Philadelphia Electric Company twenty million dollars. It was provided in this contract that of this sum 40 per cent was classified as war wastage, making it difficult if not impossible to recover under the arbitration proceedings set up to determine what was to be paid back to the government by this company at the close of the war.

Because of this and other features obviously disadvantageous to the government this contract embracing perhaps twenty legal pages was rejected in toto. Upon inquiry the writer found that the Emergency Fleet officials were acting largely upon the advice of one Cary T. Hutchinson, and that for the service rendered in this matter he had been paid \$1,100, at the rate of \$100 a day, by the Emergency

Fleet Corporation. Acting for a committee of the war-time Cabinet (Secretary of War Baker, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and the Chairman of the Shipping Board, Edward N. Hurley) the writer then made a more provident arrangement for government advances to the Philadelphia Electric Company if and when it was shown that they were necessary. But after further examining the situation it was discovered that if the Philadelphia Electric Company needed any money at all, it would be a much smaller sum than that recommended by Mr. Hutchinson. It was later decided that no moneys were required and no government advance was made.

During 1917-18 this affiant had personal cognizance of governmental contracts ranging into many hundreds of millions of dollars. He never saw one even suggested that failed so completely to safeguard the government's interests as this one, which was largely negotiated by and ultimately approved by Cary T. Hutchinson.

This is the same Cary T. Hutchinson who has been picked to decide how much the residents of Miami must pay for their electricity. Judge Ritter, by his own confession, selected Hutchinson in a most questionable manner. “You see, in these cases,” he declared on May 12, “counsel on both sides often submit different names to the judge, and then the judge has to run them down and find out about them and pick out a man out of those suggested, and then the side the man is picked from the other side kicks, and if from the other side that side kicks; so in this case I took the initiative and suggested a name and compelled you fellows to run him down, so that the court might escape this onerous duty. The man I picked is qualified and he has started to work performing certain services. *I am satisfied with him and that is all there is to it.*” At another place Judge Ritter asserted that “before I appointed Mr. Hutchinson, counsel on both sides stated to me that he was entirely satisfactory.” But every one of the six lawyers appearing for the defense arose to challenge this statement. Not one of them had been present at the meeting in the Judge's chambers when Hutchinson's appointment was finally decided upon!

Judge Ritter, however, swept all these objections aside. The affidavits he dismissed with the statement that to his mind they were neither “justified nor true. I have taken up myself some of the things charged in these affidavits and find them utterly groundless. Mr. Hutchinson bears the highest respect of the profession; a man of fine character, and absolutely impartial in what he shall do in this case without any preconceived theories which would cloud his judgment. This case is of great importance to this community, and I have endeavored to find a man absolutely unconnected and uninfluenced by any circumstance or condition on either side of the case.”

[This is the sixth of a series of articles on electric power and the consumer. The seventh will appear in an early issue.]

TRAMP . . . TRAMP . . . Tramp

Searching for a summer home? Save yourself the time and effort, look through *The Nation* classified columns and solve your problems.

See page iii

Counting the Homeless

By JAMES RORTY

BY the nature of their case America's homeless are difficult to count. They are not in a position to count themselves—our present highway and bread-line population is neither effectively organized nor effectively vocal—and the estimates of public and private agencies have perhaps been colored by the hope of arousing public sympathy for some particular element of this population—men, women, or boys.

Thus far the boys have received the most public sympathy, just as they get by all odds the best break on the road. The Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor has estimated that about 200,000 boys are on the loose. Other estimates have reached the half-million mark. Newspapers and magazines have featured these estimates. Congressmen have attempted to get federal relief legislation for these boys.

America was shocked when it learned that our economic collapse had sent 200,000, or 300,000, or 500,000 homeless children out upon the highways. What will be the public's reaction to the statement that by far the largest single category of our homeless—from 30 per cent to 40 per cent of the total—consists not of boys, but of aging men, workmen over forty-five. Probably at least 400,000 such men are on the bread lines and highways of America, and most of these our industrial system, which feeds on youth, will never reabsorb. There are perhaps 100,000 homeless women. There are probably not more than 125,000 boys on the loose, but to this total must be added almost as many children in wandering families—the "gasoline gypsies" of the West and Southwest—and at least half of these children are under fifteen. The total number of homeless persons is, or was on March 22 last, at least a million and a quarter.

These estimates are based on the second census taken by the National Committee on the Care of the Transient and the Homeless, under the direction of Nels Andersen. The first was a three-day count on January 9, 10, and 11, representing a hurried attempt to secure information for the Senate hearings in connection with the Costigan-La Follette relief bill. The more recent census, for 765 cities in the 48 States, supplies much more detailed information about our hobo army. Like the count of the previous January the census of March 22 involved the cooperation of more than 3,000 local agencies, plus such national agencies as the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A., the Travelers' Aid Society, the Y. W. C. A., the National Urban League, the Family Welfare Association, the Association of Community Chests and Councils, and the agencies for the Jewish homeless. In most of the cities there was also cooperation by police and public lodging-house keepers.

The census was of course far from complete. Of 3,115 cities of 2,500 population and over, 2,350 were not heard from. All the larger cities reported, but the job of counting was so great that, except in New York City, it was not adequately done. If cities like Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia had sent in complete reports, the totals in the following table would have been increased by no less than 50,000:

Total homeless persons enumerated.....	201,596
Men	177,483
Women	9,926
Adults in families.....	5,935
Children in families.....	8,252

Homeless persons in this census included all destitute individuals living apart from their families. A transient homeless person is a detached and destitute individual who has not resided in the community long enough—usually one year's residence is required—to be eligible for relief. The adults and children shown above as members of families were all members of 3,155 transient families reported.

Does public and private charity provide a roof and a bed for every homeless American? Not by a good deal. The census shows that on March 22, in far from balmy weather, 18,059 persons were sleeping outdoors and 15,658 were sleeping in shanties—Hoovervilles; this in spite of the reluctance of most cities to report the homeless in jungles, roadside camps, and shanty communities. The actual number of the shelterless on that night was of course many times greater, just as the total reported as sleeping in jails and police stations—11,487—is far from representative of the actual condition. This last figure would have been many times larger if the several thousand unreported cities and towns had been heard from. In the small town the keeper of the calaboose is the chief social worker for the homeless. Of the 201,596 homeless reported, 40,189 were sheltered by private agencies, led by the Salvation Army, and 32,914 by public agencies. It is probable that in addition to the 3,155 transient families reported by the census thousands more found shelter in jungles and roadside camps. This is indicated by the fact that 1,956 of the women reported were among the 33,697 persons sleeping out or providing their own shelter.

What about these women? One can remember when it was front-page news to hear of a woman on the road. Today the census indicates that women constitute about 5 per cent of the homeless without families. But this is undoubtedly too low a figure. The actual number of homeless destitute women is probably twice as large. Most cities have no facilities for sheltering women. In many cities the homeless women who apply to relief agencies are sheltered in furnished rooms and not reported in this type of census. In New York City alone one could find as many homeless destitute unemployed women as were reported by this census for 765 cities. They are young women for the most part; in New England alone does the percentage of older women exceed 35.

This census did not take into account the homeless persons riding on the ten thousand or more trains operating over more than 148,000 miles of railway in the United States, nor did it include the army of hitch hikers thumbing their way over our more than 240,000 miles of paved highways. Considering so many unreported wanderers, it seems reasonable to estimate the homeless population in the United States to be six times the total figure reported by this census.

The real challenge of the homeless problem in the

United States is not the young man but the old one. We have always had boy hobos. They played their part, and a large one, in pushing back the frontier. It is only now, when the frontier is gone and the westward trek leads but to Hollywood, that they have become a problem. For every boy tramp there are no fewer than six homeless men of forty-five years or more. An improved labor market will help the boys, if they can be persuaded to leave the vagrant life. But no matter how much the labor market improves, the older men, in these days of technological unemployment, will not get work. Nor will they get much aid from the relief agencies, which are more eager to help the boys because boys make a much stronger appeal to the contributing public. Only a few agencies, the chief of them being the Salvation Army, are willing to extend help to the old men. In no State is

there any adequate program for caring for these migratory workers after they have come to the end of their usefulness in the labor market. They are usually not eligible for pensions. The poorhouse is not a good answer. It will be difficult to put through a public program for them until the private agencies recognize the problem and formulate a solution.

One other figure in this census deserves isolation and emphasis. Consider 3,155 homeless families with 8,252 children, 5,544 of whom are under fifteen years. It is possible for society to put an aging single man in jail or in the poorhouse if it can think of nothing better to do with his still unexpended energy and desire to live. But what can it do with a whole family. Toward what are these families heading? Have we in this population an American beginning of the Old World beggar families?

The Great Stampede

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 10

ABOUT the time these dazzling periods burst upon an avid world, Congress, under present plans, will adjourn, thus putting an end to the greatest legislative stampede of modern times. The outcome may properly be awaited with a mixture of suspense and hope. The Administration has staked its own and the nation's future on a series of moves of unparalleled audacity. If they succeed, Roosevelt's place in history is secure. If they fail, it is doubtful whether anyone will remain to read or write history. Whatever the end, it is wise to recognize that there has been a revolutionary change in the processes, if not the structure, of the national government—a fact which is made more disquieting by the thought that such a change may have been necessary. Considering, however, that the die is already cast; and considering, moreover, the temperature and humidity now prevailing in Washington, your correspondent is disposed to view developments in his customary philosophical mood.

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INVESTIGATION by the Senate of those creatures, the bankers, continues to emphasize that their actions have been dominated by two controlling motives: first, to make all the money possible; second, to avoid contributing any of it to the support of the government which allows them to make it, and which protects their property and their lives. The disclosure was no shock to me, because I have devoted much study to this particular form of animal life, but judging from the unanimous vote by which the Senate directed the committee and Mr. Pecora to explore the transactions by which the Morgan partners avoided payment of taxes, the once trustful public has been profoundly moved. In defense of these gentlemen it has been stated repeatedly that they paid no income taxes in recent years "because they had no income." I am personally acquainted with a few families who actually had no income during the last two years. Did they maintain town and country houses, manned by large retinues of servants? Did they go to Palm Beach in winter and Bar Harbor in summer? Did they eat the best food, wear the

best clothing, and send their children to the most exclusive schools? They did not. This is what they did: First they used up their savings. Then they borrowed on their insurance policies until these had lapsed or been exhausted. Next they borrowed from friends and relatives until they could borrow no more. Finally they "went on welfare," with many of the boys and girls hitting the open road for careers of theft, beggary, or prostitution. To argue that the luxury-loving, tax-dodging bankers "had no income" is palpable sophistry. Of course they had income. They simply sold enough stocks to establish paper "losses" that would offset their income. In some instances the stocks were repurchased by themselves or their wives within a few days. That sort of childish parlor magic may satisfy the courts and the moronic sycophants of big business; it may even salve the consciences of Messrs. Morgan and Lamont; but it will neither soothe nor deceive any honest person of adult intelligence. Pride should have impelled the great J. P. to make some contribution to the upkeep of the harbor where his yacht was anchored, instead of permitting the rest of us to shoulder it all.

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BUT alas, what tragedy has overtaken the legend of the Morgan pride! It is not merely that we discover the head of the firm and his nineteen partners resorting to every conceivable technicality to avoid payment of taxes. From the beginning of the present century it has been a common saying that "Morgan can pick and choose," yet we find him backing such a pair of wildcat promoters as the Van Sweringens, and using them as "fronts" to acquire a hodge-podge of railroads, some unprofitable and others notoriously overcapitalized, the conglomeration being made the basis of security issues which resulted disastrously for the poor suckers who held on to the stock. At that rate Wallingford could also "pick and choose." In the light of the Van Sweringen history, it ill becomes the Morgan partners to sniff and look down their several noses when such names as Dillon, Read and Company are mentioned. The brothers Van Sweringen themselves have admitted forming dummy corporations to

avoid the payment of taxes, or, as Oris P. so blandly put it, "to take advantage of the exemptions provided by Congress." No, the Morgan legend is a sorry spectacle. Indeed, by his efforts to support his brand-new reputation for affability, J. P. has succeeded in making himself slightly ridiculous. Thus far he has not offered to wiggle his ears or stand on his head for the camera men, but neither would be surprising. I liked him better in the old "go-to-hell" role. If we must have financial barons, let them maintain a baronial dignity. It is saddening enough to realize that the nation's business is controlled by one man, without being confronted by the fact that he is a midget's playmate.

ONE of the amusing incidents of the inquiry, from a reporter's standpoint, was the ludicrous about-face executed by Edwin C. Hill, of the Hearst papers and the radio. By reason of a melodious voice and an untrammelled imagination Hill recently blossomed out as a "famous reporter" (to the profound astonishment of those reporters who had ever heard of him), and presently was engaged by Hearst to cover the Morgan investigation. He hauled off with a couple of florid compositions bristling with invidious comparisons between the regal Morgan ("Lorenzo the Magnificent") and Pecora ("the Sicilian immigrant boy"). Thereupon from the ranch at San Simeon issued a blast which was heard in Washington, New York, and all other cities where Hearst papers exist, and promptly the Sicilian immigrant boy became the hero of Hill's dispatches, and poor "Lorenzo" and his partners were made the targets for shafts more pointed than this correspondent would dare unloose in the pages of *The Nation*. I interpret this phenomenon as proving that Hearst is still a shrewd journalist and that Hill is still a shrewd business man.

THE industrial control-public works bill, which has been properly described as one of the most revolutionary measures ever presented to Congress, apparently will be enacted in a form considerably improved over that in which it passed the House. Two weeks ago, when I pointed out in this place that a capital levy was the logical method of providing the revenue necessary to finance the Administration's public-works program, the notion that Congress might resort to that plan seemed almost fantastic. Nevertheless, so rapidly do things move in this vicinity, and so receptive has Congress become to new ideas, that it appears quite likely at this writing that both houses will embrace the Harrison proposal for a direct levy on corporation stocks and an excise tax on dividends. Whatever induced Pat to offer such a proposal I cannot imagine, but apparently his conservatism has been thoroughly shaken by the loss of a fortune in Gulfport (Mississippi) real estate. Moreover, the prospects of increasing normal income-tax rates that are already burdensome was sufficient to make the "sanest" statesman quail. At any rate, I am in favor of giving Pat full credit, especially if his plan prevails—as now seems likely. That General Hugh Johnson will be administrator of the industrial-control features of the bill is practically assured, although it will be surprising if the final set-up fails to disclose Donald R. Richberg in an advisory or supervisory role. The prospect of Johnson's appointment has elicited numerous expressions of

alarm from liberal quarters. It is pointed out (1) that he is an ex-army officer; (2) that he is an exceedingly hard-boiled gent; and (3) that he is a business associate of Barney Baruch. There is no occasion for alarm. I can state positively that General Johnson (and Baruch, too, for that matter) is a staunch convert to the doctrine that a complete collapse of business and industry can only be averted by shortening hours of work, raising wages, and increasing mass purchasing power. To find so much intelligence in such quarters may be a surprise, but this is the age of miracles.

LEGISLATION, like men, must be judged by the enemies it makes. Thus it is immensely encouraging to hear Jim Emery, veteran lobbyist for the National Manufacturers Association, denouncing the industrial-control section of the bill as the final step to bolshevism. If Jim is against the bill, it must be all right. Washington affords no more reliable indicator. The bill gains new merit in the eyes of literate persons in being opposed by such outfits as the Steel Institute. Robert P. Lamont whines that the steel mills cannot shorten hours or raise wages when they are in the red. Of course they are in the red, when they are operating at 19 to 35 per cent capacity, while their overhead continues. The obvious fact that their books will never show a profit until purchasing power has been restored will probably never enter the heads of these numskulls until it is hammered in. Walter Teagle's "share-the-work" plan is admitted by Teagle himself to have been a failure. It was an attempt to support purchasing power, but it turned out to be just a charity fund at the expense of the poor devils who still had jobs. Obviously, something new must be tried, and it will be the industrial-control plan or nothing. It is possible to respect the honest objection of Senators Borah and Clark to suspending the anti-trust laws and delegating unprecedented powers to the executive department, without concurring. Men cannot live on the Sherman and Clayton acts alone—they must have bread.

WITH their customary foresight, the railroads have contributed their bit toward industrial recovery and the restoration of purchasing power by announcing that they will ask their employees to take another 10 per cent wage cut. Roosevelt has displayed a very sympathetic attitude toward the rail owners—and this is their answer. In return for their invincible stupidity, it is probable they will feel the weight of the Big Stick. Traces of exasperation with them and their methods are now discernible at the White House. As a result of that exasperation (I suspect) the railroad-reorganization bill has been whipped into a very respectable measure. As it stands now, no more men will be retired under the bill than would be retired by natural causes; no men in service in May of this year will be deprived of their jobs or reduced in pay, and the committee representing railway labor will be selected by the standard unions. Company unions would be admitted to representation—but there is little likelihood of that. The policy of the companies is not to get company unions together but to keep them apart. Once a regional committee of company unions is established, it will be the end of company unions. As press time approaches, the common people still appear to have the upper hand.

The New Kultur

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE burning of "un-German" books to the number of 20,000 on the Opernplatz in Berlin on the night of May 10 was only the most spectacular of various activities whereby the un-German spirit of pacifism, Marxism, Judaism was to be exterminated. Quaint fire-fellows (if one may say so) found themselves juxtaposed on a foundation of sand when the students hurled their torches in front of the statue of Alexander von Humboldt. The pacifists were that semi-Oriental prince in bisque, Coudenhove-Kalergi (whose father, however, wrote a book combating anti-Semitism), and Remarque; several of the Marxists were Jews, the sainted Karl himself and Bernstein and Kautsky. Next came Walter Rathenau, the "urbanest servant," as Thomas Mann called him, of the German people and its republic; and there were harmless popular entertainers like Feuchtwanger and Stefan Zweig (not Arnold of the same name, a fact which has its deep meaning) and Emil Ludwig. The one common denominator of the Jews involved was that most of them were afflicted with self-hatred to the point of active anti-Semitism—Marx, Kautsky, Rathenau representing flight into internationalism, flight into 107 per cent Germanism—and that none of them except Feuchtwanger ever wrote in any guise except that of a German author. The more German, the more un-German. The students also added certain of the works of Thomas Mann, which damns them more deeply than anything else, since it marks their repudiation of their own highest embodiment of human civilization and the frank plunge into a degenerate savagery.

One other detail of the auto-da-fé, even if American papers have reported it, has probably not been adequately interpreted. Yet it is of the utmost significance. Students of the Physical Culture University (Hochschule für Leibesübungen!), before proceeding to the Opernplatz behind the trucks of books, stopped to "clean out" the Magnus Hirschfeld Institut, and having arrived on the Platz itself did Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld the special honor of burning him in effigy. Why? Well, Hirschfeld is the renowned sexologist who began many years ago the publication of his *Zeitschrift für Sexuelle Zwischenstufen*, in which he argued for a scientific rather than a criminological attitude toward homosexuality. Why did the Nazi students pick on him? I shall try to be as little unsavory as I can and refer passim for the ultimate reasons to certain classical pages in Freud's "Totem und Tabu." But the students did not burn Dr. Hirschfeld in effigy because they are pure little innocents. They did so because the entire movement is in fact and by certain aspects of its avowed ideology drenched through and through with homo-erotic feeling and practice.

It began many years ago with Hans Blüher's anti-Semitic (and therefore in this sense anti-Christian) preaching of Graeco-Germanic pedagogical principles and bindings (*Bindungen*); these ideas were embodied in the practice of the *Wandervogel*, the youth movement from which thousands of storm-troopers came. Therefore it had to be proved, and was proved as long ago as 1914, that the Greeks were of Germanic origin; also that David, for instance, was a blond

Aryan whose relations with Jonathan were thus and so, that Jesus, being a Galilean, was probably an Aryan, too, and that—but I spare my readers' sensibilities. From this coil of corrupt feeling, rationalized by insane ideologies, proceeds the Nazi doctrine of slavish obedience of male groups to their leader (this obedience being erotically tinged), and of these leaders once more to others, up to the supreme leader—*der schöne Adolf*. The 300 who held the pass of Thermopylae were 150 pairs of lovers, and thus, thus—well-purged of Judaeo-Christian inhibitions and returning to the noble practices of their Greek ancestors who were (cf. all the racial theoreticians) blond and blue-eyed Balto-Germans—will handsome Adolf's boys, having already conquered the German Communists and the German Jews, mop up the earth. But out of an obscure feeling of guilt inherited from the ancestral experience of 1,500 years of apparent submission to the Judaeo-Christian ethic, Adolf's boys had to burn in effigy the dirty Jew who, characteristically, pleads that the vices which they glorify be treated with the compassion of science.

All this sounds a little like spoofing. It is solemnly laid down and proved in thick tomes with all the apparatus of so-called scholarship. All the consequences, as the Germans are fond of saying, are being drawn. The Lutheran and Reformed churches are uniting to reorganize as *Deutsche Christen*. A "heroic piety" is to be cultivated; "the ideal of Germanic racial purity will be definitely represented by the church. Evangelicals who marry members of an alien race will be excluded from communion. . . . The German Christian church is the church of the Aryan race." A *Reichsbischof* will head a rigid hierarchy (again the blind obedience to a *Führer*!) and Marxist clergymen will no longer be tolerated. All achievement, all leadership, all organization are to be according to the racial reinterpretation of history, *arteigengeistig*, a monstrous vocable used by the redoubtable Adolf and so far the one Nazi contribution to style.

Against such a background and in such an atmosphere all cultural life must of course wither. The newly appointed Nazi directors of the municipal theaters are nervously looking for plays which the storm-troopers will not at once hoot off the boards. Obscure third-raters (*arteigengeistige* geniuses foully neglected by Reinhardt and Barnowsky and the other Jewish managers) are being hauled out; the most frequently played piece at the moment is "Schlageter," by Hans Johst, a turgid survivor of post-war expressionism about a hitherto unheard-of victim of the French occupation of the Rhineland. They cannot play Hauptmann—Marxist and *verjudet*; but they cannot even play Schiller. It was proposed to do "Don Carlos" in Berlin. Alas, the whole point of the play is in Posa's ringing cry to the Spanish king: "Sire, give us liberty of thought."

The film industry is in similar straits. The Jewish directors are expelled and the companies expropriated. Nazis sit in the offices and release copy to the effect that now at last true German films, simple and beautiful and uplifting and pedagogical, but yet calculated to please the Aryan soul and rouse the Aryan risibilities—no Jewish snicker—after a hard

day of *echt deutsche Arbeit*, will be produced tomorrow or at most the next day or the next. And who cares for the foreign market, at which, of course, in their corrupt internationalized manner, Fritz Lang *et id omne genus* were squinting. Pure German films will be made for pure German people, and at the same time the Hungarian gipsy orchestras and the Hungarian vaudevillians are being turned out of the cabarets and night cafes in Berlin, and "universal darkness covers all."

The graphic and plastic arts are being Germanized and "purified" at the same time. All modernism in art has been stamped as *Kulturbolshevismus*. Exhibitions of the works of artists long held in high esteem were forcibly closed in Hamburg and in other cities. The Berliner Sezession has (not voluntarily, one may be sure) "unanimously determined to reorganize in harmony with the National Socialist ideal," and has been placed under the leadership of two painters who are members of the Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur. Human nature being what it is, one can readily imagine the cruel chicanery with which any free artistic expression is pursued by the long-suppressed envy of mediocrities, by the failure's will to power, as well by the struggle today for every piece of bread. One has only to join the Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur, which has, to be sure, been disciplined by Goebbels for being more Nazi than Hitler, in order to stick an effective knife into rivals or competitors.

Literature is being throttled in other ways that are quietly and devastatingly effective. Nazi storm-troopers as well as plain-clothes spies keep strict watch on all booksellers, and woe to him who consents to sell books by liberals, pacifists, or Jews. At the same time all works by authors in these three categories are being "cleaned out" of public libraries and circulating libraries. This amounts, of course, among other things, to the gradual undermining of the economic position not only of Jewish writers of a high order, like Jacob Wassermann, but also of non-Jews such as Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, and Hermann Hesse, the latter one of the finest artists and noblest souls alive today, as well as to the gradual ruin of such publishing houses as Fischer and Rowohlt. What repercussion these measures, together with many similar ones, will have upon the economic condition of a land already wretchedly impoverished remains to be seen. It is no wonder, at all events, that Thomas Mann and Fritz von Unruh and Leonhard Frank and Jacob Wassermann have been forced out of the recently established Prussian Academy, and that the powerful and beneficent German Authors' Protective League, having expelled all left-wing German and non-Aryan members, is safe for National Socialism under the aegis of Dr. Walter Blöm, the author of a series of belligerently patriotic novels of the shoddiest kind.

The musical situation has been well canvassed in the world press. It goes without saying that liberals and Jews have been eliminated. A grim indication of the future of all the arts in the Third Reich is seen in the list of qualities which the directors of the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig propose to require of the successor of Bruno Walter: "He must love Bruckner. In the realm of late and neo-romantic music he must be able to distinguish between the timeless and the fashionable, between manifestations of the German soul and shallow virtuosity; he must have the clearest judgment as to where, in contemporary music, German humanity struggles for expression and where it does not."

People in the Western democracies have been most shocked by the elimination of Jewish professors from the German universities. The mad inner logic of the revolution did, however, lead straight to the principle that Germans (*deutsche Menschen*) must not be led, taught, or spiritually influenced by aliens. According to the principles of Nazi folk-mysticism the very fact that among these professors there are some of the world's leading scientists, and that these men are looked upon by the world as Germans, is the most deplorable feature of the situation. If German science, according to this view, cannot be represented by Germans, it had better not be represented at all. The Nazis are not always true to their own principles. They offered to let James Franck, Nobel prize-winner and as a physicist second only to Einstein, remain at Göttingen. Franck had the good sense and sufficient appreciation of his honor as a Jew to refuse. But practically all other Jews have been thrown out, and the few obscure *Dozenten* who remain are being boycotted by the students. The *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin, commenting upon the call extended to Einstein by the Collège de France, demanded that the discharged Jewish professors be at once deprived of their passports lest they be called to distinguished chairs in foreign universities and carry on an anti-German propaganda there.

It may not be useless—indeed, it may benefit universities in Western Europe and America—to mention a few of the men who are out of a job. There is the great gynecologist Professor Bernhard Zondek of Berlin, to whom a group of British physicians paid a magnificent tribute the other day. (Ironically enough a rumor comes to me that he has been called to Warsaw.) There is his scarcely less eminent brother Hermann. There are the two world-renowned chemists, both Nobel prize-winners, Richard Willstätter and Fritz Haber; I have already mentioned James Franck; there is the physiologist (also a Nobel prize-winner) Otto Meyerhoff of Heidelberg; there is Martin Wolff of Berlin, one of the leading European jurists; there is the economist Moritz Bonn, who needs no introduction in America; there are, finally, all the Orientalists and Semitologists of Jewish birth.

I shall not enter largely here upon the Jewish view of this disaster. Jacob Wassermann pleaded for years that in him at least the perfect and acceptable union of German *Geist* and Jewish blood had been accomplished. All the men in question, except to his everlasting honor Albert Einstein, stood by passive while the world thought of them as Germans only and added their glory to that of the German name.

For the world, all of us who have any hope left in humanity, it is to be noted that an attack of unrivaled strength and ferocity is being launched against the life of the mind as such, against all intellectual values, against all disinterestedness of thought, of research, of aspiration, against the slowly won rights of the human spirit and the freely functioning personality, against every principle and every truth and every freedom that men have lived for and often died for since the Renaissance, against all that has constituted for so long the very charter of humanity itself. Barbarians in the East trample upon this charter; equally fierce barbarians of the North now join them. So I quite expect to see foolish little parlor Bolsheviks presently joined by foolish little parlor Nazis. It is so cheap and easy to plunge and shiver and obey. Self-sustaining personalities had better be vigilant. A dark age threatens.

What Does the Younger Generation Think?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MY generation was born into an expanding world. We took it for granted that everything had a natural tendency to get bigger if not better, and when we thought about the fact at all we felt a certain scorn for this crude, uncritical growth. Every year there were more doctors, lawyers, and teachers than the year before. We knew, therefore, that we had only to be very moderately competent to find some sort of place for ourselves, and the last thing we feared was a world which would have no use for such talents as we happened to possess. Most of us are, moreover, still enjoying the results of the good fortune of our generation. We are still occupying the positions we found when positions were still findable, and we can only wonder what it seems like to be brought face to face with a world which has begun to contract at last. But we do at least wonder what college students are thinking and what it feels like to be a member of a generation so unneeded as to be an embarrassment to its elders. For years we have been saying that youth should be trusted and that youth would know what to do.

Recently I had occasion to visit three small Middle Western colleges, and it seemed a good opportunity to inquire. Perhaps the institutions were not typical, and I do not offer them as a satisfactory basis for any generalization, but the results of the inquiry were wholly negative. Neither students nor faculty members could tell me what their fellows or their charges were thinking, and both expressed the mildly cynical conviction that the students were not thinking about anything at all. For the most part, it is true, they know that no jobs await them. For the most part, perhaps, they study a little harder and perform a little more conscientiously their routine tasks because parents back home expect at least academic results. But there is, so I was told, no new spirit abroad, no changed attitude assumed toward a much-changed world. Out of a student body of a thousand there may be eight Socialists or Communists where there were five before. Here and there, there may be a student who has developed a mild interest in economic questions. But student bodies as such are much as student bodies have always been. They are not rebellious, or cynical, or even melancholy. They do what they are told, believe what they are told, and hope for the best.

At a State teachers' college in Missouri I found a very exceptional student who was glad to talk. He was tall, lanky, amiable, and member of a languishing Socialist local. He hoped, by hook or crook, to get to Columbia to do graduate work in English, and his unusual intelligence was not concealed by a rustic accent. "I can only tell you," he said, "what they ought to think. They ought to think that their teachers and their parents have let them down. Look at me, for instance. I have been going to school all my life and I have always been told the same thing. 'Get an education. The world has need for you and you must be prepared. Stick to your books, learn your profession, and we will do the rest. The world is crying for trained men and it is waiting for

you to assume the responsibilities which you must expect.' I was a good boy and I stuck to my books. I prepared myself diligently for the task I was going to be called upon to perform. The only fear I had was the fear of not being good enough. But where is that task and what has happened? Nobody knows what to do with me or the education I was so careful to get. I am not bitter. I believe that ultimately something can be done about it, and I wouldn't be a member of the Socialist Party if I didn't. But I do feel that I have been let down. I was urged to prepare myself for a busy world and I find that I have only prepared myself for a vacuum instead. No, most students don't feel that way. They don't feel any way at all." And to that position he stuck even under a pressing cross-examination.

What has become of the graduates of last year? "Well, there is one who is earning ten dollars a week driving a laundry wagon, but he is an exception. A good many have come back for another year and will have another degree conferred upon them. Most of the rest have returned home to live. After all, they had homes or they would not have been able to come to college. Now they have returned—labeled A.B. or B.S. They are a little disappointed of course. They would rather have jobs. But they never did have jobs and they do not feel unemployment so acutely as they would if they had been self-supporting for a time. Living at home does not seem particularly unnatural to one who has done it continuously for twenty years or more. Another year or two until something turns up makes no great difference."

Oddly enough, I find much the same situation in the graduate school of a large Eastern university. Most of the students are preparing themselves for non-existent positions as college teachers. But the enrolment has not greatly declined. Not so many students come from the remoter parts of the country because not so many have the money to come. But most of the places thus left vacant have been taken by local youths who have nothing better to do. Their interest in scholarship may not be very keen. Many of them would doubtless prefer to be selling bonds or writing advertisements. But for the moment there are no bonds to sell or advertisements to write, and so, momentarily baffled, they become candidates for an advanced degree.

Now of course no one knows how lasting the present conditions will be. It is possible that for mysterious reasons the world will soon begin to expand again and to expand rapidly enough to take up the slack created by the last few years. That is possible but it does not, at the moment, seem very likely. Probably the United States will never again be a place where opportunities of the old sort are as abundant as they once were. But from my own casual experience I see no reason to suppose that the bulk of the students have any adequate conception of the fact. For the moment they are faced with a stone wall. Some of them have even butted their heads against it once or twice; but few of them believe that it is really there or that, at worst, it will be there very long, and they are waiting calmly for it to fall—not because some Joshua has blown his trumpet, but quite simply of itself.

No one who has traveled in Europe has failed to notice how easy it is to recognize an American youth, male or female, on any street. Some used to say it was because of the hats, and some, going to the other extreme, said it was because of the shoes. But it was not really because of either, and what we recognized most readily was a certain air of gay

confidence. One could read on the faces the cheerful fact that nothing very unpleasant had ever happened to the owners and that the latter were sure nothing very unpleasant ever would. The expression was the expression of an individual who had never come up against a stone wall too long to be walked around or too high to be jumped over, of one who had never met any problem not to be solved by a reasonable amount of energy and a reasonable amount of determination. And in the colleges I visited the spirit was still this spirit of a youth which has been favored too long to believe that the favors could so suddenly be forever withdrawn.

Perhaps the students in the larger universities are ahead of their more isolated fellows. Certainly there is a large class of young men who have already been brought face to face with realities so far eluded by the children of parents able to afford to send them to college. But it would be a mistake, I fancy, to suppose that college students as a whole have really begun yet to think very much about a world which has commenced to shrink. Not many of them are red. They are, as a matter of fact, rather less discontented than even a moderate liberal supposes every youth ought to be even in the best of times.

To Go or Not to Go

By JOHN ROTHSCCHILD

THE war clouds on Europe's horizon have receded in these last weeks. They may rise again later but it is safe to forecast fair weather for the summer traveler. The very fact that the dictatorship has established itself so firmly in Germany removes for the present one of the current apprehensions of travelers—the fear of being caught in a revolution. Nevertheless, this will be a dramatic summer in Europe. Geneva awaits the conclusion of the Disarmament Conference. London is to be the scene of the history-making Economic Conference. Three nations of widely different temperaments are making widely differing experiments in social change. Germany, Russia, and Spain have put on gripping social dramas.

The dollar, though at a slight disadvantage compared with last year, still buys a great deal abroad, and it undoubtedly buys more than it will buy in the summer of 1934. The world price level is likely to rise faster than our incomes, and the expected international stabilization of currencies will tend to equalize travel costs in all countries, depriving the dollar of the advantages which it still enjoys. In the international scheme of things, the present travel advantages of the dollar may be rated somewhat as follows: England and Switzerland are a little less expensive than the United States. Holland and the Scandinavian countries are cheaper than England. France and Germany are cheaper still. Depreciated currencies in Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Spain, and Finland make travel very cheap indeed for foreigners with dollars. The traveler going to any country on a tour for which he pays in America will generally pay no more or only a little more than he would have paid before the United States went off the gold standard. This is because most travel organizations, faced with the alternative of raising prices or cutting profit, have decided it wise to take the exchange loss, or most of it, out of profit.

There is one country in particular where the dollar may still buy all the travel service that it bought before it fell. The Soviet authorities in charge of tourism have ruled thus far that the dollar is to be valued this summer at par for services purchased in the United States, but that on services purchased after arrival in the Soviet Union the dollar will be discounted. Thus the traveler who purchases his Russian trip before sailing, whether he buys it from Intourist or from an American travel bureau, should pay no more than he would have paid three months ago.

An innovation in travel to the Soviet Union is provided by a series of Italian Line sailings which take one through the Mediterranean to the Black Sea ports of the Crimea. The Roma, sailing on July 1 for a Mediterranean cruise, will touch at Odessa and Yalta. Other Italian Line sailings on June 24 and July 8 make a convenient connection in Italy with the Stella d'Italia, a fast steamer of the Grand Orient Express. The route to Odessa compares favorably in time and expense with the more familiar route to Leningrad. The two may be combined in a circular tour which enters Russia at the south and leaves at the north, or vice versa.

The American Economic Committee for Palestine sponsors a summer tour as part of its work of disseminating information about Palestine's industrial upbuilding. The group, limited to fifty, will sail on the Conte di Savoia on July 8. During the thirty days in Palestine every phase of the country's development—agricultural, industrial, educational, social, and religious—will be studied. The advertised round-trip inclusive rate is \$420. Paul Tausig and Son, of 29 West Forty-sixth Street, are making the travel arrangements.

[This is the fourth of a series of columns devoted to travel information of special interest to Nation readers. A fifth will appear in an early issue.]

In the Driftway

NOT long ago this column was devoted to a paean of praise of American cookery, especially to the fine job done by Sheila Hibben in glorifying our toothsome regional dishes and in assembling recipes for them in her recently published "National Cookbook." Of course much of our early cookery, especially that of New England, was derived from Great Britain, and the Drifter is glad to note that the *Manchester Guardian*, a staunch upholder of the excellence of English food, has been conducting a prize contest for the best tribute to a regional dish. Many Americans are accustomed to sneer at English cooking, but this, the Drifter thinks, is partly a pose and partly due to the fact that our judgments are based mostly on experience with restaurants in London, which give hardly a fairer idea of English cuisine than those of New York do of that of the United States.

* * * * *

THE *Manchester Guardian* protests against the way in which many Englishmen wax ecstatic over the regional dishes of France as the "Everests of epicurean experience," forgetting the gastronomic peaks of their own land, but the results of the prize contest show that there is ample appreciation of English cookery in England. Some few of the con-

testants found themselves so bursting with culinary emotion that they could express themselves only in verse, as in the case of one who sent a tribute to Yorkshire egg-and-bacon pie. She began:

Of the countless toothsome pies,
on which our race relies,
There's one whose facination never fails—
The noble "egg-and-bacon"—
a food ideal to take on
A picnic or a hike among the dales.

This dish, it appears, consists of rashers of bacon plunged into an egg and milk custard, and the *Guardian* admits that some persons may have qualms in regard to bacon and custard "in pie formation." But after reading the rhapsody on this "succulent, sustaining dish, far surpassing pies of fish" the Drifter stands eager to try it. He is curious also about Yorkshire parkin (oatmeal gingerbread), of which an admirer writes:

I walk my twenty miles a day,
And often climb a tree;
On Yorkshire parkin I was raised,
For breakfast, supper, tea.

* * * *

THE cakes of Banbury, Shrewsbury, and Eccles are all enthusiastically celebrated. So is Bury simnel (a plum cake) and the Richmond maid of honor. There are salutes for Devonshire cream and Cumberland rum butter. Of the former it is said that "even the austerity of a breakfast cereal melts beneath its clinging embrace." The latter,

suave and mellow and rich, appeals at once to the sense of smell and to the sense of taste. It is a synthetic honey which renders all natural honeys flat. It has the magic power of exalting all plain teas into high teas, and making them first a physical joy and then a fragrant memory.

A champion of Cambridge sausage says: "Cambridge students 'go down' reluctantly—Cambridge sausages with gusto." Bury pudding is idolized, while Bowton trotters, Lancashire hotpot, and Norfolk dumplings all have friends. Yet in spite of the wide field covered, the *Guardian* thinks there are notable omissions:

Why is there no soup in the list? Is there no English district which attaches importance to its own form of broth? . . . Why are several people so enthusiastic about Cambridge sausages while no one has a word to say about the more distinctive Lincolnshire haslet? Why so many tributes to Cornish pasty but not a single tribute to potato pie, which is a standard dish in many Lancashire homes?

* * * *

ONE of the *Guardian's* prizes was awarded to an encomium of a notably humble food:

There is no edible luxury to compare with a Manx kipper. Its gleaming skin incloses rich and luscious pinky-brown flesh of a flavor unequaled by caviar or salmon. It is nourishing, sustaining, wholesome, and digestible. It is always fresh, for "the herring of today is the kipper of tomorrow." It contains all the known vitamins and many yet to be discovered. It can be served for breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper. Grilled, fried, broiled, or toasted, it is a dish fit for royalty; mashed with cream, an offering for the gods. And it costs twopence.

This kingly tribute to a lowly subject makes the mouth water, and the moderate cost is a further recommendation. The Manxmen may send the Drifter a kipper by the next ship, C. O. D. But better send him the tuppence first.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Reply to Professor Pearl

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It is, perhaps, carrying coals to Newcastle to dispute for the benefit of readers of *The Nation* Professor Raymond Pearl's defense of the food industries in his review of our book "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" in your issue of May 24. For Dr. Pearl's claim that "the great bulk of manufactured foods of all kinds achieve and maintain a remarkably high standard of quality and purity, all things considered," is based, so far as we can discover, solely on his opinion that "for something like two decades past practically every important branch of the food industry (manufacturing) in this country has been aggressively educating and policing its own membership, not for the purpose of devising new ways to cheat the consumer, but upon the sound theory that honesty is the best policy. . . ." Although his reputation is as a statistician, and although he takes us to task for not using statistics, Dr. Pearl presents not one shred of evidence, statistical or otherwise, to support his broad and sweeping defense; he is content to ask that we have faith in the captains of industry. As author of "The Nation's Food," which was a war-time statistical study of the quantities of food available in the United States, Dr. Pearl may expect us to accept on faith his statements on *availability* of food supplies *fifteen years ago*, but surely not those on the *wholesomeness* of food supplies *today*.

If Dr. Pearl were right, then the new Administration in Washington, which has accepted our analysis of the dangers to the public health and purse and has been busy for some weeks elaborating as drastic revisions of the nation's food and drug laws as the honest and public-spirited manufacturers of food and drugs will permit their favorite Senators or Congressmen to vote for, would be making much ado about nothing. *The Nation* should, perhaps, ask Dr. Pearl to make public for the Administration's benefit, the facts and figures—if he has any—on which he based his sweeping assertions. We have reason to believe that Dr. Pearl would not do any such thing, for he betrays his ignorance of the subject at the one point in his review at which he becomes more or less specific. Thus he refers, though parenthetically, to "the wide range of canned foods of unimpeached quality sold by the great grocery-store chains." As a matter of fact, though the government subjects to inspection only an insignificant, almost infinitesimal proportion of the total supply of canned foods in interstate commerce, the issues of the government's notices of judgment relating to food seizures and prosecutions record case after case of shipments described as "consisting wholly or in part of filthy, decomposed, or putrid substance." In one case the government found it necessary to seize 22,500 cans of salmon shipped by that most reputable firm, Libby, McNeill, and Libby. In another case, as we reported, though Dr. Pearl apparently did not consider this to be proper statistical evidence, 2,000,000 cans of partly decomposed salmon shipped by a Western packer were seized by the government. These blameless canned foods, sold by the great grocery chains and by every other grocer, often contain maggots, worms (found in one lot of over 40,000 cans of blueberries), arsenic and lead, molds, yeasts, and other harmful and potentially harmful substances.

Even the editor of the *Canning Trade* does not put such all-embracing faith in the industry as does Dr. Pearl. The following is from an editorial appearing in the March 15 issue of that publication:

Last week a can of salmon, served on lettuce, was a dish on our table. Before allowing anyone to touch it, we insisted upon having the can so as to see the label. We were certain that it was "cat food" sent to us by mistake. Lo, and behold, the label bore the name of one of the oldest and best-known salmon canners on the coast, and it was vacuum packed, labeled pink salmon! . . . It was not even good cat food, and should never have been packed.

Dr. Pearl, after due consideration, judges us to be morally indecent reformers because of our attacks on the noble food industry. What does he say, we wonder, to the report of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which that wildly radical reformer, George W. Wickersham, is vice-president? A section of their report which was quoted in our book, but which Dr. Pearl chose to ignore, follows:

. . . a considerable part of the food he [the consumer] buys, though well cooked and daintily served, may be in a condition of expertly disguised but dangerous state of disease, decay, or adulteration. He has relied on the law to protect his food from its initial stage through the processes of gathering, slaughtering, handling, packing, etc., all by men definitely dealing in food for the money to be made out of it.

Avarice and the pressure of competition are weighed in the balance with the evil of selling diseased, spoiled, verminous, and adulterated food disguised as and sometimes labeled wholesome, with the result almost invariably in favor of the former.

Actual regulatory inspection by the federal government seems to be almost negligible except in the case of meat. . . .

But, of course, Dr. Pearl will not accept such a statement since it is not statistical; for to him the truth lies only in neat little tables of figures—except when he himself is having the time of his life reforming reformers, blackguards compared with whom "the late Webster Thayer seems almost the perfect paragon of judicial fairness."

We are somewhat at a loss to know what judicial fairness means to Judicial Paragon Pearl. After roundly condemning the whole book, he admits that he has no competence with respect to the drug industry, which industry is the subject of three-quarters of the book; and when he refers to the food industries as a "field of my competence, such as it is," he apparently means—field of my competence, if any.

Washington, N. J., June 5

ARTHUR KALLET
F. J. SCHLINK

Help for George Crawford

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I express to *The Nation* the very real gratitude of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People for the superb editorial, Judge Lowell's Great Decision, in the issue of May 10. The association is fighting this case against very great odds, not only because our investigations strongly indicate Crawford's innocence and establish firm grounds for belief that an attempt is being made to make him the scapegoat to protect another person, but particularly because of the fundamental principle which affirmation by the United States Supreme Court of Judge Lowell's decision will establish.

Unfortunately we are sorely handicapped by lack of funds. Unless we are able to secure help there is a grave possibility that we shall not be able to make the fight as it should be made.

Will readers of *The Nation* help in this great struggle by rushing funds immediately to the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City? Checks should be made payable to Mary White Ovington, treasurer.

New York, June 5

WALTER A. WHITE

Finance

The Last Days of Cyrus the Great

THE fiscal remains of a Cleveland financier, which had been littering the alleys of the money world for the previous few days, were interred June 12 without benefit of clergy. On that day the Chase National Bank auctioned off the collateral it held on loans of about \$26,000,000 carried for Continental Shares, Inc., after a stockholder's suit had vainly sought to enjoin the sale. It was the final curtain in the grandiose empire-building drama of Cyrus S. Eaton. The Chase, exhibiting under its Rockefeller-Aldrich control a new stern rectitude toward all the sour commitments entered into by A. H. Wiggin, its former and repudiated head, was deaf to all pleas. The collateral represented most of what was left of Continental Shares, in which investors—how the use of that term lingers—had confided \$112,000,000. All the rest is subject to additional loans.

To students of the Napoleonic complex among American capitalists, Eaton's career provides a perfect working illustration of an untrammelled individualist hard at play with other people's money. Last year, when he was under fire in court for mismanagement of his properties, Eaton explained that the formation of Continental Shares in 1926 was a patriotic act, designed to develop Ohio's industrial wealth and to guard it from being gobbled up by a group of New York financiers. For the first two years of his program of Ohio for Ohioans, Eaton ran Continental Shares as a fairly modest investment company, operating on capital provided by \$11,500,000 of investors' funds. But early in 1928, at the start of the last mad spurt of the Coolidge-Mellon bull market, he embarked on a wild spree of stock selling. Eaton began in February, 1928, with the sale of 30,000 shares of preferred stock for \$3,000,000. By the end of 1928 he had issued 98,000 more preferred shares for \$9,800,000, and had sold 282,000 shares of common stock or warrants which cost the public \$32,900,000, at prices ranging from \$75 a share in May to \$130 a share in December. Eaton was not satisfied. In March, 1929, he split his common stock four for one. Then, in July, with the market nearing its peak, he sold 240,000 shares of convertible preferred stock for \$24,000,000 and 354,000 shares of common stock at \$60 a share, the equivalent of \$240 a share on the old stock. Moreover, by control of the Cleveland banking house of Otis and Company, Eaton played the game both ways and shared in the underwriting fees of his stock-jobbing, which amounted to \$2,650,000 over the financing period.

In the meantime he was using the public's juicy contributions to buy large interests in steel companies, tire companies, and miscellaneous concerns, chiefly concentrated in Ohio. These purchases, he frequently proclaimed, were designed to promote "the interests of the companies concerned through cooperation in their financial and industrial activities." He also branched out and made investments in several of the enterprises of that other Greek, Samuel Insull. Late in 1929, in the interest of industrial "cooperation," he forced through a merger of various large Ohio steel concerns and formed the Republic Steel Corporation. After its organization this monument to Cyrus was able

to pay two dividends to its preferred stockholders and ~~one~~ to its common stockholders; then its fountain of inflated capital dried up.

But Eaton's greatest demonstration of patriotic loyalty to Ohio was yet to come. While he was forming Republic Steel he had cast envious eyes at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, the largest remaining steel concern in the State which had refused to bow to his will. When the Youngstown management proceeded to thumb their noses in his face by reaching an agreement to merge with the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Eaton rose single-handed in defense of the independence of Ohio industry. In that famous proxy fight, carried out at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars to both sides, Eaton was successful in blocking the merger and had the additional satisfaction of revealing the enormous bonuses paid to the management of Bethlehem Steel. But Eaton's victory was accompanied by severe declines in the market value of his speculative investments and proved to be the deathblow to his visions of financial empire.

The climax of his exploitation of Continental Shares came in October, 1930. At that time he arranged to have Continental buy a heavy list of stocks at a price of \$35,000,000 in cash and 1,040,000 shares of its own common stock. The identity of the seller was carefully shrouded in secrecy. Subsequent developments, however, have shown that the principal, if not the only, seller was Foreign Utilities, Inc., a private investment company dominated by Eaton. As this heavy cash transaction was carried out at a time when Eaton's Otis and Company was tottering on the brink of failure and was in dire need of fresh liquid resources, the implications of this deal have brought complaints and litigation from stockholders who watched the decay of Continental Shares as a direct outcome of this purchase.

To meet the cash requirements of this deal, Continental was forced to take out \$35,000,000 in bank loans. Late in January, 1931, however, when the market value of the common stock offered in part payment had shrunk from \$15,000,000 to \$10,000,000, the terms of the deal were revised; the cash ante was raised \$7,600,000 to \$42,600,000, and the amount of Continental common stock issued for the balance was reduced from 1,040,000 to 280,000 shares. As a result, Continental's bank loans were increased to \$45,000,000. These are the loans which carried the company to virtual, if not actual, bankruptcy. With the market value of its investments in a dizzy decline during the next two years and with the dividends from its "cooperative" stock holdings dropping off one by one, Continental's assets, as shown on its balance sheet, dwindled from \$187,000,000 in October, 1930, to \$44,500,000 by the end of 1932. The actual market value of all its investments at the latter date was \$18,200,000, or \$23,300,000 less than its bank loans of \$41,500,000. Stockholders were left with nothing but a large lake of red ink.

Eaton was forced out of the company in April, 1931, when George T. Bishop became president and the presidents of four Cleveland banks were elected directors. The new management made a pretense of reform, confined principally to hiring independent accountants to audit the books. Their chief activity, however, has been fighting the prolonged attempts of minority stockholders to gain a legal accounting for Eaton's mismanagement. A multitude of suits have been brought, attacking stock sales to Continental by Eaton's private companies, purchases of Youngstown stock during the Bethlehem fight, and company loans to Eaton and other officers. For a few minutes in April, 1932, the company was actually in receivership, with one of the protesting stockholders named as receiver, but the federal court reversed its decision the same day. The receivership petition was finally dismissed in December, 1932.

The present management wept violently at the decision of the Chase Bank to sell the collateral. For days President Bishop prayerfully watched the market go higher, and each day

announced to the press how many dollars had been added to the value of the collateral. But even if his prayers had been answered, there would have been little solace for the investors. The interests of preferred and common stockholders long ago passed into the land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

Contributors to this Issue

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Books

The Cluny Museum

By JAMES NEUGASS

Consecrated are the beds which have borne the weight of two;
Hollow-eyed and soundless also are carven Christs
Which wait with dried cheeks and hard lips
The coming of the anti-Christ.

In summer the pictures on the walls are warm;
The paint simmers and oil coming out makes the colors
Thick and shiny and they appear to move.

The atom is young and timeless also,
Knowing no miracle of consecration
Which many atoms together may know.

I have touched the dead body of a bird
Before the last flicker of heat is gone,
And I have touched the nobly embroidered shoe of a hetaera.
Lying in a catafalque of glass plate bound with iron,
It is as solemn as a cobblestone.

Rooseveltian Liberalism

The Industrial Discipline. By Rexford G. Tugwell. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

THIS well-written volume is deservedly attracting wide attention, not only because of its intrinsic merits but also because of the fact that its author is one of the most trusted advisers of the present Administration and is commonly believed to be influential in the formulation of its economic program. Mr. Tugwell's central thesis is that while machine industry has compelled close and scientific organization within individual plants and companies, there has been almost complete anarchy between these concerns. The economic mechanism as a whole, therefore, works badly. There is overdevelopment of some industries and underdevelopment of others. There is enormous waste in distribution and competition. There are periodic breakdowns in which large sections face virtual starvation in the midst of potential plenty, while there is exploitation of the weak by those in strategic places who can and do take advantage of the common run of workers, investors, and consumers. What Mr. Tugwell in essence proposes is that society should abandon the attitude of *laissez faire* which the business interests have sought to foster, and which in turn has brought them close to disaster, and that it should instead launch out upon a program of so integrating these plants and industries that they may best serve society as a whole. His book is, in fact, one long appeal to Americans to display social intelligence in mastering those economic mechanisms and institutions which their mechanical ingenuity has brought into being and then allowed to run wild. This, then, is the background which Mr. Tugwell paints with vivid and yet thoughtful strokes, which stamp the author as an artist in his technique as well as an economist.

The specific method of control which is suggested in the foreground is the integration of each industry through a governing board which would make and execute plans for that industry, together with a central body, composed primarily of the associated industries, which would seek to introduce a common

policy between industries and coordinate them with each other. These two sets of groups would have, in the main, control over the quantities to be produced, the conditions of competition, the division of markets, wages and working conditions, the pooling of patents, and finally prices. Through the taxation of surpluses reinvested by corporations in their own plants, funds would be forced into the open market, and there would be some control and guidance of how they would ultimately be invested. An excise tax upon industry would furnish the means for building up reserves, rewarding the industries which complied, and subsidizing the unemployment-insurance systems of those States which had such laws.

Although Mr. Tugwell does not develop the points except inferentially it is probable that he would also favor a managed currency with price stabilization as its ultimate goal and have it seen to that the purchasing power of workers, farmers, and the lower middle class should increase at a sufficient rate so that the increased quantity of consumers' goods might be bought without an appreciable fall in prices. He also favors building up organizations of workers, and he would have the government try to protect the consumers by preventing prices from being raised by the cartels to excessive heights.

In short, Mr. Tugwell is proposing a planned and liberalized capitalism as the next step in social development; and such, indeed, seems to be the program of the Roosevelt Administration. In a final and moving passage the author declares:

Selectivity is still possible; we can experiment now, and we ought to do it before it is too late. Otherwise we are surely committed to revolution. The essential contrast between the liberal and the radical view of the tasks which lie before us is that liberalism requires this experimenting and that radicalism rejects it for immediate entry on the revolutionary tactic. Liberals would like to rebuild the station while the trains are running; radicals prefer to blow up the station and forgo service until the new structure is built. Their ultimate objectives may not be so very different. . . . But there is all the difference in the world in the ways of achieving what is hoped for.

No honest person can doubt the sincerity and public spirit with which Mr. Tugwell writes and with which the Roosevelt Administration is proceeding. One can only hope that they may be able to accomplish real reform without revolution. Given the present state of the public mind and the existing balance of power, they can probably take no other course than that which they are following.

The real ultimate difficulty with their program of legalized cartels lies, however, in the assumption that there is a sufficiently strong and independent force outside of capitalism which can control it. At the moment we have a progressive President and an able body of advisers, recruited in the main from the universities, who have no personal axes to grind. Moreover, industry in its despair is uttering words of repentance. But if prosperity should return, capitalism would once again wish to throw off any effective control, and the question would then arise whether Rooseveltian liberalism would be strong enough to check it. We have thus far been unable to regulate our public utilities in the interests of the consumers, and it will be even more difficult to regulate industry as a whole. The owners of industry will struggle for high prices and for low costs and will try to break or discredit anyone who gets in their way. Having control over nearly all of the jobs and most of the surplus income, they tend to be able to coerce most men. For a nation of employees, such as we largely are east of the Mississippi, can hardly be expected to control their employers.

Along with the Rooseveltian program must go, therefore, the organization of those who are at present weak and who

need to acquire that which the world respects, namely, power. Trade unions need to be built up and farmers' cooperatives as well. Finally, the urban and rural workers of hand and brain need a strong party of their own. Despite Roosevelt's fine beginning, they cannot permanently depend upon the Democratic Party, which in the East and in some of the Midwest States largely rests upon machines which are in league with the worst forces of the under and the upper world. Unless these things are done, we are likely to find the permanent benefits of Rooseveltian liberalism to be as illusory as were those of the Wilsonian era.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Propaganda versus Pity

Little Man, What Now? By Hans Fallada. Simon and Schuster. \$2.25.

Storm Over the Ruhr. By Hans Marchwitza. International Publishers. \$1.50.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?" is the story of a young German bookkeeper and his wife. Johannes Pinneberg, after a rather impromptu marriage, loses his job in Ducherow, but his mother, of whose way of life he strongly disapproves, helps him to find a position in a Berlin clothing store. Pinneberg and Bunny establish themselves in an illegal apartment behind a warehouse, the baby is born, and they are happy. But an efficiency expert comes to Mandel's and sets a quota for each salesman. Pinneberg worries, grows irritable, and finally loses his job. Fourteen months later we find the family in a little hut owned by a friend. They manage to survive on the dole and Bunny's odd jobs of mending, but poor Pinneberg's self-respect is almost destroyed, and when, on a trip to Berlin, he is harassed by a policeman, the world crumbles about him. "How can I ever look anybody in the face again!" he says to Bunny. She replies, "You can always look at me. Always and always. You're here with me and we're together." And so the book ends.

Fallada is clever; he knows how to make an apparently dull life interesting. We see Pinneberg with his wife, his baby, his mother, his mother's lover, his employer, his nudist friend; we share his emotions; we find him sometimes likable, often irritating, and always pitiable. One cannot help admiring Fallada for the skill with which he has selected his details. At the same time, however, one wonders a little about his omissions. Though Bunny is the daughter of a Socialist and the sister of a Communist, though one of Pinneberg's fellow-workers in Ducherow is a militant Nazi, the young clerk apparently never hears a political speech, reads an editorial, or discusses a current issue. So far as politics and economics are concerned, he lives in a vacuum.

Obviously this is a matter of deliberate intention on Herr Fallada's part. Even if one grants that there may be in Germany persons politically unconscious as Pinneberg, the selection of such a type is significant. In a letter to the publishers Fallada says that he wrote the book because he wanted to help Pinneberg and his kind by calling attention to their fate. Apparently he believes that the Pinnebergs will be benefited if people are made to feel sorry for them. Therefore he ignores the fact that millions of Pinnebergs are organized as Communists, Socialists, and Fascists in order to help themselves in the various ways that they believe in. Therefore he turns sentimentalist at the end, and leaves Pinneberg and the reader lulled to sleep by Bunny's empty consolations.

Because he offers no solution Fallada will be praised by many persons as a great artist. They will enjoy feeling sorry for Pinneberg and his Bunny, and they will certainly enjoy feeling that there is nothing they can do about the lamentable situa-

tion. The same persons would condemn "Storm Over the Ruhr," if they bothered to read it, as downright Communist propaganda. They would also condemn it as a rather dull and literal chronicle of a confusing and fundamentally unimportant incident.

The book is propaganda and it is essentially journalistic. Though the characters are more definitely individualized than the characters in "Barricades in Berlin," a very similar book, also recently translated from the German, most of the time one is aware of them merely as figures in a campaign. The campaign itself—the revolt of the Ruhr miners against the Kapp-Lüttwitz Putsch—is complicated and difficult to follow. But if one happens to sympathize with the workers' cause, one cannot help feeling that there is something vastly heroic in the struggle of Franz Kreusatz and his comrades. Though Franz is shot, one does not pity him, as one pities Johannes Pinneberg; one admires him. And when Franz's comrades, driven back to the mines and factories after their betrayal by the Social Democrats, cry, "We shall return," one feels the power and the promise that one cannot feel on reading Bunny's touching pledge of fidelity.

"Little Man, What Now?" is a good enough book for those who can afford the luxury of pity, but "Storm Over the Ruhr" is a book for those who have a world to gain. It is not as good a book as they deserve, but it strikes one that Marchwitza can overcome his faults much more easily than Fallada can overcome his. Out of such chronicles as "Storm Over the Ruhr" may grow a rich, vigorous, many-sided literature of the working class. But how can Fallada prevent himself from going deeper and deeper into the bog of sentimentality?

GRANVILLE HICKS

Very Great and Near Great

St. Augustine. By Rebecca West. *John Ruskin.* By David Larg. *Macaulay.* By Arthur Bryant. D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50 each.

THE director of an English series of short biographies, designed to include as many as possible of the greatest names of all times, would necessarily attach one of them to Rebecca West; and any one of us, perhaps, would deem himself able to find for her a subject that might seem irresistible. But it would be a modern item, and I suspect that very few critical readers of this nobly gifted writer would have thought of her in connection with St. Augustine. The collocation, nevertheless, is right. Rebecca West has been devoted since her teens to the study of this great doctor of the church. He makes of course a superb subject; and one may well doubt whether any English author of our day, man or woman, given the limits of the Appleton series, could have done a more brilliant and arresting study.

St. Augustine, born in 354 A.D., lived to be seventy-six. His "Confessions" cover fully the first thirty-three years, and the record is such that it has encouraged some to think of him as the first modern man. A few weeks ago Rebecca West broke out against certain of her English reviewers because they saw in her interpretation nothing but an exercise in psychoanalysis, with particular reference to the dominant mother. The simple fact, as she informs these ignoramuses, is that for her early chapters she has stuck to the "Confessions," for the reason that when a life story has been told as Augustine tells it, there is nothing else to do. One type of reader will be disposed to think that the saintly Monica has incidentally been debunked. And so, in effect, she has; but a more accurate way of putting this important point would be to say that for the first time in a contemporary English book we have that remarkable woman

presented in credible outline. In a noteworthy passage toward the end Rebecca West remarks upon the mighty range of this extraordinary man's influence through the ages. Augustine, she points out, took as his subject matter a certain complex of ideas which are at the root of every primitive religion: "the idea that matter, and especially matter related to sex, is evil; that man has acquired guilt through his enmeshment in matter; that he must atone for this guilt to an angry God; and that this atonement must take the form of suffering, and the renunciation of easy pleasure." And she adds: "Today, fifteen centuries after Augustine's death, after a raking attack on the supernatural and a constant search for a rational philosophy lasting several centuries, the greatest artists still restrict themselves to his subject matter."

The greatest artists? Rebecca West names in this connection D. H. Lawrence, Proust, James Joyce. She might also have named Tolstoy, with whom at intervals, and most justly, she finds a parallel to Augustine. The fact of the vast Augustinian influence, of course, is indisputable; but my comment would be that not one of her three artists is a modern man, in the sense that Goethe was, and he is cited here as a supreme exception.

In a prefatory note Rebecca West points to certain omissions from the book, especially as regards two great Augustinian matters—his doctrine of the church and the City of God. I should rather call attention to a few small omissions that are not unimportant. Thus the great man's name, Aurelius Augustinus, does not appear; and although we are told that he was a Numidian, we are not given any indication as to his color and racial characteristics. One's guess is that he was African enough to have been barred from a New York hotel, and more than enough to have put himself outside the pale in Richmond.

It is a coincidence decidedly interesting that we have in John Ruskin an outstanding modern example of the mother complex, and Mr. Larg makes the fullest use of it in retelling the tragic story of a life that has in recent years been subjected to the fiercest scrutiny. I judge, however, that Mr. Larg has not taken account of the latest disclosures concerning Ruskin's devotion to Rose La Touche. They contain a more satisfying explanation of that painful affair than the one he offers. This volume is a psychological inquiry rather than an estimate of Ruskin's books or of his immense influence in mid-Victorian England.

Mr. Bryant furnishes an example of a neo-Tory teacher of history dealing admirably with the most eminent of Whig historians. The full record of the man is in Trevelyan's life, and upon the treasures of that fascinating mine the latest biographer cannot do other than draw. Macaulay, I think, was a happier man, and a more satisfied one, than Mr. Bryant implies.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

The Dispassionate Shepherds

As the Earth Turns. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE heroes of Mrs. Carroll's story are not the people of the Maine farming community she describes but the four seasons, and they march triumphantly across her pages with a firm and refreshing tread. Winter cold, spring growing, summer heat, and autumn fruit—around these her men and women revolve and have their being. And since these four heroes, magnificent and familiar in their own right, are made to seem convincing, the Maine farmers seem convincing, because the world they live in is so real.

Mark Shaw is the inarticulate patriarch whose family forms the center of the novel. His second wife is querulous,

weak, and incompetent; his children range from Oliver the misfit, for whom farm life has no meaning but who will triumph, one feels sure, in the practice of law, to nineteen-year-old Jen, the tireless, the sure, the unassailable. Jen is the moving genius of the household; she is out of bed at dawn, and until well on to midnight she fries, bakes, washes, irons, mends, does a cellarful of canning and preserving, tends the children, cleans house for the family always and when necessary for her relatives, waits on everybody while they are eating her cooking, gets through a mountain of dishes three times a day, acts as nurse, doctor, and midwife, never asks an unnecessary question—and never once loses her temper or seems ruffled by the tasks that await her.

It is not, of course, relevant to say that life is not like that. Life is anything a novelist chooses to make it, if he can persuade his readers to believe him. "As the Earth Turns," judging by its place on the best-seller lists, has many readers, and it has been accorded extravagant praise as beautiful, poetic, sure, and above all real. In other words, many readers believe that this is life, and they like it. What this means, one may guess, is that most of us live in a preponderantly urban manner, that our urban life has led us into straits, and that escape into the pastoral, the pure, and even the laborious seems by contrast alluring. When one's credit is good and misery and want are not thrust too rudely under one's nostrils, the city seems like a pretty good place to live in. But when living becomes precarious, when one is not quite sure where next month's rent is coming from, when credit at the corner grocery is wearing thin and the telephone company is writing insulting letters, then plowing and planting and even cooking and washing take on a glow that perhaps only distance can fully lend. When the devil is sick—but let us not laugh at this enthusiasm for the rugged virtues. The earth is a good thing to think about, for whatever reason. And Mrs. Carroll's earth has a smell and feel and warmth to it that are very satisfying.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Rediscovering Central Asia

On Ancient Central Asian Tracks. By Sir Aurel Stein, K. C. I. E. The Macmillan Company. \$10.

THE author's previous detailed and sumptuous books having passed out of print, the present volume, condensing and digesting the results of his notable expeditions, is very welcome. As regards the incidents, Sir Aurel is not enough of a writer to turn them into interesting narrative. His writing is plain and unambitious. Its modesty is its only virtue. But the results of the expeditions recorded here are of the greatest interest. The vast expanse of Central Asia is perhaps the most desolate in the world. Walled in by enormous mountain ranges that shut out the moisture of the distant oceans, it is dry and barren, its bottom lands caked with the salt of evaporated seas.

Yet across this immense waste a religion with its texts and paraphernalia was transmitted; three great cultures, Greek, Hindu, and Chinese, mingled; and trade, followed by empire, stubbornly persisted. Sir Aurel gives the history of this traffic of goods and civilization, as set down in the relics dug out of the dust and ordure of settlements buried and abandoned for centuries.

The imperial thrusts were chiefly Chinese; and they reveal to what high levels of efficient organization the Chinese reached during their epochs of military and economic power. Armies were led through deserts and over mountain ranges on marches compared to which Hannibal's and Napoleon's crossings of the Alps were mere excursions. Empire was maintained in this stony land to protect the caravan routes. Sir Aurel traced

elaborate walls with signal towers and fortresses, in the ruins of which were discovered records on ingenious strips of wood giving detailed administrative accounts.

Equally interesting are the relics showing the enduring influence of Greek art throughout Asia. Buddha himself, his saints, and the population of the Buddhist heaven have sensuous, full-lipped, round-cheeked Greek faces.

The most interesting and the most important of the discoveries is that of the walled library and storeroom at the Cave of the Thousand Buddhas. Here, at a neglected shrine, the richest single store of Chinese and Buddhist art and canonical literature was found within a wall hastily erected during an invasion and then forgotten for almost a millennium. Sir Aurel has apparently never been troubled in his conscience over wheeling the greater part of this incalculable treasure away from the simple-minded monk in whose keeping accident had placed it. Imperialist ethics are as primitive in archaeology as in politics. The collection, thus virtually stolen, went to British and Indian museums. But to be fair to him Sir Aurel had a valid excuse. Had the material been surrendered to the Chinese authorities most of it would have been destroyed by careless packing and lost by theft in transit.

Except for this attitude, shared by archaeologists of all nations, Sir Aurel's mind as revealed in his book is of a very high type. Discoveries of the greatest importance are reported in an unassuming way; and no attempt is made to exploit his career. There is a calm, objective quality in the author's treatment of his material which makes Sven Hedin's volumes sound shrill and forced and tourist-minded.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Science and the Crisis

The Universe of Science. By H. L. Levy. The Century Company. \$2.

Science and the Changing World. Edited by Mary Adams. The Century Company. \$2.

IF there is any one word which is a clue to the changing pattern of twentieth-century culture, it is the word crisis. Whatever field we turn to, there is no escaping it. Critics write of the crisis in art and the crisis in money, the crisis in mathematics (*Grundlagenstreit*) and the crisis in morals, the crisis in architecture and the crisis in religion. And it was a great scientist, Henri Poincaré, who more than twenty years ago wrote a prophetic chapter on *The Crisis in Mathematical Physics*. Wherever the word is used it expresses a conflict of principles or purposes, a breakdown of established habits of thought and action before new experiences or discoveries. This welter of crises, coming in a period of capitalist decline, suggests some interesting questions to the student of the philosophy of civilization. Is there any functional relation between the crisis in one field of culture and that in another? Are the temporal correlations, so easily established, evidence of significant connection? Is there any basic factor—an independent variable—which may be isolated as the determining causal influence?

Professor Levy's "Universe of Science" and his contribution to "Science and the Changing World" represent an important achievement, not only because they contain a brilliant exposition of scientific methodology, but because they indirectly illumine the larger problem of the relationship between the general crisis in culture and what is called the crisis in science. The "general crisis in culture" is a loose way of referring to the fact that customary patterns of behavior, and standards of evaluation, are being destroyed by the triple impact of science, technology, and economic depression; the "crisis in science," however, has developed out of the recent advances in atomic theory,

statistical mechanics, and the general theory of relativity. Is there any direct relation between these two? A great deal of nonsense has been written about the alleged connection between the breakdown of finance capitalism and the crisis in scientific theory. But wherever an attempt has been made to trace in detail this connection, all that has been established is a set of propositions which are just as true in periods of economic stability as in periods of economic crisis, such as that science is a social venture; that it is subsidized by those who stand to profit by its application to war and industry; that the direction of research has often been molded by extra-scientific purposes; that some scientists, in order to win experimental freedom, lean over backwards in their political and religious orthodoxy. The real question, whether the constitutive principles of science are affected by a change in the general cultural outlook, is ignored.

One may, however, point out a few facts which bear on this problem. First, science in the twentieth century, in practically every field from logic to biology, has made tremendous advances which in no way fall behind earlier achievements in comparable time-spans. Second, the religion, economics, and philosophy of Eddington, Jeans, and their confreres are no part of their scientific analysis: none of it enters into the derivation of a single equation or the discovery of a single fact. Third, the fundamental issues which lie at the basis of recent scientific theory and practice have grown out of problems set by the technical immanent development of the subject itself. Finally, there is not the slightest evidence to show that changes in general culture entered in any relevant way into the elaboration of quantum and relativity theory.

This settles one problem by raising another. How, if science is socially conditioned, can it boast such creative accomplishment amidst a general culture which exhibits confusion and disintegration?

This problem may be clarified if we state, after Professor Levy, the fundamental features of scientific method. "The keynote of scientific method," we are told, "is the separation of systems capable of being neutrally isolated." The important word here is "systems," for a particular event could neither exist nor be understood if it were completely isolated from everything else. Guided by a hypothesis of significant connection, the scientist proceeds to "separate out measurable isolates" and to discover how they vary in relation to each other. He then extrapolates his formula of functional relationship to new situations and makes predictions which, if confirmed, increase the probability of the truth of his hypothesis without ever finally demonstrating it. For it must always be borne in mind that theoretically it is impossible to prove that only one hypothesis can explain all the facts. Another hypothesis may explain all the known facts and subsequent ones as well. Where normal precautions have been taken and the predictions do not turn out, we have prima facie evidence that the experimental system is not truly isolated, and allowance must be made for additional factors.

Now in nature there are no absolutely isolated systems. Consequently occasions may arise when it is necessary to regard a given system as a special case of a wider system. But not everything in the world can be regarded as relevant to the given system, for if that were so there could be no scientifically manageable isolated systems. If things were infinitely complex and all aspects of their interrelations were equally relevant to all purposes, nothing could be understood. Their very togetherness would have to be sensed by a kind of dumb, mystic rapture. The existence of a scientific body of knowledge is itself evidence that natural systems can be found which are neutrally isolated from other systems. Indeed, Mr. Keynes has plausibly argued in his "Treatise on Probability" that the very validity of induction depends upon the assumption that there is a limited variety of natural kinds and functional dependences in the world.

If nature were infinitely complex, the probability of the recurrence of any causal conjunction would have to be infinitely small.

The relation between science and general culture may now be expressed in terms of Professor Levy's theory of "neutral isolates." Science as a theory of experimentation, eventuating in a body of verifiable truths, is independent of developments in other cultural and social fields: its truths are public—above individuals, classes, and nations. Science is a social and historical activity whose applications are controlled by a definite policy is only relatively independent of other aspects of culture. Society can determine whether science shall exist; it cannot determine what science shall find. Science concerns itself with physical systems which are completely neutral to social values. That is why it can still make great advances even when the practical needs which originally may have called it into existence have long since been fulfilled. The refusal to distinguish between the autonomous activity of science and the social motivation behind its applications is responsible for the lazy logical reduction which converts the truism "Without society, no science" to the absurdity "Revolutionary departures in theoretical science can be traced to changes in social production."

This distinction does not exclude the possibility that scientists, as citizens of a given society, subject to current passions and enthusiasms, may stress one principle rather than another in their research because of what they fancy the social implications of scientific principle to be. The controversies which attended the early work of both Newton and Darwin show to what extent the reception, development, and interpretation of scientific theories in a given culture may be influenced by social and religious bias. But it must never be lost sight of that the very nature of scientific method provides for the automatic rejection of any theory which cannot sustain itself by public experiment.

Professor Levy, without confusing the categories of scientific validity and social usefulness, emphasizes the social restrictions under which science labors today. Those who in the past provided the sinews of research are much more interested in the assurance of the existence of God, freedom, and immortality, which philosophically illiterate scientists draw from their ill-understood procedures, than they are in furthering technological inventions which may be socially useful but economically unprofitable. One can develop this line of criticism and demonstrate how the dependence of applied science upon the business cycle violates the very method by which the body of scientific knowledge has been built up. It was Charles Peirce who first called attention to the social and cooperative character of scientific method, not in the obvious sense that the greatest discoveries are always dependent upon the findings of the humblest of laboratory workers (they also serve who only stand and count), but in relation to the question of what constitutes scientific evidence. Valid evidence in science must be public, social, and international, subject to universal agreement upon the part of all who perform the specified technical operations. "As long as only one man has been able to see markings upon the planet Venus, it is not an established fact." The cooperative character of scientific inquiry contrasts very sharply with the private, competitive, and national traits which science reveals in the service of capitalist industry and war. Even the universities, which are in the main interested in pure rather than applied science, adopt competitive techniques to build up "prestige" departments without reference to the needs of the field of science as a whole and to the possibilities of its rational organization. If, despite all this duplication and unnecessary competition, science, in virtue of its relatively isolated character, has made such tremendous progress in a world torn by class and national strife, how much more impressive are the vistas which a collectivist and classless society opens up for it! Provided—and

this is the greatest paradox of science under capitalism—that its discoveries in the technique of destructive warfare do not make the further prosecution of science and all other liberal arts impossible.

SIDNEY HOOK

Low Looks at Russia

Low's Russian Sketchbook. Fifty-six Drawings by Low. Text by Kingsley Martin. London: Victor Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

LOW is England's best cartoonist. Those three letters are a recognized British trademark for political wit. You take this book in hand, thumb through it for the fifty-six drawings and laugh at each one of them. You laugh again when your first friend goes through them, and again with the next friend, and still again as you reach each cartoon in reading the text. With the knack of the artist, Low has put on paper problems more profound than he himself can realize. He has seen more than he knows he saw.

The text is by Kingsley Martin, editor of the *London New Statesman and Nation*. Martin is a liberal who calls himself a Socialist, or, perhaps, a Socialist who is often called a liberal. Before going to Russia he had read a lot and entertained a lot of doubts, the typical doubts of the intellectual who wants to approve of Bolshevism, and finally does—with reservations. He and the reader observe Russia through these doubts and these reservations—critically, in other words. It is as good a way as many another. The text, in fact, is a running debate in dialogue form with MacPherson who, I suspect, is not really another tourist but Kingsley Martin's alter ego, his other not-quite-so-Bolshevik self. Occasionally, I am afraid, Martin yields to the British sense of fair play and lets MacPherson carry off honors which do not belong to him; but on the whole the book gives the Russians the benefit of most of Martin's doubts.

Martin's inner struggle is common to just those people who want to see Russia and decide for themselves. It is that which makes it very human. Indeed, its whole rhythm is mellow and soft; nobody really quarrels—very British.

LOUIS FISCHER

Shorter Notices

Prelude to Departure. By Sylvia Paul Jerman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

Because she combines a realistic understanding of human character with a power to capture the most evanescent moods of consciousness—those fragmentary feelings by which every human being knows his own personality as something distinct from what it appears to be in the comment of the outside world—Mrs. Jerman has fashioned an absorbing and credible tale from a plot that might, in other hands, be too slender and exotic. Using the sensitive plant as hero, she has refrained from giving her hero the alibi of art. Charles Moynihan's failure in life is no tragedy of frustrated talent, but rather the unassuming story of a shy and frightened young man who rushes into an unfortunate marriage as a form of escape, and finally attempts, through a belated love affair, to break the shell of fear and self-consciousness that has imprisoned him all his life. In the confused hour that precedes his departure he recalls his own past and the strange, bitter life of the crippled Daisy, and his memories and emotions converge to the point of action with such overwhelming force that he takes flight from the house in a moment of panic and revulsion. The book is a *tour de force*, but an extremely clever one.

Cold Comfort Farm. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

A burlesque on the earthy, passionate, sexy, desperate farm novel which has been popular in England lately and not unknown in the United States. Miss Gibbons has no mercy on her characters, the writers whom she is imitating, or sometimes her own readers. For she lets her zest run away with her, and labors the joke until it is confusing and even dull. Many of her pages, especially in the first half of the book, are genuinely funny. If her exuberance could be trimmed and she could be taken aside and advised not to let her fun degenerate into rather soppy romance, she might write an excellent satirical novel.

Doctor Gion. By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Robert O. Ballou. \$2.

A symbolist novel in which each character stands for a phase of the human soul and every incident has a fantastic unreality, Hans Carossa's story of Dr. Gion displays both the charm and the weaknesses of its genre. Its charm lies in its serious Germanic piety toward the soul, in its attitude of sentimental concern for the fate of mankind. Its weakness arises from the fact that the symbolism is often vague and hackneyed. Here is the familiar point-counter-point as particularized in post-war Germany. The sensitive Dr. Gion, symbol of the scientific attitude, in the course of his healing brings three other lives into a mystical relationship with his own—Emerence, the primitive peasant woman, who represents the blind earth-force; Cynthia, the woman of genius, too neurotic to mate or bear children, whose cry is that "everything must become difficult again"; and lastly Toni, his powers still enigmatic and unawakened, a young boy who stands for that Germany which will rise out of the present chaos. Carossa's work strongly recalls Wassermann; but unlike Wassermann, he is deficient in pessimism. The story ends on a note of consolation which one distrusts, feeling that it arises automatically from the medicinal properties inherent in the symbols used. His is the rhetorical optimism of the poet, who finds in the fashioning of symbols both comfort and cure for the pain of reality.

Films

"Cocktail Hour"

BOTH of the pictures chosen for review this week were bad to the point of irritation and bad for pretty much the same reasons. The chief of these was that in neither case was the director himself sufficiently interested in the idea or notion around which he was supposed to build his story. It is not difficult, of course, to understand why Mr. Schertzinger was not very much inspired by the theme furnished him in the script of "Cocktail Hour" (Radio City Music Hall). It is the very much overworked theme of feminine emancipation; Miss Bebe Daniels, as the highly paid commercial artist surrounded by dozens of predatory males, is forced to say all the old things about marriage versus career in pretty much the same old way. Only a genius could ring a few changes on such a theme, and Mr. Schertzinger is not a genius, despite his lively appreciation of genius in the work of others. To enable himself and his audience to forget the fundamentally hackneyed nature of his material, Mr. Schertzinger resorts to a multiplicity of small effects, each and every one of which, unfortunately, merely serves to remind us of some other director who was more happily at home with his material. Because "Cocktail Hour" is really nothing more than a dully synthetic résumé of all the sophisticated comedy films of the last two or three years, its sole interest will be

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"A master . . . has quietly made his appearance," writes Percy Hutchison in the *New York Times*. "Those who pass by his novel will have lost the opportunity for a rare degree of pleasure."

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for the historical-minded movie-goer who is concerned with tracing out the development and influence of certain technical effects already familiar to him. A comparison of the morning-after breakfast scene with its original in "Private Lives," for example, will prove mildly instructive. There is a complicated problem in "influences" to be derived from Mr. Schertzing's imitation of Mamoulian's imitation of Lubitsch's imitation of one of René Clair's more successful effects. Perhaps the picture will justify itself if only it makes clear that it is no longer amusing to stylize departures by train or boat by showing a succession of valises being passed down a line of porters. And it may also serve to illustrate once again that of all types of screen play the so-called "smart-sophisticated" is most in need of a deliber-

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

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Vol. CXXXVI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1933

No. 3547

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	709
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Roosevelt—So Far	711
Business Hops Aboard	712
Can New York Be Saved?	713
In Their Courses	714
CHICAGO: TWO EXHIBITS. By Margaret Marshall	715
HITLER AND ENGLAND. By Oswald Garrison Villard	718
IN DEFENSE OF CONGRESS. By Paul Y. Anderson	720
THE ROOSEVELT LEGISLATIVE RECORD. By Mauritz A. Hallgren	723
MACHADO PREPARES TO GO. By Hubert Herring	725
THE NAZIS AT GENEVA. By Robert Dell	726
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter	728
CORRESPONDENCE	728
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	729
BOOKS AND ART:	
Blame Them. By Genevieve Taggard	730
La Jeunesse de Tarzan. By Joseph Wood Krutch	730
The End of a Masterpiece. By Mark Van Doren	731
How the Bankers Do It. By John T. Flynn	731
The Melanesian Woman. By Melville J. Herskovits	732
An Old, Old Story. By John Cournos	732
Revolutionist's Symposium. By Sidney Hook	733
Shorter Notices	734
Art: The Tail Wags the Dog. By Anita Brenner	735

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. British Agent, Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE REVELATION of President Roosevelt's attitude on currency stabilization must come as a crushing blow to all who had looked to the London conference to put the world on the road to economic recovery. There are only two things of importance that the conference could achieve: tariff reductions and a return to stabilized currency. The prospects of the first are now negligible; some of the members of the American delegation cannot even propose a multi-lateral reduction of trade barriers by the meaningless 10 per cent without designating the proposal as unofficial. And a return of the world's paper currency to some definite gold level is now thrown ahead to an indefinite future. For what reason? Because, in the words of Mr. Acheson, Acting Secretary of the Treasury: "We do not wish to say that any currency should be pegged at the present level on any certain date. We just have not arrived at a place where we can pick out a particular point where stabilization should take place." When, in the President's opinion, shall we arrive at such a point, and how shall we know we are there?

WE CAN UNDERSTAND the President's reluctance to undertake an artificial stabilization of the dollar through speculative operations by the government. A stabilization of this type might prove very costly; it would be of not very great value in any case, and as currently discussed it

would mean stabilization in terms of a pound which is itself unstabilized. We can understand, too, the President's reluctance to commit himself to maintain the present level of the dollar, and most of the stabilization proposals seem to assume that end. But the assumption runs through the Washington dispatches that Mr. Roosevelt now thinks of stabilization as itself a deflationary or anti-inflationary measure. This is a profound misconception of its effect. Whether it is inflationary or deflationary depends upon the level fixed. If the gold content of the dollar were reduced to a point below the present quotation of the dollar in the foreign exchange market, the return to gold would be inflationary. Another misconception which the President's advisers may be under is that to announce the return to gold now would involve an immediate return to gold. All that would really be necessary would be for the conference to fix a definite date—say, July 1, 1934, or even January 1, 1935—when gold payments at a lower level would be resumed. The definite fixing of the new gold content would in itself sufficiently stabilize the dollar to make a "stabilization fund" unnecessary.

ONE OF THE MOST depressing things about a depression is that to many minds it justifies measures which at some other time would readily be recognized as unwise or dangerous. An instance is the decision to spend \$238,000,000 to construct thirty-two naval vessels in the next three years. When a similar proposal came before Congress in the Hoover Administration, the pressure of public opinion was such that the plan was rejected. In spite of the argument that our navy is not yet up to the strength permitted by the London Treaty, an increasing number of Americans are coming to oppose further building because they realize that a big fleet is apt to make a nation jingoistic and put the control of its policies in regard to peace and war in the hands of professional militarists. In the present instance it was possible to allocate the money for naval construction without public discussion because Mr. Roosevelt decided it might come out of the \$3,300,000,000 for public works placed at his disposal by the industrial-recovery act. The justification for the program, of course, is that it will "make work." But in the meanwhile the government is laying off workers elsewhere and cutting out important educational and scientific projects. Secretary of the Navy Swanson says that 85 per cent of the money will go directly for labor. Probably that contention would be hard to prove. Anyhow it may be suggested that if he would pay men to play leap frog, 100 per cent of the money would go for labor and the consequences would be far less mischievous.

THE NEW GLASS-STEAGALL ACT has some provisions that must have the approval of everyone interested in sound banking. These provisions include that compelling the separation of security affiliates from commercial banks, that forbidding a bank to make loans to any of its own officers, that raising the minimum capitalization of national banks from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and that providing that the Federal Reserve Board may warn officers of member

banks whom it finds engaging in unsound practices, and remove them if they persist. Other provisions, like that authorizing national banks to establish State-wide branches in those States in which State banks expressly have the same privilege, are steps—even if timid steps—in the right direction. Still other provisions are more dubious. One of these is that forbidding the payment of interest on demand deposits. The intent behind this was the justifiable one of attempting to prevent the payment of dangerous competitive rates on such deposits. From 1918 to 1922, for example, 3 per cent was paid on such deposits, a rate obviously extravagant. But a flat prohibition against the payment of interest on demand deposits may lead to a fictitious growth of time deposits and a dangerous lowering of reserve requirements in boom periods. It would have been much better to leave to the discretion of the Federal Reserve Board the question of prohibiting interest on demand deposits or fixing a maximum interest rate, according to conditions at any time.

THE MOST DUBIOUS PROVISION of the measure, on the positive side, is that relating to the guaranty of bank deposits. Deposits are to be guaranteed, beginning next January 1, unless the President decides to fix an earlier date, up to \$2,500. After July 1, 1934, however, a Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation is to be established which will furnish 100 per cent insurance on deposits up to \$10,000, 75 per cent insurance on deposits between that sum and \$50,000, and 50 per cent insurance on sums over \$50,000. The guaranty of banks deposits, instead of aiming to prevent bad banking, aims to compel well-managed banks to make good the losses caused by bad banking. The guaranty of bank deposits has finally been abandoned by practically every State that has tried it—and bank-deposit guaranty laws run back for a century or more. The principal objects of such a guaranty could have been secured by limiting the guaranty permanently to \$2,500 of any single deposit; such a provision, according to figures collected by the Comptroller of the Currency, would insure in full 94 per cent of the bank depositors of the country; and it would do so without unduly depleting the reserves or threatening the solvency of soundly managed banks. The measure as it stands will put a serious drain on the United States Treasury and on the sound banks, without really securing one of the objects of deposit-guaranty. Persons and firms with more than \$10,000 on deposit will not leave them in a bank they consider unsafe merely because the deposit is 75 or 50 per cent guaranteed; so the law will not prevent runs on banks by big depositors. But it is on the negative side, perhaps, that the new banking bill is subject to the most serious criticism. Attorneys for the Federal Reserve Board have argued that Congress has the power to force all the State banks to take out national charters. Congress has not attempted to exercise these powers. No real control of the banking system is possible as long as it remains under forty-nine laws, and as long as the federal banking laws must compete with the State banking laws in laxity.

THE DECISION of the International Olympic Sports Committee at its session of June 7 in Vienna to sanction the holding of the 1934 Olympic games in Berlin reflects little credit on the foresight of the American delegation and none on the honesty of intention of the German representatives. General Charles Sherrill, of the United States dele-

gation, insisted that the games be conducted "in the Olympic spirit," and that no German Jew should be excluded from the German team because of his faith or race. A motion to that effect was unanimously adopted after Dr. Theodor Lewald, spokesman of the German government, had accepted the "letter and the spirit" of the resolution. Altogether the Nazi government may boast of having won an easy victory. For the promise means less than nothing while Jewish athletes are forbidden to hold membership in German sport organizations where they may acquire the requisite preparatory training. The Reich Commissioner for Sport in the Ministry of the Interior, Hans von Tschammer und Osten, who is charged with the supervision of all German sports, has just published an outline of the aims and purposes of German sport organizations, in which he states: "The basic factor in the new development of German sport life is its Aryan foundation. Be it understood once and for all that German sport is for the Aryan, not for the Jew. The Jew cannot participate in the privileges or work of our organizations." The American delegation should withdraw from the Olympics.

THE THREE JUDGES of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston have reversed the decision of District Judge James A. Lowell which granted a writ of habeas corpus to George Crawford, Negro, whom Massachusetts had ordered extradited to Virginia to be tried for the murder of Mrs. Agnes Boeing Ilsley. It will be recalled that Judge Lowell's decision, based on various Supreme Court precedents, rested on the presumption that Crawford's constitutional rights would not be protected and that he would not get a fair trial in Virginia because Negroes were excluded from jury duty there. The reversal, on technical grounds, was not surprising in view of the extremely limited discretion which the habeas corpus law grants judges. But the overruling decision pointed out that this issue could be raised, if not on habeas corpus in extradition procedure, then in Virginia; and it is already apparent that the issue can most effectively be presented in the Supreme Court of the United States should Crawford be extradited and convicted—with no Negroes on the jury. Indeed, as *The Nation* has pointed out, Judge Lowell's great service was his publicizing of the long-standing injustice in the South in the exclusion of Negroes from juries, and already extra-legal effects of his decision may be noted. On June 12 attorneys for a Negro held in Alexandria, Virginia, for manslaughter after an automobile accident advised the judge, William P. Woolls of the Corporation Court, that they expected to raise the question of unconstitutional discrimination as in the Crawford case (in a contiguous Virginia county), since no Negro had been called to the grand jury which would consider the charge. To Judge Woolls's great credit, without waiting for more formal procedure, he called a new grand jury with a Negro in the panel, and further ordered the names of seven colored men to be placed in the grand jury of forty-eight. Moreover, the clerk of his court shortly after announced that the names of twenty colored persons in Alexandria would be added by the jury commissioners to the regular jury list of approximately three hundred.

A FEW WEEKS AGO we commented somewhat frivolously upon the exploit of President Robinson of the College of the City of New York, who gave battle with an

umbrella to a group of pacifist students gathered to protest against an exhibition drill by the local unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. This essentially comic incident has now taken a serious turn with the expulsion of twenty students, and we feel that we should protest against the editorial attitude assumed by several New York newspapers, which have accepted without question the official account of the incident representing President Robinson as the victim of an unprovoked attack. According to many students, President Robinson, instead of being the victim, actually crossed the street which separated him from the demonstrators and thus himself precipitated the serio-comic riot. There seems no reason to regard this account as less trustworthy than the official one, and if it is accepted, it throws an entirely different light upon the whole incident. We have no desire to minimize the difficulty of the situation, which is certainly getting out of hand. The students are in a hostile mood and it is not unlikely that the ranks of the protestants are being swelled by youths interested only in the traditional college sport of baiting an unpopular official. But it is obvious that a college president who allows the situation to get out of hand, who has fallen into the habit of calling in the police almost as a matter of routine policy, has passed the period of his usefulness. The situation calls for a man of humor, tact, and ingenuity. It calls for a man who can win the respect of at least a majority of the student body and who can keep his temper under trying conditions. President Robinson, who is short-tempered, pompous, and testy, is not the man to manage a rebellious student body.

WE UNDERSTAND that Chicago has decided not to be too austere during the period of its celebration. Thus, according to our cynical contemporary *Variety*, one of the most popular attractions at the Big Show is an "art class" (with nude female model) to which all and sundry are admitted for the small sum of twenty-five cents—with a piece of paper and a stick of charcoal included. This doubtless illustrates the progress which has been made since the days of the World's Fair of 1893 when the hoochie-koochie dance was the sensation, but we do feel that the Lincoln Park commissioners missed a chance to display their ingenuity when they decided against a project to build a stockade for nude sun bathers because it would cost too much to erect a high fence free from all knot-holes. Why not build it on the exposition grounds, lease the knot-holes at twenty-five cents per minute, and thus make the whole a "self-liquidating project"?

Mr. Roosevelt—So Far

WITH the adjournment of Congress we may pause for a moment to review the remarkable record of Mr. Roosevelt, who in less than four months in office has to his credit a larger and better-rounded program of legislation than any other President in this century has obtained in four years. Not only has he obtained all the major legislation which he sought, including much which is experimental and drastic, but—with the exception of a slight compromise in regard to benefits to veterans—he has been able to get his measures enacted practically as he presented them. In doing this Mr. Roosevelt has been vastly assisted by circum-

stance. After four years of disastrous drift under Herbert Hoover, the nation realized itself to be desperately in need of action, and Mr. Roosevelt correctly interpreted his overwhelming electoral majority as a mandate from the people to inaugurate almost any policy which he thought fit within the framework of existing government and without scrapping the profit system in industry. But though greatly aided by circumstance, Mr. Roosevelt must receive full credit for the prompt, adroit, vigorous way in which he used and dominated popular psychology. Immense power was granted to him by the people almost on a non-partisan basis—provided he used it at once. He showed great ability in capitalizing the moment.

But so far the President has won only the first heat in the race. The real contest lies ahead. Except for emergency action in regard to the banks and a start toward organizing the forestry corps, Mr. Roosevelt's program is still almost entirely on paper. Will he be able to vitalize it so substantially to revive industry, and if so, will the revival have the elements of permanence or be only a wan smile before industry sinks again into coma? Rather than try to answer directly either of those questions, perhaps it is more profitable to consider what the program as a whole aims at and by what means President Roosevelt hopes to realize it.

Elsewhere in this issue we present a summary of the more important legislation passed at the recent session of Congress and a special editorial discussion of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which is the keystone of the structure. Of the program as a whole, it may be said here that it abandons openly what in fact we have, without admitting it, been bit by bit abandoning for years—the theoretical policy of keeping government out of business. Federal control of business has now frankly been assumed in many new directions, but it is only temporary in character and does not envisage socialization of industry or elimination of the profit system. The emphasis is all on reviving industry, which manifestly cannot function without some assistance. Any benefit to the worker must trickle down from the top, which is no profound change from what we have had.

Of course those who defend Mr. Roosevelt for not going farther, for not profiting by the unique moment in history when he could easily have nationalized the banks and really kept the money changers out of the temple as he so bravely announced in his inaugural, may allege that he was not elected to initiate a collective society. And it may be therefore deemed pointless to criticize him for not doing so. But it is also fair to say that the American public in its overwhelming electoral revolution of last November was seeking relief—relief from economic disaster—and that it would not have cared in what form or under what formula such relief had been secured. *The Nation* feels that Mr. Roosevelt could have and should have moved farther to the left, and that his program will fall short of success for that very reason. Certainly the beneficiaries of the profit system which his program seeks to restore have never shown any disposition to permit a sufficiently broad distribution of wealth even to insure their own preservation.

One tendency is noticeable in President Roosevelt's entire program which we surmise may prove eventually to be its greatest weakness. Mr. Roosevelt has lacked the courage or the wish to relieve distress or absorb losses through public moneys. Even within the limits of his platform and princi-

ples, we believe that he could and should have begun a system of public borrowing as extensive as that initiated, with much less justification, to finance the World War. It might have been backed safely with increased income taxes in the higher brackets and perhaps a capital levy. As it is, the government resources for direct relief to persons in distress are tragically inadequate, and the problem is approached almost wholly by means of "public works," which offer support only to a few groups and that after a slow process of organization. Mr. Roosevelt's idea of liquidating national losses seems to be to let the weakest go to the wall. That happened in connection with the banks. Generally speaking, depositors in strong banks were saved as against those in weak banks; depositors in big-city banks were saved as against those in country banks; depositors in the East were saved as against those in the Middle West. The same tendency of "the devil take the hindmost" is seen in the new farm-mortgage and home-loan legislation. Those laws appear to hold out more help for mortgage holders than for those whose property is mortgaged.

If inflation of the currency ever goes far and prices rise largely in consequence, the benefits will go to bankers and brokers, manufacturers and merchants, and probably also to farmers. Wage- and salary-earners will be ground between rapid and big increases in prices and slow, inadequate gains in pay. Thus far the cost of industrial depression and consequent unemployment has been borne primarily by wage workers—in hunger, homelessness, and misery—and by the middle classes in the wiping out of their savings. It looks as if a return of "prosperity"—if attained—would arrive by the same route. That is, the poor will pay for it out of their hides and the middle classes out of their pocket-books. Yet such may be the only means which the profit system knows, and if so, believers in that technique—as most Americans appear to be—ought not to grumble.

Neither do we imagine that they will grumble—much—if the greater number of our 15,000,000 unemployed are finally reabsorbed into industry. If Mr. Roosevelt can accomplish that miracle, he will not be held closely accountable for the means or the human cost. If he fails, his widely famed "brain trust" will pass into history as so much brain rust.

Business Hops Aboard

IN spite of the speed and agility with which business men and business associations and conservative newspapers are hopping aboard the national-recovery program, severe doubt and mental distress are evident in the same quarters. Like the rest of us they realize that the effects of the new law are unpredictable. Unlike many of us they feel that whatever its effects their basic economic faith has suddenly been blasted out from under them. It is instructive to read the recent statements of business leaders. Generally speaking, criticism has been inhibited; optimism is the prevailing note. But anxiety lurks underneath. Has business been handed a new lease of life or offered an opportunity to deliver itself up as a sacrificial goat on the altar of a planned economy?

Many industrial leaders are undoubtedly behind the measure. These include manufacturers who suffer from prac-

tices on the part of their competitors which will henceforth be stigmatized—and penalized—as unfair. They include also manufacturers and distributors who have given up hope that "natural" processes will serve to stop the deflationary tendencies which have brought them to ruin or near it. Many of these feel that government supervision is the price they must pay for the right to combine and to fix prices. But others look farther ahead and see in this new vast scheme for coordinating industry dangers more deadly than those that now confront them—price levels which at present represent a minimum but which may be pegged as a maximum; wage and hour scales controlled by government boards; labor unions intrenched and even sponsored by the government. They foresee evils which cannot possibly be outweighed by a relaxation of the anti-trust laws. And they believe that the huge machinery of control set up presumably for the purposes of an emergency will not be wiped out at the end of two years. Between these groups are all shades of opposition to and approval of President Roosevelt's planned economy. But since the recovery bill is now law, they are hastening to climb into the ark, hoping for a safe landing on some not-too-distant Ararat. For they know that the unrighteous will surely be allowed to perish.

One can only view with pity the psychological distress of the ordinary business man. He has compromised the doctrine of laissez faire when it served his interests to do so, but he has always clung to it as fundamental gospel. And now he is asked to believe that all his prophets, including him who so recently preached the creed of rugged individualism, were false, and that a new faith, smelling suspiciously of Moscow, is the one to which he must adhere. The rapid execution of trade codes, the enthusiastic public support by business of the control measures, must not blind us to industry's fear of the new gods it has been asked to worship.

What are the facts behind these fears? No one can possibly prophesy with assurance. We must watch the plans as they hatch out in the trade associations, in the labor unions, and in the offices of Hugh Johnson and his aids before we can gauge directions or estimate effects. But it is more than probable that industry's worst fears are without foundation. American business men must swallow one huge pill—the end of free competition. Having downed that, they can proceed to reap their usual lion's share of any good results which the recovery law—together with the other Administration measures—may bring about. Probably they cannot hope for an assured 20 or 25 per cent even if they make such amounts, as the retail cigar and cigarette distributors have already done, an integral part of their new "code of ethics." Probably they will have to deal with labor unions as they did during the war. Probably they will have to pay wages better than the starvation rates now so generally in effect (Mr. Roosevelt in his official statement advocated variously "the wages of decent living" and "a living wage for the shorter week") and cut hours to make room for more workers. But if inflation or the fear of it continues for even a time to stimulate prices and buying, if more money is spent in wages and in turn is spent for goods, if employment increases rapidly, then manufacturers and merchants will find their sacrifice amply repaid. For there is no reason to suppose that the Roosevelt Administration means to limit profits any farther than is absolutely necessary in order to increase purchasing power and thus help business itself.

Mr. Roosevelt speaks of the "public trust that has this day been reposed without stint in the good faith and high purpose of American business." He says that the purpose of the new government controls is "to free business—not to shackle it—and no man who stands on the constructive, forward-looking side of his industry has anything to fear from them. To such men the opportunities for individual initiative will open more amply than ever." He says that "the aim of this whole effort is to restore our rich domestic market by raising its vast consuming capacity." No single threat to profits appears in his statement of the policies which will govern the administration of the new law. It is, in fact, a measure designed to restore profits by restricting practices which have proved insane and ruinous for business itself.

What the country at large and especially the workers of the country stand to gain from even the most effective administration of the act, it will take a long time to learn. If men and women are put back to work in millions and are paid "the wages of decent living," the people will have reason to be grateful. If, in addition, the recovery board succeeds in keeping prices from rising faster than wage payments—an almost inconceivable achievement but one which the President optimistically demands—the country will be still more pleased. If labor unions are restored to even their war-time size and vigor and independence, an important added check on industrial power will be established. None of these is sufficient to satisfy those who, like the editors of *The Nation*, believe that no lasting social good can be born from the struggle for profits, but the achievement of such immediately desirable objectives would at least show that the Administration, though working within the limits of modern capitalism, was determined to enforce some regard for public welfare as well as private profit.

The danger is that these essential minimum guaranties of decency will not and cannot be enforced. American business may for the moment present a docile and acquiescent appearance, but it is accustomed to rule and will attempt, as surely as it has attempted in the past, to dominate the government boards set up to rule it. Nor is it likely to admit for long that labor clauses and restrictions on profits are necessary conditions of its continued existence. Already we have the assurance of Robert P. Lamont, formerly the Secretary of Commerce, now president of the Iron and Steel Institute, that the steel industry "stands positively for the open shop; it is unalterably opposed to the closed shop. . . . If this position is not protected in the bill, the industry is positive in the belief that the intent and purpose of the bill cannot be accomplished." And the newspapers report that the workers' organizations, set up to comply with the law in various steel companies, will be patterned on the employees' benevolent associations which United States Steel has used since 1918 to keep unions out of the industry. Another interesting statement is that of L. P. St. Clair, president of the Union Oil Company of California. At a conference of crude-oil producers called to discuss price-fixing under government control, Mr. St. Clair remarked: "The utilities have their prices fixed now, and that's the only class of industry that has made profits during the depression." In view of the methods employed by the utilities in maintaining rates which insure profits even in the depth of a world-wide depression, this executive's words carry an ominous suggestion.

We do not believe that President Roosevelt or his more

enlightened advisers or General Johnson intend that the recovery act shall be used to fasten high prices and low wages on the country. They doubtless want a genuine "planned economy" designed to insure prosperity through good wages, moderate profits, and a balance between production and consumption. On the other hand, we are equally certain that many, perhaps most, industrialists—whatever their present protestations—do not intend that any planned economy shall be allowed to do them out of opportunities to make as much money as possible. That reckless competition has curtailed such opportunity at present they are ready to recognize, but they will do their best to see that their hands are not tied for the future. As another oil man remarked during the price-fixing discussion mentioned above: "We'd be delighted today to have dollar oil, but if we allow this scheme to be foisted on us we will have dollar oil for the next two or three years when we won't want it." Whether the Administration can successfully resist the pressure of the most powerful industrial groups in the country, welded into even larger and stronger units under the provisions of this act, is open to doubt. To translate its good intentions into accomplished fact will take courage and determination beyond anything that capitalist politics has taught us to expect.

Can New York Be Saved?

MUST New York City go the way of Chicago? Must the richest, proudest city in the world lapse into the abyss of bankruptcy, on the edge of which it now teeters perilously? Must its citizens suffer their 38,000 school teachers to go unpaid, their educational system to be further demoralized, their twenty-three hospitals to slight the care of the sick, while a steadily increasing burden of imposts falls upon those already in distress, public relief is suspended, and offices, apartments, and dwellings become increasingly vacant? Yes, if Tammany is retained for the next four years by the voters in the fall election.

This is an old, a wearisome story. The burden of corrupt city government has rested on the shoulders of Father Knickerbocker for decades. It has been an institution in New York since the first braves gathered in the Tammany wigwam 145 years ago with the object of scalping their fellow-citizens. But in this past century and a half New Yorkers, like other Americans bent on their own acquisitive pursuits, complacent in the midst of abundance, have tolerated Tammany. Only occasionally have they engaged in a brief and ineffective political revolt in the name of reform or fusion. Reform invariably was temporary and futile, partly because the reformers represented divergent interests and could not long maintain solidarity in the face of Tammany's "cohesive force of public plunder." More essentially, reform failed because in its brief periods of power, it did not demonstrate to the masses any benefit accruing to them from so called "good government." And today, too, reform is discredited because thinking people have become aware of the larger big-business corruption behind the grafting of lesser politicians.

The problem that confronts New York today differs

only in degree from the problem in the days of Murphy, Croker, Tweed, and their predecessors. But in that degree there is a world of difference. Never before has the city's plight been so grave. Never before has so much that is indispensable to the attainment of "life . . . and the pursuit of happiness" been so bound up in the need of a political, economic, and social house-cleaning. When the nation was prosperous and the sky was the limit, Tammany, like our parasitic bankers, could take its toll and the public cared little. Today the disastrous consequences of long-intrenched corruption have mounted to portentous dimensions.

Can anything be done about it? Can the defeatist spirit, which long since took possession of the American voters, particularly in our large municipalities, be overcome? Can we vote our way out of the dilemma? Even that question has an anachronistic sound. A large part of the public appears indifferent; that which is not indifferent feels hopeless and helpless. Yet never has Tammany been more on the defensive than today. Never have the effects of its looting been so widely felt and resented—an inevitable result of enlarging its field of rapacity so that few enterprises or persons escape. Never before has there been so wide a realization of the necessity in New York of securing an even moderately honest, efficient, and public-spirited government if the national program of recovery is not to be completely nullified by local conditions.

As usual, the anti-Tammany forces are divided. They feel handicapped by the refusal of various "white hopes"—Governor Alfred E. Smith, Joseph V. McKee, Judge Samuel Seabury, and others—to become their standard bearers. The Socialists stand not only for "good government," in the conventional sense, but for a really enlightened program of urban life. Moreover, they have demonstrated, as in Milwaukee, their ability to materialize an idealistic purpose and have made that foremost Wisconsin city the best-governed large municipality in America. But their chance of success in New York City this fall is, alas, non-existent.

There remains a candidate upon whom conceivably most of the diverse anti-Tammany elements could unite, whose election, in so far as any one man's could accomplish it, would mean efficient and enlightened government for New York and offer the hope of more than the temporary breathing spell which previous sparse fusion victories have offered. That is Fiorello H. La Guardia. He is not only intimately acquainted with the affairs of the city through his former service as president of the Board of Aldermen, but has had an admirable and conspicuous career as a radical in Congress, with a record of single-handed achievement almost unique in the House. Big business would not welcome La Guardia because he would deal as uncompromisingly with the legalized graft of the bankers as with the politicians' rackets. While the Socialists, in accord with usual party principles and practice, will probably put a ticket in the field, they might be persuaded in the case of La Guardia to indorse him and run no candidate for the mayoralty. Any other move would tend to maintain the rule of Curry and McCooey and their vast horde of satellites. In any event Tammany is beatable. And it would be desirable for those who realize how much is at stake to submerge their differences and unite to put in office a man of tried and tested ability and character, not as a utopian solution, but as an indispensable step to a desired goal.

In Their Courses

THERE are few of us who have not, at one time or another, glanced at the starry heavens on a summer's night. Yet not one man in ten has actually observed the simplest of its phenomena for himself or could distinguish with assurance the waxing moon from the waning. This is an age of science and an age of popular education, but there is not one person in a thousand who knows as much about the pageant of the skies as the Chaldean watchers knew several thousand years ago. We may be sure, as they were not, that the earth goes around the sun. An eclipse may be for us merely the occasion of a jolly holiday. And yet, if you ask almost any of us for more than words, we are lost. We do not even know what the sky looks like, much less why it looks as it does, or why, for instance, the "harvest moon" hangs so impressively in the eastern sky.

No one who has seen a demonstration of a Zeiss projection planetarium is likely to forget the experience or to be quite so ignorant again. This marvelous instrument, which projects upon the dome of an artificial sky the entire spectacle of the heavens, is by far the finest device ever imagined to dramatize the stars in their courses. In addition to all the major bodies, it can show each of the 9,000 fixed stars visible to the naked eye from any point on the earth's surface, and what is more, it can put the whole company through its paces. The operator may select any time and any place as his starting-point. He can then show the sky as it would appear at that moment from that spot, and he can set the whole in motion, either at an accelerated speed or at the pace of nature. The sun rises and sets, the moon and the planets go through their phases, and the fixed stars rise and set, with the pole star describing its tiny circle and certain of the constellations setting one evening not to rise again until spring has come round once more. The wonderful instrument also demonstrates the precession of the equinoxes, predicts eclipses, and calculates Easter. What is perhaps most important of all, it is not, like the old-fashioned planetaria, a series of revolving balls, but a replica of the heavens as they appear, so that what one sees is what one would see if, freed from time and space, one could look up at the sky whenever and from wherever one chose.

Several of these marvelous instruments have been set up in Germany, and there is one in Moscow. Chicago established hers a few years ago, and one is now building in Philadelphia. We only hope that the project of the American Museum of Natural History in New York will go through. Its scheme to borrow money for this "self-liquidating project" from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is said to have been approved, and it awaits now only a grant of land from the city, which, we hope, will not be denied. Experience indicates that spectators will flock to the exhibitions and that they will learn fascinating things which every educated man ought to know—but doesn't.

It is true that the instrument and the building are necessarily costly. Something over \$700,000 is needed. One might, however, remember that this is less than twice what the public paid in a few months to see "Design for Living," and hardly more than it costs to produce an elaborate motion picture.

Chicago: Two Exhibits

By MARGARET MARSHALL

Chicago, June 4

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

IF you have never been to Chicago you will be surprised to hear that it is not a heap of ruins lying beside the blue waters of Lake Michigan and filled with the smoking guns of gangsters and the dead bones of Middle Western civilization. In spite of bank panics, Insull crashes, real-estate collapses, receiverships and receivership scandals, five years of back taxes, toppling insurance companies, unrented office buildings, 14,000 unpaid school teachers (since January), 5,000 unpaid county employees (since November), the *Tribune's* editorial policy, Charlie Dawes, Bill Thompson, the Marshall Field estate, Death Corner, repossessed cars, caught-short subdivisions, and 171,000 families on relief—in spite of all this, Michigan Avenue lies serene and wide, one of the world's beautiful streets, Grant Park is green and spacious, and a Century of Progress, risen out of Lake Michigan on 424 acres of reclaimed land, is a spectacle which only America in all its chaotic richness could produce and which must move even those who are most skeptical of world fairs in general and of Chicago's present gesture in particular.

The fair, which lies along the lake front opposite the Loop, is a parade, three and a half miles long, of modern architecture, child of science to which the show is dedicated. It is not by any means a vision of static, sure beauty; it is certainly stimulating and alive, a panorama of intense modern colors and shapes that startle the eye and disturb the mind. We shall have to find new names for these burning blues and sulphurous oranges, these dead whites, these beating yellows and tortuous greens that seem to have come from a chemical laboratory. There are many contrasts to be sure. The ancient ingratiating peace of a Belgian village is available as a retreat from the worst of the fair's larger structures, a strident green Transportation Building, preposterous and irrelevant, that was built as it is only, presumably, because it was possible. (It is said that even the official explanation of its "breathing dome" is a fake.) Prefabricated houses, clean, square, and cool, contrast with Indian tepees, dusty, round, and hot. The crude, irretrievable simplicity of the Lincoln cabin and old Fort Dearborn offers nostalgic quiet after mind-taxing hours before the complicated wonders of the basic scheme.

But modern architecture dominates the scene, as it was designed to. And for the most part, as architecture it must be called unsuccessful—except by night. Its colors and shapes are unassimilated in the American scene. In the same breath it must be said that this is not surprising. One has only to travel from the depths of Indiana to the lake front of Chicago to realize that America swallowing modern architecture must produce distortions. By the time the fair closes, a large taste of it will have been taken. For this reason one could wish that the fair architecture were much better than it is, half as good, say, as it might have been. But the distortions of modern architecture can hardly be worse than the prevailing distortions of the Victorian period that now disfigure the American small town. And they are much more easily re-

moved. Moreover, one can cling to the hope that the Chrysler Building rather than the brick-industries house will induce imitation. The future implications of the fair's architecture are much more important than its present accomplishments, but it can be said whole-heartedly for these that they set a new and refreshing style in carnival architecture.

The Chrysler Building, as I have indicated, is the outstanding architectural piece. It is white; it is simple and pure in line; it is exceedingly beautiful. It is lighted at night by a series of perpendicular columns of dull gold and silver light. Holabird and Root designed it. I am told that its height was affected by that great American institution, competition. The original model was not so tall and more nearly resembled, in abstract white, an automobile engine mounted—a symbol of floating power. In an effort to compete with the tower of General Motors nearby, the height was raised. It is beautiful as it is. Whether it would have been even more successful if competition had not entered in is an open question—as it is in other important phases of American life in this year 1933.

The Hall of Science, which is the center of the fair, is a monstrous, many-sided stage set. Its twenty-four piercing colors and its great variety of line have the artificial garish cast of stage props that do not bear well the common light of day. Given darkness and artificial light, it is exciting and spectacular—but hardly in a style adaptable for ordinary living. The same may be said for the electrical group which faces the Hall of Science across a starry lagoon.

The General Motors Building, where one may see a car assembled, is a modernistic commonplace. It is striking but not particularly original in design or feeling. At night, again, light softens its rasping color and expands its limited significance. This, by the way, is the site of a canceled Rivera mural. Only the Chrysler among the main buildings is as beautiful by day as it is by night.

The Federal Building invites ironical comment. It is a round blue dome from which rise three white pylons of equal size, disproportionately large and awkward. They represent, my friends, the legislative, the judiciary, and the executive branches of the government.

Next to the architecture itself, the lighting is the most striking feature of the fair. The ceremony of intercepting rays from Arcturus with which to turn on a searchlight on the Hall of Science tower has been performed in true American fashion not once but many times—and will be performed over and over again until the fair closes. In true American fashion also, Arcturus must share its publicity with the telegraph company and the two electric companies that "made it possible." But it is impressive none the less, and appropriate. The searchlight is the signal for lighting up the whole fair, and the effect, particularly of those towers which are completely covered by the liquid brilliance of Neon lights, such as the General Motors and the Science tower, is new and thrilling.

The fair's exhibits, being endless, can scarcely be mentioned in the brief space here available. Their underlying

theme is science, pure and applied, and if a layman may judge, it has been expertly developed. The demonstrations of basic scientific principles are particularly engrossing. This is an educational fair, and the visitors seem to like it. One of the most popular exhibits is the transparent man, a beautiful exact reproduction of the body and its parts; another is the General Motors exhibit of the complete manufacturing process of an automobile, which, however, is not quite so simple and easy to follow as one could wish. To me an even more interesting automobile exhibit is a table fifty or more feet long in the Chrysler Building on which are displayed the innumerable parts contained in one Plymouth car. An aluminum Pullman car is the most important railroad exhibit, though one inevitably wonders where the passengers will come from to hold down its feathery lightness. Another popular exhibit is an enormous and very accurate relief map of the United States in the Sears, Roebuck Building. It is to be turned over to the University of Chicago when the fair closes.

The housing show, which is likely to exert a future influence wider than any other, consists of eleven modern houses which have been constructed by various manufacturers of building materials. Of those open to view at present—there are many unfinished buildings and exhibits throughout the fair—the prefabricated dwelling of General Houses, Inc., seemed to me by far the most significant. It is the most genuinely modern in its conception and its working out; it is unspectacular and more livable than any other modern house I have seen. Finally, it is designed in units so that it admits of a great variety of arrangements and sizes. Howard T. Fisher was the architect and it can be reproduced for \$4,500. The worst house, which should serve as a warning to us all, is the one built by the brick industry. It combines all the objectionable things that have been done with brick in the last generation. The spherical glass house, which because of its expense has little practical significance, is clever and ingratiating, and would be pleasant to live in even though it is spectacular. Its continuous circularity gives an impression of much space and strangely enough of pleasant isolation in spite of the clear glass walls.

The financial background of the fair is of special interest in this fourth year of the depression. It has been financed by bonds which are issued against the first 40 per cent of gate receipts and are further guaranteed (whatever that means) by forty men. It is estimated that 25,000,000 admissions are necessary to pay expenses, or an average of 161,000 daily. In the first six days there were only 566,000 paid admissions, and some worry is reported in administrative circles, but even skeptical people seem to feel that the fair will pay its way. At least it has struck a rising market. This does not apply, of course, to the investments of exhibitors. They will get their money back only through future sales, if any.

The fair bonds were sold to the public when it was possible. They were also given to manufacturers who furnished materials and to contractors. Moreover, the fair employees are taking a percentage of their pay in bonds, the higher the salary the higher the percentage. It is generally thought that the project, which has been administered by army officers from Fort Sheridan, has been run economically and scrupulously in spite of a good deal of army red tape in its actual administration. The much-advertised claim that it has not cost the taxpayers a cent is obviously not true, since the

land was reclaimed with public money and several of the buildings were constructed out of taxes. The teachers estimate that the fair has cost taxpayers, local and federal, about \$25,000,000. This is probably too high. On the other side, it must be said that the land reclaimed will become a public park and that the few permanent buildings will belong to the public. One point is valid. The same patriotic citizens who have backed the fair have helped to sabotage the city administration and been active in the dramatic fight between the teachers and the banks. But even the Chicago teachers, who know perhaps as well as anyone the irony of its very existence, think it's a "swell fair."

The answer to the question why the fair, conceived in prosperity, was carried through in depression, remains a mystery. Was it the hope of profit? In part, perhaps, though it seems a sorry hope. Was it civic pride? That would be irony indeed in Chicago. Or is it all one of those strange manifestations of the American spirit, which, because it knows its fundamental strength rooted in three million square miles of rich natural resources, is irrepressible? I am inclined to think so. After four days of circulating through the fair crowds I am convinced that Americans still believe in America. They even believe in its present incarnation, which may make it possible for the money changers and their henchmen in politics to hold out a good while longer. But they believe even more firmly in the more fundamental America, the land and its resources, and I find myself indorsing the words of an ordinary passenger on a Loop street-car: "You can't keep this country down."

THE UNCATALOGUED EXHIBIT

From the Hall of Science to one great American laboratory of misapplied science is only the few blocks to any street behind the lake front. Here lies the great uncatalogued exhibit of a Century of Progress, a city truly in ruins. Office floor space in Chicago, according to one estimate, is about 35 per cent unoccupied—but that is an optimistic picture. In the Loop the percentage is much higher. Meanwhile the Marshall Field estate, legally bound to invest in Chicago real estate, is sending up more columns of office space. No matter how much of it is rented, it will be at some other building owner's expense, and even then the amount rented will probably be not sufficient to pay expenses. In justice to the public-spirited citizens of Chicago it must be recorded that something is being done about this situation. On May 25, at the suggestion of the Chicago real-estate board, Mayor Kelly issued a proclamation to property-owners and store tenants:

In order that Chicago may make a good showing to the millions of visitors . . . I suggest that all vacant store windows in both the Loop and outlying business sections be dressed up with either merchandise or exhibits of some sort. These windows, and also all windows of occupied stores, should be kept lighted up to at least 2 a.m.

It is announced that plenty of material is available from national advertisers to fill the windows.

Beyond the Loop stretch the dismal reaches of a great American city, manufacturing centers alternating with endless blocks of dirty gray houses where human beings must live. In empty rooms, empty houses, empty buildings, dead plate-glass windows reflect the dreary scene. Only the hum of activity could give these horrible buildings any reason for

existing. Now they stand forth in all their inexcusable ugliness and squalor. For blocks and blocks, but always within a few minutes of the beautiful lake front, stretch the hovels for the relief of whose inhabitants Hull Houses must be established. In such sections live the 171,000 families, almost one-quarter of the population of Chicago, which were receiving relief in the form of food and clothing in April. (The number has decreased very slightly since then.) At intervals a closed bank stands out, usually for sale.

Chicago's slums are not congested as New York slums are. The buildings are for the most part very low. The physical conditions would seem to admit of low-cost housing. It has been attempted successfully in two spots—the Montgomery Ward development in a white district and the Rosenwald block in one of the Negro sections. It is said that the group of Negro residents in the Rosenwald houses are very remarkable, that they have developed unusual cultural activities. This suggests a scientific experiment worth undertaking. Pick any group of the so-called lower classes and let them live in decent houses surrounding a broad green garden. Then watch their cultural development.

To the south, beyond the vast yards where sheep from Wyoming ranges and steers from the plains of Texas meet—and part—lies one Negro section which by accident is fit to live in. It was once an exclusive residential section. Now the houses originally built for well-to-do whites are completely occupied by Negroes. For their recreation there is Washington Park, one of the most beautiful of parks, which includes a golf course, lakes, and vast stretches of grass and shade. It is a pleasant irony, this story of a conquest, but it has its dark side in the race riots of 1919. At present this Negro section is bound by iron limits on its west and south sides. The University of Chicago, another example of American Baptist Gothic by Mr. Rockefeller, is on the other side of the boundary.

To give a comprehensive idea of the political and economic forces which have brought about the chaos of contradictions which is Chicago would require more space than I can take. It is common knowledge, of course, that a political administration riddled with petty larceny and a financial oligarchy dedicated to the grander varieties have combined to produce in Chicago one of the worst city governments in the world's history. The central fact at present is the tax strike, which has lasted five years. The uncollected real-estate taxes for 1928, 1929, and 1930 total more than \$154,000,000. Of the 1931 taxes \$115,000,000 is uncollected. The depression with its succession of bank failures aggravated a tax situation that was already serious. And the receivership racket has not improved it. An enormous number of buildings, including every important hotel, are in receivership, and receivers have consistently failed to pay taxes. The income has been diverted, instead, to lawyers' fees and bonuses. A recently passed law which allows the county to foreclose for delinquent taxes offers hope that the receivership racket, which has reached enormous proportions in Chicago as in other cities, will be defeated. I quote from the *Tribune*:

Informations were ordered against the Straus National Bank as receiver for the Briar Apartment Hotel, which owes \$53,245 in back taxes. . . . The discovery was made . . . that the scores of United Cigar Company stores in Chicago have paid no back taxes for years. The company owes hundreds of thousands of dollars in back taxes. . . .

County Treasurer McDonough . . . yesterday filed thirty-one petitions in the County Court asking his appointment as receiver to collect back taxes totaling \$897,636.

It is hoped that the owners of the larger properties on which back taxes are owed will pay up rather than have their properties foreclosed.

In such facts and figures as these lie the reasons why Chicago's school teachers have not been paid. They offer the key, also, to many other problems.

America as a whole is famous for its contrasts. And none of its cities more clearly typifies America than Chicago. The ever-present contrast of the beautiful lake front, with its miles of beaches, drives, and mansions, and the squalor which lies always just behind it presents an exhibit that no visitor to the fair can or should miss. The fair, as I have said, is set upon new land which will eventually become a public park. Thereby hangs the tale of Chicago's hope for the future. The lake front can never be alienated from the public; it can be indefinitely extended. Chicago, if it chooses, can leave its slums behind it. And in this possibility the hopeful American must inevitably find a symbol. The Century of Progress was designed by artists and professors; it is administered by an army major; it is supported by bankers. And as one moves past the captive miracles of bent light and the electric eye, one thing becomes clear. The professor and the artist armed with science and social courage can outrun the banker. Harold J. Laski writes in "Democracy and Crisis" (which is an excellent accompaniment to this Century of Progress):

As these [technical] sciences have developed, they have become organized into professions; they have created within themselves a spirit of their craft, of which the essence is a refusal to be governed by the mere motives of private gain. They display, in fact, standards, habits, purposes which escape the control of the business man because they are outside the range of the knowledge his specialty confers upon him. Just as the lawyer and the doctor have always been more than men who gain a living by the practice of law or medicine, so the engineer, the chemist, the architect . . . have developed a sense of service to an ideal in which money-making has no necessary part.

That way lies hope in America. To see this fair built on science is to realize how completely America could leave its political, economic, and social slums behind. Here, in the country's warehouse, present realities and future possibilities beat upon the mind. Both, in all their extremes, are contained within the sprawling chaos of Chicago and the ordered confines of a Century of Progress. And for an instant, too, one almost understands that great contradiction of poverty in the midst of incredible plenty. Perhaps it grows out of the very hugeness and variety of our resources and our possibilities. To control the limited resources of a small country seems relatively easy. To bring into mere mechanical co-ordination and control under one national roof the industries represented in the Century of Progress is a tremendous task. Even more enormous is the task of protecting these resources from the stupid looting of nearsighted profit hunters. In Chicago a vision of the future is set against the nightmare of the past and present. It is a challenging spectacle which every American should contemplate. And if he gets discouraged he may take comfort, as Americans are in the habit of doing, in an old saw. It is the one which says that the first hundred years are the hardest.

FOOTNOTES TO PROGRESS

The fig leaf has been dispensed with in the statuary of ■ Century of Progress.

Al Capone's fingerprints are on display at the Federal Building, adding insult to injury.

Radio loud speakers stand at intervals on tall poles the entire length of the fair. One may hear the slow sad notes of radio crooners at all hours of the day. Also one may learn that Professor John Buttington, of Buttings, Indiana, is asked to call Wabash 0526.

The man generally regarded as responsible for every improvement in Chicago in the last decade is Big Bill Thompson.

The teachers are not picketing the fair, but the other day ■ group of students bearing banners appeared at the north entrance. They were gently herded away by kindly policemen.

The Morgan show in Washington, one of the uncatalogued exhibits, is arousing interest and resentment west of the Hudson.

Free samples of food are being given away at the Agriculture Building, but no passes have so far been issued to West Side indigents who would most appreciate the gift.

In the Midway four Negroes sit in cages while visitors,

mainly white, throw balls at ■ target which, when hit, springs a trap and drops the Negroes into a tank of water. Very pretty.

At the telephone exhibit visitors may call up any American city free provided an audience equipped with earphones may listen in on the conversation.

Among the concessions the Streets of Paris is the most popular. It has somehow managed to capture atmosphere, mainly because of the outdoor dining terrace overlooking the lake. The fair is full of outdoor terraces for dining and resting. Will it set a new mode in America? If so, the fair will have been worth while.

Originally a square mile of land now mainly included in the Loop was school-fund land—set aside, that is, for support of Chicago's schools. Most of it has been dissipated through the years by means of political deals. What is left is rented on long-term leases at prices based on an 1885 valuation. The teachers say that if the school-fund land, on which the downtown office of the Chicago *Tribune* stands, could be made to yield a fair rental, it would not be necessary to levy taxes for the support of the city's school system. It is a psychological axiom that we dislike those whom we have harmed. Is this by any chance the explanation of the *Tribune's* antagonism to the teachers and the schools?

Hitler and England

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Cambridge, England, May 20

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M. P., was right; Herr Hitler overnight turned England from a pro-German country into a pro-French one. Sentiment is absolutely unanimous against Hitler wherever I have gone, in all walks of life. Nor has this sentiment been radically changed by Hitler's pacific address of May 17. That it has been generously and warmly applauded by the press as a hopeful sign that Hitler is beginning to feel the weight of responsibility which should rest upon a statesman is clear proof that the English press desires to be fair and just. At the same time press and public alike are saying that words are words, and that in this case they must be backed up by deeds if they are to be taken at their face value. Hitler has done himself so much damage already that it is going to take far more than one speech to win for him the friendship of the British people.

What, for example, could have been stupider than Hitler's sending Herr Rosenberg to this country for the double purpose of spying on the German Embassy and finding out just what British opinion is? He found out with a vengeance. Ramsay MacDonald refused to receive him and so did Stanley Baldwin. Sir John Simon listened politely, but on the whole the visit was a disastrous failure. Nobody but a German representing such a man as Hitler and such a party would have been guilty of the incredible bad taste of placing a wreath upon the Cenotaph. He meant well, of course, but the man who took that wreath and threw it into the Thames expressed the feeling of 99 per cent of the British people. I met, for example, a Quaker who is usually not belligerent. He was flaming with anger at the insult offered

to the British dead in the sending of a wreath by a man who stands for everything against which the men who are commemorated by the Cenotaph fought, or believed that they were fighting. It is the final proof of the impossibility of a German's understanding the feelings or the mentality of another people. Liberal-minded Germans in England who have not surrendered to the Hitler propaganda were as outraged by the entire Rosenberg performance as were the English themselves.

Nowhere, I am sure, has there been a greater sense of indignation because of the treatment of the Jews in Germany than here in England. If there is one country which is free from anti-Jewish prejudice it is Great Britain, which some sixty years ago rejoiced in a Jewish Prime Minister. The 300,000 Jews in Great Britain live in peace and comfort, and no one would ever think of depriving them of any rights or of laying at their doors responsibility for the mishaps that have come to England during the last twenty years. Many of them, like Lord Reading and Sir Herbert Samuel, have high social and business and political standing. More than that, this is a country which still believes in individual rights and personal liberty—far more than we do in the United States—perhaps because an Englishman is always ready to stand up for his personal rights and to protest if they are infringed. It is true that there are occasional lapses, as in the case of the recent arrest of some Communists, but in the main this statement is absolutely correct. Whatever he does abroad, the Englishman never for a moment contemplates two classes of citizens at home, and he also shows the utmost courtesy to people of different color; I have just lunched at the best hotel in Cambridge in a room in which there were a

number of black West Indians here to play cricket with the Cambridge University eleven.

Nowhere has there been a quicker recognition of the deadly blows which Hitler has struck at the prestige of the great German universities than here in this university town, where a committee is being formed to help the expatriated and ruined German-Jewish intellectuals, precisely as committees were formed in war time to aid the Belgians. University men throughout England have read the appalling list—published in the *Manchester Guardian* of May 13—of nearly two hundred German men of learning who since April 13 have been driven out of their academic posts. They note that by no means all of these are Jews, that a number are pacifists, others free traders, some Socialists, and still others guilty “merely of the impartiality and integrity of mind which, in Nazi eyes, are the greatest of all crimes.” Places are being found in England for a number of these expatriates. But whatever happens to them and however many speeches breathing good intentions Hitler may make, public opinion in Great Britain will never again in our lifetime hold the German universities in respect. It will always ask of any incumbent of a German professorial position whether he teaches what he believes or what the Nazis and the students compel him to say. The German university has been the greatest intellectual achievement of Germany. Who would have believed that a German government could destroy its high standing overnight?

As for the burning of the banned books and the barring from Germany of the best friends of Germany in the British press, such as the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman and Nation*, England needs no further proof of Hitler's folly and stupidity than this. Moreover, a country whose greatest and wisest institution is that Hyde Park Corner at which men are free to attack the government and even the sovereign, is not allowing the Jewish outrages to obscure the fact that according to the latest dispatches there are still more than 40,000 people imprisoned in Germany because of their political beliefs, without having had charges preferred against them and without having had a day in court. Is it any wonder that the leaders of all parties have expressed themselves freely and frankly, Austen Chamberlain leading off, with Viscount Grey and Lloyd George hastening to associate themselves with him, while Winston Churchill was quick to score against both Russia and Germany by pointing out that justice is open and fair in England, and that nobody is persecuted here because of his beliefs or his race? I have reason to believe that behind the scenes the British government has been bringing a great deal more pressure to bear upon Germany than has appeared in public. Lloyd George has just raged at Lord Hailsham for having threatened Germany with sanctions if it violated the peace treaty. It did seem like an indiscreet speech, but in view of the softness of Hitler's reply one cannot help wondering if this bit of roughness did not actually impress a man whose stock in trade for years has been threatening fire and slaughter.

How far would England go if Hitler's present words about peace, and his avowed readiness to disarm if the other nations disarm, should prove to be merely a ruse to gain time while he secretly militarizes Germany, while the Nazis bring up the present generation of boys in the arts of war and teach them, in the spirit of Von Papen, that Germans must not die on their mattresses and that German women exist only to

exhaust their bodies in bearing children for cannon fodder? If the worst enemy of Hitler in England had devised that speech of Von Papen he could not have struck a more deadly blow at the standing of the German fascists in England. This does not mean, however, that anybody in England would today consider using armed force against Germany. Despite Lord Hailsham, I doubt if many Englishmen would be ready to approve the reoccupying of German territory by Allied troops. The Labor leaders, in particular, would be against the use of such force; on the other hand, the Labor Party would look upon the secret rearming of Germany with the greatest resentment and alarm.

Is it then possible that public sentiment in England would be ready for economic sanctions against Germany? There is a good deal of likelihood that it would. At least the liberal newspapers teem with the bitterest criticism of the League of Nations for its failure to move against Japan. The *New Statesman and Nation* is not the only one to declare that the League is certain “to fizzle out as a tragic farce” if Europe does not disarm and does not study the question of pooled security from a new angle. Of course the *Daily Express* type of British newspaper will come out for Nazi rule in Germany as soon as it dares, just as it favors Japanese policy in Manchukuo as an offensive against Communist Russia. To this type of mind nothing in the whole world matters so much as a setback for the Soviets; it will pay any price to achieve their downfall and therefore will doubtless welcome in time the suggestion of Herr Rosenberg that Poland trade the Polish corridor for permission to conquer the Russian Ukraine with the help of other nations. But the rest of the country devoutly hopes that some other method of curbing such countries as Japan and Hitler's Germany may yet be tried.

Even as the crisis of the World Economic Conference approaches, there is no let-up whatever in the daily attacks upon Hitler and all that he stands for. J. L. Garvin was at his best in last Sunday's *Observer* in his merciless flaying of Hitlerism. In a brilliant leader entitled “Whose God Is the State,” the *Spectator* declares that the new religion in Germany is “Germanolatry.” It adds that “the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, the Germany of Wagner and Mendelssohn, is forgotten,” and it points out that Hitler has precipitated upon the world a vital clash between nationalism and internationalism, to say nothing of his version of the doctrine that the state is everything and that the individual citizen has no right to any existence whatever except as the merest pawn of the state, which may gamble away his life if it chooses. And along with this unceasing intellectual barrage against the Germany of Hitler we have the fact that the voluntary individual boycott of Germany and German products is not waning in England, which may be another reason why Hitler felt it necessary to make a right-about-face and coo as gently as a sucking dove, in direct contradiction to his previous saber-rattling speeches, notably that on the opening of the Reichstag in Potsdam. The boycott takes two forms—the direct refusal of Jewish firms to place orders in Germany and the reluctance of Gentile firms to deal with a country which is in so excited and emotional and perhaps unstable a state. This boycott may cease, but English ideals of what constitutes a worth-while state and a tolerable condition for the citizens of such a state will never cease to clash with the Germany of Hitler as long as that lasts.

In Defense of Congress

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

ONE day last December a young man from Pennsylvania suddenly bounced up in the visitors' gallery of the House of Representatives, and pointing an enormous pistol at the astounded legislators, declared that the preservation of American civilization depended on their immediate extinction. Much tact and some force were expended in disarming him. Concerning the incident a number of editors remarked that although the young man's method approached crudeness, they understood and sympathized with the feelings which had moved him. The nature of their sympathy became apparent when examination disclosed that the young man was suffering from the type of mental disorder which produces the hallucination that some good purpose can be served by shooting promiscuously at the Congress of the United States. The editors, however, were permitted to remain at large, apparently on the theory that they are harmless. This, as I hope to demonstrate, is a mistaken notion and a most dangerous one.

Early in the present year Senator Tydings of Maryland introduced a resolution providing in general terms that appropriations for the next fiscal year could not exceed the estimated revenues. It was sound political hokum and nobody objected to it, although one of the Senator's colleagues went to him and quietly explained why such a worthy objective was unattainable. Certain contractual and statutory rights existed which could not be obliterated by the simple device of adopting a Senate resolution. For example, Tydings was proposing to withhold payments from a large class of persons who would simply proceed into the Court of Claims and obtain judgments against the United States. Economy, alas, so lovely in theory, was confronted by practical difficulties. Next day the Senator was permitted to withdraw his resolution and substitute one which meant precisely nothing, and the episode was closed. Yet within a week hundreds (for all I know, thousands) of newspapers throughout the country published the following gem from the inspired pen of Will Rogers, the nation's foremost gum-chewer and historian:

A Senator named Tydings the other day introduced a bill whereby the government couldn't appropriate more than was coming in; that is, if you didn't have any money you couldn't dole out any. Well, the Senate stormed. The Senators called the idea treason, sacrilegious, inhuman, and taking the last vestige of power from a politician, that is, the right to appropriate money you don't have.

Thus once more we were exposed to the dreadful consequences of allowing a man to write for the newspapers who cannot or does not read them. When I reproached Will some years ago for his light and breezy habit of ignoring all facts when commenting upon the activities of Congress, he merely replied: "Boy, when the public gets tired of reading it, I'll sure quit writing it." He is not the first editorial writer to perceive the material advantages of subordinating accuracy to salesmanship, although he probably has disseminated more misinformation than any of his contemporaries, not excluding Arthur Brisbane.

In the February, 1933, number of the *New Outlook* an

article appeared under the signature and official title of David S. Barry, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, which contained the following sentence: "There are not many Senators or Representatives who sell their vote for money, and it is pretty well known who those few are." From this beginning the author launched into a sermon against Congressional demagoguery, which he interrupted only to pay a rousing compliment to Huey Long for having publicly called Senator Joe Robinson a tool of big business. After the article had been formally called to the attention of both houses, Barry was summoned before the Senate and offered time in which to retain counsel and prepare his explanation. Promptly but firmly he declined the offer, and thereupon proceeded voluntarily to confess that he was solely responsible for the bribery charge, although he had no evidence to support it and doubted whether any existed. The *New Outlook* had agreed to pay him \$250. Two days of hearings before the Judiciary Committee yielded nothing more in the way of explanation or mitigation, so the Senate dismissed Barry—whose tenure would have expired two weeks later in any case.

What other course any self-respecting body could have pursued is beyond my imagination. But how did the press react? The *New York Times* said: "... this heat and fury will only tend to confirm the impression that the real sting of the libel lay in its real or partial truth." Another paper presumed to be respectable, the *New York Evening Post*, expressed the opinion that Barry had paid Congress "a back-handed compliment" in saying that only a few members were bribe-takers. Even the *Baltimore Sun*, on what is perhaps the most civilized editorial page in American daily journalism, voiced a suspicion that "the most resentment was among Senators who may be especially sensitive to Mr. Barry's mention of demagogues"—although on the front page of the same edition Frank R. Kent expressly noted that the most resentment had been exhibited by Senator Norris, "who is not a demagogue, and whose personal honesty is unquestioned." And so the chorus ran, all down the scale to such journalistic hoodlums as the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

Having obtained my daily bread from newspapers for nearly twenty-five years, I may reasonably be acquitted of any wish to plague them unduly, but such performances as I have narrated leave me suspended between wrath and mortification—and they occur on a hundred editorial pages every day while Congress is in session. Three criticisms of Congress are familiar to all newspaper readers, and it is a common thing to see all three in a single editorial. First, Congress is scolded for "investigating too much." Second, it is scolded for "talking too much." And third, it is scolded for passing "too much half-baked legislation." I am no baker, but I presume that "half-baked" legislation is the result of insufficient inquiry and discussion, and therefore I do not see how the third criticism can be reconciled with the first two. Ye editor just doesn't bother.

Time-wasting and sloth are two of the commonest accusations flung at Congress. As to these I herewith present a

typical day from the life of a certain Senator representing a sparsely populated Western State. Being physically unable to drive his automobile and financially unable to hire a chauffeur, he boards a street car at seven-thirty in the morning, arriving at his office at about eight. For two hours he reads his mail, receives callers, and dictates. From ten to twelve he presides over a committee hearing and then hurries to the Senate chamber for the opening roll call. (It is prudent to be meticulous in such matters, since opponents have a way of making campaign issues of them.) At some time during the next three hours he finds opportunity to grab a bite of lunch in the Senate dining-room; if not, he has a tray sent to the cloakroom, from where he can keep an eye on the proceedings. When the Senate recesses—usually about five or six o'clock—he returns to his office, hears his secretary's report, holds confab with his colleagues, talks to reporters, dictates some more, and sees new callers. If he is lucky and there is no night session he gets home around seven-thirty, some twelve or thirteen hours after his morning departure. After dinner there are the newspapers to be read, including those from his home State, and then he turns to the serious business of reading reports, studying legislative proposals, and arming himself for the next day's battles. His frivolous day thus completed, he is free to turn out the lights and go to bed. He is seventy-one years old.

"You must be glad when Sunday comes," I once remarked to him.

"Yes," he said, "it's the only day when I can work without interruption."

Had this man elected to become a corporation lawyer instead of a public servant he could, without a doubt, have retired with a comfortable fortune at least fifteen years ago. Yet there is not a man in either house of Congress who has suffered more from newspaper criticism. To be sure, I do not assert that all Senators and Representatives maintain such a killing routine. Each house has an ample contingent of loafers and time-servers who, for the very reason that they do and say nothing, escape the editorial shafts launched at their industrious colleagues. What I do assert is that, for the majority, it is a dog's life on nearly all counts, demanding the heart of a marathon runner and the hide of a rhinoceros, as attested by the extraordinarily high mortality rate among members of both houses.

A Senator of more than average perspicacity recently told me he had come to the definite conclusion that the greater part of the daily and periodical press was engaged in a deliberate, overt, planned conspiracy to destroy the reputation and influence of Congress, in order that a permanent dictatorship might be established. Indeed, the most casual observer must have been impressed by the remarkable difference between the tone which editors take with Congress and their manner toward the President, the Cabinet, and the courts. Day after day and month after month, while the House and Senate are damned for every known affliction from bank closings to athlete's foot, the gaudy functionaries of the executive and judicial arms float on a sea of soft-soaping, goose-greasing, back-scratching, fan-waving, idolatrous bilge that would sicken a sultan or the gods.

The contrast may be well illustrated by a certain celebrated case. There was a man who served in the Cabinets of three Presidents. During that ten-year period the press treated him with the greasy deference which is habitual

in such instances. The Washington correspondents respectfully pulled their forelocks when entering or leaving his office, and I know of no editor who ever so much as hinted that the honorable gentleman was not a statesman and an ornament to public life. But he committed the tragic blunder of abandoning his feather bed for a seat in the Senate. Within a few weeks the newspapers had made him a national laughing-stock, in less than a year his official conduct was under investigation by his colleagues, and as I write he is awaiting trial in the courts on a criminal charge. Yet it would be idiotic to assume that he was not as good a man in one job as in the other; the difference was in the attitude of the press and public.

That this astonishing favoritism is part of a deliberate plot to undermine representative government I do not believe, although here and there unquestionably are editors and publishers who dislike democratic forms and processes. Recently, for example, at the earnest and persistent solicitation of the editors of *Vanity Fair*, I composed an article along the lines of the present dissertation. It was accepted with expressions of praise so extravagant that I cannot bring myself to repeat them here, although nobody has ever reproached me for excessive modesty. Moreover, it was paid for at the figure agreed upon, plus a neat bonus, and its forthcoming appearance duly announced. Several days later I received a long and lugubrious letter from one of the editors, conveying the sad intelligence that the publisher, a Mr. Condé Nast, had discovered my essay in type and summarily put it to death. Mr. Nast, it was explained, is an ardent believer in dictatorship, although he appears to prefer to remain at a safe distance from Hitler and Stalin. The incident is typical of what to expect when a highly successful vendor of ladies' dress patterns turns his talents and attention to public affairs.

A vast amount of the newspaper quackery practiced on Congress is the result of plain incompetence and ignorance. The average editorial writer is a pensioner. Fallen arches have ended his days as a reporter, eye strain has disabled him for work on the copy desk, or in some other way he has demonstrated his physical or mental incapacity to perform useful services in the collection and preparation of news for the paper, and hence has been assigned to the humble chore of expressing its convictions. As a rule he knows little about legislative procedure, and has never seen Congress in action except as a one-day visitor in Washington. This ignorance often is responsible for the striking conflicts between editorials and news dispatches appearing in the same editions—a phenomenon well and painfully known to all Washington correspondents and the subject of much puzzled comment, I hear, among janitors, motormen, tuckpointers, cavalry officers, and other members of the reading public. No doubt it explains why the so-called "news-magazine," *Time*, regularly stages radio broadcasts in which Senate debates purport to be reproduced to the accompaniment of thundering cheers from the Senate floor. If such a thing ever happened, half the aged doorkeepers, after surviving the wounds of Antietam and Gettysburg, would die of shock.

Still another reason for the torrent of stupid, violent, indiscriminate, and deceitful abuse with which Congress, and the Senate in particular, has been overwhelmed in late years, is the circumstance that it exposes the authors to no physical, financial, or social risks. The editor who spits on his hands

and denounces the Senate as a gang of blackguards, poltroons, thieves, and imbeciles enjoys, to all practical ends, the same immunity which he finds so outrageous when exercised by Senators. Nobody will break his jaw or sue him for damages. He will not be blackballed at the country club, or asked to curtail his note. More important still, his boss will not be dropped from the White House guest list, or plastered with an income-tax penalty, or investigated by a federal grand jury, or jailed for contempt. But let him turn his guns on the Secretary of the Treasury, as Senator Couzens did; or on the local judge, as Editor Carl Magee did, and see what happens. Or let him cut loose against the members of the local clearing-house association! But never fear. Unless he is the exceptional editor he will embark on none of these perilous courses. He will take it all out of the hide of Congress. It is the safe, easy way.

No observer with an ounce of sense and honesty would deny that there have been occasions when Congress deserved to have its pants soundly dusted. Several times during the last session of the Seventy-second Congress I was constrained to avert my face from the Senate and muffle my sobs against the marble bust of Thomas Jefferson which adorns the rear wall of the press gallery. A more depressing exhibition of futility and frustration has seldom afflicted the eye of man, and the culprits earned some of the maledictions that were rained upon them. But not all, not all. Much of the blame belonged to an Administration which for two years had repulsed every idea originating in Congress, and then devoted its expiring hours to the mean game of hamstringing a victorious opposition. And the factor mainly responsible for the situation was the simple circumstance that this was a lame-duck Congress—an evil which would have been banished years ago if the press had brought to the support of the Norris amendment the same energy and passion that it consumed in aimless tirades against the Senate.

Well, what has happened now? Partly as a consequence of the nagging to which its predecessors had been subjected, the Seventy-third Congress consented to abdicate nearly all its powers. It signed over to President Roosevelt one blanket grant after another, until the stage was reached where virtually any step could be made lawful by executive order. Someone remarked that the President was authorized to do everything except declare war. As a matter of fact, Presidents have waged undeclared wars for a long time, as witness the invasion of Haiti, Mexico, and Russia under Wilson's orders, and of Nicaragua by command of the sainted Calvin—which is to mention only a few of the more modern instances.

The coronation of Franklin I, and the ensuing consequences, have produced a profound conflict of emotions in this particular breast. Not a believer in monarchy, except in the English manner, I still am moved to un-Christian cackles of satisfaction by much that has occurred since March 4. The elements which had clamored loudest for a man on horseback obviously envisaged one who would prorogue Congress on the instant and assemble a tight little crew of financiers and industrialists to run the country. Alas! The Emperor Roosevelt started off by reaching into the Senate for three members of his Cabinet, and into the haunts of the wild jackass for two others. Instead of consulting good old Charlie Mitchell, he permitted him to be indicted. Instead of beseeching Morgan, Lamont, Whitney, Kahn, and the rest of

that tribe for guidance, he cheered rapturously while a Senate committee took those eminent gentlemen to the most spectacular cleaning since Teapot Dome. He took counsel not with the lords of big business but with Justice Brandeis, Commissioner Eastman, Donald R. Richberg, and Miss Frances Perkins, with Professors Moley, Tugwell, and Berle, and with Senators Norris, Wagner, La Follette, and Costigan. In short, he manifested a disposition to rely on those who had spent their lives mastering the art of government and studying human needs rather than those who had used the government only to make themselves rich and their fellow-citizens poor.

Although this was good for the country as a whole, it certainly was hell on the editorial writers. Such mental resilience as they possess has been tried to the utmost. Fancy the predicament of the poor wretch forced to compose eulogistic phrases about the late Senator and Attorney-General-designate Thomas J. Walsh, whom he had once described as the "Montana Mud-Gunner"! Consider the sudden and awkward necessity of alluding in awed sentences to "trusted White House advisers" who from time immemorial had been only "insurgents," "radicals," and "wild men from the West"! Think of having to beat the drum for the "demagogues" of yesteryear! Picture the Honorable David Reed of Pennsylvania imploring the Senate not to submit to a Presidential dictatorship, when he had stood on the same spot less than a year before bawling: "What this country needs is a Mussolini"!

Notwithstanding the malicious satisfaction induced by such spectacles, it is impossible to suppress a growing uneasiness. It is quite possible that if the Senate had imitated the action of the House in passing the emergency bank bill without reading it, every bank in the United States would be closed today. Approximately forty amendments were made by the Senate for the simple purpose of clarifying the meaning. It makes one shiver to learn that the House also passed a bill under which the Secretary of State would have been authorized to suppress any newspaper, book, or periodical which he deemed guilty of disclosing "official secrets." It would be preposterous to assume that the genial gentleman in the White House had any desire to wreck the banking system or to establish a rigid censorship over the press. For him to study all the measures prepared by his subordinates and rushed through Congress was physically impossible—just as it is physically impossible for him to discharge one one-thousandth of the functions they nominally vest in him. Actually they will be discharged by obscure bureaucrats, getting from \$2,400 to \$4,000 a year, and owing their places to a lifetime of activity in the sordid realm of precinct, ward, city, and State politics. And riding home at night to their smelly flats, they will lick their lips over the fact that they have been able to affect the interests and concerns of millions who never heard of them.

Worst of all, a dangerous precedent has been reaffirmed, and I would risk my assured place at the throne of God that it will rise to plague us or our descendants. To the precise extent that Roosevelt Rex exercises his new powers with wisdom, restraint, and decency, will it be easier for some future Hoover to seize them. It is not a pleasant prospect, and it fortifies my conviction that old Tom Jefferson probably knew more about government than the average editorial writer does.

The Roosevelt Legislative Record

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Washington, June 17

THE Roosevelt legislative record, whether or not we agree with its every detail, must be considered an astounding historic performance, not only because of its breadth and the manner in which it was achieved, but also because of its many innovations and its revolutionary implications. From the moment Congress met in special session on March 9 until it adjourned on June 16 it worked for and with the President as no other Congress, in recent times at least, has ever done. It was compelled to do so by an aroused public that insisted upon action and seemed to have boundless faith in everything the President did or recommended. There were moments when Congress thought of rebelling. Once the Senate wrote a "cost-of-production" guaranty into the farm bill, but this came out in conference at the request of the Administration. Again, toward the end of the session, both houses revolted against the reduction in veterans' compensation, but again the Administration intervened, offered a compromise that preserved both the principle and substance of the economy act, and had that compromise accepted. When the session closed, it was seen that the President had obtained Congressional approval, in some cases by unanimous vote, of every measure he had proposed. Several of these measures conferred extraordinary powers upon him. On the other hand, not a single bill to which he was opposed was enacted or even seriously considered. The only measure of consequence that did not originate in the White House, but came up from Congress, was the Glass-Steagall banking law. This, however, met with the President's approval. It is doubtful whether any President in the country's history has ever had more complete success in dealing with Congress. But let the record speak for itself.

The emergency banking-relief law gives the President broad power to regulate transactions in credit, currency, gold and silver, and foreign exchange; empowers him further to fix restrictions on the banking business of members of the Federal Reserve system; and authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to call in all gold and gold certificates in the country. Violations are punishable by fines running up to \$10,000 and by imprisonment not to exceed ten years. The act also authorizes the Comptroller of the Currency to appoint a conservator for any national bank that may be in difficulty whenever he considers such action needed to save the bank's assets. National banks are authorized to issue preferred stock to obtain funds for emergency purposes, and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is empowered to buy such stock from State or national banks to provide funds when needed to avert bankruptcies. The law provides also for the issuance of Federal Reserve bank notes against government obligations and other securities to assist weak banks in liquidating their assets.

The economy act repeals existing laws relating to veterans' compensation and gives the President authority within broad limits to establish a new pension system. It makes mandatory the retention on the pension rolls of all veterans actually disabled in the World War, and Spanish War vet-

erans to whom pensions have been granted because of age. It reduces Civil War pensions by 10 per cent, salaries of Congressmen by 15 per cent, and authorizes the President to reduce salaries of government employees in the same proportion. The salary-reduction provisions are effective only until June 30, 1934. It was hoped by its sponsors that by this law government expenditures would be reduced at least \$500,000,000.

The beer and wine revenue law legalizes the production of beer and wines with alcoholic content not exceeding 3.2 per cent by weight, and provides for the payment of an annual permit tax of \$50 each by wholesalers and \$20 each by retailers of such beverages. States whose laws still prohibit the manufacture and sale of beer and wines of this alcoholic content are specially protected. Regulation of the distribution and sale of the new beverages is left to the individual States.

The reforestation unemployment-relief bill authorizes the President to employ men in the construction of public works in connection with reforestation, prevention of forest fires, flood control, soil erosion, and plant-pest and disease control, and makes available for this purpose unallocated funds previously appropriated for public works. Director of the Budget Douglas estimated that \$148,956,000 could thus be used. The President is authorized by the law to furnish the forest workers with such subsistence, clothing, medical attention, and cash as he may deem necessary.

The inflation-farm-relief bill was the only measure of importance to meet with vigorous minority opposition. Both houses, however, finally passed it by overwhelming majorities and in substantially the form in which the Administration had drawn it. The inflation section of the law authorizes an expansion of Federal Reserve credit to the amount of \$3,000,000,000 by the purchase of government securities in the open market, and the issuance of a maximum of \$3,000,000,000 in Treasury notes secured solely by the credit of the federal government. It also empowers the President to reduce the legal gold content of the dollar in any proportion up to 50 per cent of the present gold content; and to accept silver to a total amount of \$200,000,000 in payment of war debts for six months after passage of the act, the price of the silver not to exceed 50 cents an ounce. The farm-relief section authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to seek to increase farm prices by allocating production of certain crops or by leasing land for the purpose of withdrawing it from production, and to license and tax processors of agricultural products to pay the cost of this relief. This section also provides for the refinancing of farm mortgages at 4½ per cent interest by the issuance of not more than \$2,000,000,000 in government bonds, the government guaranteeing the interest, but not the principal, of the bonds.

The Wagner-Lewis emergency-relief bill, the law for which Senators La Follette and Costigan had fought for more than two years, authorizes the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make available out of its funds the sum of \$500,000,000 for emergency-relief purposes, the money to

be spent under the direction of a federal emergency-relief administration created by the act. A portion of the fund is set aside for allocation to the several States on a basis of need, and the remainder is to be distributed to the States according to population.

The Muscle Shoals and Tennessee Valley development bill, embodying the original Muscle Shoals program so long advocated by Senator Norris, sets up a body to be known as the Tennessee Valley Authority, which is to maintain and operate government-owned properties at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to improve navigation in the Tennessee River, and to control the flood waters of the Mississippi and Tennessee rivers. It authorizes the Tennessee Valley board to construct transmission lines in order to distribute electric current directly to municipalities, other political divisions, non-profit associations, and ultimate consumers, if private utility companies which wish to distribute the current refuse to enter into equitable sales contracts that fully protect the interests of the consumers.

The bill providing for federal supervision of securities sold in interstate commerce or through the mails requires those who sell securities to file with the Federal Trade Commission for transmission to prospective buyers all possible information concerning each new security issue. Such statements must include, among other things, the commission or discount paid or to be paid to the underwriters, whether directly or indirectly; names of directors and officers of the issuing company; names of holders of 10 per cent or more of securities previously issued by that company; a detailed description of the business and financial condition of the company; and the salaries of its officers. Twenty days must elapse between the filing of such a statement and the promotion and sale of the security issue projected. The issuing companies are not relieved of liability by the presentation of such statements.

The Wagner national employment-service bill is in all essential respects similar to the Wagner bill passed by Congress and vetoed by President Hoover two years ago. It looks toward the establishment of a national employment system, and to this end provides for cooperation between the federal government and the States through the creation in the Department of Labor of a bureau to be known as the United States Employment Service. The director of the bureau is to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The bureau is charged with the task of coordinating the activities of the State employment services and of assisting States in establishing such services. The act authorizes an annual appropriation of \$4,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 is to be distributed to the States for the purpose of assisting them to establish and maintain their employment bureaus.

The home-mortgage bill authorizes the issuance of \$2,000,000,000 in bonds by a home-owners' loan corporation, the bonds to be exchanged for mortgages. The bonds will bear government-guaranteed interest of 4 per cent, but the loan corporation is to collect 5 per cent interest from the home-owner. The owners must amortize their loans within fifteen years. In cases where mortgage holders refuse to exchange their mortgages for bonds, the home-owners may borrow from the loan corporation up to 40 per cent of the value of their properties and reduce their indebtedness to that extent. Cash loans up to 50 per cent of the value of homes

to fund small debts against such properties are provided for, while the act also authorizes limited loans to enable persons to recover dwellings they may have lost by forced sale or foreclosure within the last two years. This home-owners' loan corporation is to have a capital of \$200,000,000, which is to be provided by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The railroad-reorganization bill creates the office of Federal Coordinator of Transportation, whose duties it will be to encourage or require railroad companies to avoid waste and preventable expense, to promote financial reorganization of railroads, to improve railroad credit and reduce fixed charges to the extent required by "public interest," and to study ways and means of improving the general status of the carriers. The coordinator is appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. Appeals from his decisions may be taken to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but his orders, unless revoked by that body, have the force and effect of orders of the commission. The anti-trust laws may be set aside when necessary to carry out the coordinator's decisions. The railroads are to set up committees to work with the coordinator, and will be assessed at the rate of \$1.50 a mile to meet the expenses which will be incurred under this law.

The Glass-Steagall bill provides for government insurance of bank deposits up to \$2,500 (this section to become effective January 1, 1934); curbs the use of Federal Reserve credit which may be used in stock-market speculation; requires national banks to divest themselves of their security affiliates; legalizes branch banking by national banks within the States in which such banks are located, but only in States where the branch-banking privilege is accorded to State banks; increases the authority of the federal government over the management of banks that are members of the Federal Reserve system; and establishes a method for quick liquidation of assets for the benefit of depositors in banks that have failed.

The national industrial-recovery act the Administration deems the most important legislative measure on the entire program. This measure gives the President broad power to promote self-regulation of industry under federal supervision with a view to regulating competition, curtailing overproduction, improving wages, and shortening hours of labor. The law provides for the formation of trade and industrial associations which are to draw up "codes of fair competition" by which they are to govern themselves. Such codes must be submitted to the President for his approval. The President is authorized to work out such codes on his own initiative for industries where no action is taken. He is further empowered to license industries for the purpose of enforcing the codes. The right of collective bargaining is guaranteed to labor, and the workers are also secured in their right to maintain their own unions. The second title of this law authorizes a \$3,300,000,000 bond issue to finance construction of federal, State, and local public works, and such private projects as may benefit the public generally, for the purpose of creating employment. The office of Public Works Administrator is established. This official is charged with the administration of the federal public-works program, and is empowered to make grants to States and municipalities for construction and improvement projects up to 30 per cent of the cost of labor and materials.

Machado Prepares to Go

By HUBERT HERRING

Havana, June 17

THE air of Havana clears. Sumner Welles arrived six weeks ago, ambassador of a friendly neighbor, disclaiming all intention of intervention, stressing the sovereignty of Cuba. During those weeks several events of importance have occurred in Cuba. First, official killings have ceased. No longer are mutilated bodies found in Havana streets. The "porra"—the President's armed gang—seems to have gone into retirement. Second, reprisals by the A. B. C. have ceased. The mediation of the Ambassador has been accepted in good faith by its leaders. They do not renounce their conviction that any form of intervention is repugnant, but they accept the mediatorial services of Mr. Welles as honestly offered in the interest of establishing a peaceable, just, and stable government. Third, Major Arsenio Ortiz sailed for Germany two days ago. This says much. Ortiz was one of Machado's most prized and competent killers. He was an inevitable target for the A. B. C. Fourth, political prisoners are being released. The Isle of Pines and El Principe will, by the end of the week, be virtually clear of them. There are today forty-one such prisoners in El Principe. Tomorrow ten of these leave. The rest will soon be free. Fifth, the muzzle on the press is being removed gradually. It is already possible to infer from reading the Cuban papers that there is such a thing as an opposition. It is confidently affirmed that within two weeks all restrictions save a few respecting the President's person will be removed. Sixth, the President of Cuba has invited Professor Howard Lee McBain of Columbia University to advise the electoral board on the recasting of the electoral machinery. Professor McBain has also been invited to draft plans for organizing the university on an autonomous basis. Seventh, the President of Cuba announces the summoning of a constituent assembly for the purpose of making drastic changes in the constitution. Eighth, the President announces that the office of vice-president must be recreated, and that a man must be chosen "of high character, impartial, not connected with present party strife, and without any selfish interest in political activity."

These are the eight foremost events of the past six weeks. They lead inevitably to two conclusions: Sumner Welles has proffered his services as mediator and friend, and they have been accepted; President Gerardo Machado has decided that his time is up—this has not been stated in so many words, but it is accepted as fact. The President is preparing to quit. This is the construction which responsible Cubans put upon his actions. As a result the air is less sultry.

For months the conviction has grown that Machado must go. The terror has become intolerable. Elemental human rights have been disregarded, justice prostituted, lives taken on the slightest excuse. Not fewer than 1,000 and perhaps as many as 2,000 lives have been the toll of Machado's tyranny. The university and the high schools are closed. The unhappy victims have been Cuba's finest sons and daughters. The opposition to Machado includes the great majority of the Cuban people. One of two things might

have occurred to break the deadlock. Machado might have been assassinated or an armed revolt, organized from Miami or New York, might have triumphed. If Gerardo Machado had been assassinated, or if a swift coup d'état had succeeded, anarchy might have swept the island. If neither course had proved successful, Machado might have continued on the course which has made him the most bitterly hated man in Cuba. Fortunately, the President of Cuba has taken good counsel, counsel which it is confidently believed will prevent the waste of more valuable lives. It now appears certain that with the approval of the President of Cuba the logical steps will be taken to correct electoral abuses, to open the way for fundamental constitutional changes, and especially to provide for the election of a vice-president within seven or eight months. Six steps seem probable.

First, there will be a period of mediation. For the first time during these months of Cuba's terror representatives of all sections of Cuban life will sit down at the same council table. Seven groups will be represented. On one side will be the government; on the other, six factions of the opposition—the orthodox conservatives who have refused to join Machado, the Unión Nacionalista, the Gómez liberals (whose strength lies chiefly in Havana), the A. B. C., the Directorio Estudiantil, the university professors. The Communists will not be represented. Second, out of mediation, it is hoped, will emerge a program of constitutional reform upon which all factions can unite. Third, these measures will then go to the Congress, which must assume the responsibility of calling an election of members to a constituent assembly. Fourth, the election for the constituent assembly will be held. This will take place six months after Congress has acted. The delay is a wise provision. The political parties are scattered and disorganized. A quick election would give the advantage to the government. Old parties must have time to refurbish themselves. New parties—including the A. B. C.—must have time to organize for the campaign. The electoral code must be worked out if the election is to be more than a farce. Fifth, the meeting of the constituent assembly composed of the members so elected will take place. This assembly will consider the reform of the constitution and will provide for the office of vice-president. Sixth, President Gerardo Machado will retire. This will not be promised in advance, in the judgment of responsible Cubans. It will not be written in as a condition. I find, however, that even men who stand close to the administration take for granted that the election of a vice-president will be quickly followed by Machado's retirement to more friendly shores.

Machado and all that he stands for in Cuban life must and will go. The chart seems complete, and the work of mediation is already under way. Yesterday the A. B. C. signed the pact, today the university professors. Seven or eight months will be required to carry through the program. They will be strenuous months of transition, education, campaigning, organizing. Barring accidents a vice-president should be elected by February, 1934, prepared to assume full presidential power if it should turn out that Señor Machado

feels the lure of Cannes or Athens. From now on there will be effective guaranties or an amnesty. Telegrams are being sent to bring exiles home. Within the next two or three weeks several hundreds of Cuba's citizens will return. They are waiting now in Paris and Madrid, Miami and New York. There are notable men and women among them—Mario Menocal, Grau San Martín, Fernando Ortiz, Carlos de la Torre, Carlos Mendieta, Miguel Mariano Gómez; leaders of the A. B. C. such as Joaquín Martínez Sáenz, Juan Andrés Llitas, and Carlos Saladrigas; leaders of the students who are busily pamphleteering in Madrid and Paris and New York. They will return home. There will be exciting days in Havana these next few months. There will be high hopes, confusion of tongues, success and failure.

The bitterness of seven wasted years will linger. There are too many of Cuba's most promising sons who cannot return. They are not forgotten. One would not ask it; one would not expect it. One can only hope that the new program for Cuba will not be brewed in the cup of bitterness or poisoned with revenge. Yet it is not hard to understand the feelings of those who say that they will never be satisfied until Arsenio Ortiz and his like taste the misery they created. It will be best for Cuba if every boat which brings exiles home takes away full quotas of the men of the discredited regime. These do not deserve liberty, but their death would serve no happy end for Cuba. Nor will it avail Cuba to nurse hatred for Machado. The system which created him should have all the attention.

The coming months will witness the concentration of factions into two opposing forces. There will be many parties, but the contest will be sharpened down to a struggle between the representatives of two ideologies. On the one hand there are "the men of '95" to use the phrase coined by the A. B. C. *Los hombres del '95* are the old men who dreamed dreams and saw visions in the nineties, who listened to José Martí and fought for *Cuba libre*. They are the Grand Army of the Republic, who are still on parade, but who have forgotten what the fight was about. They have held the offices and commanded the armies; they have large houses and ample grounds. I have talked with several of them this week. They are not bad men, but they have lost faith. Some have sold out; some have drifted. They are yesterday's patriots, and can no longer lead. On the other hand there is an eager, clear-eyed, sober-headed group of men in their twenties and thirties. Many of them have been active in the A. B. C. They have a program. They have faith and intelligence. If there are enough of them, if they can inspire a following, they may furnish the leaven which Cuba needs. These are the men of 1933.

The part played by the United States in the drama now being enacted supplies a new and striking chapter in Caribbean history. Disclaim as Mr. Welles may any intervention in Cuban affairs, it is he who must finally receive the praise or blame. He is accepted as a friendly mediator. On every hand I hear expressions of confidence in his integrity and ability. He has won a large place in a period of only six weeks. There are Cubans, of course, who accuse him of high-handed interference. Some of these are in the Machado camp, and view him as a threat to their entrenched power. Others are of the left, and evidently prefer to have the Cuban problem fought out rather than talked out. Mr. Welles will be generously damned, no matter what he does

or does not do: I submit, however, that the damning should be withheld and that he should be given a fair chance.

The role which Mr. Welles plays is not easily classified. If he were a citizen from Belgium or Mars, his mediatorial function would be easily defined. As a representative of the United States, a nation which happens to hold a chattel mortgage with a stiff reversionary clause bearing the lamentable Mr. Platt's name, it is a bit difficult to separate Mr. Welles the mediator from Mr. Welles the Ambassador. After all, the United States *can* intervene in Cuba. Has Señor Machado suspected that it *might* intervene if the proffered mediation were spurned? At any rate Mr. Welles has the opportunity to help Cuba through to happier days. He has already manifested leadership of strength and charm. I believe that he will have the backing of the best elements in Cuba and in the United States. The final test will be the direction in which his policy leads. If it should merely form another precedent for interference in Cuban affairs, a policy which has served to create the very situation now faced in Cuba, I should vote against Mr. Welles and his persuasive mediation. If, on the other hand, Mr. Welles strengthens the hands of those who aspire to create a stable and self-respecting national life, if his policy tends to provoke experiment in social and economic control, then I am enthusiastic for Mr. Welles and his mediation. At least, this is the most hopeful hour which has come to Cuba in many a weary year. Cuba has a new generation of potential leaders. They have been tried by fire. *Cuba libre* may still be realized.

The Nazis at Geneva

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, June 1

THE actions of the German delegation at Geneva since the date of Hitler's Reichstag speech have made it plain that the speech was a complete climb-down. For the Germans have withdrawn all their important amendments to the British draft convention and now accept the draft almost as it stands. This is a very clever diplomatic move almost certainly inspired by Mussolini, whose influence was reinforced by the complete isolation of Germany at Geneva and by such ominous symptoms as the hostile reception of Alfred Rosenberg in England, Hailsham's warning speech in the House of Lords, and President Roosevelt's message. The purpose of the move is clear enough—to shift on to France the blame for the failure of the Disarmament Conference, if it should fail. It is to be hoped that public opinion in the United States and elsewhere will not be taken in by this transparent device. Clearly France cannot and ought not to accept the British draft convention as it stands, for it is primarily a convention for the rearmament of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. The reductions of armaments that it contains are trivial and almost worthless, but it would enable Germany to rearm immediately and, with one single exception, completely on land. Had the Germans had any sense they would have accepted it at once when Ramsay MacDonald first proposed it in March. They would then have put France in the position in which, under Mussolini's guidance, they have put her now, and with much more chance of persuading the world that France was in the

wrong. For during the last two months the world has had ample evidence of the real aims of the "new Germany."

By its 96th and last article the convention annuls all the disarmament provisions of the peace treaties with Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, respectively, so that henceforth those countries will be subject only to the limitations imposed in the convention itself. As regards land and air armaments those limitations are purely qualitative. Mobile land guns are to be limited to a maximum caliber of 115 millimeters, tanks are to have a maximum weight of sixteen tons, and military and naval aircraft, with the exceptions of troop carriers and flying boats, a maximum unladen weight of three tons. No dirigible is to be constructed or acquired during the period of the convention, but countries possessing such dirigibles may retain them during that period. This is the only qualitative limitation of land and air armaments that appears in the convention and, as has been said, there is no quantitative limitation at all and not even any budgetary limitation. Germany can have as many mobile land guns of the maximum caliber and as many tanks of the maximum weight as she pleases. But whereas countries already possessing mobile land guns with a caliber exceeding 115 millimeters may retain those not exceeding 155 millimeters until they are replaced by new guns of or below 115 millimeters, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, which possess no such guns, will not have that privilege. This is the only exception to the complete rearmament of Germany on land. The result will inevitably be competition in armaments, for the convention does not even forbid the other signatory Powers to increase their existing land armaments.

Germany and the other disarmed Powers are to be allowed no military or naval air forces for the period of the convention, and their naval armaments are to be stabilized at their present strength until December 31, 1936; that is to say, in effect the quantitative and qualitative limitations of naval armaments in the peace treaties are to remain in force until that date. After that date Germany will be free to rearm on the sea. France may be excused for thinking these provisions a little cynical. A German navy and a German air force can be a menace to England, whereas a German army never can be. A German army, however, can be and, if the Hitler regime continues, will be a serious menace to France. It is true that the British draft convention embodies the French proposal for the "standardization" of European continental armies, which involves the substitution of a short-term conscript army in Germany for the Reichswehr. For my part, I agree with the Poles that the French are mistaken in thinking that this change would diminish the risk of war, and I am convinced that the restoration of conscription in Germany will be deplorable. The best way to "standardize" armies would be to abolish conscription and have small professional armies in all countries, but the Poles would not agree to that any more than the French would.

The most serious blemishes in the draft convention are the omission of any regulation or control of the private manufacture of arms and the complete inadequacy of the provisions for the international control of armaments. The proposed permanent disarmament commission, which will have about sixty members, is much too large a body to be intrusted with the control of armaments. Moreover, the commission is to act only when infractions of the convention are alleged to have occurred, and its decisions are to be made

by a two-thirds' majority of all the members, whether present at the meeting or not. The result would probably be that no decision would ever be reached. As invariably happens at meetings of committees of the Disarmament Conference, at least a third of the members of the commission would abstain in any vote. The French are quite right in insisting that this sort of control is valueless. There must be small bodies composed mainly of military and naval experts who will not wait to hear of alleged infractions of the convention but will periodically visit every country and make a thorough investigation. Norman Davis's speech on May 22 showed that on this point the American delegation agrees with the French. Control, however, will never be really effective so long as the private manufacture of arms continues.

The French say that there must be no rearmament of Germany during the period of the convention, and on that point too they have the support of President Roosevelt's message and Norman Davis's speech. All the signatories of the convention must of course undertake not to increase their armaments during the period. The French are right, too, in saying that they will not reduce their armaments at all unless there is effective control with sanctions behind it. Of what value is the signature of Hitler or Mussolini to any convention? They will observe it only if they know that force will be used, if necessary, to make them observe it. For this reason it seems to me unlikely that Italy and Germany will accept effective control. If they do not, they and not France will be responsible for the failure to arrive at a convention. The adoption of the draft convention as it stands would be a disaster to peace.

France is now the last rampart of democracy and liberty on the Continent of Europe. It would be a crime against European civilization for any French government to sign a convention reducing French armaments in the smallest degree without a guaranty that England will join in any measures that may be necessary to force Germany to observe the convention. Hitler's speech on May 17 has not changed the fundamental situation in the very least. Naturally Hitler wants peace until Germany is strong enough to make war with a good chance of success. The real spirit and aims of Nazi Germany were revealed in Von Papen's speech at Münster on May 14. Governments that really desire peace do not hold up war as an ideal and declare death on the battlefield to be the only death worthy of a man. I was in Italy in March. There a whole nation is being trained from early childhood in the art of slaughtering their fellow-men. Bands of young Fascists in their teens parade the streets singing songs in praise of the "glorious" dagger, the "holy" bludgeon, and the machine-gun. Governments do not do this sort of thing for no purpose. If we have any faith in the pacific declarations of Mussolini or Hitler we shall be dupes deserving all we shall get. The French seem to be alive to the realities of the situation. At the moment of writing, the current opinion in France against the proposed Four-Power Pact* is so strong that the French government may be unable to sign it. It is to be hoped that they will not; however colorless and even meaningless it may be, no pact should be signed with Hitler or Mussolini. One does not sign pacts with bandits and brigands. One takes measures to reduce them to impotence.

* The Four-Power Pact was signed at Rome by the Ambassadors of France, Great Britain, and Germany, and by Premier Mussolini on June 7.—
EDITORS THE NATION.

In the Driftway

EVEN in these gray depression days there are bright rays which the Drifter likes to reflect to his readers. Among others is the establishment of a through steamship service—the first in history—between New York and Chicago. Of course it might have happened before—ever since canalization has made possible the passage of deepwater vessels over the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes route. But somehow it never did happen before, and although the inauguration of this new service has been passed over in the newspapers with a few obscure paragraphs, the Drifter finds a good deal of drama in it.

* * * * *

ODDLY enough, the company responsible for the innovation, the Colombian Line, has sent out its vessels hitherto in quite another direction, with very different cargoes. Up to now its ships have traveled the warm blue waters of the Caribbean, and it ought to be a pleasant change for the crews of such vessels as may be assigned to the new service to travel a northerly route in summer, which of course is the only season when it can be navigated at all. Unfortunately, present plans do not call for transporting any passengers. The Drifter hopes passengers may get a chance later. It would make a beautiful water trip—a week—with little for even the poorest sailors to fear from seasickness, for the ocean passage between New York and the Gulf of St. Lawrence would take only a couple of days. After that there would be the splendid St. Lawrence River, with its Thousand Islands and the cities of Quebec and Montreal. There would be the canals and Lakes Ontario and Erie. There would be the Detroit River and the Automobile City. Finally, there would be the Straits of Mackinac and Chicago with its exposition.

* * * * *

WHILE on the subject of inland-water traffic, the Drifter hastens to offer his condolences to Captain Daniel F. McAllister, whose steamboat *Bear Mountain* cruises the Hudson River. Captain McAllister was approached not long ago by a woman—a member of a “society group”—with a view to chartering his craft for a weekly series of night trips on the river. Captain McAllister readily fell in with the plan, and was tickled at the prospect of a bit of new business until informed that the “society group” wanted him to paint his steamboat pink! He had seen white ships; he had seen black ships; he had seen gray ships. During the World War, if he thought back, he must have recalled seeing camouflaged ships of every color of the spectroscope. But he couldn’t—he just couldn’t—see a ship, at least his own *Bear Mountain*, traveling the historic Hudson like a freshly boiled lobster. He would be sunk with the anchor first. It might not matter so much at night, but where would he hide the blushing steamboat by day? The Drifter, who is strong for color, thinks Captain McAllister is too conservative, but the Drifter appreciates, even when he does not share, a sailor’s prejudices. He sympathizes with Captain McAllister in his insistence that no “society group” shall strike his ship pink.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Guaranty of Bank Deposits

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The fact that the guaranty of bank deposits does not stop failures is plainly evidenced by the record: 36.5 per cent of the banks in the seven States that have tried the guaranty of deposits have failed during the period from 1921 to 1930, when the figure for the entire country was 22.7 per cent. Here is the score sheet showing how these States rolled up a total deficit of \$100,000,000 in an average of seventeen years by trying to guarantee against the errors of human beings:

Kansas enacted a guaranty-of-bank-deposits measure in 1902. After twenty years of hard usage it was discarded. Deficit, \$7,000,000.

It took Mississippi only sixteen years to recognize the failure of its measure, and at the expense of a deficit of from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000.

Nebraska enacted a statute guaranteeing bank deposits in 1909. When a deficit of \$20,000,000 faced the fund after twenty-one years of existence, repeal was the only avenue of relief.

Only twelve years passed between the enactment and repeal of a similar measure in North Dakota. The deficit was \$14,000,000.

Oklahoma either held better cards or knew a few more tricks than her sister States, for her deficit was only between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000. Her measure was enacted in 1907. In 1921 it was found to be inoperative, as the fund was practically insolvent.

South Dakota first enacted a guaranty-of-deposits act in 1915. In 1925 it was repealed, but in 1926 was reenacted. A year later it was amended; the deficit had reached \$32,000,000.

Texas tried bank-deposit guaranty also. At the end of eighteen years the fund's deficit was \$16,000,000.

Manchester, N. H., June 12

J. EDWIN GOTT

Seeing France in America

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the list of inexpensive “escape” places it seems to me that French Canada deserves more extended mention. Quebec has a history, superbly written by the American, Francis Parkman, to be profitably read both before and after visiting the vicinity; a religion which, I am assured, is a unique survival of seventeenth-century Catholicism; and a foreign language. Many Americans taught French by American teachers think Canadian French is not “good” French, but it is perfectly intelligible—and grammatical—when spoken by educated persons, and interesting for its localisms.

An out-of-doors vacation can be wholesomely combined with the social quest; all along both shores of the St. Lawrence are little towns where the Québécois of the professional or white-collar class sends his family for the summer; he himself joins them for nights or week-ends, depending on the distance. Both the Canadian National Railway and the Canadian Pacific can furnish names of boarding-houses where one can identify himself with the French—to do this is, of course, the chief reason for going. Mountain lovers can find accommodations in the Laurentides. And in the middle of the river, a few miles east of Quebec, is the Ile d'Orleans—an island wholly unexploited but not “primitive.” Five of its six fruit-raising hamlets are wholly French-speaking, each with its lovely little eighteenth-century church enriched by wood-carving or other work dating

from the St. Joachim school. When country life and food pall, it is easy to take the ferry to the city, and continue to "go French" from morning newspaper through shopping, museums, movies (made in France), and meals—with legal wine. To settle down in such a place for a few weeks enables one to come closer to an appreciation of a different people than is usually possible in a like length of time, much of which must be spent in travel.

Portland, Me., May 25

EDITH NICHOLS SNOW

For Socialized Industry

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The League for Industrial Democracy has just concluded its most important year of educational activity in behalf of a better social order. During the year members of our staff have spoken at over 100 colleges and universities, and have aided in the organization and strengthening of scores of student groups. We have conducted L. I. D. lecture courses, with the cooperation of representative groups, in 45 cities from Rhode Island to Kansas and Georgia, and have brought to the service of these communities some of the ablest social thinkers of the day. We have arranged numerous radio programs over a national network, and have received from 400 to 1,500 requests for the addresses delivered at each radio symposium. We have helped to organize, particularly in Chicago and New York, thousands of unemployed; conducted notable pamphlet, research, and editorial services; organized labor Chautauquas in mining villages; conducted educational trips abroad; and aided organized labor in its industrial struggles through the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief.

Everywhere we have found a response to our message far greater than in former years. But while the depression has led increasing thousands to realize the vital importance of our message of a planned social order on the basis of production for use and not for profit, it has forced a number of our supporters to cut their contributions and has brought us face to face with a serious financial situation. The league needs to raise in contributions and pledges \$15,000 more than is now in sight if it is to pay its present salary, printing, and other bills and is to continue its present effective activities.

May we ask those interested in the continuance of this important work to send us in this critical situation a generous check or pledge. Checks should be made out to Stuart Chase, treasurer, League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

JOHN DEWEY

STUART CHASE

New York, May 22

NORMAN THOMAS

MARY FOX

HARRY W. LAIDLER

PAUL BLANSHARD

For "Desperate Citizen"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Having read the letter signed "Desperate Citizen" in the May 31 issue of your magazine, I wish to say that your correspondent has evidently not been fully informed about what he can do in order to raise money on his insurance policy. The companies are helping policy-holders when a real need can be proved. From what "Desperate Citizen" states, he should have no difficulty in proving his need. If he will communicate with P. S., 84-15 Cuthbert Street, Kew Gardens, L. I., advice will be given him which will be beneficial.

Kew Gardens, N. Y., June 5

P. S.

Let Us Gamble Lawfully

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Now that the government is about to restore the legal respectability of the ancient industry of manufacturing liquor and make it contribute to federal financial support, may it not be an opportune time also to restore the lottery industry by an act of the Congress? The interest of our citizens in lotteries is evidenced by the fact that millions of dollars each month go out of our country to purchase tickets in lotteries lawfully conducted in other lands. To these outgoing millions of dollars must be added the additional millions spent by our citizens for tickets in bootleg lotteries clandestinely operated in the United States.

People will gamble; it is a part of the mental, emotional, and spiritual nature of normal men and women. No act of government can eradicate this instinct. Moses was too wise to include prohibition of drinking and gambling in his famous Ten Commandments. The lottery boldly challenges the government to accept it as an available means of unemployment relief.

The records show that by an Act of Parliament money was raised by lottery for the British Museum. Also England provided money for our Virginia colonists by means of a lottery. Thomas Jefferson heartily indorsed a lottery created by Congress. John Adams and Benjamin Franklin obtained a "lottery loan" to meet government bills. John Hancock signed lottery tickets to finance the rebuilding of Faneuil Hall—"cradle of liberty." Harvard College authorized a lottery. William and Mary, Dartmouth, and Union are other colleges that have financially benefited by proceeds from lotteries. Seventy lotteries were authorized by Congress prior to 1820.

At the time of the Paris Exposition in 1878 France authorized a lottery for the happy purpose of meeting "the expenses of workingmen visitors." Well might our government at this time authorize a lottery to meet the bread-and-butter expenses of its unemployed citizens. It could evolve a plan for a lottery to be so controlled and supervised by government as to assure to the purchasers of tickets at home and abroad the absolute honesty and impartiality of its administration. Such a lottery would afford the people an opportunity to speculate on an honest and definite basis such as is not now afforded by stock exchanges. The lottery calls for no additional cash—no margins to protect money invested. Nor are lottery winnings and losses subject to control by prearrangement, by groups of market manipulators.

New York, March 21

WILLIAM COOPER

Contributors to This Issue

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Books and Art

Blame Them

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

With the first pang, she knew the whole:
The loom's behavior: how the edge
Once the thread pulled, raveled the mutual soul,
And how each night, with the night's pledge

How to set, herself, the mutual task again.
He wove his piece with troubled eyes,
Astonished at the strands of pain
Until with practice he grew clumsy-wise.

She, like an adept, quarreled and sang;
You might have joyed to see her face,
Lit by such zest from the first pang,
So poison-sure from the first embrace.

But both were broken-hearted—she
With a deadly touch she could not quit
Worked the design to the end, and he
Thought only he was to blame for it.

While she, so poison-ardent and so deft
Traced in their love a fair picture of his pain;
Right hand the subtle assassin to her left:
Told all the mean geometry of her brain.

Judge here, you lyric and imitative lovers,
Who take emotions from a book by rote,
What brand of poison this was. Let who first discovers
Name for this evil, plan an antidote.

La Jeunesse de Tarzan

The Ape and the Child. By W. N. Kellogg and L. A. Kellogg.
Whittlesey House. \$3.

CERTAIN of the photographs which accompany this volume show a bediapered young ape, riding in a perambulator, manipulating a kiddie-kar, and in general comporting himself like any suburban "Junior" of the enlightened middle class. Inevitably, therefore, they suggest some of the pleasures current in the days when Voronoff was news, but an examination of the text reveals that we have here to do, not with the startling results of testicular rejuvenation, but with the experiment of a young professor of psychology at the University of Indiana who brought up a chimpanzee borrowed from the Yale Anthropoid Experiment Station on a footing of perfect equality with his infant son. Being a product of my own time, I must confess to a lively interest in the results of the experiment. Being also, I hope, capable of a certain detachment, I cannot but be aware that no age except our own could have conceived such a project or supposed that it would prove anything of value, and I find myself wondering whether or not the remoter future will conclude that in this, as in many other of our typical enterprises, the joke was on us.

The experiment, which lasted nine months, began when the ape was seven and a half and the child ten months old. Its purpose was twofold: first, to see if any light could be thrown

upon the relative importance of heredity and environment in determining development, and, second, to show that even the most enlightened technique of animal experimentation previously employed put the subject at a certain disadvantage by according it less consideration than is given to a human being. The ape, therefore, was treated at all times precisely as the child was treated. At no time was it caged or chained, and at no time was any effort made to teach it "tricks" as distinguished from the activities normally encouraged in a child. The result was certainly to demonstrate that the chimpanzee readily acquired various "human" habits which it would not have acquired in its native environment. Thus it learned without much difficulty to walk upright, wear shoes, eat with a spoon, obey verbal commands, take its nap at regular intervals, offer some aid in dressing itself, and (unlike some children) to refrain from wetting the bed.

As to the question of the relative importance of heredity versus environment, nothing more conclusive emerges than a renewed demonstration of the fact that certain of the differences between the ape and the child appeared to be the result of the one and certain others to be the result of the other. It was, however, rather startlingly evident that in many of the tests applicable to so young a child the ape proved himself definitely the superior. It goes without saying that his strength and agility exceeded that of the infant human being, and it is not surprising that his "reaction time" to sudden stimuli should be shorter, but it is somewhat startling to find that he seemed to learn quicker by the method of trial and error and also to have a longer memory span as tested by the classical "delayed reaction" test. At the end of the experiment the child could say a few words and the ape none, but there was no great difference in the number of phrases—such as "show me your nose"—which both could understand, and the ape learned more quickly than the child to pick out on command the picture of the "bowwow" from a colored picture-book. Perhaps the most striking, as well as probably the most significant, superiority of the child was its apparently more intelligent interest in unfamiliar objects and its very evident longer span of attention. The Gesell tests—simple behavior standards and performance tests originally designed for pre-school children—showed the ape at first superior and then inferior. When the ape was eight and the child ten and a half months old, the score stood four to three in the ape's favor if "one" was counted for each test passed by either subject but not by the other. A month later this score became six to six; seven months later it was fifteen to twenty-three.

The authors defend themselves against the obvious criticism that the experiment was concluded too soon by saying that the criticism would have been equally valid no matter how much longer they had continued. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel that the results would have been somewhat more striking if the experiment had been carried on until the human infant had reached an age where its divergence from the normal anthropoid ape was greater. Either the chimpanzee would have developed traits very startlingly more human than any previously observed in any such creature, or the point at which the divergence between the child and the ape began to be very marked would have been determined. As the record now stands, it has a curious fascination, but there is some difficulty saying just what it teaches about apes as distinguished from what it clearly shows about man and his current interests. With all due respect to the labors of the experimenters and with a full acknowledgment of the interest I took in their work, I find myself forcibly reminded of two sentences in Will Cuppy's classical compilation of natural history: "Frogs will eat red-flannel worms when these are waved before their noses by biologists. This proves a great deal about both parties concerned."

Whether or not the child showed any signs of developing an inferiority complex as a result of constant association with a more gifted companion is not stated.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The End of a Masterpiece

The Bridge of Dreams. Being the Second Volume of "The Lady of the Boat" and the Final Part of "The Tale of Genji." By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

MR. WALEY may be glad that he has finished his translation of Lady Murasaki's matchless novel, but any reader who has followed him through to this sixth and last volume will approach its closing pages with the keenest regret. For henceforth there is nothing more to learn about any of the eight hundred persons who compose the population of the work—or, if that is too many to miss, for any of the dozen or so heroes and heroines who in two thousand tall pages have become so familiar. They have become known to the reader through all the devices which the art of fiction provides; and what is more to the purpose, they have stolen into his thoughts, almost into his senses, through the clear medium of Lady Murasaki's own character—intelligent, witty, erudite, seasoned, and sensitive. All of them have been persons of the highest social class in the Japan of one thousand years ago; all of them have been remote in time and place, and exquisitely limited in outlook; yet nothing about them has ever been difficult to understand. On the contrary, they have seemed to represent all that there is in human nature, each one of them being a sharply defined personality and all of them together composing a fascinating, complex society.

The manners of this society are so strictly regulated that for any novelist not a great one they would be a fatal handicap. For Lady Murasaki they have actually, I think, been an advantage, since—being a great novelist—she has known how to make capital out of the conflict which she must always present between decorum and emotion. The court of Kioto is so elaborately decorous as to make an observer suppose that an emotion would never be felt, let alone expressed, in those halls of bamboo and silk. Yet the book is saturated with feeling, and its people are constantly in the toils of passion. No passion but has a world to denounce it as illegal or indecent; yet the desires of these ladies and gentlemen live on and complicate themselves, and thereby supply the stuff out of which perpetually fresh romance is woven. In a perfectly free society—that is, one without manners at all—the art of fiction would probably be impossible. This is not saying that the multiplication of manners brings great novelists into being as a matter of course. They happen only now and then at best. But they are happiest when they can deal, as Lady Murasaki does, with the kind of conflict I have indicated—and when, as I suspect was true of her, they are utterly without the ability to imagine another species of world.

The present volume, briefly, goes on with the two heroes, Kaoru and Niou, who were so brilliantly introduced in volume five; and with the two remaining daughters of Prince Hachi, Kozeri and Ukifune. The later not only is the principal person of the story; she serves by the variety of her sufferings to draw the whole work together at its conclusion—if its mere stopping on the last page can be called a conclusion. It can, I think, be called a very skilful conclusion, as everything else in the book is skilful. But there will be readers whom only Mr. Waley's fine introduction can convince.

MARK VAN DOREN

How the Bankers Do It

The Investor Pays. By Max Lowenthal. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MAX LOWENTHAL, who has written "The Investor Pays," has driven his lancet into a very ripe area of infection when he opens up the subject of that most mysterious and bewildering and juiciest of all rackets, the receivership of corporations. In the present volume the author wisely selects a single operation—the failure of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad—and by telling the story of that wreck and its legal rehabilitation, manages to bring to life for the reader the swarm of bankers, lawyers, promoters, and others as they go about the business of putting a railroad through the process of receivership. The selection is, of course, a good one. First, this was the greatest railroad receivership in our history; secondly, the whole subject was exhaustively studied by the Interstate Commerce Commission; and, thirdly, the facts are hardly in dispute, for they are all amply attested by official records.

That hoary legend that men in private business struggling for profit are, somehow, marvels of probity, prudence, and efficiency, as compared with the well-advertised inefficiency and dishonesty of public life, has been getting some hard knocks lately. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad was directed by men whose names stood near the very top of the list of our financial and industrial wizards—William Rockefeller and his amazing son, Percy; John D. Ryan, head of the Anaconda Copper Company; and others scarcely less distinguished. The bankers were the eminent Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb and Company of New York. In the first phase of the story Mr. Lowenthal lets you see these brilliant gentlemen mismanaging this prosperous railroad into bankruptcy. What you see is incredible. Surely these cannot be the wizards who made America rich and great? They planned and built a transcontinental extension. They estimated it would cost \$60,000,000. It cost actually four times that sum. They did this without plan, without thought almost, with a recklessness and disorder which can hardly be credited. We see the officers of the road buying a couple of small, defunct railroads at prices which make one rub one's eyes. We see the bankers cleaning up a neat \$1,800,000 in a bond transaction which another banker described as "a pretty juicy piece of business." We see a large section of the road being electrified at the behest of a director who had copper to sell. It is to be regretted that Mr. Lowenthal did not find space for what has always seemed to me the worst chapter in this whole shameful record of incompetence and greed—the transaction by which the late John D. Ryan, a director, made contracts for furnishing power to the railroad in a series of operations from which he netted a fortune.

The result of all this was to bankrupt the St. Paul road. Having set it out very vividly, Mr. Lowenthal then presents a fascinating picture of what happens when a great corporate hulk begins to starve, to gasp and flounder and falter and sink down as the clever and greedy birds gather over the wobbling carcass. Mr. Lowenthal's thesis is that the law as it stands, the courts as they are constituted mentally, corporate practice, all are formed and designed to enable the bankers to rise to power the moment insolvency occurs, and seize the prostrate corporation and "reorganize" it for their own purposes at the expense of the helpless investors who supply all the money.

This is a subject of grave importance now, particularly as so many powerful corporations are in receivership. Paul Cravath, whose firm represented the bankers in this transaction, once said that in twenty years he had seen not less than half the corporations in America pass through receivership. At one

time, some years ago, about 233 corporations in New York were being administered by eight federal judges. At that time one of those judges had become notorious for his popularity among lawyers seeking to throw corporations into receivership proceedings in his court. In his department alone at one time, railroads, street-car companies, steamship companies, industrial concerns all over the globe were being administered from a bench which was set up originally as a tribunal of justice.

Mr. Lowenthal lets us see the bankers and their lawyer servants at work, pulling the wires, devising the stratagems and executing the plans by which the property slowly settles into their net. There is something devilishly cunning about it. What impresses the layman—what has always impressed me—is the use which otherwise intelligent and reasonably honest men make of legal fictions to carry out intrinsically dishonest transactions. The receivership is provoked by a suit against the corporation. The lawyers find the litigant and represent him in the suit. Thus they appear on both sides of the case by reason of a pure fiction. Next they turn up as attorneys for the receivers. We see them shopping around for a judge. We see the bankers then carefully getting control of all interests. There are many, and all with hostile and contradictory positions—the corporation itself on one side, its creditors on the other, the various classes of bond-holders, preferred stockholders, common stockholders. Ostensibly each of these is represented by a separate committee and separate counsel. But in fact all are dominated and directed by the bankers. And what is quite as bad, those men among the directors and officers whose negligence or offenses of management might have subjected them to court action are thus protected.

We have plenty of friendly receiverships now. The Insull case was a notable example, when Samuel Insull was made one of the receivers. We have the I. R. T. in New York. The receiverships growing out of the Kreuger and Toll failures are another. And in many of these cases we have what always shocks the uninitiated who are schooled to look upon federal judges with awe—the shopping around for judges—a system under which the men who have produced all the disaster are permitted to select the judges who will sit in the case. The whole subject now rises to the proportions of a scandal, and Mr. Lowenthal's book will enable the investor who has seen his savings devoured in these ruthless proceedings to understand the magic by which that is achieved.

One important phase of this history has been overlooked. It is the technique by which the junior bond-holders were made to accept enormous losses while the common stockholders, by paying a small assessment of four dollars a share, finally were able to recoup much of their losses. But of course Mr. Lowenthal set himself the task of describing the means by which bankers are able to seize power in disabled corporations, and this he has done with clarity and with vividness.

JOHN T. FLYNN

The Melanesian Woman

Life in Lesu. By Hortense Powdermaker. W. W. Norton and Company. \$4.

IT has long been a truism among students of primitive society that the basic line of social and economic demarcation is that between the sexes. It follows therefore that the story of any one social group studied by a single individual can never be complete, since the student can only enter into the life of his own sex; yet the recognition of this fact has been largely a verbal one. Miss Powdermaker's book should make this all-important point more than a statement to which mere lip-service is rendered.

"Life in Lesu" does not attempt a picture of all phases of the culture of the New Ireland people who are the subject of it. It is rather what British anthropologists term "primitive sociology" as seen from the point of view of the woman—that of the native woman and that of the reporter, herself a "participant observer" among other women. Miss Powdermaker's account of the economic life of the people ties up with other accounts of Melanesian civilizations which we have had. This makes her book available both for comparative purposes and as a point of reference concerning the manner in which a culture seen through a woman's eyes differs from a comparable one seen from the point of view of the male ethnologist.

The civilization presented is not a complex one as it is described, though it is possible that study of those aspects of it which did not receive attention might reveal more complexities than are apparent in this account. The sparseness of the data on the religious life is especially regrettable in view of the hints of its importance which are implicit in the account of social and economic life, and the manner in which religious belief underlies, sanctions, and motivates the more workaday phases of existence in most civilizations.

Like those other Melanesian cultures known to us, this one revolves largely about prestige, which in turn is based on the possession of wealth. Yet wealth is desirable, not to hold, but to distribute. It is this principle that makes a man proud when he has forced a seller to take more than he asks; that makes him validate his position by telling—always with an air of self-deprecation—of the amounts he has expended on an ancestral feast, a marriage rite, a puberty ceremony. With it goes the principle of reciprocity, carried out to such a degree that casual sexual contacts, which are the rule, are a thing of shame when the man does not give the woman a piece of native money in return for her favors!

Miss Powdermaker lived for some ten months with these people, and came to know them well enough not only to learn their rules of conduct, but to discern exceptions to those rules. So vivid were her experiences, indeed, that they make for one aspect of her writing that causes the reader some difficulty—the tendency to slip from past to present tense, and back to past, as she recounts her narrative. In spite of this confusion, however, her book holds the reader's attention; and what is more important, its objectivity of presentation makes it a contribution of real value for students of the social, economic, and sexual life of those peoples we term "primitive."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

An Old, Old Story

Full Circle. By John Collier. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

IT will be remembered that in the last two pages of "Penquin Island" Anatole France furnishes us with a sketchy picture of the day when civilization will have run its course, and men, "barbarians" once more, will have begun to build a new civilization not so different from the old. John Collier takes up the theme in this his second novel and elaborates it in nearly three hundred pages. Only it is not France but England which is the author's focal point—England in 1995, a generation or two after it has been devastated by terrific wars and left a vast ruin inhabited by mutually hostile tribes indulging in atavistic adventures.

In a brief introduction Mr. Collier asserts that he has written a "tale" pure and simple and that there has been no intention on his part to supply any sociological interest, which, he supposes, is expected in novels dealing with the future. As a tale, then, his book is to be judged. Naturally one does not expect truth but an aspect of truth, which in a work of fiction

might be called verisimilitude. Broadly speaking, one gets it, but not without some glaring faults in detail. The hero of the tale, Harry, rival of the chief of his tiny community and leader of a marauding party making an assault on a neighboring village to acquire the necessary supply of women, may legitimately grow lyrical about nature or the divine girl in yellow who gives zest to his adventure, but it is really questionable if, being the sort of man he is, in a community so primitive, he would be apt to show himself such an adept in elegant abstractions. Some of his speeches addressed to his bosom friend, Crab, sound very unreal indeed, though they would be unobjectionable enough if dissociated from their background.

Apart from the setting, Harry's problem is not so very different from our own; it belongs to human nature. Friendship, love, treachery, and all that sort of thing are involved.

He was caught in an abominable circle. At this point he observed, in a sort of stealthy flash (but did not heed much), that though all that hurt him lay inside the circle, what broke his spirit was the disparity between his life, inside, and the rest of the life, without.

Mr. Collier can write well; I find myself wishing he had applied his skill to a theme less full of pitfalls than this.

JOHN CURNOS

Revolutionist's Symposium

Recovery Through Revolution. Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Covici-Friede. \$3.75.

THIS book is one of the annual symposia edited by Mr. Schmalhausen. None the less, it is an interesting volume if for no other reason than the timeliness and possibilities of the theme. Unfortunately most of the essays, instead of concerning themselves directly with the large theoretical and practical problems of social revolution, are dedicated to a survey of the contemporary political scene throughout the world. While almost all are informative, few of the contributions reveal any fresh insights in their social and psychological interpretations of familiar data. Some of them, like Fischer's on Russia, Laski's on England, and Brailsford's on India, summarize positions developed at length elsewhere. For no good reason at all, the material is divided into three parts. All the essays treating of America—with the exception of Professor Lovett's—will be found in part three.

Obviously it is the essays in this last group which will interest the American reader most. How does it stand with us? Is America on the verge of fundamental social change? If so, approximately when, and through what instrumentalities, will the change take place? If not, how account for the fact that four years of the world's greatest depression have produced no revolutionary mass sentiment in America? And remember that if one takes into account the standards they once enjoyed—low as these may have been—the American masses have suffered more than any other national group.

One of the most impressive features of the essays of Messrs. Lovett, Simpson, Corey, Calverton, and Polakov is the sobriety with which they evaluate the prospects of social revolution in America. All of them are agreed that the objective conditions for a change to a Socialist economy are over-ripe; but they are just as unanimous that the subjective factors—the philosophy or will to revolution—are conspicuously absent in all but a tiny fraction of those who have nothing to lose but their chains. How explain this state of affairs? The very recognition that here we have a difficult problem of tremendous theoretical and practical import is of itself sufficient to explode the economic determinism of the old-line orthodox Marxists who taught that as conditions grew worse the working masses would automati-

cally be lashed into class-consciousness by the brute compulsions of their sufferings. It is to the credit of all the writers mentioned that none of them subscribes to this dogma. Each of them in different ways—but more by way of asides than by frontal attack upon this challenging problem—seeks to throw light upon it.

Professor Lovett notes in passing the retarding psychological influence of nationalism upon the development of revolutionary consciousness in America. He should have made more of this. Certainly in a country where it is possible to break strikes by adroit appeals to chauvinistic patriotism, where farmers about to do violence upon a judge who has foreclosed their farms insist that he kneel and kiss the flag, where teachers whose timid souls have been roused to such a fury that they smash the plate-glass fronts of banks and bite cops wind up their demonstration by singing jingo songs with religious fervor—where this is possible, much more attention must be given to the technique of persuasion and argument than most radicals commonly realize.

Mr. Simpson dwells on the absence of a revolutionary tradition and of proper intellectual preparation on the part of all classes in America as explanation for the fact that "the immediate prospect is by no means exhilarating." Mr. Calverton, however, quite properly points to the existence of a definite revolutionary tradition in American history and claims that the weakness of all radical movements has been due to their inability to translate their ideas and attitudes into the native revolutionary idioms. Mr. Corey, in what is far and away the best essay of the collection on the general problem of social revolution, attributes the backwardness of the American labor movement to the influence of agrarian and petty-bourgeois radicalism as well as to the craft interests of the better-paid skilled workers—the aristocracy of labor. He admits that there has been a diminuendo in the militancy of American labor from 1870 down to the present, but offers no hypothesis in explanation. Mr. Corey's essay is noteworthy because he emphasizes, as few Marxists do, the historical efficacy of factors often dismissed as epiphenomenal. Social awareness is itself a social force. Then to be reminded that the final victor of socialism is realizable only on a world scale is indeed pertinent, but Mr. Corey with great circumspection and skill leaves it unclear whether this entails the theory of permanent revolution or socialism in one country. Mr. Polakov's essay shows that one can be an expert industrial engineer without sharing the vagaries of the technocrats. He develops with incisiveness the contradiction between the technical revolutionary activity of the engineer and the restraining influence of the profit system. None the less, since the immediate condition of vocational success is a stable social system, the engineer tends, like most scientists, to lean over backwards in his political conservatism. "And so the engineer of today is a tragic figure. A ruthless revolutionist in the field of technology, he undermines by his own work the very foundation of a society which he seeks to support."

Mr. Briffault's essay on *The Human Mind in Revolution* continues the argument of his "Breakdown." In a sense it is no argument at all, but an unqualified, uncritical declaration of Mr. Briffault's aversion for liberals and liberalism. Liberalism as an economic and political doctrine is certainly contradictory, hypocritical, antiquated, and futile. A more analytical demonstration, however, than that given by Mr. Briffault would have been welcome. But why should all forms of intellectual disinterestedness be identified with political liberalism? As objectionable as liberalism is, the doctrine which Mr. Briffault substitutes is even more objectionable. "Those who cannot be persuaded must perforce be liquidated. The social revolution, and incidentally the intellectual revolution, cannot be effected without a considerable liquidation of irrationalists." When intellectuals go gaga they believe that all problems can be solved by

the *argumentum ad baculum*—the argument from the big stick. At any rate Mr. Briffault's brand of communism is uniquely his own.

The difficulty which confronts most contributors to a symposium is that they cannot edit the editor. And the editor of this symposium needs editing badly. Mr. Schmalhausen entitles his essay *Communism Versus Fascism*, but it is hard to follow the line of his reasoning. He is so given to dubious puns and alliterative inanities that one is tempted to characterize his thought as onomatopoeic thinking. He is more sensitive to the sound of words than to their meaning. The consequences upon his logic are disastrous. But it is when he is carried away on the wings of inspired rhetoric that the result is most awful. I wonder what the other contributors to the symposium must have felt when they read this:

These bitter years. The "Great" War, like a murderer who in his mania laughs hideously in crazy triumph as he sees his victim bleeding to death, cracked open the skull of humanity. The face of life is all scars and ugly wounds, terrible to behold. Life's become a grinning gargoyle from which a madman's eyes look out upon a madman's world. The bitter years. All the fields strewn with corpses. Living corpses of men that could not die. The trees in the spring fertilized by the agony of ten million living corpses of ten million sad boys who died so futilely. All the world in tears, senseless sad tears, remembering the insane war they never desired in their lone sanity. The dirty imperialist war and the dirty imperialist peace. Lunatic's nightmare.

Then the Russian Revolution! The skulls and corpses half forgotten, as in a dream at dawn but half-remembered. Red dawn. The smell of the earth more fragrant, as once, before the sepulcher of the war, man's faith was fragrant and sweet. Death's dominance fading out of life's new dawn, life flowing lustily through the minds of men, in red exultation, rejoicing amid the dimming grave years, facing with triumphant thoughts, in song and folk ecstasy, the young red dawn. Life bursting the fetters of death, spilling magnificently over the fields and into the parched hearts of men: the rebirth of life, creation crying to be born again.

SIDNEY HOOK

Shorter Notices

They Brought Their Women. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

In an introduction remarkable for its contradictions Miss Ferber unconsciously formulates both an indictment and a defense of that special brand of short story which she purveys to the American public. Claiming that the short story, by reason of its form, "is restricted from penetrating deeply into the fundamentals of life," she nevertheless admits that certain masters of it—Maupassant and Hemingway, for instance—have succeeded in capturing the enduring, timeless stuff of human existence in a few hundred words, have triumphed over the limitations of their medium. This is a self-indictment, for her own failure to penetrate deeply into the fundamentals of life can no longer be excused as inherent in the medium that she uses. At the end of her introduction, however, she changes front, and makes an excellent case for herself, when she states that "the short story, crowded into a handful of words, may be the form which has most truly caught the kaleidoscopic picture of our generation." Certainly in these eight stories the superficial features of a generation have been captured with remarkable verisimilitude. In a sense Miss Ferber has arrived at a communal form of literature by a non-Marxian route, for her tales—simple and direct in theme like prose extensions of the popular song—are innocent of any individual characterizations. They contain only typical

figures, each acting out an American legend. Thus we have the glamorous actress whose private life is a dull grind of rehearsals and keeping fit; the quiet, drab little Fräulein who is mistress of a young radical on her day off; the masterful Wall Street broker who becomes the docile slave of his wife after hours; the taxi driver who encounters crime and adventure daily, and complains of the dullness of his life. In writing of these people, Miss Ferber functions as the balladist, making articulate those communal romances which have been built up by a collective, urbanized psyche. Her stories date, in a way that she herself deplores in her introduction. On the other hand, they may be destined for a long life, not as enduring works of art but as case material for the future historian seeking for the specific life of our times.

One, None and a Hundred Thousand. By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.75.

This novel is a further explication of Pirandello's favorite thesis, a sort of psychological theory of relativity. Just as an object in space-time, according to the theory of relativity, has no intrinsic location or velocity but a variety of relative locations and velocities depending upon various points of reference *outside itself*, so Pirandello envisages an individual as having no intrinsic self or identity but a variety of relative selves and identities—the product of his relations with various individuals. One has no self and a hundred thousand selves at the same time; hence Pirandello's cryptic title. The hero is started on these dangerous ratiocinations by his wife's innocently remarking to him one day that one of his nostrils is slightly lower than the other. Thereafter his psychological disintegration is rapid, and finally brings him to a condition conventionally known as insanity, but which he is able to defend as impeccably rational behavior and the only kind consistent with the "reality" of the situation. There is a cold bloodless rationality in Pirandello which limits his emotional range, but it is an ideal instrument for a theme of this kind.

Kettle. By Gustav Eckstein. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Through the story of a great composer who sacrificed his own vision to further the work of a vast musical enterprise—a colossal Lyceum that was to inaugurate a renaissance of music in America—"Kettle" points the moral that art can never be institutionalized, and that all organized patronage is a forcing-house in which the creative impulse goes astray. Though the author's demonstration of this truth is capable and forthright, little can be said for those chapters in which he describes how the dying Vladimir Munck, released from his alliance with the Lyceum, produces one of the great symphonies of the world. Here we have all the unctuous soul-lashings, the windy posturings, that go with the creative impulse in the grand manner. As a counter-sentimentality, a corollary to enhance the original proposition, there may be a necessity for these chapters. But they show a point of view concerning the creative process that is no less naive than the conception of those mistaken but well-meaning founders of the Lyceum whom Mr. Eckstein holds up to such eloquent scorn.

In God's Land. By Martin Andersen Nexø. Translated by Thomas Seltzer. Peter Smith. \$2.50.

In this novel the author of "Pelle the Conqueror" and "Ditte, Daughter of Man" returns to the attack upon a social system based on privilege. He does it gently yet powerfully, with a dignity lacking in some of our own writers in the same genre. His hero, Niels Fisker, who writes, prays that he may never be called an author in the current sense of the word; once a state of society has been achieved in which everybody is a human being, he feels, then it will be demonstrated that "to

be a poet or author is the same as to be completely and wholly a man in the best sense." This, then, is what Nexö stresses in his new story—that for humanity's sake people must become real men and real women, and cease being merely predatory animals like Jens Vorup, who is never content with having enough and by his insatiable greed brings ruin upon himself and all close to him.

Art

The Tail Wags the Dog

IF republican agitation helps to account for revivals of Greek art, as during the Renaissance and the French Revolution, then it might be suggested that a back-to-the-Indian movement in art would have some connection with Communist ideas; for as Greece was the best example of a model democracy that the Renaissance and the eighteenth century knew, the primitive civilization of Peru and other Latin American countries is frequently held up as a shining example of successful communism. For the sake of inspiration it would seem to matter very little that neither was in fact a good model.

Obviously the Museum of Modern Art had no such notion in mind, however, to explain its magnificent exhibit of ancient American art, which includes a careful and intelligent choice of everything from Peruvian tapestry to Aztec monoliths and Maya miniature jades. The name of the show, American Sources of Modern Art, would suggest an exhibit of machinery and scientific instruments, for nothing American has affected the style of modern art as much as these things; whereas the ancient artists of this continent have been studied by only a few sophisticates, by Picasso, for example, and by the modern Mexican school. Picasso, however, is not included in the exhibition, and the Mexicans are sketchily represented.

The name is therefore really a mere excuse for a kind of formal introduction of the ancient art of this continent to the people who will be known by archaeologists in the future as the "Hudson River Dwellers." It is an introduction which should have been made long since by somebody independent of fashion and with an eye for great art, even when found in obscure places. If the Museum of Modern Art were not pledged by its name to be contemporary, it would not have had to set up a theory of origins for the sake of exhibiting works in themselves dateless, and too great to need an excuse. As well exhibit Hokusai as a "source" for a few Whistlers, and Michelangelo as one of the reasons for Rodin. Sources in any case explain little; where find them for Rembrandt, Daumier, Goya, and all the other great artists who, like Daumier, felt that "one must be of his time"? Even the Mexicans who, like Siqueiros, hold their own in such juxtaposition are best explained by the complex of politics and economics which gave impulse to the modern revolutionary Mexican school, in which Rivera, Siquieros, Charlot share honors with a good many others. Like many other political-minded artists, such as David and Michelangelo, they have more in common with contemporary social history than with the museum pieces they may have studied.

Lee Simonson objects bitterly that such shows as this are apt to lead artists astray because they seem to hold out this or that past as the sesame to power and life. The answer is that such artists as might be led today to chase a ghost tomorrow will be chasing butterflies, so no one need be much alarmed about the results of one particular misunderstanding. More cause for question is the fact that in a brief period the Modern Museum seems to have run through the list of available moderns known to be great, and is either too timid to take a chance on un-

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knowns, or on things not painting and sculpture, or else too narrowly bound by its name to exhibit the great of the past frankly as such; and must therefore make American ancients plausible by having them wave on the star-spangled banner or calling them the tail that wags the modern Mexican dog.

Except that the theory seems pretty silly, no fault need be found with the show, which deserves as much praise as is necessary to urge a visit before the objects assembled revert to the obscurity of ethnological museums and the status of scientific curios. Even the theory is not entirely without significance. It marks a tardy recognition in art of a commercial and political fact. Maybe there was a Roman museum that suddenly decided that Greece was, after all, Roman too in its past glories, however foreign Greek labor might be. If so, the parallel irony is that the Modern Museum opened the arms of America to Mexico and Peru just when Rivera was being suppressed at the other Rockefeller enterprise and attacked in the press as a foreign polluter of that frail infant known as American art. Not long afterwards the society for the advancement of the infant regretted publicly that Dartmouth had allowed itself to commission murals from Orozco, presumably cramping the growth of American art. So what? Are Mexicans Americans only if several hundred years old? Or perhaps only when they

are mediocre enough to be harmless competitors? More or less plaintively we want the term "American" defined as regards Cuban jazz, long since part of Harlem and American musical glories, and as regards Californian houses and cowboy costumes, both of Spanish-Mexican ancestry. If beet sugar produced in Michigan almost entirely by Mexican labor is an American product, is a picture of an automobile factory in Detroit painted by a Mexican to be classed as "foreign"?

We must choose: either nationalism is a meaningless measure of the nature and worth of products, artistic products included, or else we must go to Hitler for details on how to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy. The language he uses is curiously like Mussolini's, Machado's, and that of our local cultural nationalists, all of whom seem to proceed on the theory that whatever is foreign is "impure" and to be outlawed on moral grounds. If we allow ourselves to be bullied into examining passports to culture, we shall find ourselves soon enough talking of "purges" and "purifications," disqualifying talent on political, anthropometric, or ancestral grounds, and asking about the shape of a man's nose, the color of his skin, and his grandmother's morals before we permit him to play the piano in our presence or set up an easel within a hundred miles of Boston harbor.

ANITA BRENNER

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